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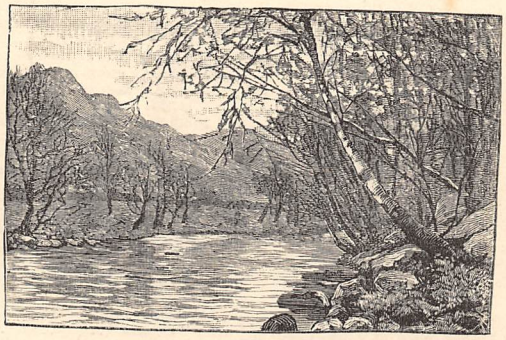

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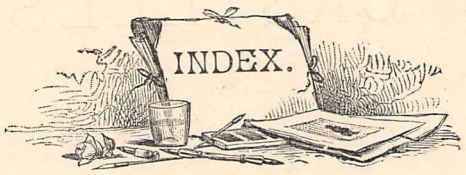

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CASSELL'S Family Magazine

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"STUARTS" AND ITS MASTER. SHOWS HOW AN OLD BACHELOR MAY BECOME A NEW HUSBAND.

IT is a good many years now, though there are people living in the old West-country town who recollect it still, since the time when a prominent figure in their midst was John Alwyn, magistrate, counsellor of the borough, counsel-man on matters pecuniary, personal, domestic, or civic, to numberless fellow-burghers; last surviving representative of a high-class legal firm, which through three generations had held honourable rank in the county, and foremost place in the society of Stillcote-Upton.

He was a tall, fine man, this lawyer, bearing his more than half-century of life with the ease of one who has always owned perfect health, few cares, and a full purse; liberal-minded, as cordial intercourse with every grade betokened; trusted and trustworthy; heartily respected by his wide circle of acquaintance, heartily liked by a smaller circle of intimates.

That this need not have been small goes without saying, for not a house in Stillcote-Upton but would gladly have welcomed Mr. Alwyn for its guest—not a family but would have been delighted to visit at his red-bricked dwelling, "Stuarts," as it had been named long ago, when for an hour it sheltered a royal fugitive from a fatal field; and which, with front first floor dedicated to clerks and offices, stood at the main entrance of the town, faced by an iron-palisaded enclosure of smooth-shaven lawn, through which curved a crescent drive, beginning and ending with tall gates flanked by sturdy brick pillars, each wearing as its crown a huge lichen-tinted stone ball; but the burden of general visiting the master of this mansion had never cared to incur. As a bachelor he had not been expected to cultivate the art of entertaining. There were dozens of ways by which he could—and did—requite such hospitality as he received of other folks. For the rest, he liked nothing better than to keep his house as it had been in his father's time before him, solid and handsome in all its equipments, unchanged by fluctuating fashions of the day, and to spend his evenings mostly in the solitude—to him never wearisome—of a well-stocked library.

But this rule of life knew one exception. Once every week post-prandial seclusion gave place to another arrangement, which might almost be called an institution.

On every Wednesday the leather-covered table of the study retired to a bay-window overlooking a long garden; four stands, residing elsetime up four corners of the room, were brought forth and set in unvarying array before four chairs, which would be presently tenanted by the host and a trio as devoted to the intricacies of classical instrumentation as he himself.

Never had Beethoven a more devout worshipper than the leader of this weekly quartette, and never, perhaps, was his life to know happier moments than those spent in affectionate interpretation of some unspeakably lovely adagio, some minuet as graceful as the scent of a new-blown rose is sweet, or some rondo so crisp and fresh as to put the long-drawn discords of latter-day harmony to shame.

For three hours these coadjutors would ply their bows, and then would follow supper—plain, but excellent as epicure could wish; and then, as the timepiece between the windows rang forth "Auld Lang Syne" and struck eleven, the party would break up. Second violin and 'cello—one the widower rector of the chief church, St. Clement's, the other a physician of ample means and leisure—would go off arm-in-arm towards the West-end of the little town, while the viola would turn down High Street to a more modest abode.

Socially, he was somewhat less than the others; by name Jacob Cheene, chief of the copying and what may be called "general drudgery" department in Mr. Alwyn's office—a man of great devotion to his employer, but of perhaps, except in one direction, no particular ability, since he gained no upward step in his employment from youth to age, save what long plodding service entitled him to.

People were amused at the lawyer's patronage of his subordinate when it began years before, and thought he might have chosen, as sharer of his tastes and companion of his two daily walks, some one more suitable than an inferior *employé*. But Mr. Alwyn had a habit of following his own prejudices. Possibly

he may have had other reasons for taking to Jacob Cheene, over and above their mutual love of one harmonious mistress; but, at any rate, his kindly notice of the quiet, shy man never slackened. By now the clerk's place in the quartette was as well established as his master's; while year in and year out, as half-past nine chimed from St. Clement's tower, the lawyer would emerge from his door, and bend his steps eastward as far as Mr. Cheene's domicile; then the two would return, reaching the office invariably at ten, reappearing to make precisely the same journey at four o'clock to the minute.

Their coming and going was as natural now as the sound of the church-bells themselves. Shopkeepers, postmen, policemen, and *habitués* of the thoroughfare would have felt any day begin awkwardly which had not brought the pair by to receive the well-differentiated bow and nod of greeting; and if the custom ever evoked question or smile, it was gravely explained as "just one of Mr. Alwyn's pleasant bachelor ways," with which, of course, no fault could possibly be found.

Indeed, no one ever found fault with any of the worthy gentleman's ways, except that they *were* bachelor; and this fact had been a thorn in the flesh to, and somewhat of a stigma on, the ladies of those parts for the last thirty years.

That a man so eligible, so wealthy, and so evidently born for domesticity, should have escaped the snares of matrimony laid incessantly with more or less craftiness in his path, was an enigma provoking to spinster minds—a standing vexation to many a would-be matron! But the gentleman was apparently invulnerable to female charms. By now, all hopes of his changing his condition were given up. "Confirmed old bachelor!" was the title freely applied to him; and people were beginning to wonder who, in the absence of near relatives, would be his heir, when at this precise juncture he—or fate for him—upset everybody's calculations in the most extraordinary manner. In plain English, he got married!

The precise steps of this rash and marvellous act were as follows:—

It has been said Mr. Alwyn never entertained; but one solemn annual festivity was the exception which proved this rule.

In late June or early July, when the long, splendidly-kept rows of strawberry-beds in his big south sloping garden were in full luscious bearing, when after much netting and tending, and watching from early dawn, to "keep they brutes of blackbirds off," Bond, their guardian, would pronounce them fit, and bid his master "hev 'em eat!" then short-notice invitations went forth, scarcely ever to meet refusal, for every one was on the look-out for them. Mr. Alwyn's four old servants woke into unusual activity. The large, rarely-used dining and drawing-rooms were set in company order, brocaded curtains were shaken out, dragon china was brought forth, such silver was so polished that the tables looked like an entanglement of sunbeams; and some four or five score guests made the most of their host's rare hospitality, ate his fruit, strolled about his broad paths flanked by great bushes of syringa, guelder roses, and such out-of-date flower-belles, and wished that their chance of such a treat came oftener.

It was at one of these strawberry gatherings that a stranger appeared. "An old schoolfellow of mine whom I'd not seen for years—not since she lost her husband; and she is only with me for a short time, so I ventured to bring her," explained Mrs. Morton, wife of the musical doctor; upon which Mrs. Villiers, a most distinctly handsome woman of perhaps five-and-thirty, drew near, made a very graceful bow containing just enough timidity to be appealing, and "did so hope she was not intruding!" and John Alwyn, in his courtliest manner, hastened to assure her he was only too much honoured, and—two years short of sixty though he might be—certain is it that for the first time in his existence his fancy was caught, the heart that had resisted every species of maiden blandishment succumbed to the widow!

What the lady knew of him and his position before her visit could not have been much, but she skilfully made the most of it on that June afternoon.

"Had Mr. Alwyn always lived here?" she asked, as he gallantly accompanied the stranger of the party along the lime-tree walk. "Oh, what a pleasure to feel rooted to such a charming spot!" looking round with dark liquid eyes. "Now, *she* had to live in London. Ah!" with a shrug of her very handsome shoulders, "the dust, the noise, the unrest were frightful. But," with quite a touching sigh, "she supposed she was doomed to it. Poor people, such as herself had no choice. And were those trees actually planted just when Mr. Alwyn was born?" as her host pointed out the beauties of "Stuarts." "Why, how fast they must have grown, then! To a smoke-dried mortal like her"—with a becoming blush at the self-uttered slander, for her complexion was still brilliantly clear—"the place seemed a perfect paradise. But Mr. Alwyn was a very naughty, naughty man. "Why?" "Why, because," indicating the gay groups upon the lawn, "among so many charming friends he had chosen no Eve!"

Perchance the bright audacity of the lady's manner took the lawyer a little off his head. He straightened himself up at that suggestion about Eve, and began to wonder within himself whether fifty-eight could be called exactly "old." He looked at his reflection in a deep-framed concave mirror over the sideboard when he took his fair guest in for refreshment, and flattered himself his diminished figure had a decidedly juvenile air. Mrs. Villiers was charmed with the cream, with the china, with the spoons, with the room, with everything; and the more she admired his possessions the more he admired her taste. She caught sight of musical paraphernalia through the open door of the library, and must needs inspect his Cremona: "The only instrument on earth worth studying!" she declared, admitting, quite apologetically, that she could only play upon those wretched things, pianos, and sing—a little. "Ah!"—turning over a well-used score—"here was that delicious thing of Beethoven's. How

she loved the 'motif!'" And with a voice rich and well-trained she sol-faed forth the melody. "But, oh, if Mr. Alwyn would play it! Where were the rest of the quartette? Not all here! Ah! then she couldn't hear it, and she was *so* sorry!"

But then and there her infatuated host remedied the disappointment.

"If Mrs. Villiers were remaining over Wednesday, and, with Mrs. Morton, would dine with him, he and his fellow-performers would proudly do their best to please her." And the following week positively witnessed a stately dinner in the fascinating lady's behalf, to the amazement and disgust of the old servants, who saw in it only too clearly the beginning of the end.

And such it was.

Mrs. Villiers, graciousness itself to every individual of the quartette, preserved an attitude of extreme interest through three sonatas, and moved about the stately drawing-room in the intervals, so charmed with every piece of quaint old bijouterie, looking herself so bewitching, in a long gracefully-sweeping robe of soft dark satin, that when she left, and her host returned to the vacant room, it seemed as though she alone, to the extinction of others' presence, had been adorning it; her single absence left it desolate.

It was only a few days after that evening that Stillcote-Upton was electrified by the news that Mr. Alwyn was to be married, and at once!

The widow may have felt that all delays are dangerous, and so prudently avoided any when once her suitor was fairly at her feet. A brother from the South of England appeared upon the scene to attend to the matter of settlements—"for, please, don't speak to *me* about them," begged the lady, "I'm such a baby about business!" but as her relative was quite the reverse, a very handsome arrangement was made for the bride-elect, whose first husband, from his Civil Service income, had left her but slenderly provided for.

Now twelve thousand pounds were to be hers and her one child's, Leonora Villiers, a little demoiselle of five; the interest, the mother's solely as an independent income. Six thousand more were placed with the same trustees as part portion for any future offspring, the interest to be the wife's only till any such came of age. Further fortune for the same would, of course, be provided by will. And these deeds were accomplished, the fair widow had returned to town, Mr. Alwyn had followed her there, and the wedding was a fact established before people in general had left off saying the whole report must be a preposterous hoax.

But an early August announcement in the ever-veracious *Chronicle* dispelled that notion. Mr. Alwyn was indisputably married; and, though there was not a soul in the place but wished him personally well, equally was there no single townsman but expressed his opinion, more or less bluntly, that there was no fool like an old one, and hoped, with foreboding shakes of the head, that this autumnal wooing and wedding might not turn out a tremendous blunder.

It showed no signs of doing so just at first.

Bride and bridegroom returned from their honeymoon looking very handsome and very self-satisfied; and, for a brief season, the change effected seemed for the better.

Hospitality opened the doors of the old mansion oftener. Mr. Alwyn's many friends gave receptions in his honour. These were worthily returned, and the wife appeared indefatigable in endeavours to please everywhere. For a few weeks the lady's unvarying graciousness secured universal applause, and Stillcote-Upton considered the lawyer's matrimonial venture a veritable success.

But gradually this feeling changed.

As a matter of course the old habits of a quarter of a century had early to be discarded. There could be no morning traversing of the High Street now with Jacob Cheene for Mr. Alwyn, when the mistress of his table had hardly put in an appearance for breakfast at the hour he had been wont to start out, and all his afternoons had to be devoted to the strange arts of giving and receiving calls. And the Wednesday evenings, which Mrs. Alwyn had smilingly declared "were never to be disturbed—oh, never!" made but a brief pretence of prolonging their existence. They were attempted, truly, but at the first the lady, less humble than of yore, desired a share in the performance, and essayed an accompaniment on a fine "grand," purchased as soon as she came home, and the time under her guidance got into perplexities, and an "allegro finale" stranded them all in despairing confusion, and the next week Mrs. Alwyn had a headache and kept to her own room. A dinner-party postponed the third. Then the clerical second violin undertook some evening services for a friend, the 'cello began to fancy the night air bad for his bronchitis (an ailment newly developed), and the viola saw his once greatest delight melting away with something of relief. The sensitiveness of his lowlier sphere had early discovered and winced under one quality of the bride which the whole town found out later on. The wife of the rich lawyer—his master—patronised her husband's clerk with a condescension that would have poisoned the greatest kindness upon earth. And so the quartette broke up, "to meet by special arrangement as often as we can, you know," said the leader rather ruefully; but the meetings somehow never managed to arrange themselves that first winter, and by the second they were still more impracticable.

For by then Mrs. Alwyn, having with much cordiality inspected the society of Stillcote-Upton, had come to the conclusion that it was not on the whole worth her maintaining an amiable front to please. So she took no pains to prolong her short-lived popularity; began to have serious doubts as to whether the town suited her health, grew quite certain that the south end of it did *not*, and between pretty persuasions, which she still exercised over her elderly husband, and persistent complaints, at length induced Mr. Alwyn to leave "Stuarts," the old home of three generations, and rent some three miles countryward a larger and far more pretentious dwelling, known as Guyswick Hall.

Here the lady soared into high society, and devised

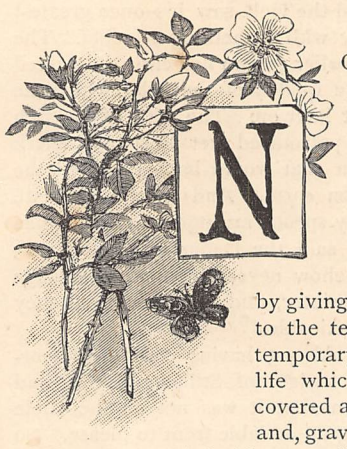
entertainments that included but few townspeople. The closer county circle was her ambition, and into this, by dint of some ability and good looks, plus her husband's money and acknowledged standing, she contrived to effect an entrance.

Under his wife's rule, which he never combated till it grew past his control, the lawyer had soon a marvellously fine establishment, with horses, servants, equipages such as he had never felt the want of before, though he was now given to understand they were the merest necessaries of life. Each day a smart groom drove him to his office at the old deserted house (whose blank windows gazed at him so reproachfully, he knew no rest till he had settled a chief clerk in residence, much to Mrs. Alwyn's annoyance—"As if we could not afford to let it stand empty!" she said), and every afternoon his wife's brougham, with or without herself, would fetch him out. Of his four old servants all were soon gone, to be replaced by double the number of new faces. Of his old friends he scarcely got a glimpse, except as business brought them together. So much change, much grandeur, much show of enjoyment, and assuredly much use of riches were imported into his life. Whether they brought with them much comfort or much happiness, was a point on which outsiders indulged in stronger opinions than he permitted himself.

But one thing the second year of his married life brought him which was a joy unquestionable—something to be wondered at, admired, gloried in—in other words, a little daughter.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

LIFE'S FEBRUARY.



NOW the advent of this little one was regarded by the father and mother in very different lights.

To Mrs. Alwyn it represented a certain amount of care, which she minimised by giving the child over chiefly to the tending of servants: a temporary check to her gay life which, however, she recovered as rapidly as possible: and, gravest annoyance of all, a claimant to a third of her marriage settlement, which she had fondly hoped to keep intact in her own hands—an heiress probably to a much larger sum which otherwise might have become hers.

So a dreadful disappointment the arrival of this small mortal was to the fashionable and far-calculating parent, who in some sort, though maybe without premeditated unkindness, always seemed to bear her younger offspring a grudge for having presumed to enter into existence, and gave her only a chill perfunctory affection, very different from the devotion which she lavished on little Leonora, child of her first, more loveful marriage.

Only in one respect did the mother treat her children alike—in the matter of their outward adornment. The spending of money was a luxury neither her youth nor her first matrimonial position had granted her: now she revelled in it, and the baby's toilettes matched her step-sister's elaborate costumes, receiving from her christening appearance in white satin and swansdown, through every stage of infant decoration, more maternal attention than all other requirements put together.

This done, Mrs. Alwyn felt contentedly that nothing more could be demanded of her, and, with Leonora for constant companion, troubled herself but little with the unwelcome presence of her last-born.

Not so the father. He, poor man, had found out well enough by now that he had made an irremediable blunder, that he himself had been a very secondary attraction to the lady who had accepted his name for the sake of his purse.

But he bore his disappointment with quiet stoicism, wisely resolving not to make himself a further laughing-stock by complaining of what could never be cured, and the birth of his child seemed to him an absolute recompense for all domestic failures.

She was to him the most marvellous and delightful piece of creation upon earth. Early morning, late night, found him with his offering of growing love at the cradle-side of this dimpled, solemn-eyed miracle. A whole vista of new joys opened upon him with the first stammering utterance of her baby-tongue, and his only pang concerning her was that life, which gave him this treasure so late, would be closing for him while her days were yet in their spring-time.

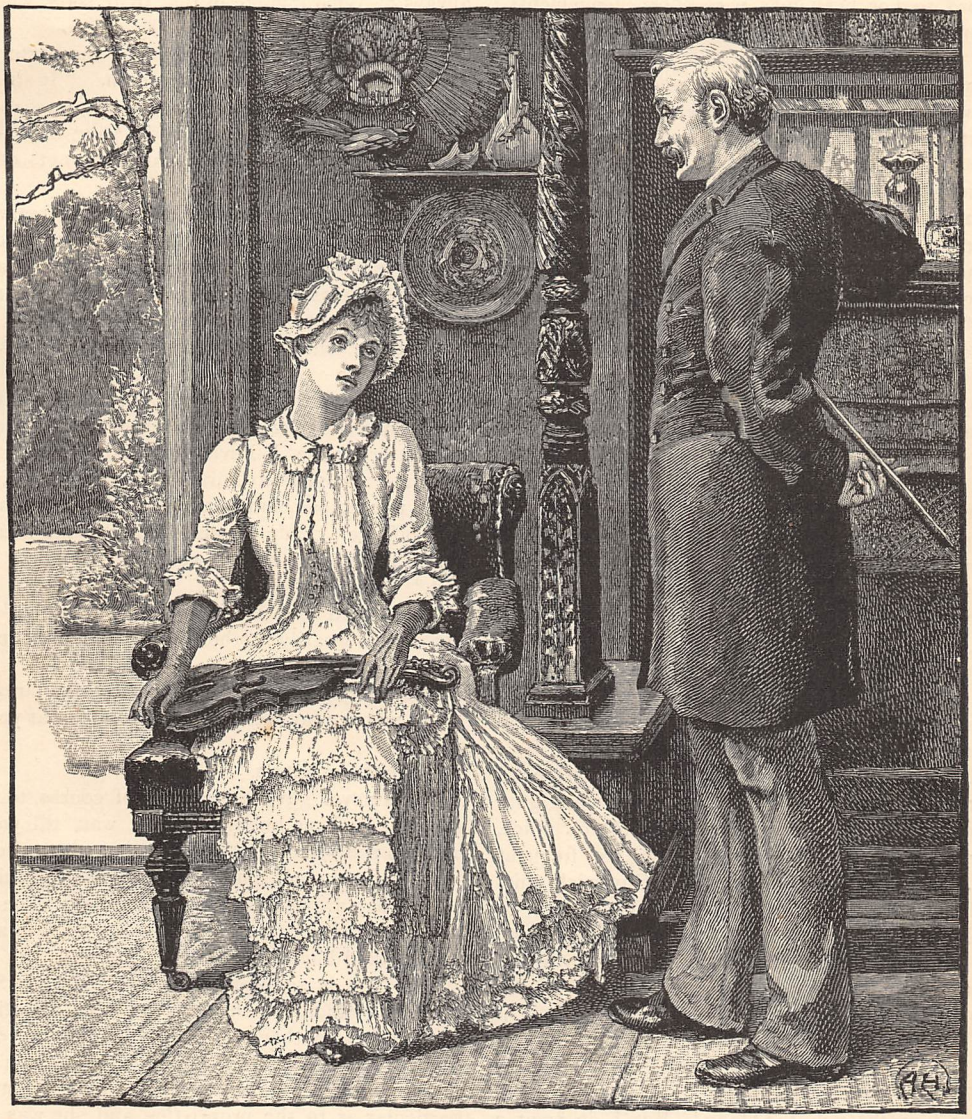
His friends of bachelor years might have inclined towards ridiculing the pride of this first-time father of three-score, but it was too genuine and, counting the great gap of age between sire and child, too pathetic to be lightly jested at. So Mr. Alwyn's baby-girl was accepted unreservedly into the circle of all who would stand well with her wealthy parent. Clients made a point of inquiring as to her progress on the world's first stage. Clerks, married ones, were deeply interested when her little pearly bits of teeth came through; single ones were elated when she could run alone. Now and then the marvellous little maiden would be brought to "Stuarts" and exhibited in a sort of triumphal progress, first to Mrs. Greaves, the manager's wife, who, with many of her own, had still a stock of enthusiastic admiration for this one; then to the old gardener, still retained, who "blessed her pretty eyes, and never shouldn't have thowt to see sich a sight as she was, never!" and then to Jacob Cheene, for whose grave, plain countenance the little one soon showed a discerning affection, and would close one of her small, soft hands round his long forefinger, and so lead him about the place in a state of embarrassed pleasure, at which Mr. Alwyn would chuckle with amusement.

"Little Syd makes her choice early," he would say.

"She takes the full responsibilities of being the only young Alwyn, and means to be true to old friends, like her grandfather and great-grandfather."

"Ay, and like her father," would Mr. Cheene answer, soon as she can hold it, and we'll see if we can't play some trios to our satisfaction yet!"

And the two grey-haired men would laugh, almost forgetting the burden of their years as they mapped



"'THE ONLY INSTRUMENT ON EARTH WORTH STUDYING!' SHE DECLARED" (*p.* 2).

"as there'll be plenty to tell her, myself soonest if I live long enough."

At which his employer would reach over his little one's head a remonstrating hand on the speaker's stooping shoulders, with—

"Chut, chut, Jacob! don't be personal" (the lawyer was proud of the esteem attaching to his family, but never greedy of compliment for himself); "you teach her her scales when she's big enough, that will be undertaking enough for you. I'll buy her a violin as out Sydney's musical future, leading her uncertain steps the while along the lime-tree walk, little divining what chords, harmonious or discordant, their three lives would strike out and sound upon men's ears in the unknown by-and-by.

Meantime, while Sydney—or to give the full baptismal title, bestowed in remembrance of her father's mother, "Sydney Grey"—Alwyn was growing out of the vagueness of infancy into the more definite shape of six or seven years old, the home life of Guyswick

Hall, if altered in any respect, had altered for the worse. Master and mistress were wide as the poles asunder in their tastes. Practically, as well as metaphorically, Beethoven was shelved, and Offenbach ruled in his place. Mrs. Alwyn's brilliant little dinners, or gay evening assemblies, were arranged without regard to her husband's wishes or engagements. If he appeared at them, so much the better for the look of the thing. If he kept away, she had always some ready excuse for his absence, and, shining most herself when he was not by, so exercised her powers of entertainment that the elderly host was very little missed.

Splendidly dressed, lavish at all points, patroness of every amusement in the neighbourhood, quite clear now of the common professional set to which her marriage had first introduced her, the lady made a point of enjoying life most thoroughly. Her ponies, her brougham, her lace and her furs, her orchids and ferns, her pug dogs, and fifty other fancies, were food for gossiping amusement to half the country-side, and the only share her husband had in these increasing luxuries was to find the funds for their purchase.

Over this part of the business he had of late demurred more than once, the last time with serious vexation, but with no better success than to bring down upon himself a prolonged dose of sullen indignation and a heavy purchase of costly "Satsuma" for the drawing-room shelves. And possibly this state of things troubled the lawyer more than he cared to confess, or in fact had any one to confess to. But it seems to Sydney that, just at this time when recollection of her father begins, he grew older and graver very fast indeed.

Other people were of the same opinion.

"You're not looking yourself, Alwyn," the Rector of St. Clement's said, advancing from his garden gate one morning as the lawyer drove by to his office, Sydney perched by his side according to frequent custom. "I don't believe, after all, Guyswick suits you half as well as 'Stuarts' did."

"Half! no, not a hundredth part," answered John Alwyn hastily; "though," pulling himself up short, too proud to parade his troubles, "the place is well enough in its way. Why don't you come and see it oftener?"

"Oh, you know," evasively returned the clergyman, "I'm busy. My boy is back from Oxford. I'm coaching him through the 'long.' But I do want a chat with you about"—dropping his voice and leaning forward—"that investment of mine. I'll come round to your office soon—this week, if it will suit you."

"Next will do better," said the lawyer, gathering up the slackened reins, his forehead contracting, though he was not given to signs of impatience.

"Then next be it. And well, little maid," smiling at Sydney's gravely attentive face, "what did you mean by not being a boy, eh? A lad could have been helping his father by now, couldn't he?"

"So can a girl! So can I; so I *will!*" returned Sydney, her great dark eyes, sometimes hazel, sometimes deepest blue, dilating with a most unchildlike anxiety. ("Why did every one keep telling her father he looked ill?") "Papa, may I stay with you to-day, and sit by you and stamp your letters? You like that sometimes, don't you?"

"Little goose," he answered fondly, "don't I like it always? We'll indulge in that treat soon, when we're not so full of work."

"Nor so full of cares," thought the rector, as he stepped back and let them drive on. "It strikes me, John Alwyn, that marriage of yours was about the worst venture you ever made in *your* life!"—which was very nearly, but unfortunately not quite the truth.

Two scenes of that the first summer registered in Sydney's memory abide with her, never to be effaced.

One is of a June evening, herself led to a much-decorated dressing-room to say formal good night to her mother, who, very dazzling and superb, is arrayed for some evening visit. Her father stands by the window.

"It is the third time," Mrs. Alwyn says, in tones of annoyance that she does not soften as the child enters, "the third time I have accepted for you to the Wynnes, and you have always called off going. It is most ungracious and provoking of you. They may take offence. Lady Wynne always looks incredulous when I say you are unwell, or something of the sort."

"She need not be incredulous to-night," returns Mr. Alwyn wearily; "there will be no pretence about your apology for once."

Mrs. Alwyn flashes at him a doubting glance.

"If you are not well, why did you stay at your office so late?"

"Expecting letters."

"And never gave a thought, of course, to my convenience! You knew I should wait till you came back, to see whether you were going with me or no."

"I assured you I should not before I left this morning. They are people out of our range. The effort of an evening there, now when I'm harassed in all directions, would have crazed me."

His tone is so broken, so dejected, that Sydney's eyes fill suddenly with tears as, with a furtive side-look at her mother, she steals behind the dressing-table to her father's elbow. But Mrs. Alwyn's pity is reserved for her own grievance. The Wynnes were particular as to the proprieties, and she was bent on dragging her husband to their dinner.

"It is not at all agreeable for me to go again alone. There may be busybodies who will make impertinent remarks. You really must exert yourself, Mr. Alwyn, and accompany me sometimes, or——"

"Or," he interrupted, looking with a faint gleam of his old admiration at his wife, handsome still—"a splendid woman" some people yet called her—"or else you must give up some of your engagements and stay at home with the old man you've tied yourself to! Well, is that such a hard fate? Helen"—he used the name so seldom, she started to hear it, and drew a little back as he advanced—"I'm worried now, and

—and anxious. Could you not forego this dinner? Could you not stay with me this evening?"

She gathers up the long train of her beautiful gleaming dress with a gesture of irritation at such an inconsiderate suggestion.

"You *know* the St. Heliers are to be there!" she says, with an emphasis which seems to express that such society would draw her from any duty on earth; "I am alive to the compliment of being asked to meet them, Mr. Alwyn, if you are not! Don't come down with me if you are not well. Lettice will put my cloak on, thank you. Good night. And, Sydney," just stopping to let the child touch her cheek, "you may well be pale. You ought to be in bed!"

The carriage wheels sound down the sweep and past the chestnut drive, by the curtseying women at the Lodge; and, quite sure now the house-mistress is gone, Sydney caresses her father's listless hand as he sighs heavily, and asks—

"Shall we go down, papa, to your dinner? And need I go to bed?"

He wants no dinner, he says, and she may stay with him a little while; so they descend together to a small west-fronting room, opening on a delicious piece of lawn spangled with beds of blue forget-me-nots, sheltered from the setting sun by wide boughs of a glorious emerald-tinted beech.

The red light flickers through the leaves, and sets the shadows dancing on the walls. Chaffinches by dozens keep cheep-cheep-che-e-ping outside. Sydney tells her father the doings of the day: how her white rose is out at last; he is to have the first bud for his button-hole to-morrow; and how she can ride round the Croft without a guiding-rein, and Havens, her coachman-tutor, says she will be a credit to him. Mr. Alwyn listens very silently, ready with a smile when Sydney looks at him, not smiling when released from her gaze. She sees his thoughts are far away, and presently ceases talking.

The shadows from the beech are gone now. Twilight fills the room as they still sit on, and Leonora's evening practice jingles on up-stairs unceasingly. The child is half asleep when a strange step on the gravel sets the dogs barking, then the butler brings in a lamp and something in a pink envelope.

Sydney thinks she has tired her father, leaning so long upon his arm, for his hand trembles as he opens his missive. She would read it too, but he puts her aside, kisses her slowly once—twice—and bids her go to bed.

Then he comes up for another good-night, with a leather bag in his hand, another coat upon his arm, and Sydney, in a spasm of wakefulness, stifles her lamentations over his going a journey because he looks so troubled, bids him be quick back, and follows, a little barefooted, white-night-gowned figure, to watch over the banisters for the last glimpse of him as he leaves thus, in unexplained haste, his splendid home at Guyswick.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE HADOW OF THE FUTURE.

AND this is the other scene which, misty of detail, will haunt Sydney to the end of time.

A pretty hamlet at a little distance from Guyswick. A grey old church looming up across a rustic road, near by the fruit-trees of a cottage garden. A warm sunny afternoon, with a great humming of bees and scent of stocks and wall-flowers in the air. The constant sound of a busy hoe at work not far off, and the crooning of some minor-keyed ditty by an old figure, dressed quaintly in dark-coloured stuff, with snow-white cap and kerchief pinned in front, knitting diligently under the shade of a yellow laburnum.

This is "Taffy," or "Mrs. Taverner" affectionately abbreviated, the nurse whose last piece of official work was presiding over Sydney's very earliest days, and who now, with well-earned savings, takes the rest of threescore years and ten. Her home is with a daughter, once a servant at "Stuarts," whose husband married from his post of second gardener there to the dignity of a cottage and "marketing" for Stillcote-Upton on his own account. He is clerk of the church close by: a thrifty, hard-working soul, plodding contentedly on from morn till night, putting his few pounds by year after year against a rainy day, or maybe for a legacy to his good "missus," or a fortune for the lasses who are now doing for themselves in honest service.

They are steady, sterling people all, in their way, and the elder dame is a prodigious favourite with all her children, as she calls a goodly list, beginning with men long since out of their teens, ending with Sydney Alwyn. Her duties with the brood whose first cries she hushed have not finished with the nursery, as many of her grown-up babies testify, for hopes and fears, troubles and joys, loves and hates, find their way to Taffy's sympathetic confidence often before the household they belong to half suspect them, and rarely a week goes by without bringing a visitor out of her old working circle to Nurse's cottage.

There Sydney, to her unfailing delight, is sometimes allowed a sojourn.

When her mother takes Leonora to the sea, when any epidemic is reported at Guyswick, or if any jar domestic lessens the establishment for a time, the child is sent for a few days to Nurse. There her father comes round morning or evening to see her. There she revels in the freedom of her oldest frocks, and learns the letters and syllables, so difficult to attain in the schoolroom at home, quite easily off the

tombstones in the churchyard under Taffy's spectacled instructions.

Naturally, they make much of the little lady at the cottage, for, over and above their genuine fondness for her, the visits of the rich man's child are pleasant little windfalls to these frugal folk. So they keep a tiny cupboard-like apartment, with a diamond-paned casement that tiger-lilies peep in at, and monthly roses are always blooming round, for her very own. They mostly find some infant chicks or downy rabbits for her playmates. They fix a swing for her in the big russet apple-tree, and pluck for her any flowers her fancy fixes on.

She is in the swing by Taffy's side now, as with arms upward clinging to the ropes she sits slowly swaying backwards and forwards in the chequered light under the apple-boughs, and her old guardian, stopping the clicking of her bright pins to watch her, thinks this last of her foster-flock is the fairest of them all, and wonders what makes her changeling look so very grave.

"'TAFFY, WHEN DID I COME HERE?'"

Presently Sydney calls to her—

"Taffy, when did I come here?"

"On Tuesday, my pretty."

"And what's to-day?"

"Friday."

"And papa hasn't been to see me!"

"Maybe he's not back yet, missy."

"No, per-haps not," says the child slowly, "for," brightening, "he will be sure to come when he gets home."

"Sure," repeats the old woman confidently, and then adds, "Was your mamma gone out too, Miss Sydney? Havens didn't say."

"And I—don't know," answers Sydney, her voice dropping, as it always does when she speaks of her mother, who never gives the younger-born more place in her pursuits than she does in her heart. Then, still swinging softly, she thinks profoundly a minute or two, and the outcome of her meditation is—

"I wish, Taffy, I always lived with you, if papa came every day to see me."

Which says more than she intends, for Nurse looks sorry as she answers—

"Nay, my pretty. Mr. Alwyn couldn't afford that noways!"

"Not afford it! Do I cost so much to keep?"

Nurse is glad of something to laugh at.

"Why, afford to spare you, Miss Sydney, I mean. Your cost ain't much! We wouldn't mind keeping you for nothing."

"Oh, then," says the child, "if I——" but she breaks off abruptly, disturbed by the sound of an approaching step.

The little gate at the end of the garden path is unlatched, and striding between Sweet-Williams and Canterbury bells, up comes a tall, big-framed lad, with reddish-brown curly hair, and eyes over which he draws his darker brows as if to keep the glare of sunshine off.

Sydney ceases swinging to watch, a trifle jealously, as Taffy gets up and joyfully greets this new-comer with—

"Why, Master Bertie, back again from school! Oh, I ask pardon, my old head can't keep up with such a lot of new names; anyhow, back, and not grown too proud to come and see me, I declare!"

"Back?" repeats the youth, as he gives her welcoming hands a hearty shake. "Yes, and likely to keep back. But proud?" flinging himself on the end of the bench under the laburnum. "It's a little too late in the day for me to set up in that line, I promise you. For, oh, Taffy, do you know we are in a muddle and no mistake!"

Then he leans forward till he brings his face, with the square-cut chin resting in his large, nervous hand, close to Nurse Taverner's shoulder, and plunges into the story of whatever escapade or veritable trouble he has just hinted at.

Sydney hears nothing of it all, for when, assured that he is a stranger to her, or nearly so, she has just a glimmering notion she has seen him somewhere, in the town perhaps, and that Nurse and he want to talk together, she intuitively turns her back upon the pair, and gives her undivided attention to a couple of black-caps chasing each other in and out among the apple-leaves. But presently a startled "Good sakes alive!" from the old woman attracts her attention, and she looks round while Taffy says something else, of her apparently, for most certainly it is *at* her the boy's deep-set eyes flash the wrathful glance she is just in time to catch, as he exclaims passionately—

"An imp of evil! I hate her!"

"Oh, Master Bertie, do hush!" The child's senses, on the alert now, hear her old friend plead, and then she jumps down from her swing, runs off past Mr. Lewis hoeing French beans in his shirt-sleeves, and hides herself and a babyish disposition to cry in a grove of currant-bushes at the furthermost corner of the garden.

Somebody says he hates her, and she has never hurt that some one! Why does he hate her—*her*, when she does so love to be loved? He has called her a dreadful sort of name which she is positive she can't deserve. Will many people treat her like this as she grows older? A fright of the future overtakes her. A great qualm of aggrieved injustice sets sobs rising and falling under her fading daisy chain, and her sensitive little soul, inured by now to cold neglect, frets sorely at the notion of active unmerited dislike.

In the midst of her distress the intruding origin of it, his conference with Taffy at an end, stalks homeward-bound along the lane outside, and Sydney, no coward howsoe'er soft-hearted, dries up her tears, peeps at him over the hedge, and arrests his steps before he has passed the bounds of Mr. Lewis's tidy plots.

He is not by any means a grown-up man, she thinks, manhood being identical, in her mind, with grey hairs such as her father has, so she has to choose a form of address for him as she climbs over a separating stile; which point settled, she confronts him and demands, with an odd mixture of the imperious and the wilful—

"Boy, why do you hate me? Stop and tell me, please."

The lad colours awkwardly, and begins to frown again, but looking from his great height on the exceedingly anxious little face upturned to him, he relents and tries to stave the matter off as a species of joke.

"Oh, that was nothing, little one! Only some of my — my nonsense. Don't you trouble about anything you heard."

"But I must trouble," Sydney persists; "I didn't like it at all. You said I was a—a—nymph of evil. *Why?*"

The lad, hard pressed, caught at her blunder.

"I never said you were a 'nymph' of anything."

"Well, something of that sort, you did indeed; something—unkind!" the great, sad eyes filling again with tears.

"But I really never meant to be unkind to you, honour bright I didn't," cries the lad, blinking down at her with very uncertain gaze—truth to tell, he wouldn't be sorry to descend to her level and, for all his five feet ten inches, to let loose some of his private vexations in a good hearty howl—"but I am awfully bothered, and I—I was angry with some one else, and I didn't think of what I said. That is the truth. So just you forget all you heard."

Sydney sighs, relieved, but not fully satisfied.

"Then you don't hate me?"

"No, no, nonsense! Certainly not."

A great breath of growing contentment.

"I *am* glad!" emphatically; "and you won't be cross with me ever any more?"

"Why should I?"

"But you won't?"

"Well, I won't then."

"Thank you. Now you may go away, boy. Good-bye!"

She slips her threepenny-bit of a hand into one of his huge ones, and makes her farewell with such a gladdened, altered countenance, that he is smitten with remorse for having vexed such a small innocent thing. So he stoops down and gives her a kiss, with a furtive glance about as if afraid lest a bird on the wing should catch sight of the harmless peace-offering.

"There, run off," he says, lifting her clean over the stile with one sweep of his great strong arms; "go back to Taffy. Or no, look here," his brows knitting again, "play about first a few minutes. And, I say," holding her still by a great bunch of holland frock and red sash, "never you mind if people are cross now and then. Take my advice and don't care about it. Good-bye!"

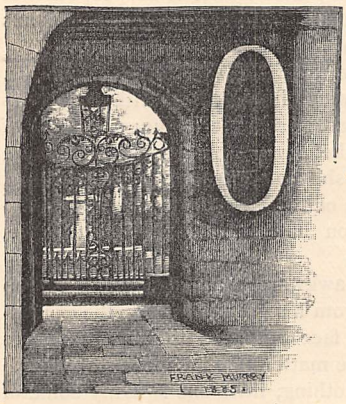
He stops to see her safely traverse Lewis's long garden, and when he has started, turns back once more to watch the dark-haired child passing on through the orchard.

"Poor little thing!" he mutters, though his tone of pity is at variance with the scowl that gathers on his face again; "poor little thing!" and for all the wrath he may be nursing, carries away with him a kindly recollection of the tender-spirited seven-year-old maid, whom, spite of all he was to owe her, he was never in this world to see again.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

LONDON FOR LONDONERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE. IN THREE PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



A CORNER IN THE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER.

OF all the great towns that I have seen, taken as a whole, the capital of the British Empire is undoubtedly the finest. I say emphatically, *taken as a whole*, because in not a few respects some of the most noted capitals are superior; and unless London be taken as a whole, it may fall readily under the misjudgment of a hasty observer. The difficulty here is to know it as a whole: it is so vast, and so various, that many persons who have lived there all their lives, not as mere shopmongers, but as intelligent residents, are ignorant of some of the most notable things in it, and are more familiar with an old baronial castle on the Rhine, or a temple of Isis by the roaring cataracts of the Nile, than with an old chapel in the City where the stout Henries and Edwards of our old history may have said their prayers, or the hall where the old burghers convened to resist the inroads of despotic kings into their liberties, and to protest against the luxurious lives of the Churchmen. And yet London is not so difficult to be known as a whole, in a general way, by those who will take the trouble to do it, and who have acquired the useful habit of knowing always where they are, and carefully marking their bearings; for being rather a congeries of towns, that have gradually grown together, than a single town, in the common sense of the word, it is divided by long streets, originally country roads, running for many miles almost in a straight line, following the natural lie of the country from east to west, which map it out into natural parallels that a free-ranging eye can easily command; and it is with a survey of this kind, taken not from the top of St. Paul's, which merely spreads before the bewildered eye a magnificent confusion, but from actual movement through the great thoroughfares, that I advise the visitor of this great City to start. The means of locomotion here are so ready, so various, and so cheap, that it is a man's own fault if, with the help of a constant look at the sun and a good pocket map, he does not master the various lines and natural divisions of this wonderful forest of human dwellings in a few days. And here, I fancy, I have hit upon the proper term to express its distinctive character as a city. London is a large social *forest*, marked everywhere by the rich straggling freedom, unregulated variety, and indefinite limit which distinguish a forest from an artificial garden or a walled orchard. And like a great forest, also, it has not a few free green places scattered here and there, to let in the light and give currency to the breezes, while the long lines of streets which we have mentioned are like the green walks through a forest, which enable the woodman to use his axe freely, and to transport the fruits of his labour with ease and expedition to their proper destiny.

The opposite style to this rambling character of London may be best seen in Berlin. The magnificent capital of Prussia—or now, rather, of Germany—has more the aspect of a manufacture than a growth. The streets run rank and file, like the battalions of a great army. They are utterly without the freedom, the picturesqueness, and the ever-changing diversity which is the great charm of London—of course, we repeat here, of London taken as a whole. There are parts and whole districts of London which are as bald as

the most prosaic lines of street in Berlin or Mannheim, and as destitute of any distinctive feature as a feeble curate's first sermon, in which the skeleton discourse of some "Preachers' Help" has been tricked up into the customary proprieties of the pulpit. But these long rows of tasteless monotony in London are only parts, which in other cities would make the whole; and are, moreover, largely relieved either by the grand sweep of the adjacent parks or by those frequent green squares of open ground which add a charm to the most prosaic architecture of a town, similar to that conferred by a bending river on the monotony of a wide champaign. As in England, generally, the presence of this fresh and fragrant green—not in strips only here and there, but everywhere, in large interminable sweeps—gives a charm to the landscape, with which neither Italy, nor Germany, nor any fairest Continental country can vie, so in London, the glory of green trees vividly fresh amid the dulness of old bricky courts, and beneath the pall of a frequently cloudy sky, brings the memory, so to speak, and a certain afflatus of the country into the town, just as the arms of the sea on the west coast of the Highlands run with a graceful wilfulness up to the roots of the Bens, bringing the strong breath of ocean along with them. This strange and unexpected combination of contrary things fills the eye with the changes of a pleasurable surprise.

A great contribution to this delightful intermixture of town and country is formed by what were once the suburbs of London, but what are now essential parts of the City; for it is a rule, with few exceptions, that men who do business in the City proper—that is, the district of which St. Paul's is the centre, with the Tower and the Strand as the two wings—reside not in the City, but decamp regularly, about four or five o'clock, into those comparatively open circumjacent districts, which are either separate small towns, or open green commons surrounded with villas.

It is difficult to imagine anything more pleasant or more healthful in the way of town residence than the variety of bright, breezy, and leafy situations presented by Kensington, Hampstead, Clapham Common, Wimbledon, or Worcester Park.

No doubt, even in these green and grassy regions, especially in the season when the east wind dominates, the man who has been habituated to the clear blue of Continental skies will feel a certain want. But the want is amply compensated by the perpetual verdure of the surroundings, by the unconstrained freedom of movement, and by the air of wealth, taste, and comfort which clothes the country as with a garment. And these beautiful suburbs are as different from one another as they are from the wonderful City which they enclose. In Hampstead, as in Clapham, the most different tastes may be gratified, and lungs of the most diverse sensibility inhale the ventilation that is suitable for them. To live within half an hour's drive of the largest capital in the world, and day by day, after the din of the street and the fog of the Thames, to find yourself on the edge of a broad heath, as wild as a Highland moor, and with an atmosphere as keen and breezy as sweeps across the purple shoulders of a Highland Ben: this, surely, is a luxury in the way of urban residence which in some of the most favoured cities of the world no amount of gold can purchase; while persons of less muscular fibre, and lungs of more gentle play, find in the green commons of Clapham, Tooting, and Streatham a field where the foot can ramble with an easy freedom, as light as sheep on the downs of Sussex, and as alert as the golf-players on the breezy links of St. Andrew's.

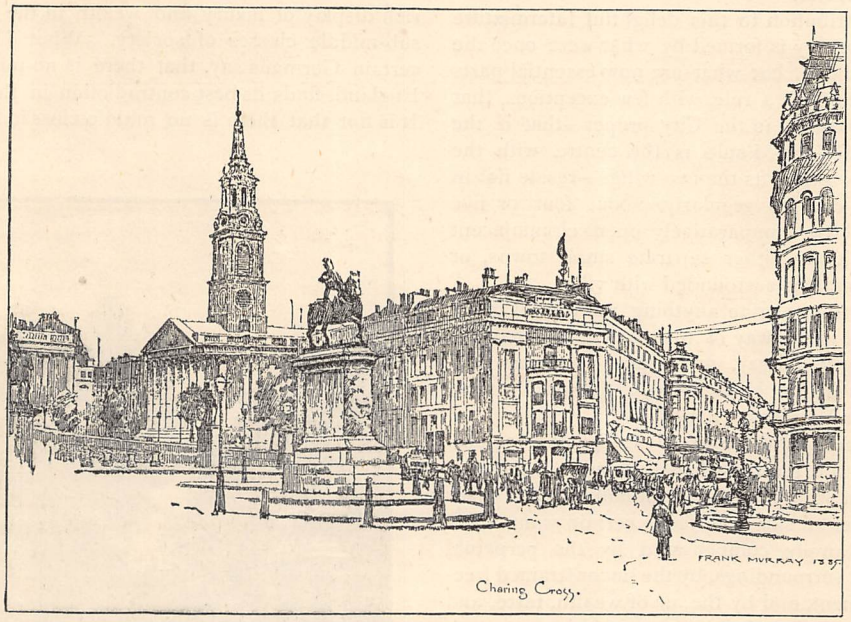
If Clapham Common in this open freedom is not without a certain tinge of the democratic element, Kensington, with its army of sweet green homes and private gardens, stamped with the names of Argyle, Bute, and Airlie, shows a decidedly aristocratic front. Here the wise ducal orator or the cultured earl may be found sitting in the bosom of his family beneath a spreading tree in Arcadian fashion, conscious of the multitudinous din of the adjacent City only as of the quiet roll of thunder on the distant hills, or the soft break of waves on a sandy shore.

At Worcester Park, again—beyond Wimbledon, to the south—while the elevating associations of noble ancestry may be few, the rich succession of tasteful villas embosomed in graceful greenery and festooned with flowers, impresses the stranger pleasantly with the type of a country where colossal accumulations of wealth in the hands of a few are skirted round with a rich display of luxury and wealth in the middle and sub-middle classes of society. What I have heard certain Germans say, that there is no middle class in England, finds its best contradiction in these suburbs. It is not that there is no middle class in England, but

OLD HOUSES, HIGHGATE HILL.

that our middle class is so well appointed as to assume the appearance of an upper class to the inhabitants of less wealthy communities.

Among the elements which go to give character to a large town, the situation is unquestionably the most important; and situation as affecting the beauty of a city is of two kinds: the situation on which it stands, and from which, as a statue on a pedestal, it shows itself; and the situation into which it leads, which it overlooks, and which delights the eye with freshness, and stirs the imagination by the beauty of contrast. In both these respects there is, perhaps, no city superior to Edinburgh, and none inferior to Berlin. No pomp of architecture and no parade of native or artificial greenery can redeem from a certain aspect of weariness and commonplace a city that is built on a dead flat, where nature has done nothing, and what art does has no vantage-ground from which to act on the spectator. The growth of bulky magnificence in such cases will be like the increase of wealth in the hands of a person who knows not how to use it. The striking picturesqueness of Edinburgh, as a whole, and especially in its principal street, most familiar to strangers, depends on the fact that it is built on the line of three parallel ridges, with hollow valleys between, which hills which overhang the city on the east, or to the adjacent Pentlands on the south, or the heights of Fife on the other side of the Frith of Forth. It is this wonderful situation which caused Mr. Ruskin, when lecturing on architecture at Edinburgh some twenty years ago, to make the sarcastic remark that he was always thankful when he came to the corners of the cross-streets in the new town, whence he might look out on the works of God in nature, and relieve his eye from the painful contemplation of the most prosaic masonry that ever was converted into the form of human dwellings. This witness is true: at least, in reference to the original condition of the three long streets in the new town, as they gradually took form after the building of the North Bridge, in the year 1765—streets which had no more pretensions to beauty than the London houses in Harley Street and Wimpole Street, and not a few other erections, both inside and outside of London, built at a time before the æsthetical conscience of the country had been awakened from the lethargy into which it fell during the dulness of the age which elapsed between the fall of the Stuarts and the strong stimulant of the French Revolution: an event which sounded a note of change, and flung a leaven of fermentation into Europe which could not fail



CHARING CROSS.

look one another in the face, and in this way show themselves to the best advantage; while, at the same time, the central ridge bolts up with one of those abrupt fronts which trap-rock is so fond of assuming. The ridges, moreover, are so high that there are few parts of the town from which a grand outlook is not to be enjoyed, either towards the closely adjacent volcanic to show itself, not only in the political world, to which it properly belonged, but in the kindred domains of literature and art.

How much Edinburgh owes to this peculiar plantation on lofty parallel ridges, may be most easily understood by comparing it with Athens or with Dublin. For the classical Athens, however many points of

topographical feature it may possess in common with the Scottish Athens, taken as a whole, can in nowise boast either of that wonderful aptitude of self-display, or of the frequent outlook into the country from the centre of the city, which is the charm of the Scottish metropolis.

In this all-important matter of situation, London, though certainly not to be compared with Edinburgh, or Rome, or Naples, or Stockholm, or in its peculiar way with Venice, is by no means destitute of attractions. Originally, when in ante-Roman times the old Celtic fort or dun occupied the site of the ground where St. Paul's now stands, the prominence of the position was more notable than it can be now. Still the ascent from Lower Thames Street, and all along the river up to Blackfriars Bridge, is marked enough to redeem the situation from the absolute insipidity which is entailed on such situations as those of Dublin and Berlin. Seen from the river, the original old London, now crowned by the weighty dome—the masterpiece of Wren—towers up with a quiet grandeur wonderfully impressive ; and not only in this central quarter, but all along through High Holborn to Bayswater and Notting Hill, London stands on an elevation that, by the happy intervention of a long line of parks—fully three miles from Westminster to Kensington Palace—gives it an opportunity of displaying itself which no other city possesses in an equal degree. Abolish the parks and abolish the river, and London would lose as much as Edinburgh by the sinking of her castled ridge, or the drying-up of her islanded estuary. But, happily, none of these contingencies are possible. The parks are one of those beneficial legacies which, by happy chance or wise disposition, have been transferred from the lordship of the few to the enjoyment of the great mass of the people ; while the river, so far from being destroyed by the ever-increasing population of the Titanic metropolis, has in these latter days received tasteful embellishments, such as the banks of few other urban rivers can surpass. A great river is always a grand feature in a town ; and were it not for the adjacent Frith, the Scottish capital would feel much more acutely than she does the want of such a picturesque and inspiring adjunct. No doubt it is better to have no river at all in the middle of a town than a hollow filled with water creeping sluggishly along, half dead and half alive, as in the Liffey, in Dublin, or the Spree in Berlin. Such rivers suggest the idea of degenerating into the inferior genus of a ditch ; and all ideas of degeneracy and decadence are disagreeable. But a real river that flows and swells is one of the greatest beauties that a great city can possess, and, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Why? obviously, because a river brings the country, which is the garden of God, and the best part of the country, with exhaustless energy into the town—the part of the country which is most suggestive of freshness, and vigour, and vitality, and which not only suggests freshness, but creates it, wherever it appears, as any man may learn experimentally who will go from Westminster Bridge to the Mansion House by the Underground Railway, and return, not underground, but above water, in the Thames steamboat for the small sum of one penny ; and not only a penny, but an additional sixpence or a shilling would be well bestowed for such a refreshing restorative to lungs faint and flaccid with the super-fœtation of carbonic acid gas which the Underground Railway suffers under in the month of July.

IN A LONDON SQUARE—LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

PASTRY—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY A PRACTICAL COOK AND CONFECTIONER.

WE will state at the outset that in the present paper the term "pastry" is to be understood in a very elastic sense, as we shall include many pretty little dishes suitable for dinner and supper parties, suggesting only those that will taste as good as they look. Many readers have, no doubt, at some time in their lives, cast a longing glance at a beautiful-looking combination of glittering jelly, whipped cream, and bright-coloured sweetmeats, &c., and ventured on a taste, maybe to leave the greater portion, after shudderingly exclaiming, "What a mess!"

Our aim shall therefore be to show that sweets *can* be made pretty enough to form part of the table decoration (and in some cases, regarded in this light alone, they are a necessity), as well as pleasant to the palates of all, with the exception of those who avoid sweets of any kind. In some instances our space will only admit of suggestions, though these are often as great a help to a quick, practical cook as a number of cut-and-dried recipes would be.

We must assume, necessarily, that the art of making puff pastry is understood by all who venture upon the concoction of sweets of a superior kind. Were we to attempt *that* description, it would take up the whole of our space. Perhaps it would astonish readers to watch a good German confectioner making pastry. After working out perhaps a dozen recipes, from all the odds and ends he will produce the most dainty little dishes with astonishing rapidity. Nothing comes amiss to him. Out of an apparently useless pile of cuttings of pastry, remnants of jellies, and preserved fruits, and a few spoonfuls of whipped cream or meringue mixture, he will turn out tiny dainties of all shapes, utilising the scraps to the last bit.

When something really pretty is desired, nothing is more useful as a foundation than some "almond paste"; if made at home, it is not expensive, as a little goes a long way, while it is so delicious that almost everybody will appreciate it. A pound and a half each of sweet almonds, pounded, and fine white sugar, with half an ounce of bitter almonds, also pounded, mixed with the whites of four or five eggs, will make a "paste" of about the right consistency, and bitter enough for most palates. A yellow paste is obtained by using the yolks of the eggs instead of the whites.

Most confectioners sell this—as it is used in making wedding-cake—so when only a very little is wanted it will be as cheap to buy it. The addition of a few drops of *vegetable* colouring is quite harmless, and will increase its utility when wanted chiefly for ornamenting other dishes. Some American cooks add a flavouring of rose or orange-flower water; either may be recommended as a decided improvement.

Cocoa-nut Paste is delicious made in the same way, but with a rather smaller proportion of sugar. The nut must be grated on a perfectly clean grater, and in mixing it white of egg only used, as the paste should be snow-white. Orange or lemon essence is most suitable as a flavouring for this. Other kinds of nuts are also used abroad, walnuts and Brazil nuts being especially suitable; the latter make a very nice paste. Any of the above can be substituted for puff paste for tartlets, darioles, &c.; tiny patty-pans or dariole moulds should be lined with the paste, rolled as thin as possible, then put into a gentle oven until firm and crisp, but kept quite pale. They may be filled with preserves, jellies—both clear and opaque—fruit compôtes, whipped cream, or *blanc-mange* mixture. The last-named may be of many flavours and colours, and should be poured in just before it sets; the whipped cream, too, may be coloured; and a spot here and there on a tartlet filled with anything of a contrasting colour has a pretty effect. A meringue of white of egg, beaten to a stiff froth, mixed with an ounce of crushed sugar to each white, can be utilised in precisely the same manner.

Fancy shapes in great variety can be readily produced: for instance, tiny balls the size, say, of a nutmeg, hollowed with the thumb, then filled with large sugar-plums, white and coloured; or pistachio nut comfits. The latter are pale green, and very nice. These little nests should be laid on a baking-sheet, covered with white paper, and baked as directed above *before* filling. By cutting out a ring, then filling it with thin strips of the pastry, "bundles of sticks" are obtained, while small cones, imitation flowers, fruit, leaves, and stars are some of the simplest devices of nut paste. Any may be decorated, before baking, by means of almonds or roughly-pounded sugar—white, green, or pink; or, after baking, with preserves, candied fruits, or whipped cream; in the latter case care is necessary in the dishing-up.

To make *Almond Sandwiches*, roll out a sheet of almond paste, and cover it thinly with icing (as used for wedding-cake), mixed soft enough to spread easily; then sprinkle it over with anything pretty—pink sugar candy, crushed, tiny bits of chopped fruit, or anything handy—then leave it until set, when it may be cut with a sharp knife into diamonds, triangles, &c., and either mixed in a dish with fancy biscuits, or used as a garnish for other sweet dishes. These need not be baked, but just dried on the plate-rack or top of a cool range. In the above, or any recipe where bitter almonds are mentioned, they may be dispensed with if a few ratafias, finely crushed, are substituted. We have dwelt at some length on nut pastes because, when once the mode is understood, they are so useful in the hands of an ingenious person.

We saw lately a dish of little cakes called *Steeples;* and the mode was very easy. Some sponge-cakes had been baked in tins six inches high, and as large round as a penny. When cold, these were cut into slices half an inch thick, and made by alternating a slice of cake with one of almond paste, some pink, some green, until the desired height of three inches was obtained; the tops were coated with clear jelly whipped to a froth. These would be nice for a supper party, and equally good at "high tea."

Another convenient way of serving cake is to cut out as many kinds as are available—one at least should be a rich fruit-cake; the rest may be seed, sponge, or any other plain sort—then to pile them with Devonshire cream between each slice, and cut them into fingers or squares. It is astonishing what an improvement in the appearance of a table may be effected by a few minutes spent in this way.

Vol-au-vent cases are universal abroad, and when filled with a variety of fruit compôtes the effect is very good; and we are inclined to the opinion that they are general favourites. Skill and experience are necessary to produce good results in this line when large ones are made, but the small ones are comparatively easy, and the necessary oval cutters can be had in all sizes.

Savoury Vol-au-vents are equally popular on the Continent, and quite as common as *patties* are in England, and when filled with a nice mince of ham and chicken, lobster, salad, oysters, &c., and prettily garnished, they present a very appetising appearance.

A really artistic dish, which can be made large or small, as required, owes its foundation to puff pastry, baked in thin square sheets, first sprinkled with sugar. Each sheet should be one inch less on each side than the one beneath it: for instance, in a large *Leaf Tourte à la Française* the bottom sheet may be seven inches square, and the top one three inches. Each must be laid on the preceding one in a contrary direction: that is, for the corners to come in the centre of each side, and the said corners must be turned up—previous to baking, of course. Need we say that few sweets afford greater opportunity for ornamentation than these? The corners and sides may be garnished with almost anything in the way of jelly, roughly chopped or cut out in patterns; cream, coloured, and dotted here and there; almond pastry; icing sugar; candied or fresh fruit; any good fondants of nice shapes being also suitable. A simpler kind may be made by just covering the edges with jam of several sorts, and coating the top layer with whipped cream. Pistachio nuts are much used as a garnish, but they are too expensive for general use; and chopped almonds, or any other nuts, may be tinted with a little vegetable green colouring, and will answer equally well.

Venetian, or *Venice Cakes*, are real delicacies. They are usually served in a round or oval form, but on the same principle as the foregoing—viz., one above another, from large to small, leaving a margin of half an inch or more between each. They are often made, however, of an equal size. The foundation, or crust, is prepared as follows:—Into a pound of the finest white flour (half of which should be Hungarian) rub half a pound of fresh butter until very fine; add six ounces of pounded sweet almonds and half an ounce of bitter ones, fourteen ounces of powdered lump sugar, and a pinch of salt; make into a *firm* mass with the yolks of three eggs; if small, four may be necessary. Roll out to the fourth of an inch in thickness, brush over with the white of an egg, sprinkle with sugar, crushed, and bake in a gentle oven to a delicate brown. The several layers—for a large cake—should be piled up while warm, and spread with apricot jam or marmalade, and another kind, of a contrasting colour, alternately. The smaller ones look tempting with just a little stiff preserve, such as damson or plum cheese, in the middle, and dished in a circle, one overlapping the other; but when thin jam is used this is not practicable.

Another effective shape is to pinch up the rounds—which should be cut with a crimped cutter—into tiny baskets, with a strip across the top, fastened on with a dash of white of egg, to form the handle. These must be filled with a dry biscuit or bit of bread to retain their shape during the baking. They may then be filled according to fancy, custard and cream, of course, being included.

The same pastry rolled into the shape of an egg, and baked as directed, makes a nice dish if each one, on being taken from the oven, is dipped into white of egg, then into crushed sugar of various colours, and left to dry. Many people would venture to try one, who would carefully avoid richer sweets.

Grated chocolate, and chocolate icing, must not be omitted in our list of articles wherewith to decorate sweets, but it should be of the very best quality, with the true vanilla flavour. *Chocolate Meringues* are delicious, and a little brown colouring can be added with advantage, so far as appearance goes, as, of course, sufficient chocolate cannot be added to the sugar to make them a decided brown.

Boston Cream Cakes, or *Puffs*, as they are sometimes termed, must close our remarks. They sound extravagant, so many eggs being used, but in reality are not so, as a little of the batter goes a long way, for being light, it rises considerably. We have tasted them in England, but not in such perfection as those of the States. To make them, put half a pint of water into a saucepan, add four ounces of butter, and bring slowly to the boil; then stir in gradually half a pound of flour, beating well. Let it boil a couple of minutes, then turn out until cool, when the yolks of six eggs should be beaten in, and finally the whites, whisked to a stiff froth. This must be dropped from a dessert-spoon upon sheets of greased paper, laid upon a tin in a *hot* oven. When baked, slit one side with a sharp knife, and fill with corn-flour *blanc-mange* mixture, made in the usual way, but with extra sugar, as, it will be noted, there is none in the batter for the cakes themselves. A little butter is an improvement, and few flavourings can hope to rival vanilla. These are only nice while quite fresh, but in that state are certain of a warm reception, and form a delicious accompaniment to fruit at high tea.

HINTS FOR DECEMBER GARDENING.

IS it possible to have anything gay and bright in the dreary month of December? Are there really such things as winter flowers? we think we hear some incredulous and indifferent gardeners ask. At any rate, in this venerable month of our annual re-union, when we gather round the hearth to celebrate the great Birthday — the only event which makes life bearable—we are going to try if we cannot find something even gayer and brighter than the dear old conventional holly-berry with which to decorate our peace-making board.

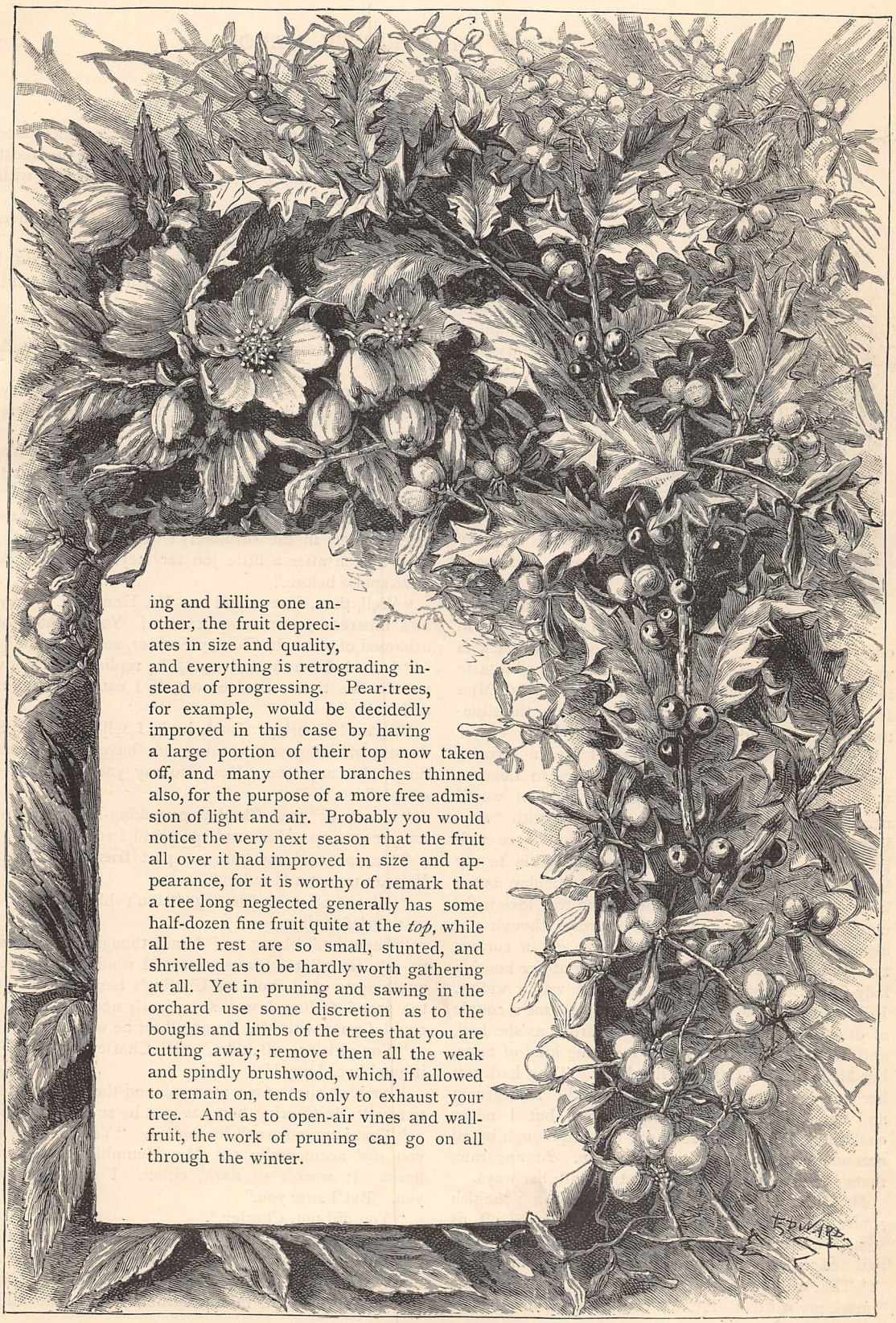
And one of our first suggestions is naturally the Christmas rose, and very strange it is that this beautiful specimen of hardy perennials is not more cultivated than it is. Given a shady situation and nothing more than the most common and ordinary soil, and there is no difficulty in rearing it. It can be either raised from seed, or the plants can be parted in the spring, in the way that we serve other perennials when we want to increase our stock of them. From among the fingered root-leaves the beautiful and delicate cream-coloured flowers spring, which we can gather and utilise so well for table decoration. These Christmas roses will flourish all the better when they get well established, while of course all our winter flowers will also be improved by taking care to have them planted in spots the most sheltered and secluded, and not exposed to all the fury of the north-east blast.

But, with the aid of our small greenhouse, we can readily encourage some even of our summer flowers to spare us some winter blooms. Often our geraniums, if we train a few especially for the purpose, can be got to give a few sprays of blossom in December, while we know that with heliotrope and salvias, whether blue or red, our chances of success are still greater. Fragrance, however, is a great charm to have in flowers at the dead season of the year, so perhaps we can recommend no more popular experiment than that of a few pots of mignonette for winter bloom. For this purpose there must be an August sowing in pots of any ordinary size. Let the soil be good loam, fairly enriched with decayed manure, while it will be also improved by an admixture of lime or old mortar rubbish. Most important also is it to have the pots thoroughly well drained, and an experienced authority also recommends that next upon the drainage should be placed, if it can be procured, some one-year-old pigeon's dung. Now these mignonette pots do not care to have too much water, in fact it would injure them to have it, but in the third week of August we could easily find a little room in our cucumber frame in which to place them, where they will find protection against heavy rains. As the young plants advance in size they must, of course, be thinned out, and ultimately retain from three to five plants in your pots, according to the size of them. From this time only water when they really require it, and pinch off all early dispositions to bloom. The pots, too, might be always exposed and stood out in the open air during the first three weeks of September, so long as they escape any drenching showers, while in order to secure continuity of bloom, a second and similar sowing in pots might be made in the first half of that month, the pots in unfavourable weather still standing under the protection of your unused frame; and finally have all removed to the greenhouse.

And perhaps with our cuttings, and all our general greenhouse stock, this month of December is the most inactive month of all the year, and indeed we wish it to be so: we do not want to encourage the growth of plants that we are now merely wishing to save alive for another season. We avoid the unnecessary fires under our glass, we give air daily, and very little water; what we do give, by the way, being always of the same temperature that our house is, so that it is a good thing to have a tub of water standing always in the greenhouse, from which to draw when necessary. Nor must we forget that variegated holly and mistletoe come to our assistance this month. The holly should never be clipped with shears in the way that we trim most of our evergreens, but any cutting of them should be made with a sharp knife. Still, we should say generally that much pruning of any kind is not desirable for our holly—not perhaps very amiable advice to give in this month of the year of all others, many of our readers will say; yet, alas! many a noble holly-tree has been half ruined for our decoration purposes. As for the mistletoe, we sow it in the early spring of the year by squeezing one or two pips from the berry and placing them under a tongue of bark that we carefully raise from one of our apple-trees, gently pressing the bark back again afterwards, or tying it down, *not too* tightly, with some strong bast matting or string, for of course we must not crush the mistletoe seed on the one hand, nor on the other hand must the bark be so loosely replaced as to allow the seeds to fall away.

In our orchard and fruit garden we shall in all probability find plenty of heavy work to be done. Indeed we cannot too often deprecate the custom of allowing our fruit-trees in too many instances to take care of themselves, and only taking notice of them when the fruit season itself comes round.

The consequence of all this neglect is that in the orchard boughs become interlaced, and begin weaken-



ing and killing one another, the fruit depreciates in size and quality, and everything is retrograding instead of progressing. Pear-trees, for example, would be decidedly improved in this case by having a large portion of their top now taken off, and many other branches thinned also, for the purpose of a more free admission of light and air. Probably you would notice the very next season that the fruit all over it had improved in size and appearance, for it is worthy of remark that a tree long neglected generally has some half-dozen fine fruit quite at the *top*, while all the rest are so small, stunted, and shrivelled as to be hardly worth gathering at all. Yet in pruning and sawing in the orchard use some discretion as to the boughs and limbs of the trees that you are cutting away; remove then all the weak and spindly brushwood, which, if allowed to remain on, tends only to exhaust your tree. And as to open-air vines and wall-fruit, the work of pruning can go on all through the winter.

THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.

BY LUCY FARMER.

I.—A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

SUSPICIONS.

IT matters little now how I came into the service of Mrs. Heatherington Cardewe. She was not married when I was first acquainted with her. My mother used to do dressmaking in the county town, and had a good taste. She generally had the latest fashions down from the London houses before the country people had seen them. I used to help her, and having what was in our parts called a "tidy figure," cloaks and jackets were tried upon me. Somehow I had imbibed a taste in dressmaking, which recommended me to Miss Dundas, who, when she married, offered me the situation of lady's-maid, and I accepted it.

I was eighteen and, of course, I had a "young man;" a "follower" they call our lovers in London. We ladies'-maids are pretty careful; for it would never do for a trusted servant to carry on with "anybody." My antecedents and Charley's were well known, so Mrs. Cardewe had no objection to my being engaged. Charley was very particular, but a little jealous. But they say there is no true love without jealousy, so I didn't mind his ways, though not always complimentary. His jealousy got a curious turn, though, one day. We had staying at our house a lady from London, Mrs. Alleyne. She was a widow. I didn't much like her, though she gave me a couple of dresses. I never saw such a wardrobe as she had, and no maid. She had rather a staring kind of taste, but Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe liked her. They had met her at some grand houses, I was told. Her groom and her horses were well turned out, but I never could bear her ways to servants, nor his, though by all accounts she was very polite to him. At any rate, there she was, and we had to put up with her ways.

Mr. Hemphill admired her. He was a youngish squire, a bachelor, and though not so well off as some, was pleasant and agreeable to all, free-handed, and noticed us when he met us—servants, I mean.

"That will be a match, Charley," I said one day, "mark my words! He is a very nice gentleman."

"So you seem to think," replied Charley, who spoke very cross. "I tell you what it is, Lucy, you must mind your *p*'s and *q*'s. You're too much taken with Mr. Hemphill."

You might have knocked me down with a feather, when I heard Charley talk like that.

"Me!" I said. "Why, Charley, you are dreaming! I never said five consecutive words to Mr. Hemphill in my life. Is it likely he would 'care'——"

"No, *he* wouldn't, perhaps."

"Do you mean that *I* would demean myself to talk to *him?*"

"Demean! Oh, that's pretty good," said Charley. "A lady's-maid demean herself to talk to the young squire!"

"Yes, demean," I said again. "For it would be like that if I ever permitted any gentleman to be free-and-easy with me. So, Charley, you had better drop it!"

"Well, then, why did you meet him two nights ago, after dinner, in the shrubbery? I saw you, and if I hadn't been after a little job for Reynolds—well, I'd have spoke before."

"Well, then, I never did see Mr. Hemphill. Why, he's mistress's own second cousin! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Charley Farmer, so you ought."

"I can believe my own eyes," he replied. "I know you by this time. So look out, if I catch you again, or him!"

"Again! Charley. Look here, I tell you I never dreamt of doing such a thing, nor have I ever been flirty with any one. Now, do say you are sorry—or——"

"Or what?" said Charley, provoking-like. But my temper was up at his suspicions, and I replied—

"Or you and me will not part friends. There! You are unjust and unkind."

"All right," said Charley, "don't blame me if I go to grief, or 'list——"

"Then don't blame me," I said, though I was ready to cry, for all my brave words. I would have given anything to catch hold of Charley's hand, but I was too proud, feeling I was so unjustly accused. What could *I* want with Mr. Hemphill, or he with me?

"You girls are all alike," said Charley. "Well, is it good-bye, Lucy?"

I couldn't speak for a moment, and then I managed to say, "Oh, Charley, how *can* you be so silly-pated?"

"That is no answer," he replied. "Yes, or No. If you *did* accidentally see Mr. Hemphill, there's no harm. It wasn't so dark, either. I didn't accuse you. But I *saw* you."

"You did not, Charley."

He made an impatient movement, and then said, "Look here, Lucy, you and me are engaged. I will marry you when I can—soon as possible. Tell the truth, say you were in the shrubbery path the other

evening, and I'll never say another word. I believe in you, really, Loo. But if you will promise, I'll never speak of Mr. Hemphill again."

"But, Charley—I——"

"But, rubbish!" he exclaimed. "Look here, I love you, and you love me, don't you?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Very well. I accuse no one. I'll say it was an accident—a chance meeting. I'll never let any one think I saw you two. Now, confess, and I'll be as steady as a rock for your sake, Lucy; and we'll be married, dear, before Christmas. Come, now! If not, then I declare I'll go for a soldier, and never come back."

What was I to do? I loved Charley dearly. He loved me, and yet he would not believe me. I knew how obstinate he was, and that he would go off "like a shot" for a soldier, as he said, if I didn't "confess." I could not tell such a falsehood; and, if I didn't, I should lose Charley, who never would blame me. Yet, my good name! Men are always ready enough to rake up things about girls, after awhile. They are all soap and honey until they are offended, and then up comes the bitter word, and the sneer! What should I do?

"Well, Lucy, my darling," says Charley, very affectionately, "my dear old Loo, why refuse? Just put your head on my shoulder, and say, 'Charley, I was in the shrubbery the day before yesterday evening'—we won't name names—and all will be right."

Heaven forgive me! I did as Charley bid me! I put down my head, my face as red as a peony, and said out loud—

"Charley, I was in the shrubbery the day before yesterday evening." Then I began to cry. I felt so miserable.

"Come, Loo, that's all right. You will never hear another word from me about it. You *were* there, for I saw you; and I am sorry you denied it. But now it's all right. I *knew* you were there. Mrs. Alleyne's pad-groom told me so; he saw you, too, it seems."

I was silent. I could not say a word! My blood rushed to my heart, and then all over my face, my head went round, and I fell back into Charley's arms, in a fainting fit.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A CURIOUS MEETING—SUSPICION GIVES WAY TO CERTAINTY.

As I fell back into Charley's arms I heard him call out to somebody who was passing along the path to the house, close to where we were in the kitchen-garden. The person, whoever it was, didn't come back, and then I was quite unconscious until Charley sprinkled my face with water from the garden pump.

"There," he said, "you are better. I am sorry I worried you so much, Loo. Come in-doors."

"No," I replied, releasing myself, "I will stay here a little longer. Charley, will you promise me you will never say a word about this? I am quite ashamed I told that falsehood!"

So I was. But Charley never guessed the real state of the case. It is very curious that a man will believe what you tell him if it chances to suit his humour! Charley would not believe the truth from me, and yet when I told him a falsehood he *did* believe me! Dear, dear, what poor things men are, at times!

Somehow Charley seemed a little uneasy still, and kept wondering who it was that had passed along the path, and heard me say I had been in the shrubbery that dreadful evening. Not that it mattered in the least, for plenty of people might pass along the shrubbery, which led into the flower-garden by a little door in the palings, and so on under the best bedroom windows by the flower-beds and the conservatories. The gardeners always came in and out by the shrubbery walk, but I never did. My way generally led me through the kitchen-garden, for the very good reason that Charley generally was waiting for me by the pond, or at the little foot-bridge that crossed the river which skirted our grounds. There was a high hedge separating the kitchen-garden from the lawn and flower-garden, so it was quite easy to run out by the side door and into the kitchen-garden in a minute, unseen. The path to the house was alongside the hedge, on the lawn side, and led to the foot-bridge over the little river, above the sluice, while the bridge from the kitchen-garden crossed some hundred yards or so lower down, below the sluice.

Charley promised faithfully that he would never say a word concerning Mr. Hemphill, or anybody else. I think he was pleased to find he was right after being so obstinate, and glad I had given in, as he thought. I was dreadfully ashamed, for I had been very strictly brought up by my mother, and though "only a dressmaker" I had been well educated, and mother had taken great care of me, for which, when I came into service and saw "goings on," with the waste, the duplicity, the carelessness, and worse, I was really thankful to escape such temptations. Indeed, I can't tell what came over some girls. They never seemed to think what would become of them if they were discharged and sent back to dirty little cottages to toil and slave and be half-starved—perhaps never see meat all the week—and yet the way some of them turned up their noses at good, wholesome food, was to my mind wicked and shameful.

I was unhappy at what I had done, and Charley saw it, but put it down to the wrong account. I did not dare to undeceive him, but I could not continue there without telling some one. So I asked for a holiday, as all the party were going out for a sail in Mr. Hemphill's yacht, and said I wanted to go and see mother. Mrs. Cardewe gave me leave at once, and next day, when the ladies had been dressed, I dressed myself, and without a word to Charley—for I was afraid—I hurried off to the station and took my ticket for Woodleighton, where mother lived.

Woodleighton is two miles from the station, and I had to walk, I knew, but what is two miles, even on an August afternoon, to a girl of eighteen or so, and well-grown at that? The only fear I had was about my dress, for it was one Mrs. Alleyne had given me—a white grenadine, which was much worn in those days,

with pink bows, to suit my blue eyes. The dress was one I often wore in the evenings, for I had made it up nicely, and Charley admired me in it, he *said!* It had got a little more tumbled than I could have believed, but I had no time when I had put it on to change again; so I wore it, creased as it was; but if rain came on, the water and the dust and the creases would look dreadful going back!

However, when I got out of the train and saw that the weather was not very threatening, I trudged along as fast as I could. But I had not gone very far when a gig overtook me, and the man who was driving pulled up, short and sudden, as he came upon me sharp round a corner.

"Hullo, Jenny," he said, "what are you up to in this direction? I declare this *is* a treat!"

I looked up suddenly at the man, and for just one second I fancied it was Mr. Hemphill. But it wasn't. He was dressed in rather a "horsey" fashion, and yet at a little distance you might take him for a gentleman. But close by you could see he wasn't. I knew I had seen him before, once. He was a friend of Mrs. Alleyne's pad-groom, and his name was Tarrant.

"My name isn't Jenny," I said, "and you have no right——"

Before I could say another word, he saw he had made a mistake, and touching his horse with the whip he was soon far ahead of me. So I plodded on quietly, for the day was hot, and I was rather careful of my dress in the dust. To my horror I found a tear in it; and where that bit could have been pulled out, clean torn away from the skirt, I could not imagine!

Mother was very glad to see me, but she immediately found out the rent in my skirt.

"Really, Lucy, you are getting careless. The dress is handsome, but see, it is all in large creases, and—look, you careless child—here is a tear, a piece actually torn away in the skirt, like a nail-rent! Dear, dear! You should be very careful, Lucy. How is Charley?"

"Very cross, mother;" and then I told her for what reason I had come over from the Manor.

"You were very wrong," said mother, "to say what was not true. Depend upon it, Charley would have come round after awhile. You should have kept your distance, Lucy. He will not believe you again."

After tea I returned to catch the train, and did not see Mr. Tarrant after all. Not that I looked for him, but the sound of horses' feet made me turn round once or twice. Still he didn't come. But I thought nothing of him—why should I? Yet he knew me. He must have seen me at the Manor, I fancied, as I had seen him.

The train was a little late, and when I saw Charley waiting on the platform, I was glad Mr. Tarrant had not come with me, or met me by any chance, after what had been said. So, when we met, Charley asked—

"What made you run away so sudden, Lucy?"

"I didn't run away," I said. "I only went to see mother."

"If you'd told me," said he, "I would have gone too. How is your mother? Did you see any one particular?"

"No one particular," I said, blushing a little, I'm sure I don't know why. "Mother was alone—why did you ask like that?"

"Because Mr. Hemphill has just come back in the train," said Charley, "and——"

"Now, Charley, didn't you promise me you would give over about Mr. Hemphill? I've not set eyes on him since I saw you, so that's enough."

"Very well," he said. "But I suppose you don't know the news?" Charley looked at me very hard as he said this.

"No," I said, "I've seen no papers, nor any 'telegraphs.'"

"You are an innocent lamb," said Charley, with an unkind laugh. "Haven't you heard of the robbery?"

"Robbery!" I exclaimed, "what robbery—at the Manor, do you mean?"

"You are mighty clever at guessing," said Charley. "Yes, at the Manor. Mrs. Cardewe's diamonds have been stolen!"

"Stolen!" I exclaimed, turning pale.

"Yes, stolen—all gone; and there's only one clue."

"What's that?" I cried, "tell me quick. Oh, I wish I had not gone away! What's the clue? When did it happen?"

"It happened two evenings ago, they say," he replied, "and the clue is a piece of a grenadine dress—like yours!"

A piece of grenadine—a tear—a bit of a dress! I turned deadly pale. My frock had a tear in it! Mother had remarked it, and tried to mend the rent. I flushed red as crimson again. Charley saw my blushes.

"So you've been in this little job!" he said—"then, good-bye, Lucy Mendip. You've been deceiving me nicely. I'll let the law have its course!"

In vain I pleaded. In vain I tried to assure him of my innocence. He was obdurate. I had confessed I had been in the shrubbery after dinner the evening the diamonds were missing. I alone knew the secret cupboard; a piece of my dress had been found! Charley had little doubt who the thief was.

"Good-bye, Miss Housebreaker," said Charley. "You told me one falsehood. I can't believe you again. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IN PRISON—A GLEAM OF LIGHT—RELEASED.

"GOOD-BYE!" And that was all! Was it possible that Charley really disbelieved me? He said I had told him one falsehood. So I had, but only to please him! Such a little one. Ah! Are any lies little? Many a time since I have said to myself, "There's no end to even a little lie!"

Well, I managed to reach home, and found every one in a great state of excitement. Mrs. Cardewe had only just discovered the theft. Policemen had been sent for. The servants' boxes were to be examined. I did not care, for I knew I was innocent, but the dress was against me! Mrs. Cardewe, and first of all

Mrs. Alleyne, noticed it. Then, by degrees, it leaked out that the piece of grenadine matched my skirt, and when the police arrived they compared it, and made me change my dress.

"This looks bad," they said, "your dress is exactly

back, near the door which opened into the gardens under the bed-room windows.

That seemed conclusive. Under pressure from others even Charley had to confess that I had admitted being there, and he fancied my companion

"'WHO DID IT? WHO TOOK THE DIAMONDS?'" (*p.* 22).

like—the piece has been torn out by a nail in the wainscoat, where the jewel-box is. You forgot that, miss!"

I protested, and begged for mercy. Then other evidence came out. The family were questioned—Mrs. Alleyne, and all the rest, housemaids, men, and grooms—and Charley. He, of course, said nothing about me, but Mrs. Alleyne's groom said he saw me talking to a man one evening in the shrubbery, at the

was Mr. Hemphill. But when the gentleman was questioned, he denied having been there at all. The evidence was all against me. My dress was torn. I knew the trick of the jewel-box; in short, I was arrested as an accomplice in the robbery, if not the actual perpetrator of it. Then came other evidence. I had been seen talking to the man in the gig at Woodleighton—"Who was he?"

"I don't know," I replied. "He spoke to me a

few words. I answered him, and then he drove on. His name is Tarrant, a friend of Mrs. Alleyne's groom. He was here lately."

"I know him," said Charley suddenly. "You have deceived me, Lucy. It must have been him I took for Mr. Hemphill in the evening light; and you went to Woodleighton to see him. Bah! you *have* taken me in nicely."

To make a long story short, it was no use my protesting my innocence. My mother was sent for, and I was hurried off to the county town. Mr. Cardewe generously offered bail for me, though he believed I had had "a finger in the pie," and had been deceived. It was no use my saying that I had never been in the shrubbery that night, for I had already said I had been, to pacify Charley. I was taken before the magistrates. Mr. Hemphill was on the Bench, and spoke for me, but all was no use. I was remanded, and then actually committed for trial! I, an honest girl, committed for trial as a thief, and the chief witness against me was my own falsehood!

What I suffered, no one can tell. Every one pitied me, but that only made things worse. The chaplain begged me to confess; my solicitor (for mother got me a solicitor) said I ought to plead guilty. I wouldn't—I had told one falsehood, and I would not go and swear away my own character like that. Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe, and once even Mrs. Alleyne, came to see me. I thanked them and cried bitterly, but would not confess, so at last even Mr. Hemphill began to think I was obstinate and guilty. Charley came, too. He was dreadful; so pulled down, I hardly knew him.

"Lucy," he said, "I am going away. I can't bear to wait; I'm going away from here as a groom, or something. One word: why did you deny meeting that man?"

"Charley, I denied it because I never met him. I said what I did for fear of losing you, and bitterly I have paid for my untruth. I said so because you bid me, I solemnly declare. If these were my last words, I would say so."

"Oh, Lucy, my dear! Think, do think, is it likely I can believe that? and you went to Woodleighton after him, too."

"Go away, Charley," I said, "you do not believe me. Good-bye! Some day you will be sorry!"

The female warder then took me away, and I was put back in my little cell. Then I cried, and prayed for help, and at last got so ill that I was put into the hospital-ward, and nursed—kindly and well.

The day for the assizes was coming very near, and I was still weak. But I was told I must go to the town where the trials were to be. My mother had spent money right and left. Mrs. Cardewe did not want to prosecute, and she offered to let me off if I would "tell the truth," and what had become of the diamonds, which had been described, and were being sought all over London and the Continent. This went on for five weeks and more. Charley all the time never wrote, but mother said he was in service and also a volunteer fireman in Hampshire.

So the days went on, and I got well. I didn't much care, then, whether I was convicted or not. I had become "tainted," and had lost Charley. My mother believed me, though, and I think Mr. Hemphill did, and interceded with Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe. But they had sustained a terrible loss, and could only do as they were doing. Suddenly one morning a female warder came in, and said—

"You are in for it now, or out of it, for the diamonds are found!"

"Found!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I am thankful, I am indeed!" Then I cried like a baby.

You may imagine I was in a fever of excitement, but no more news came. We were all sent by train to Winchester for trial, and I shall never forget that journey as long as I live!

One of the very first persons I saw in the place was Charley, his arm in a sling, and his hair burnt nearly off. What was he doing there? To witness against me? Cruel he was, and I turned away my head when he nodded.

"When will my turn come?" I asked the lawyer, as we waited in the Court-house, guarded.

"I cannot tell you," he said; "not just yet. Perhaps not at all."

He went away, and I waited hour after hour. I was the only woman-prisoner, and I supposed they had plenty of other people. But the guardian said only three, and one was a robbing case. So I waited still. Then, quite late, about dusk, my solicitor came with—who do you think?—Charley! and said I was free—FREE!

"Oh, my dearest," cried Charley, "forgive me; oh, forgive me, Lucy, my dear, my dear!"

"Why, Charley," I gasped, "what does it mean? Free! How? Who did it? Who took the diamonds?"

Charley looked very wise and said in a low voice, "Mrs. Alleyne!"

Mrs. Alleyne? She had stolen them? Impossible. No. I heard it was true; and as I went out of the Court a discharged prisoner—discharged, as the Judge said, "without a stain on my character"—I saw her led away to penal servitude.

This is how it came about. Charley had assisted at a fire in the very house where Mrs. Alleyne lodged. The fire spread, and a wall fell. Charley fell too, and so did a box. He picked it up and carried it away for salvage to the proper people, who recognised the diamonds. Mrs. Alleyne and her "groom," her brother as he proved to be, were arrested, and the "Mr. Tarrant," who was really her husband, and had with her committed the robbery. She had secretly borrowed the dress she had given me, and threw the blame on me, as she had done on others before. Several mysterious robberies were thus elucidated. She, her husband, and her "groom" were all sentenced to penal servitude. They were "old hands!"

Need I say I was welcomed back to the town, and that Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe behaved most handsomely? Charley and I are married. He is a gamekeeper now, and we live in a beautiful little cottage, overlooking the sea, on the edge of the plantations on Mr. Cardewe's property, in Dorsetshire.

A Christmas Welcome.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

1st SOPRANO. 2nd SOPRANO.

TENOR. BASS.

ACCOMPT.

M.M. ♩.=80.

Now the Christmas fire burns bright,

Now the Christmas fire burns bright,

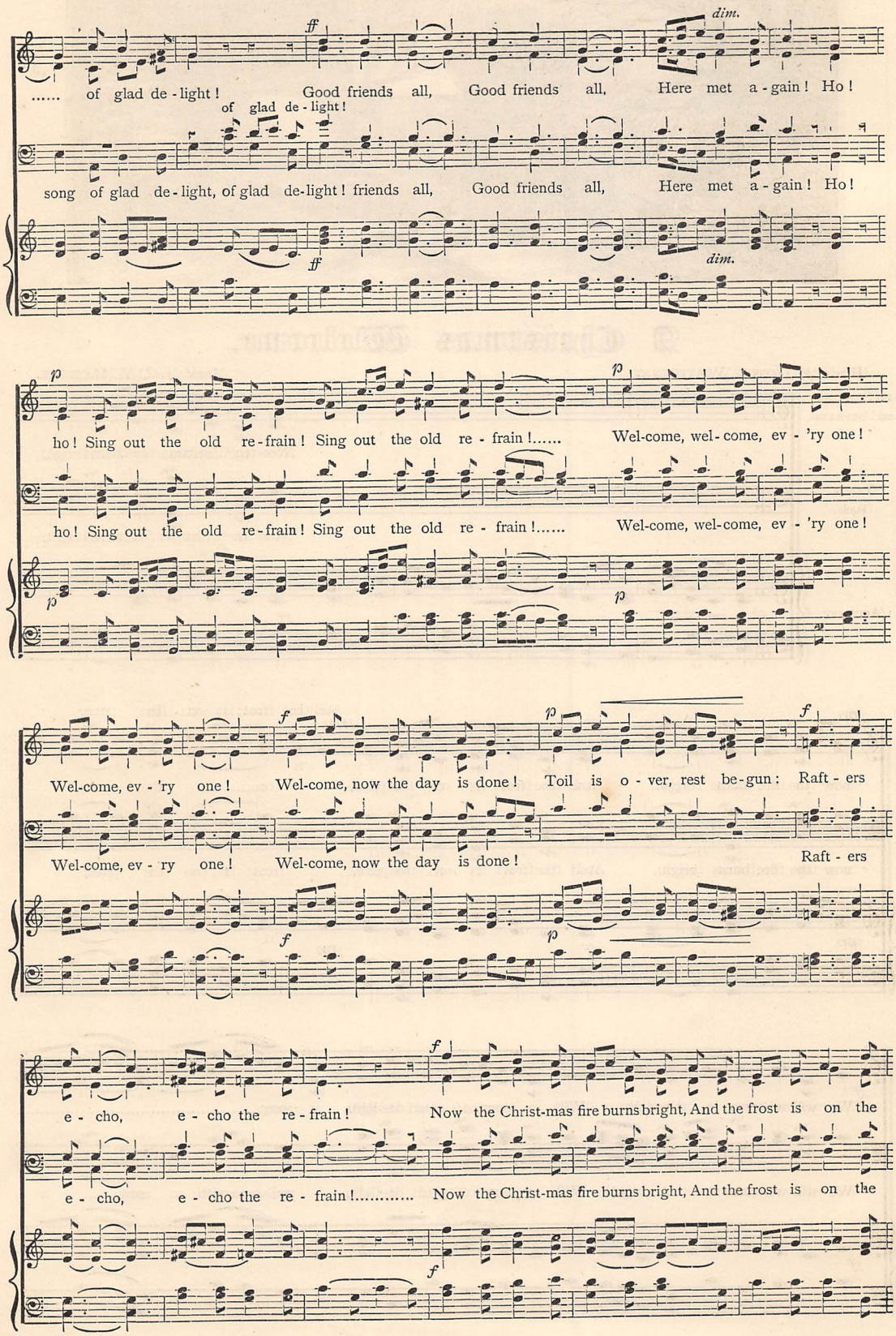
And the frost is on the pane,

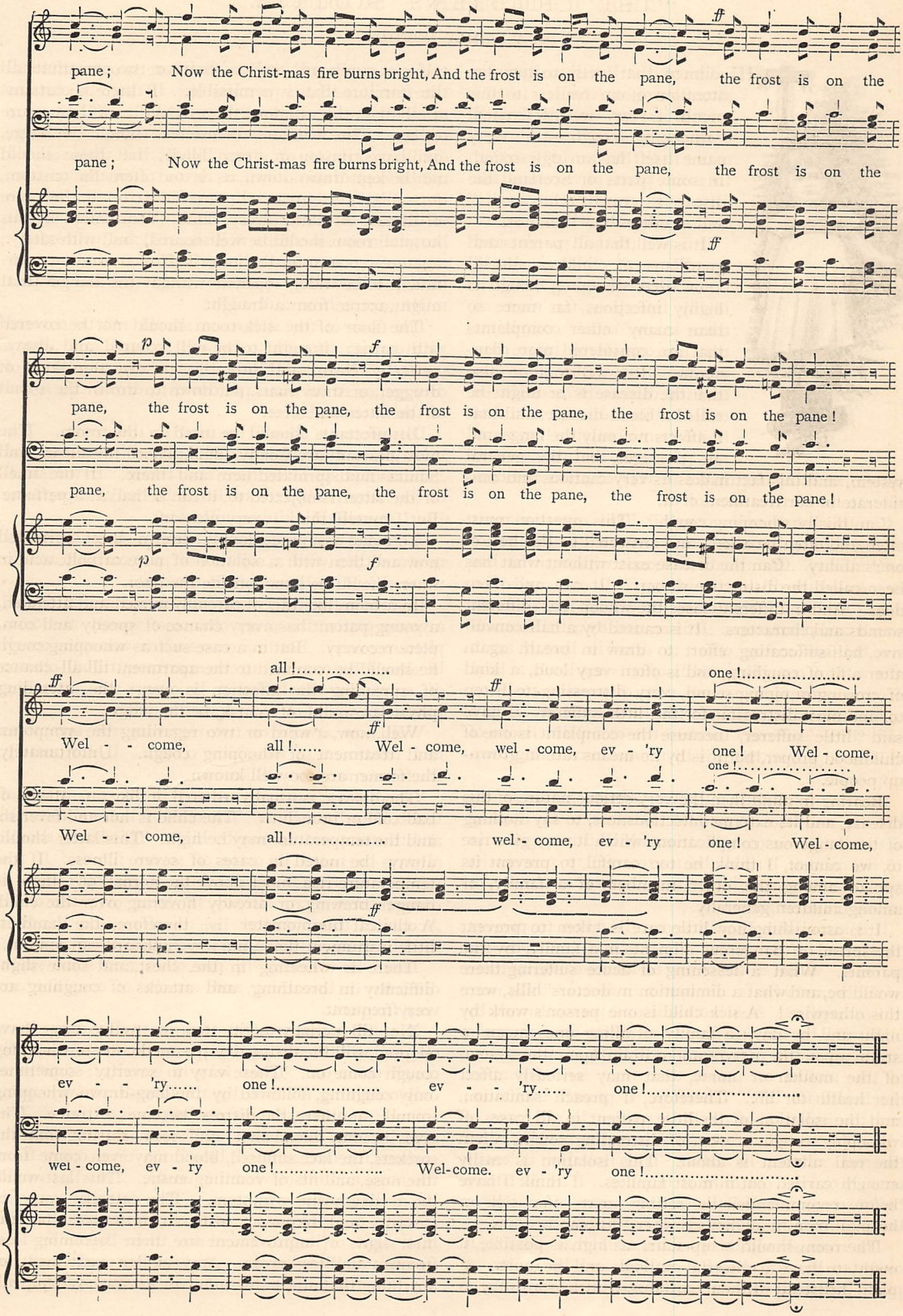
now the fire burns bright, And the frost is on the pane, on..... the pane,

now the fire burns bright, And the frost is on the pane, frost is on the pane,

We will wel-come in the night With a song of glad de-light, a song.....

We will wel-come in the night With a song of glad de-light, wel-come with a song,..... a


ff
dim.
..... of glad de - light ! Good friends all, Good friends all, Here met a - gain ! Ho !
of glad de - light !
song of glad de - light, of glad de-light ! friends all, Good friends all, Here met a - gain ! Ho !
ff
dim.
p
ho ! Sing out the old re-frain ! Sing out the old re - frain !..... Wel-come, wel - come, ev - 'ry one !
ho ! Sing out the old re-frain ! Sing out the old re - frain !..... Wel-come, wel-come, ev - 'ry one !
p
p
f
p
f
Wel-come, ev - 'ry one ! Wel-come, now the day is done ! Toil is o - ver, rest be-gun : Raft - ers
Wel-come, ev - ry one ! Wel-come, now the day is done ! Raft - ers
f
p
f
e - cho, e - cho the re - frain ! Now the Christ-mas fire burns bright, And the frost is on the
e - cho, e - cho the re - frain !..... Now the Christ-mas fire burns bright, And the frost is on the
f


pane; Now the Christ-mas fire burns bright, And the frost is on the pane, the frost is on the
pane; Now the Christ-mas fire burns bright, And the frost is on the pane, the frost is on the
pane, the frost is on the pane, the frost is on the pane, the frost is on the pane!
pane, the frost is on the pane, the frost is on the pane, the frost is on the pane!
all!..... one!.....
Wel - - come, all!..... Wel - come, wel - come, ev - 'ry one! Wel - come,
one!.....
Wel - - come, all!..... wel - come, ev - 'ry one! Wel - come,
ev - - 'ry..... one!..... ev - - 'ry..... one!.....
wel - come, ev - ry one!..... Wel-come. ev - 'ry one!.....

"THE CHILDREN'S SCOURGE."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE ailment that I wish to draw the attention of our readers to this month is very well designated "whooping cough"—the very name itself has an ugly sound. In some parts of Scotland the disease is termed "chin cough," and in others the "kinkhost."

It is well that all parents and guardians of children should know that whooping cough is highly infectious, far more so than many other complaints that are considered more dangerous. It is well to know also that the disease is or might be called a blood disease, and that it affects not only the lungs and air-passages, but the general system, and this fact makes us very cautious and considerate in our treatment of it.

Can this be whooping cough? This question must often and often be asked, and answered to the best of one's ability. Can the disease exist without what has been called the distinctive whoop? It can, and often does. And in different cases the whoop has different sounds and characters. It is caused by a half-convulsive, half-suffocating effort to draw in breath again after a fit of coughing, and is often very loud, a kind of crowing or piping sound, very distressing to listen to, and most distressful for the little sufferer. I have said "little sufferer," because the complaint is one of childhood proper, but it is by no means rare in grown-up people.

Bearing in mind then the very serious nature of this disease, and its extreme infectiousness, to say nothing of the dangerous complications which it may give rise to, we cannot, I think, be too careful to prevent its spread among the other members of a family, or among children generally.

It is astonishing how little care is taken to prevent the spread of dangerous ailments in a family, by the parents. What a lessening of acute suffering there would be, and what a diminution in doctors' bills, were this otherwise! A sick child is one person's work by night and by day; a family of ailing ones means a strain upon the nerves and a drain upon the system of the mother or nurse, that may seriously affect her health for life. Therefore, I preach sanitation, and the isolation of the little patient in all cases of whooping cough, or even of distressing coughs, when the real ailment is about. This isolation is easily enough carried out in most families. I think I have before recommended the setting apart of a sick or hospital room in all houses where this can be done.

The room should be up-stairs, as high as possible, it ought to have a cheerful outlook, and be quiet. A plain bedstead without curtains, a little wardrobe, a table, a cupboard, and a chair or two constitute all the furniture that is permissible. If there be curtains at all about the windows, they should be of light gauze or lace. The windows themselves should be large, and have crimson or green blinds, but these should not be kept drawn down, as is too often the custom, for sunlight is a great and powerful factor in the cure of disease of almost every kind. Ventilation of this hospital room should be well secured, and with safety; a gauze screen to fit the lower half of a window, permits it to be widely opened without the danger that might accrue from a draught.

The floor of the sick-room should not be covered with carpet; it ought to be well scoured, and always perfectly clean, and little bits of any thin kind of drugget, or straw mats, put down to drown the sound of the attendant's feet.

Disinfectants should be used in the room. The most pleasant are Condy's fluid, placed in saucers, and Sanitas fluid sprinkled here and there. If the smell of the latter is objected to, it can be had as a perfume. But I myself think it very pleasant.

To make assurance doubly sure, a sheet sprinkled now and then with a solution of pure carbolic acid in water should be hung outside the door.

In a room like this, if carefully nursed and attended, a young patient has every chance of speedy and complete recovery. But in a case such as whooping cough he should be confined to the apartment till all chance of spreading the infection is over; the attending physician would, of course, be the judge.

Well, now, a word or two regarding the symptoms and treatment of whooping cough. Unfortunately, the former are too well known.

The disease is usually ushered in like an attack of bad cold or bronchitis. The child is hot and feverish, and the temperature may be high. This latter should always be noted in cases of severe illness. If the temperature rises much above the normal 96°, there is danger brewing, or already hovering over the child. A clinical thermometer is, therefore, the handiest little instrument that a nursery cupboard can contain.

There is wheezing in the chest, and some slight difficulty in breathing, and attacks of coughing are very frequent.

Not till perhaps eight, ten, or twelve days have elapsed, will the distinctive spasmodic fits of whooping cough come on. These vary in severity: sometimes only coughing, followed by the long-drawn whooping sound; at others, the distress becomes extreme. The eyes become blood-shot, and seem starting from the sockets, the face suffused, blood may even come from the nose, and fits of vomiting ensue. This last would be a diagnostic symptom. The attacks vary in severity and frequency with circumstances, but the first signs of improvement are their becoming less frequent and less severe. Any sudden excitement, or anything that affects the mind or nervous system, will

bring on a spasm of coughing, so the sufferer cannot be kept too quiet.

I shall merely mention the names of the complications that may arise, and this only in order to convince parents of the serious nature of a case of whooping cough :—1. Hæmorrhage or bleeding may take place; this is usually from the nose, but it may be from the eyes or ears, and sometimes even from the lungs; however, it is very debilitating. 2. Inflammation of the lining membranes of the air-passages, commonly called bronchitis. 3. Inflammation of the lungs themselves. 4. Emphysema. 5. Convulsions. There are several other complications, any and all of which need the skill of a medical practitioner to combat.

The Treatment.—Whooping cough has three distinct stages, and the treatment indicated varies in each :—1. The preliminary stage. 2. The acute stage 3. The stage of convalescence.

At first then, as already said, the symptoms will be those of a common cold of more or less severity. This is the time to call in a doctor *if* there be whooping cough about, and *more especially if* the child has been exposed to infection.

Keep the patient in a quiet, clean, warm, well-ventilated room, and on a lower scale of diet than usual. Do not force food. There is far too much of this food-forcing going on in nurseries, under the impression that the strength must be kept up ; but if there be no appetite, there will be no power of digesting what is swallowed, and matters are made worse, and oftentimes the door is thus opened for the most dangerous complications to walk in.

See that the child is warmly clothed, and kept warm at night, and the chest covered with a piece of cotton wool, with oiled silk over it. If there be wheezing, a stimulating liniment should be well rubbed in, and frequently, to both back and front of the chest, and front of the neck. A morsel of flannel should also be worn round the neck.

The diet should be low and easily digested, and sweating should be encouraged at night.

Some easily-taken aperient will also do good—salts and senna, castor oil, or syrup of senna ; the first is the best.

Those who live far away from a medical man should know and remember in all cases of bad cough, when the chest is choked with phlegm, and there is thus much difficulty in breathing, a vomit of mustard in warm water.

Bathing the feet in hot water will also do good at this stage.

Get an ordinary cough mixture, but be certain to tell the chemist it is for a child, and must contain no opium. Avoid quack medicines and mixtures in every shape and form, and do not give sleeping draughts ; they are highly dangerous at all times.

The second stage should be somewhat differently treated. The cough mixture may be continued unless it blunts the appetite ; the diet must be more nourishing, but still easily digested. The child should be kept quiet, and perfectly free from annoyance or excitement of any kind, and from everything that tends to irritate. As regards medicine, it would be dangerous to suggest anything for this stage ; the best plan is either to leave the disease to nature, or let your own family physician prescribe. If anything of the nature of a serious complication should arise, medical aid must be summoned as soon as possible.

Whether, when the distinctive whoop is no more heard, danger of infection to other children is over, is a question that medical opinions vary on. It is better to be sure than sorry, however, and I advise that the child who has had whooping cough be kept away from its former companions until it is once again well and strong. We may shorten the stage of convalescence by proper treatment.

The class of medicines called anti-spasmodics do good in this last stage. Belladonna has been recommended in persistent whooping, but it is a dangerous drug, and should only be prescribed by a medical man.

A little dose of bromide of potassium, from three to ten grains, according to the age of the patient, will often secure a more quiet night. It should be given —under medical advice—about an hour before sleeping-time, simply mixed in a little cold water.

Tonics do great good at this time. If the child is pale and anæmic-looking, iron in some form is good. From three to ten drops of the tincture of iron in half a wine-glassful of water three times a day is an excellent tonic. But quinine also acts as a charm, and it may be given in conjunction with the iron. Or the citrate of iron and quinine may be used instead. Dose : from two to four grains in water. Dose of quinine : from a quarter to half a grain thrice a day in a little drop of sherry. A bit of biscuit to be eaten at the same time. Cod-liver oil is very valuable in cases of convalescence from or in lingering whooping cough. Begin with a tea-spoonful of the brown oil three times a day after food, and gradually increase up to a dessert-spoonful or more, for cod-liver oil is more of the nature of food than medicine.

But cod-liver oil amalgamated with extract of malt is better far than anything else ; it is pleasant to take too, and so the child will not object to it.

A change of air, as soon as the little patient is able to bear it, will do much good. The south coast, or Tunbridge Wells, or Isle of Wight would be the best place to go to at this season of the year.

After a severe attack of whooping cough, great care is needed, for the sufferer will be delicate for many a day, and more liable to trouble of all kinds.

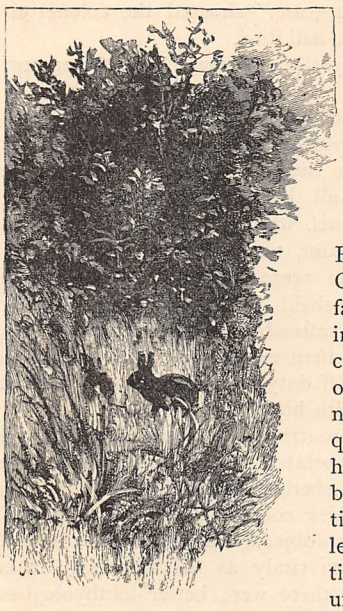
WHITE LILIES.

BLOSSOMS there are which open frail and fair,
Where time and wealth are lavished on their care ;
The poor man also has his treasured flowers,
Which scarce, perchance, would grace those statelier bowers ;
White lilies bloom for all, and shed their lustre
Where princes meet, or cottage children cluster.

Heaven sends good gifts to all : to some, wealth, fame,
Power and talent, and a noble name ;
To others, the fair produce of the soil,
With health and sweet content, and cheerful toil ;
But Christian purity, unsullied, holy,
May all men cherish, be they rich or lowly.

F. A.

A MAN WHO LOVED NATURE.



LESS than five years ago there was living amongst us a pleasant-faced, loud-laughing gentleman, whom most men knew and all men liked. From Caithness to Cornwall he was a familiar figure; and in the natural history columns of the *Field* or of *Land and Water* no pen was more frequently at work than his. Many volumes bore his name on their title-pages, and endless "reports," sometimes couched in very unofficial language, were attested by the signature of this easy-going bureaucrat, whose style in Whitehall and the Home Office was "Francis Trevelyan Buckland, Esq., M.A., M.R.C.S., Her Majesty's Inspector of Fisheries," but who among his friends obtained the more familiar name of "Frank." As the appointed guardian of fishes and those who catch them, Inspector Buckland was all that could be desired, though, in truth, an ex-Guardsman with such unconventional ways somewhat alarmed the buckram placemen, who were unaccustomed to see blue-books intelligible, and had to be educated to the point of having jokes engrossed on Government stationery. Nor, though Mr. Buckland's books on monkeys, and adders, and dwarfs, and fat women, and Japanese monsters, and learned pigs were not very deep, could any one religiously affirm that they were dull?

But the all-abounding popularity which he obtained, and the almost personal affection with which he was regarded by thousands of fisher-folk, were not to be explained either by his services—which they did not understand—or by his proposals—of which they did not always approve. There was something in the man himself which won this wide regard, since even the unsympathetic specialist who sneered at a universality which he could not appreciate was willing to award to "Frank" *in personâ* that cordial approval which a stony-hearted critic could not always bestow on "Frank's" zoology. In truth, he was a naturalist in the truest sense of the term. To him nature did not consist in the differentiation of a species or in the elucidation of a parapophysis. Everything that was created, every being—no matter how humble, or to the vulgar no matter how repulsive—was something to be studied, to "take an interest in," to be loved. Bird, and beast, and fish, and tadpole—all things both great and small—were to him objects of affection; and he was far too cosmopolitan in his affections to make an exception of man. Hence, loving much, he was himself loved; and now, when a generation of lads are growing up who were but children when he died, Mr. George Bompas, in a book which has all the charms of a judicious autobiography,* enables them to fathom the secret by which one who was only a great naturalist among laymen won the regard of the world in a way which had been denied to those who were his masters in every art, except the capacity of feeling alien to nothing which had ever borne the burden of life.

Frank's father was Canon Buckland, Professor of Geology at Oxford, and afterwards Dean of Westminster. The home at Christ Church was the place to become acquainted with unwonted visitors. Stuffed beasts shared the hall with the rocking-horse. There were cages of snakes and green frogs in the dining-room; and sometimes callers, who did not quite understand the peculiarities of the *Maison Buckland*, would run screaming to the door as an escaped adder would be found leisurely crawling down the stairs. At table the talk was of natural history—of the *Reliquiæ Deluvianæ* and the "Bridgewater Treatise." The sideboard groaned with its load of fossils, and the candles were stuck into the vertebræ of the ichthyosaurus in lieu of sconces. Guinea-pigs were often scampering over the table; and occasionally the pony, having trotted down the steps from the garden, would push open the dining-room door, and career round the table with three laughing children on his back, and then, marching through the front door and down the steps, would continue his course round Tom Quad.

In the stable-yard and wood-houses were a fox, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and ferrets, hawks and owls, magpies and jackdaws, besides dogs, cats, and poultry; and in the garden was the tortoise, and toads immured in various pots, to test the truth of their supposed life in rock-cells.

Strange meats appeared at the Buckland table. A horse belonging to his brother-in-law having been shot, Dr. Buckland had the tongue pickled and served up at a large luncheon party, greatly to the satisfaction of the guests, until they were told what they had eaten. Alligator was a rarer delicacy, but puppies were enjoyed and mice freely discussed as a useful addition to "the food of the people." Oxford got accustomed to this kind of thing, just as it got hardened to the unconventionality of the Canon packing his family in a wonderfully roomy carriage, and spending the day at Bagley Wood hunting for moles or birds' nests. But at the Deanery in Westminster it required time to educate the more inelastic Londoners into a taste for the hedgehogs, tortoise, potted ostrich, rats, frogs, and snails which were

* "Life of Frank Buckland." By his Brother-in-law, George Bompas. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1885.

served up for their delectation. "Party at the Deanery," one guest notes: "tripe for dinner; don't like crocodile for breakfast!"

At Winchester "Old Buckland"—when a boy is called "Old" by his comrades, it is a sure sign of his being liked—was what he could not help being. He was not a distinguished scholar, though he fagged bravely, and as "rod-maker" attained a precarious eminence. But as a naturalist he excelled all his companions. Ferrets tenanted his desk, live snakes were at home in his drawers, the head of his bed was festooned with bones, dead cats half dissected scented the dormitory which he shared; and his maceration pots at Amen Corner, with heads of hares, rabbits, and cats, in course of reduction to skulls, were things to be avoided.

His rooms at Christ Church, to which he duly proceeded, were not savoury; and ancient serving-men still tell of the days spent in rendering them habitable for his more punctilious successor. The place simply swarmed with running, creeping, crawling, and flying creatures. He had a monkey, which sometimes scared half the "quad" as it sprang from open window to open window, and was shown in broad outline on the blinds of nervous tutors burning much midnight oil. Then there was a bear, dubbed "Tiglath Pileser," who, in a cap and gown, sorely scandalised the Proctors. "My son," Dr. Buckland remarked to the Prince of Canino, as Frank and the bear sauntered up during the British Association's meeting at Oxford in 1847. "Which of them?" queried the Prince, as he looked first at the one and then at the other.

However, the time came when it was a question whether "Tig" or his master was to "go down." So the bear was sent to Islip, and lived there for some months with an eagle and the monkey, who also had been rusticated. But there were plenty of other guests to take his place. There were the marmots in the cellar, and a jackal under the table, apt to bite the shins of incautious "men." A snake—"quite harmless, I assure you"—would sometimes peep out of his pocket, while a nest of slow-worms in damp moss enjoyed the hospitality of other portions of his person. There were guinea-pigs everywhere, the only consolation his friends had in the midst of this menagerie being when the jackal managed to dine on a few of them, while the polecat and the chameleon added variety to the collection of non-collegiate inmates of Fell's Buildings. The chameleon was a special favourite. It used to stand upon an inverted wine-glass, with his tail round the stem, "and assimilate flies." This he did with a concentrated gravity and entire want of speculation in his opaque and protruding eyes, which convulsed wine-parties, "especially when he concluded his performance by tumbling head-foremost into the preserved ginger."

Medicine was the only profession for such a boy and such a man; and so in due time, after a few "semesters" at Giessen, he entered St. George's Hospital, became a surgeon, and received a commission in the Second Life Guards.

So extremely fashionable a corps exercised, nevertheless, only a subdued influence on Buckland's spirits, and none whatever on his pursuits.

"Where is the surgeon?" shouted the colonel on the day when a horse had died.

"Inside your charger, your honour," was the prompt reply of the sentry.

In London, the assistant-surgeon's taste for consorting with odd people had ample room for its gratification. "One Sunday in 1862, at church parade, the men all burst out laughing, to the scandal of the colonel, who angrily appealed to the adjutant. The adjutant, turning round, roared with laughter, as did the sergeant-major. The colonel then turned, and beheld Frank Buckland coming out of his quarters, attended by Brice, the French giant, and a dwarf, then exhibiting in London, who being, like Frank, off duty on Sunday morning, had come to breakfast with him."

But by-and-by he married and left the Guards, and soon after was appointed to the congenial office of Inspector of Fisheries. Here he was in his element, for his duties compelled him to take cognisance of the very objects which hitherto it had been his pleasure to study as an amateur. It is quite possible that there were better ichthyologists in England, but it would have been hard to find any one who threw into his work more enthusiasm, who managed more pleasantly to perform some rather disagreeable duties, or who, during the time he held the post, made more friends. Enemies it may be questioned if he ever possessed, or did not before long convert them into his keenest henchmen. The protection of oysters and seals, the over-fishing of flounders and lobsters, the acclimatisation of foreign animals (entailing a dinner which would make some of us very ill), and many inquiries carried on in every part of the country regarding the herring and salmon, were among the numerous tasks—and pleasures—to which he devoted himself. Fish culture was one of his hobbies, and it may be added that he left the bulk of his fortune, as well as his fish museum, to advance the science; and, though his failures were unbroken in their monotony, he never despaired of seeing salmon in the Thames.

His *ménage* in 37, Albany Street, Regent's Park, was about as unconventional as his father's in the Deanery at Westminster. There was viper stew for luncheon, giraffe cutlets, and soup made from elephant-trunk, which defied boiling. We do not hear of ladies sitting at the piano with snakes twisted round their necks and arms in lieu of jewellery; but if this evening incident at Dean Buckland's did not occur at his son's, it was not for lack of the necessary materials. The house crawled and squeaked, and, if the truth must be told, smelled dreadfully, of animals, creeping, flying, jumping, gnawing, biting, singing, swimming, running—dead, living, dying—and sometimes, as his neighbours knew to their cost, in a high state of putrefaction. The garden was a graveyard, every apartment except the dining-room a menagerie. When the parcel delivery van drew up at No. 37,

experience taught the inmates of the adjoining houses to instantly close all their windows, and watch developments from behind the panes. The place was the delight of all the urchins in or about Regent's Park; for it was a perpetual show, free for the looking at. Strange beasts in cages, and stranger ones in casks, were constantly arriving. Visitors of nationalities which puzzled the ethnologists of Albany Street came to dine, lunch, and breakfast.

One day it was the New Zealanders, who offered to tattoo their host in return for his civilities, and on another occasion the Chinese giant had a dinner-party in his honour.

The etiquette to be observed at these feasts often perplexed the host. When Chinaman, Eskimo, Aztec, and Zulu met at the same table, there was sometimes a risk of disagreeable prejudices coming to the surface. The bill of fare was another difficulty. And Mrs. Buckland had always to think several times as to which of the four arms of the Siamese twins she should choose when taken in to dinner by these peculiar guests. Cheap Jacks, wild beast shows, talking fish, elephant-horses, edible dogs, monster pigs, dwarfs and giants, living skeletons, india-rubber dogs, brass bands, clowns—everything had an interest for this man of wide sympathies, though it would be a mistake to suppose that his life was one spent in their study.

However, in sketching in this brief outline the characteristics of Frank Buckland, one almost irresistibly dwells on these eccentricities of a man as kindly, as honest, as truly pious, without cant, as any with whom we have been acquainted. Hard work and recklessness of his health, however, soon began to tell on him. One day in a piercing February wind he might be seen up to the middle collecting trout-eggs for New Zealand; and when a young seal he was carrying shivered in the railway carriage, he promptly stripped off his fur waistcoat to keep the pinniped warm. Illness after illness broke in upon his work, each attack being worse than the one which preceded, until on the 19th of February, 1882, he died. To the last he was as eager over his own case as if he had been the doctor instead of the patient. "Refused to take chloroform," he quaintly notes, when describing in his diary a visit of the surgeon, "as I wished to be present at the operation." He busied himself revising his books, while well aware that never more for him was to be the light of the sun or the joy of life: that the salmon-stream was no more to be seen, or the song of the oyster-dredger heard. He was at peace. "God is so good," he said, "so very good to the little fishes; I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone." And then he passed away.

AN ARTIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE HORN.

WE were nearing Cape Horn—Cape Horn, the mist-shrouded, where the long billows from that mystic southern ice-home break for the first time against rock-cliffs.

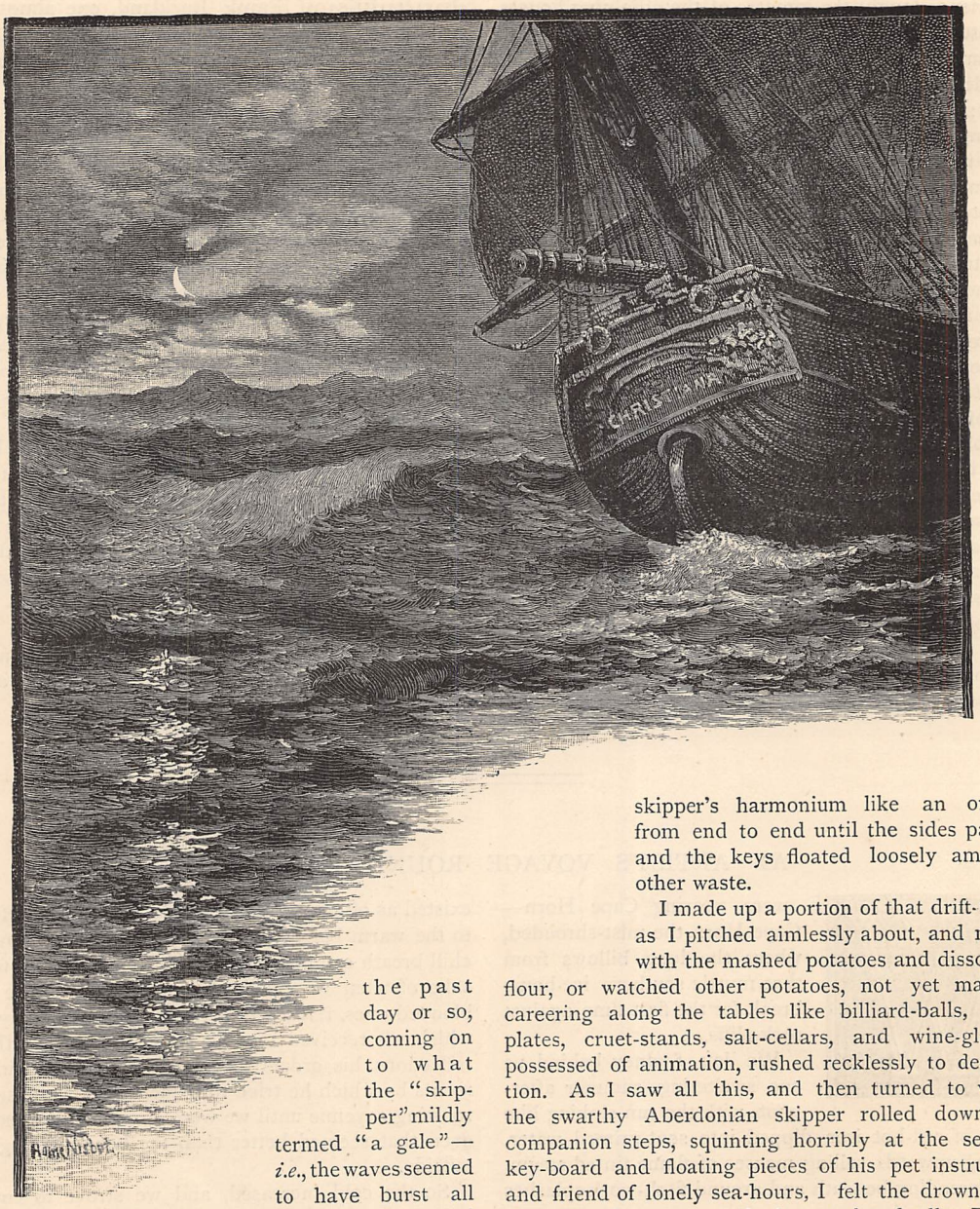
We left Sydney behind us one sweltering summer afternoon, with the sun sinking like a bar of red-hot iron dipped into soot-grimed water, casting upwards rolling masses of flame-tinted steam, and spreading beneath and around fitch-work splashes of prismatic gleams.

For nine years ice had been a phenomenon, and even that about the thickness of a well-worn sixpence; but as the days passed, the phenomenon of nine years became an every-day common fact, to be endured as best we could: first the smell of it morning and night, then the putting on of shirt over shirt and suit upon suit of our thin colonial clothing, and eventually the vengeance of the Frost-Ghoul ever gnawing at our extremities; when the seamen came down from the rigging, hanging masses of icicles; and the salt waves, as they dashed spray-fashion over the gunwale, cracked and splintered like glass against our faces or upon the thickly-coated deck.

Personally I had courted the black cook, and existed as often as I could inside the galley; yet, even to the warm bar at the back corner of the stove, the chill breath came and drove out comfort; but, for the sake of what we could glean of heat, we, the thin-blooded ones, refused to leave, despite the many hints which we received that we were disturbing Othello's reflections, his orders to get out, or the other inducements by which he tried to make us evacuate, such as roasting cayenne until we were almost suffocated; for even that seemed better than the bone-piercing blast outside.

So the cold increased, and we strove to counterbalance that rapid increase with what expedients we had at hand, trusting alone to time as our remedy; and with the cold, the wind and waves grew—those long lines of waves, rolling on from limitless sea to almost limitless strand — gust stronger than gust, gradation upon gradation, each roll mightier than the former, as the ship sped on, and the mercury sank until it could go no lower, and then rested compact, leaving us to guess how much under zero we were, after which we could only look out for the peaks in front, and wish with sickened hearts, and resolve with the A.B.s never again to risk Cape Horn—resolves which, we understand, are made every voyage and forgotten the week after they have rounded.

In sea-phraseology, it had been blowing hard for



the past day or so, coming on to what the "skipper" mildly termed "a gale"—*i.e.*, the waves seemed to have burst all bounds, deluged the galley, put out the fires, and with this final stroke we thought the worst had come. Those who had work to do, tried their best to do it. To me, an idler on board, bed seemed the only resource left, so I staggered along the frozen deck, with my saturated suits and shirts like pasteboards, feeling as if I had discovered the seat of the soul from the misery within me; so I lay down under my crackling blankets, and shivered myself to sleep.

Perhaps I had slept an hour, possibly not so long, when I woke up choking with salt water and slushy ice-paste—a wild struggle, the flinging up of arms, and then the spike-charged waters rushed from my head while I gasped for life, the wave poured along the passage into the saloon, breaking in doors, tossing the skipper's harmonium like an orange from end to end until the sides parted, and the keys floated loosely amongst other waste.

I made up a portion of that drift-waste as I pitched aimlessly about, and mixed with the mashed potatoes and dissolving flour, or watched other potatoes, not yet mashed, careering along the tables like billiard-balls, while plates, cruet-stands, salt-cellars, and wine-glasses, possessed of animation, rushed recklessly to destruction. As I saw all this, and then turned to where the swarthy Aberdonian skipper rolled down the companion steps, squinting horribly at the severed key-board and floating pieces of his pet instrument and friend of lonely sea-hours, I felt the drowning of the galley fires was not the last stroke of sullen Fate.

"Pick up the bits, lads," he groaned wearily—"and you, painter-chap, come on deck if you want to see a wave." This title referred to me, and as the planks were becoming somewhat firmer under foot, I groped the best of my way after the skipper to where three seamen were clinging to, rather than controlling, the wheel.

Behind them reared a dense black precipice of solid water, beetling cliffs which rose far over our heads, seeming to rise over the top of the mainmast, straight as a wall, with a coping at the head, rushing after us like the Scotch express, growing every instant bigger, bending every instant farther, casting its great shadow—the dark shadow of death—along the poop, main-

deck, and portion of the forecastle, leaving only the straining sheets and bulging sails at the bow glittering like three flakes of snow in the ghastly sunshine.

We were "head-reaching," running a stern race against Death. All our hopes rested in those two narrow strips of swollen, shadow-darkened canvas on our fore-top and main-top sail-yards, with the three shining ribbons at the bow. If these split, farewell to life and England, for thousands of tons will fall and crush us to atoms in one instant, without leaving a whole plank to tell the fate of the *Christiana* in that pitiless Antarctic Ocean.

Sliding gradually down the sides of that black mountain, we raced over it, while it galloped madly under us, a mountain smooth as glass or fused asphalte from its own velocity, with the surge steadfast upon its breast, and the ice-lumps and spike-ends pointing steadfastly towards the base, each lump and foam-curd reflected like our weather-worn hull within the darkness down to the gulf before us—that gulf of boiling, whirling spume.

In front, upheaved another vast mound, spreading triangularly, and solid as that behind, but glittering under the beams of the white sun, piercing the thin scud-work of cloud, and leaving bare patches of cold blue beyond the steel-grey of the surrounding space, with the crispness and sparkle over all like to a polished shield.

The three men at the wheel watched the compass-box before them intently, their oil-skins close up to their necks, and their sou'-westers tied down over their ears, their lips shrunk apart, with the clenching of teeth beneath their frozen, tangled moustaches, and their dusky cheeks pallid with fear, or the intense cold.

And the hardy old Aberdonian master never spoke a word, but motioned with his hand the direction he wished to impart, and which they seemed to see without turning their looks from the compass-box. He was facing them and the black enemy behind, with his stern eyes upon the men, and in his hand a heavy marline-spike, looking as he stood, with legs apart, sturdy and unflinching, the proper hero for such a fight.

"Ye've been here lang enou'; gang below while ye can!" As he roared this hoarsely in my ears, I was spared the trouble of obeying his command, for we had reached the foot of the mountain, and were rushing butt against the white wall which wedged us in. A savage yell of torn-up waters rang through my brain as I was caught up and pitched head-foremost down the companion ladder, an ocean around and after me.

The steward, poor fellow, had been inspired by curiosity likewise to see the great wave, and at the moment of my hasty descent was crawling up the steps to the poop: fatal spirit of curiosity to him, however providential to me, for my head, coming in contact with his mouth, stove in a couple of his front teeth, besides nearly dislocating his jawbone, as we both shot back into the confusion-crowded saloon, while behind us broke wave upon wave, covering all up to the ceiling, as we choked down brine, fought madly for breath, and gave it up.

When life came back, or rather the consciousness of our misery, we had passed through the Valley of

Death and left in our rear the three mountains of waves, now clashed into a yeasty chaos upon the backs of other upheavings. The brave old skipper, having done his work, had resigned his post to the first mate, and was then toiling, waist-deep, to his comfortless cabin. For two days had he watched on deck, eating nothing, but working well all the while, and finishing his task with as daring and splendid an inspiration of sailorship as ever skipper conceived and wrought successfully out, literally cutting through the mighty wedge; for while we were choking below, our gallant *Christiana* had been diving through that mountain's base, righting herself at the other side, and, once more caught up by the blast, scattering the waters from her streaming sides, and rushing along at a breathless rate over the lessening waves.

A very few moments had done it all, and even as we were trying to find out which was the warmest, under or out of the water, a keen cry startled us all—a cry which seemed to ring throughout the ship and through every beating heart which heard it.

"Man overboard!" was the cry; and it sent us, from skipper to Johnny Ducks, up to the freezing deck with a simultaneous rush of excitement which banished all sense of cold in the flush of sickened horror.

There he was behind us, already miles, striking out bravely, with his heavy oil-skins and sea-boots weighing him down, in sight of all, who could only watch his vain efforts and see him sink, for we could not have stopped the vessel if we had tried with such a wind and such a sea.

On we rushed, and he became a dark spot upon the grey hill-side; on, our hearts bulging with the gloom of bitterness; on, without the power to stop, although forty lives, instead of one, hung on it; onward, with the sun-broken clouds overhead, and the seething masses of waters around and scurrying after us; onward we fled, and the brown spot has become a hazy purple speck. Onward, onward, and the purple has grown to blue-grey, and the blue-grey speck has vanished into the general blue-grey of that heaving champaign.

"Wha wass it?" asked the skipper, running his eyes over the silent and melancholy group.

"Charley, the Swede," replied the gruff old boatswain.

"Paur chiel," said the skipper, hanging his head for a moment thoughtfully, while the comrades of the drowned sailor poised into attitudes of sheepish dejection, so peculiar with rough men aboard ship, when aught touches their sympathetic hearts; and so for a space they ranged about their master, watching him with side-long glances and shuffling feet, while they thought upon the one now at rest, and the woman who waited at home for him, until the skipper, lifting his voice with his head, cried—

"Come awa tae the cabin, all o' ye, and let us read a verse or twa over the laddie's death."

After we had read and prayed, with the wind howling all round, and the planks creaking, with the cold salt water rolling amongst our legs as the vessel lurched heavily forward or from side to side—prayed with our teeth chattering and our hearts like lumps of cold lead—it was the burial service which the skipper led off, and we followed, and we were more moved than ever cathedral service with its mighty organ accompaniment could have moved us, for the music of our service was the wailing of waters half spent with their own fury; of waters seeming to wail over the uselessness of their passion, mingling with the fearsome shrieking of the dying blast.

After the skipper's deep-toned and final "Amen!" each went forth in silence, with bent heads and softly-planted feet: the sailors to their work or their watch below, the three mates into the skipper's berth to consult, and the little French officer, my fellow-passenger, and myself to our ice-starched blankets.

We must sleep somehow, whether we are miserable or happy; we lie down and toss, or sit up to shiver, thinking that it will never come, and so fade into slumber, as we do into death, without any knowledge of the supreme moment.

So upon that evening the conditions were about as unfavourable to sleep as they possibly could have been. I was drenched to the skin; my bed saturated; my box, with every article of use, wet, where it was not frozen; my soul weighed down with care unutterable, and my body suffering from pangs of hunger only partly numbed by pangs of cold; and yet, despite of all, no sooner was my head down and my body horizontal, than I was warm, well-fed, and happy, because I was asleep.

And while I dreamt about Australia and summer, our good ship plunged on her cheerless way; over dark ridges of broken-up waters, with the horned moon lying upon her back in a trough of inky clouds, burying her faint lustre within a heaving foam-flecked grave, to reappear between the froth-apertures in broken threads of silver.

And when I woke to find the steward standing beside me with the morning coffee in his hand, he had at last succeeded, after infinite efforts on the part of the black cook, in lighting the galley fires, and boiling the kettle, and so greeted my waking senses with a fragrant steaming panikin of the fluid two hours earlier than usual, and never before or since did I put lips to beverage so delicious.

The worst of the storm was over, and the morning blast did not smell so keen, while through the open doorway I could see one sailor at the wheel, and above him a star or two, with that uncertain sparkle which stars have before the dawn; there were points rising and dropping behind the stern, rounded off like stage waves and very black, and the vessel was cleaving her way steadily.

"Where are we now, steward?" I asked, as I drank from the panikin.

"Round the Horn!"

HUME NISBIT.

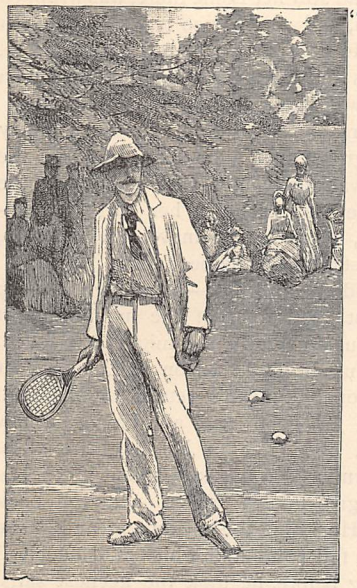
LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

COLONEL LYNDON AND HIS FRIENDS.



"BUT who is Colonel Lyndon, Flora?"

"Colonel Lyndon is one of the most remarkable men in London at the present moment."

"In what way? Cannot you particularise a little?"

"But there are so many ways," said Lady Flora Winstanley, with a smile. "To begin with, he is remarkable-looking, a fine man, tall, well-built, muscular, would pass muster anywhere. Then—but I am sure you will laugh——"

"I promise to be serious."

"He is as simple as a little child."

"In your opinion, Flora."

"There, William. I knew you would say that."

"Well, never mind. Go on. What else?"

"I don't think I shall tell you anything more. You will soon see him for yourself."

"Then he has accepted your invitation?"

"Yes; he will arrive, I hope, the day after to-morrow."

"And Miss Morrison and Milly?"

"I wrote to the colonel about them yesterday. Most likely they will travel together."

The scene of the above little dialogue was the terrace in front of Castle Ettrick, and the speakers were Mr. Winstanley, one of the largest landed proprietors in a picturesque Northern county, and his wife, Lady Flora Winstanley. The time was the forenoon of a lovely day in July.

"There is nothing but fishing now," remarked Mr. Winstanley meditatively, "or driving. Does he know the country—the colonel, I mean?"

"Oh, yes! He used to stay at the Mackenzies' years ago. They are *almost* ridiculous about him. The old general says it is a thousand pities he has left the army, and that there is not such another soldier in England. But don't trouble yourself, William. Colonel Lyndon is not one of those men who require amusing. Leave him to 'gang his ain gait,' as our neighbours here would say, and he will be perfectly happy. By-the-by, I suppose you know that a visitor is expected at Deep Deane?"

"Know!" cried Mr. Winstanley. "I should think there is not a single soul within fifty miles of this that doesn't know. The whole neighbourhood is on the tip-toe of expectation. If I have been asked one question on the subject, I have certainly had to answer a hundred. And the business—I never saw anything like it. Houses are being decorated, old games furbished up, lawn-tennis and croquet grounds set in order; estimable matrons of every degree are drawing their families about them. Ned, this, wants change of air; and Dick, the other, poor lad! hasn't had a holiday for time untold, and——"

"Don't be so cynical, William," interrupted Lady Flora. "Of course we are all ready to welcome a stranger, especially one who comes from so great a distance; and if we wish to make things pleasant for her, is that any subject for ridicule? For my own part, I am sorry that *our* house is not a little brighter just now. Percy being away makes such a difference."

"Every difference," said Mr. Winstanley, with a laugh. "Well, she has not arrived yet. By the way, she will be travelling about the same time as our people. It would be curious if they met."

"How should they meet?" returned Lady Flora. Laughing at her husband for his absurd suggestion, she went off to her morning occupations, one of which was to choose a room with a comfortable aspect for Colonel Lyndon, and to give orders for the due and proper amount of cleaning, airing, and dainty decoration, to make the room worthy of so welcome a guest.

Lady Flora Winstanley, who was one of the many daughters of a Scotch earl, who had married wisely when she was a girl, and who had lived long enough to see her eldest daughter a wife and mother, and her only son a military officer in the service of Her Majesty, was a shrewd and capable woman of the world.

She was not without kindliness, for she had done many a generous deed in her time; but the circumstances of her life, helped by a certain prudence of character inherited from a long line of prudent ancestors, had made her practical rather than sentimental, keen of scent and eye where the interests of her family were concerned, and hard towards those who ventured to oppose them, or who undesignedly stood in their way.

That she would have spoken of herself as selfish or worldly is improbable. She had a certain position to keep up and not too much "siller" to keep it up on, and therefore she was bound to be careful. Neither she, nor her husband, nor her son, when he was at home, could live—at least, so she supposed—without entertaining or being entertained, or pursuing some of the

costly and laborious amusements which make rich men and women old before their time; and since the property was not nearly so productive as it had been, it was necessary for her to look well to the ways of her household, and especially to those of her two unmarried children, Percy and Mildred. To plan for the future, and provide, so far as in her lay, for the continued prosperity and dignity of her family—what was it, after all, but a right and proper fulfilment of the Scriptural injunction to care for those of her own household?

At the time when Lady Flora and her husband were talking over their expected visitor, they had but recently arrived at their Scotch home on the moors. They had travelled northwards a little earlier than usual, being anxious to economise after the expenses of the London season, which had been unusually brilliant. Lady Flora was fond of the country, and she thought the complete rest would do her good, while Mr. Winstanley, who did not "do the season" so faithfully as his wife, was always glad of a quiet week on the lochs and streams of Ettrick.

For the moment they were quite alone, Lady Flora having arranged to leave her youngest daughter Mildred, in London, with her governess, to finish a course of singing and music lessons; while Mrs. Wilson, her eldest daughter, whose husband was a barrister, in tolerably brisk, though as yet not very profitable practice, was not due at the Castle until the middle of August. Percy, Lady Flora's only son and eldest child, the joy and pride of her heart, had bade her good-bye in London for an indefinite period, his regiment having been ordered abroad.

The complete rest, although at first most charming and refreshing, began, after a few days, to become wearisome to Lady Flora, and she longed for the moment when the Castle would fill with its autumn guests. It was when she was casting about in her mind for visitors to fill up the dreary blank between the date of their arrival at Castle Ettrick and the twelfth of August, which happy day would bring the usual batch of shooting men, with their wives and daughters, to make the old house gay, that she thought of her friend Colonel Lyndon, of High Cliffe, and to him she wrote, begging, in her graceful way, that he would take pity on the loneliness of a pair of solitary old people, and give them the pleasure of his company at Castle Ettrick.

The invitation arrived at a happy moment, and was immediately and gratefully accepted. The colonel fixed a near day for his visit, and set himself at once to make arrangements for his journey.

Colonel Lyndon and Lady Flora Winstanley were friends of old standing. He was her junior, though not by many years; they had spent some months of their youth as near neighbours; and the time had been—he was then a mere boy, and she a beautiful woman, just beginning to feel her own power—when he had thought of her with a very tender regard. He was too young, too poor, and too simple to have been, in any sense, a competitor for the hand of the lovely Lady Flora, but had he known how much she liked him, he might have made an effort to win her. As it fell out, the exigencies of life separated them. He, being the second son in a family that held to the traditions of the old landed gentry, without having the money to maintain them, went away into the Indian army, and spent years upon years in exile. He was not wanted at home. His eldest brother ruled in their father's place, in the old family mansion of High Cliffe. His mother, who had still her home there, was wrapped up in her elder son, and scarcely so much as thought of the younger. He became accustomed, after a time, to the life of camps and foreign stations, and his far-off home in England was like a shadowy dream to him.

As for Lady Flora, she set aside prudently her fancy that might have grown into a hopeless love for the beautiful and chivalrous youth, who had been the companion and devoted friend of her early womanhood, and married, after a short, uneventful courtship, the gentleman chosen for her by her father.

None the less did she continue—as women will—to follow with interest the career of the man whom, if things had fallen out differently, she might have loved.

It was during that brilliant season in London that she heard of Colonel Lyndon's return to England. He had returned for good and all, having a few months before, in obedience to his mother's wish, retired from the army. No one knew what it cost the gallant soldier to give up his profession and go back into private life. He loved the movement and bustle of camps; in the full command which had devolved upon him not long before, he took the keenest satisfaction and delight; he was aware, too, as turned out to be the case, that civilian life at home, with no occupation of an absorbing kind to keep it going would very soon pall upon him. As for High Cliffe—which, his brother having died, was now his—it might be a grand place in his mother's eyes, but to him, accustomed as he was to the vast distances and palatial splendours of the East, it seemed poor and small.

And yet he obeyed. His mother had lost her elder son. She wrote plaintively that she had none other than him. He was Lyndon of High Cliffe now. He must come home, marry, and take up his position in the county. It would break her heart to think of the place, that had belonged for so many generations to the family, being sold or passing into the hands of strangers. On personal grounds, also, she besought him to yield to her. She was old, she wrote, and the last stroke had been too heavy for her. She felt that the end of her sorrows was at hand. She would die more happily if her son was near her.

She did not, indeed, long survive his coming. He travelled post-haste to London, and went down into Devonshire, where High Cliffe was situated, and for the rest of his mother's life he remained there.

It was when he had laid her in the grave, when the early days of mourning were over, and he began to look forward to the life which was left to him, that Colonel Lyndon first realised the full importance of the step he had taken in leaving the army.

He had few relatives and no near friends in England.

He was accustomed to have many people about him; but of society, as it is understood either in London or his own county, he knew nothing. The pursuits of his neighbours were not his pursuits. He was expected to be *au courant* with all the chit-chat of the county, and he scarcely so much as knew the names of his mother's and brother's oldest friends.

Then High Cliffe was so well managed that it gave him nothing to do. He had a certain talent for organisation, and, if he had found things wrong on his estate, it might have interested him to set them right. But the steward was so trustworthy; the provincial lawyers, who had looked after the property for many years, were so able and devoted; the land, even to the garden which had been his mother's pride, was in such admirable order, that he felt it would be not only unwise but ungrateful to interfere with any of the arrangements. After thanking every one, and confirming every one in the posts they had held under his mother, the colonel found his life so insufferably dreary, that he wandered up to London, where he had several friends.

It was then early in the brilliant season which had been so exhausting to Lady Flora Winstanley's finances. The colonel had not many friends, but those he did possess were persons of good standing. They introduced him to others. His soldierly bearing and his fine chivalrous manners made him a favourite, especially among ladies, and, had he chosen, he might have been at two or three gay assemblages every night. London life, however, palled upon him, as life in the country had done. These people were very kind and agreeable. He was grateful to them for the notice they took of him, which did indeed sometimes surprise him a little. But in the midst of gay crowds he was solitary. He missed his men; he missed the punctilious order of his soldier-life; he missed the young officers who had been his friends as well as his subordinates, and whom it had been his pride, as he would have expressed it, "to keep straight." He was wanted there, so at least he fondly imagined; and there was some profit and satisfaction in his life. Here—both in the depths of the country and in the gay whirl of London life he felt the same—no one really wanted him. To have said that there was no satisfaction in his life would have been impious to the

"'I OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN WHO YOU WERE'" (*p.* 41).

religious sense of the old soldier. He could not, as yet, feel that there was any profit in it.

When he met Lady Flora Winstanley—it was by what is generally called an accident—at the house of a mutual friend, the colonel, though few would have recognised the fact, was beginning to fall a prey to a settled melancholy. The unexpected and most pleasant revival of an early friendship cheered him not a little. He told Lady Flora some of his perplexities, and was advised by her to have patience. "There is a nook in the world for every one," said the wise lady. "You will find your nook in time."

By way of helping him to find this nook, she introduced him to her son Percy. "Give him some good advice," she said. "He is a dear boy, but much too easily led."

The colonel was sparing of his advice; but he made Lady Flora's son his friend, and was able, in the course of the summer, to save that charming, but somewhat flighty, young soldier from tumbling into two or three dangerous pit-falls. Looking after Percy, in fact, became almost an occupation to him.

Percy was leaving the attractive neighbourhood of the metropolis, and the colonel was wondering what he should do with himself for the next few weeks, when Lady Flora's invitation to Castle Ettrick arrived.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THREE LETTERS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

ON the day before Colonel Lyndon's projected departure from London, he found no less than three letters on his study table. The first which he opened was in the firm, somewhat masculine, hand of his friend Lady Flora Winstanley. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR COLONEL LYNDON,—I hope I shall not be presuming too far upon your good-nature if I ask you to give what assistance you can to a pair of young travellers who are going your way this evening. One is well known to you—I mean my little daughter, Milly. I hear she met you frequently at her brother's chambers this season. Her companion is our new governess, Miss Morrison, a good and charming girl, but timid and inexperienced. They stayed behind me for educational reasons, and they have been under the guardianship of our London housekeeper, whom I would have asked to come on with them to Scotland, had I not remembered that you were coming north by the very same train. I do not know whether I shall be flattering you or not when I say that, in all the circle of my acquaintanceship, you are the only gentleman of whom I would venture to ask such a kindness.

"Looking forward to meet you soon, I remain,

"Most sincerely yours,

"FLORA WINSTANLEY."

A kind and amiable letter. When the Colonel had read it he put it down smilingly. "Thank you, Lady Flora," he said half aloud. "It is clear enough that you do not share the opinion of some of my friends. Well! I think I have made it to be understood that I *am* an old bachelor. I have been indifferent to a surprising amount of beauty and wit this season. Now, let me see what comes next."

He took up the next letter. "Alexander Smith; what can he want with me?"

The question was soon answered. Mr. Smith, like Lady Flora, wanted help for inexperienced travellers.

"MY DEAR LYNDON" (he wrote), "I think we are friends of sufficiently old standing for me to venture to ask you to do me a favour.

"My niece and ward, Veronica Browne (you will know whom I mean—there has just been a law-suit about her property), is travelling to Scotland by to-night's limited mail. I should have wished to accompany her at least as far as Edinburgh, but I find I can only do so at the sacrifice of business. My niece is not in the least timid, but she knows very little about travelling in England, and her maid, who is one of the stupidest of women, would be capable of fainting at a critical moment, or bursting into tears if she was looked at. Unhappily she is a treasure, and a treasure with a history, so my niece will not part with her. I was at my wits' end about them, when I remembered that you were travelling by the same train. Will you give an eye to my niece during the journey, and render her what assistance you can? I will meet you at the station and introduce you to her.

"Believe me, my dear Lyndon,

"Very sincerely yours,

"ALEXANDER SMITH."

This was just a little perplexing. Three ladies to escort to the North that night! Surely it was hard upon the colonel.

He had heard of Miss Veronica Browne, who, in consequence of her large wealth, lively manner, and curiously interesting story, had been one of the sensations of the season, and he believed, from what he heard, that she was exceedingly well able to take care of herself. But Alexander Smith was an old friend. If he chose to go through the formality of an introduction at the station, the colonel felt that he was bound to make himself agreeable, if not useful.

The third letter was in the handwriting of his charming, flighty young friend, Percy Winstanley; and as the colonel believed him to have been on his way to Africa by this time, he looked at it with some surprise. It dated from Plymouth—then he had not started. This was strange.

The colonel opened the letter hastily.

"DEAR COLONEL" (wrote the young fellow), "I gather from your last that you are off to the Highlands, and that you propose to start on the very day when, if the post is true to time, this letter will reach you. Will you be surprised if I tell you that I, Percy Winstanley, mean to travel north in the same train? It is a long story, which I can tell you when we meet. Thunderstorms off the Land's End; negligence somewhere—*Samarcand* broke down, put in at Plymouth; won't be able to travel for at least a fortnight. In these fourteen blessed days, which are given to me

by my indulgent country for my own purposes, I mean to rush up to Ettrick, and have one more look at the dear old place and the dear old people before I go. What fun it will be! I shall do the melodramatic—burst upon them like a meteor, take every one by surprise. But as I know you, my dear mentor, would certainly spot me during the journey, I take you into my confidence. I am writing in the evening. I shall dine and sleep here, and early in the morning start for London. Look for me some time in the afternoon of the day you receive this. We can dine together at Euston, and then hooray for the North!

"Yours, in haste and affection,

"PERCY WINSTANLEY."

There was a pleasant light in the colonel's eyes as he read this effusive letter. "Extravagant young beggar!" he murmured. "Just like him. Well, he's not a son of mine!" and then he began to feel glad that he would have a young friend with him to take part in the onerous duties of the journey, and to think, with a satisfaction which irradiated his sunburnt face, of the rapture his little friend Milly would experience, when she would see in the crowded station the beloved brother over whose absence she had been shedding so many bitter tears.

As these moments of kindly feeling give an additional grace to even the best-favoured of mortals, we will seize the present opportunity for giving a slight sketch of our colonel's appearance and manners. Of his precise age we cannot speak definitely. And, indeed, there was a diversity of opinion on this point. An old-fashioned young man, or a young-fashioned old man—either of these descriptions might have applied to him. He was not certainly in the least like the young man or the elderly man who is ordinarily to be met with in London drawing-rooms in the season. It was due probably to his long absence from England that he had not caught up with the manner of the time. He spoke quietly, and finished his sentences properly. When he addressed ladies it was with a courtliness of manner which, while it amused them on a first introduction—their cousins, brothers, and uncles having accustomed them to so different a style of behaviour—proved, after a time, particularly fascinating to them. The colonel, moreover, had not learned the code of signals which do duty for witty talk amongst a certain class in society. He could not converse in jerks and bursts, and not a few of the expressions that were current coin in fashionable circles seemed to him positively ill-mannered. Many of his acquaintances called him formal; but to most of them there was something refreshing about his formality. "I love to talk to Colonel Lyndon," said one well-known lady, who ruled society by her beauty and wit at this time—"he is not afraid of being original." Others said that the colonel was sympathetic, that he seemed to know by instinct what would be interesting to his companion of the moment.

There were some who put down his popularity—for, in spite of his old-world manners, he was popular—to his appearance. The colonel was such a man as almost any woman would have been proud to own as a near relative. Tall and broad, but spare in figure, like one who has accustomed himself to hard exercise, his face finely featured and deeply bronzed by his long years in an Indian climate, adorned with a long auburn moustache, which fell over and partly concealed one of the gentlest mouths that ever were seen; clear blue eyes, very direct in their glance, and as full of fun, upon occasions, as any schoolboy's; a frank address, and a fine erect, soldierly bearing—such was Colonel Lyndon, of High Cliffe, when he retired from the army. As such he had, unconsciously to himself, for he did not understand how to flirt, fascinated more ladies than one that season. He, however, continued heart-free. Since the days when he had poured out pages of ecstatic verse about the lovely Lady Flora, and rushed away to the ends of the earth rather than see her another man's bride, he had never fallen in love with any one: a fact on which, in these days, he was wont to congratulate himself. Ladies in general, he would say, were so worthy of homage, that it seemed invidious to pick out any one amongst them for particular devotion.

While we have been talking about the colonel, we must imagine that the morning and afternoon of the day when we met him over his letters have slipped away. It is nearly five o'clock. Everything is ready for a start, and the colonel, with his watch in his hand, stands at the window of his little sitting-room, which looks out on busy Piccadilly, watching for the arrival of his young friend.

At last—it is ten minutes past five, and he had begun to be fidgety—a hansom comes tearing down the street. It threads its way skilfully through omnibuses, carriages, cabs, and carts. Its occupant is impatient, and is urging the driver on. "They will get into trouble; they will certainly get into trouble!" says the watcher at the window. "What a scatter-brain the boy is! Ah! quietly, quietly!" Of course they did not hear him, for his window was three storeys high; but he could not repress the exclamation. The suddenness with which that unhappy horse was pulled up would have been alarming to any one not well accustomed to the ways of London hansom drivers.

And now Captain Winstanley was rushing up the stairs, three steps at a time. "Here I am, colonel!" he sang out cheerfully. "Lots of time, isn't there? I've told the man to wait. First-rate driver. Spin us over to Euston in no time. Your luggage can follow, you know. One of those commissionnaire fellows could look after it. You *are* going, are you not?"

"Of course I am going. I was looking out for you," said the colonel with a laugh.

"You seemed so quiet. Well, come along. I say, isn't it a lark? A regular stroke of luck, the *Samarcand* breaking down. I should have been leagues out to sea by this if things had gone smoothly. Have you heard anything of them lately—the people at home, I mean? I haven't had a line, of course. Nothing wrong, is there? I say, colonel, what makes you so quiet?"

"Quiet!" cried the colonel, laughing. "How can I be anything but quiet, Percy? You have not given me time yet for a single word. But let us start. I have given directions about my luggage. It will meet us at the station."

They went down and stepped into Percy's hansom, which was waiting at the door.

"Euston Hotel!" he shouted. "Sharp! Extra fare if you keep up the pace."

said the colonel. "That is one reason why I am leaving it. I would willingly change places with you—leave you in England, and go off with England's armies. I am afraid that is my vocation. I find it hard to settle down to civilian life."

"Ah, well! There may be a chance for you abroad some day," said Percy. "There are rumours of complications in the East. Our old ally, Turkey, wants officers more than men, if the truth's told about the

"IN THE LADIES' CARRIAGE EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY" (*p.* 43).

"My dear boy, take things quietly. There is plenty of time," protested the colonel.

Up Piccadilly, along Regent Street, and through Oxford Street and Gower Street, they rattled; the colonel full of quiet enjoyment, Percy bubbling over with irrepressible delight. "Dear old London!" he said. "They call her ugly. I don't. Look out, colonel. Isn't it a great, busy, wonderful place? Not such another street in the world as this, I'm convinced. Talk of Paris! Why, Paris is a village in comparison with London! Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg—there's not one of them to be mentioned in the same day."

"London is rather too big and too busy for me,"

state of things over there. But perhaps you wouldn't care to serve in a foreign army?"

"I do not think I should," said the colonel. "However, one must not look too far ahead. No doubt I shall get over this restlessness in time."

"Marry—that's what you ought to do," said Percy. "Have a home of your own. It's the greatest puzzle to me, colonel, that you continue a bachelor. You are cut out for family life. Do you know that women are awfully fond of you?"

"How many of them?" asked the colonel, with a laugh.

"I could mention half a dozen names, but I won't. Well, here we are! Pull up, colonel. This is my

affair. If you attempt to pay I shall never speak to you again."

"I will go in and order dinner," said the colonel, with a laugh.

It was over dinner that the colonel showed Captain Winstanley the letter he had received from his mother that morning, and told him of his impending introduction to Miss Veronica Browne. A little to his confusion, his young friend set himself to laugh immoderately. "You will *have* to marry, colonel," he said, between the paroxysms. "Until you do, the hand of every married man and every married woman will be against you. Not the least use in trying to hold out. They will have you sooner or later. You don't see the joke?"

"That indeed I don't," answered the colonel gravely.

"Thought so," said Percy, going off into another fit. "Colonel, you will be the death of me, indeed you will. But come along, let's pay our bill and be off."

"Plenty of time," said the colonel. "The train will not start for another hour."

"Ah, well! It's more interesting in the station than here. We can provide ourselves with literature. Milly is sure to be early; and there is this Miss What's-her-name, who wants to be introduced to you——"

"My dear Percy, do be accurate!" pleaded the colonel. "I never told you that Miss Browne wished to be introduced to me. Her uncle——"

"A married man?"

"Mr. Smith married? Yes, of course. He is an elderly man—a solicitor. I met him in Bombay many years ago. He married a very nice girl, who had come out to take care of her uncle's house. By the way, she was an heiress. This Miss Browne may be the daughter of her sister. There were two of them in the station. The younger, whom I lost sight of, was as handsome a girl as I ever met."

"I hope her daughter is like her," said Percy. "If so, I shall put in for an introduction."

They were in the station now, pacing backwards and forwards on the departure platform, where groups of people and piles of luggage were beginning to arrive.

"Let's stand a little back and watch," said Percy. "Milly will be here directly. I want to surprise her. Oh! did you see? What a pretty face!"

"Do you mean the young lady in grey?" said the colonel. "She looks frightened, poor little thing! I am sure she is unaccustomed to travelling alone. It would not be the thing, I suppose, to offer her assistance?"

"I should rather think not," laughed Percy. "She—ah! there she is—Milly I mean. Why, the girl with the pretty face is with her. She is going off for tickets or something. Milly is taking care of the luggage. Look at the child's face. She thinks the boxes will run away if she stirs a yard from them. Come along, colonel. I say, Milly——"

There came a cry from the slender fair-haired girl by the luggage, and in the next instant Percy's hands were seized and his little sister was pouring out breathless cries of rapture and surprise.

"Oh! Percy, you dear darling, is it really you? I thought you had gone off in that horrid ship, and I couldn't sleep all last night thinking of you. How did you come? Where are you going? Oh!" turning to her brother's companion, "I beg your pardon, Colonel Lyndon, I didn't see you at first. Did you bring him back?"

"I have brought him here, Milly," said the colonel, smiling, "and I mean to take him on to Scotland."

"To Scotland? To Ettrick? To-night?" cried Milly breathlessly.

"To Scotland to-night: to Ettrick, I hope, to-morrow," said the colonel. "Now there is plenty of time. Take your brother away and have a good look at him. I don't think him much altered, myself, by the sea-trip, but perhaps you may. I will find you again presently; I have to look up some friends."

"But the luggage," said Milly, "I promised Letty to look after it. She has gone for the tickets."

"The luggage will take care of itself. It's all labelled, I see," said Percy; "but who is Letty?"

"Letty is my new governess. She came just after you left. The very nicest governess I have ever had, and so lovely. Oh! Colonel Lyndon," cried Milly, "do tell her where I am—the lady in a grey dress. See! She is running to the other end of the platform."

This was a somewhat bewildering request. The colonel, who had never met Mildred Winstanley's governess, and who judged, from her manner and appearance, that she was as timid as a wild deer, scarcely knew what to do.

But there she was, flying, breathless and bewildered, along the platform. She would have to be stopped and brought back.

Tugging hard at his long moustache, and trying to look benign, the colonel hurried after her. Three or four of his long strides brought him to her side. He lifted his hat and smiled.

"Pardon me for addressing you," he said gently, "but the little girl, your companion — I ought to mention," he broke off to say, for her eyes had taken a startled expression, and the red colour had flamed to her delicate face, "that I am Colonel Lyndon. Lady Flora Winstanley wrote to me. She said you and Miss Milly were travelling by this train—she thought I might be useful to you."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," cried the girl, holding out her little gloved hand to the colonel, and lifting up to his face a pair of the most bewitching blue eyes he had ever beheld. "I ought to have known who you were; but I thought, from what Lady Flora said—" She stopped short, dropped her eyes, and blushed again.

"That I was very different from myself," said the colonel, with a smile. It was one of his pleasantest smiles, a smile that made him look, as his little friend Milly would have said, "like somebody's guardian angel." Whether Letty Morrison felt the same about it or not, she was certainly reassured. She succeeded in giving a little laugh, and saying with an ease that surprised herself—

"Oh! no; Lady Flora did not describe you, and, no doubt, it was only my imagination after all. I was looking out for an *old* gentleman. But I am forgetting your little Milly all this time. I left her—why, there is the luggage. She cannot surely have gone off wandering by herself." And then poor Letty stopped and gave a little gasp. There was Milly, a few yards in front of her, clinging to the arm of a fashionably-dressed young man, and talking rapidly and with excitement, as she gazed up into his face.

"Her brother," explained the colonel. "Captain Winstanley—he has come back unexpectedly and is on his way to Scotland. Now," with a courteous bow, "I will leave you to make his acquaintance. I see a friend of mine making signs to me."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

HOW THE COLONEL FULFILLED HIS TASK.

MISS VERONICA BROWNE, sister's child, ward up to the time when she reached her majority, and now most profitable client of the gentleman in the neat black frock-coat and high hat, who was making signals to Colonel Lyndon, deserves a few words of introduction.

She was said to be American, and the self-possession of her manners, her independence of relatives and friends, and her large command of money, gave colour to this supposition. As a fact, however, she was the daughter of English parents. They died when she was a child, and she was then committed to the guardianship of a cousin of her father's, who had settled in America years before, and married an American lady. Childless themselves, this amiable couple gave almost more than the love of parents to the orphan girl who had been entrusted to them. Veronica was then the inheritress of a moderate fortune, for her father and mother had both had money, and she was their only child. Her adopted parents not only nursed her patrimony for her, but left her everything they possessed themselves. On the death of her foster-father, which took place two or three years before the opening of this story—he had followed his wife to the grave by only a few months—Veronica found herself in possession of a very large fortune indeed. The will was disputed by the testator's brother. He was himself a man of some considerable wealth. Had it been otherwise, or had he been even ordinarily friendly towards his brother during his lifetime, Veronica, who was rather more puzzled than elated to find herself, as she would have expressed it, so ridiculously rich, would have been willing to have given up a part of the property to him. As it was, her spirit rose. She was indignant at the idea of this cruel, careless man, who had treated his brother and his brother's wife with the grossest neglect, profiting by their death. She fought him in the law courts of America and the law courts of England, in both of which countries her foster-parents had possessed landed property, and she was victorious all round.

The law-suits, whose course was followed with keen interest by multitudes of people, made Veronica famous. When, acting on the advice of her uncle, Mr. Alexander Smith, she came over to England, she had no difficulty in making her way into society.

Her appearance and personal qualities helped her to keep the position which her wealth and notoriety had made for her. At the time of which I write, there was scarcely a more popular woman in London than Veronica Browne.

She had now been in England a little over a year. She had lived principally in London, which possessed an extraordinary fascination for her. She had begun to think, however, for various reasons, some of which we shall hear later, that it might be well for her to take a place in the country, and one of her objects in her visit to the North was to look round for some place on which to pitch her tent.

It is needless to say that Miss Browne, the amount of whose fortune, thanks to the disputed will, was well known to every one who took an interest in such matters, had been wooed again and again, wooed also by gentlemen whose mere notice would have been considered an honour by most women. She had not, however, allowed herself to be won. She liked her liberty. She enjoyed, innocently enough, the observance with which she was surrounded, and her brain—one of the most active, restless brains that a woman has ever been gifted with—was full of schemes, most of which, as she felt, would perish untried if she gave herself a husband.

As regards appearance, Veronica was, in the fullest sense of the word, a handsome woman. Tall and somewhat full of figure, with a clear complexion, flashing brown eyes, and a profusion of dark, curly hair, she was a girl who would have been noticed even in a crowd.

Of course she dressed to perfection. She had learned the art of dressing in America, and had practised it in Paris, under the best masters and mistresses of the little-known science. Wherever she went, and whatever she was doing, her style of dress was appropriate to the occasion. Save that it was so very appropriate, so perfect in its way, there was never any remark to be made about it.

When Colonel Lyndon was brought up by his friend and formally introduced to Miss Browne, he felt at once that he was in the presence of a capable woman. "I hear we are travelling the same way," he said, lifting his hat courteously. "I hope you will make use of me. I shall be delighted to be of service to you in any way."

"Thank you a thousand times," said the young lady. Her swift brown eyes swept over him for a moment. In that moment she seemed to take him in. She smiled and held out her hand. "I hear from Uncle Alick," she said, "that we are to be neighbours up in the North. You are bound for Castle Ettrick. I am on my way to visit General Mackenzie, of Deep Deane. Perhaps you know the place?"

"Oh, yes. I know it well," said the colonel. "General Mackenzie is one of my oldest friends. We served together in India. I stayed at Deep Deane years upon years ago. Is this your luggage?"

A pile of boxes, bags, Saratoga trunks, and bundles of wraps and umbrellas was being wheeled on to the platform, and beside them walked a young lady in travelling costume and a smart-looking man in livery, both of whom were trying, but apparently with scant success, to count the parcels. "Yes; it is all mine," said Miss Browne with a little laugh. "That is what frightened my uncle. I might travel in safety, he thought, but my possessions would be too much for me. Colonel Lyndon, do you know that young lady in grey? If you do, I wish you would introduce me to her. I should like to travel in the same carriage. Her face is a perfect picture."

"I was just going to ask your permission to introduce her to you," said the colonel. "She is the governess of a little friend of mine, youngest daughter of Mr. Winstanley of Ettrick, and they have been put under my charge by Lady Flora Winstanley."

"We are keeping you from them, Lyndon," said Mr. Smith.

"Oh, not at all. They have a protector now. I believe I am not wanted by any one," said the colonel.

Miss Browne was still looking meditatively at the pretty girl in grey and her companions. "Oh, yes; they have a protector," she said, smiling. "What a good-looking boy! The happiest face I have seen for ages. Does he belong to them, Colonel Lyndon? I should say, to look at him, that he was in love and had just been accepted."

"That is Captain Winstanley, of the Third Foot," said Colonel Lyndon. "He is young to be a captain, but he is not quite a boy, Miss Browne. You must not, at least, let him know that you think him one. He is one of the best young officers in the service, but he stands upon his dignity."

"Oh! introduce me! introduce me! This is delightful, quite like a romance," cried Miss Browne. "Uncle Alick will see the luggage in. Not the fur wrap, uncle dear, or the dressing-case. James can bring them to the carriage. Now then, Colonel Lyndon. The good-looking boy is on the look-out for you."

They met at the door of a first-class compartment, which was as yet unappropriated, and into which Percy Winstanley was cramming books and newspapers, and cakes and fruit, and the parcels and bags which Letty Morrison insisted were either too frail or too valuable to be entrusted to the luggage-van.

"There is not room for all those things in there," said Miss Browne to the colonel. "Couldn't you persuade the ladies to come to my carriage? Uncle Alick engaged a saloon-car for me this morning. If the two ladies would join me it would be pleasant, I think, for us all. Then Captain Winstanley and you might have this carriage."

While she spoke she was bowing and smiling to her new acquaintances. Milly and Letty Morrison were a little shy of her at first: she looked so very experienced: but Percy Winstanley was delighted with her. He had never seen a girl, as he said later to the colonel, whose appearance pleased him more.

"One can't be formal in a railway station," she said. "Circumstances don't admit of it. Now, are we all together? There is Uncle Alick making signs to us. We may as well take possession of our carriage."

In a few minutes everything was arranged. Milly and her young governess were occupying comfortable seats in Miss Browne's carriage; her parcels and theirs were in; Mr. Smith was bowing and smiling his farewells; and Colonel Lyndon and Captain Winstanley were standing at the door of the ladies' carriage, taking their orders.

It was Veronica, of course, who issued them. Milly, who had scarcely recovered from the effect of her delightful surprise, could do nothing but gaze with shining eyes at her brother, and Letty Morrison was far too shy to make a single remark.

Veronica, happily, was able to speak for them all. "We shall stop at York, I suppose. That will be in the middle of the night," she said. "One of you might just peep in. If we are not all of us asleep, we might like a cup of coffee. When shall we reach Edinburgh?"

"Very early in the morning," said Percy, "and unfortunately there's not a train on to our place until nearly mid-day."

"Oh! but I call that fortunate," said Miss Browne. "We can breakfast at an hotel and go round together. I have never seen Edinburgh. My Scotch friends tell me it is the most wonderful place in the universe."

"All the universe but Glasgow," said Percy, with a laugh. "Well, good evening. We must take our places."

A few moments later, and they were moving slowly out of the station.

In the ladies' carriage everything went smoothly. Veronica, who could be, when she chose, one of the most charming companions in the world, set herself at once to win Milly's heart and to conquer Letty's shyness. Before they had been an hour in the train she had succeeded. The young girls had forgotten that she was a rich, handsomely-dressed woman of the world. They were listening to her stories, which were exceedingly amusing, and giving their own little stories in return. They were telling her what they knew about the towns and villages which were, or seemed to be, flying past them, and admiring with her the brilliancy of the July sunset. Milly cried out that she would see far better skies in the North. "Wait till September," she said, "or October. Then you will see. You would think sometimes that the moors were on fire."

"But I don't know that I shall stay in the North so long," said Miss Browne.

"Oh! I hope you will, I hope you will," cried Milly, and timid little Letty echoed the wish.

"Well, I must see how I get on. If you are all very interesting. But I think you are," said Veronica, with a smile.

"Percy is interesting," said Milly earnestly. "Oh! Miss Browne, you ought to see what he is. But I'm afraid he won't be at home very long. I think it's a shame that people should have to go away so far. And there are lots of soldiers wanted in England."

"You would not have your brother a stay-at-home soldier, Milly?" said her governess.

"Yes, I would, I would," cried the child. "I should like him to stay at home always. Why shouldn't he? We want to be taken care of as well as the people in Africa."

"Of course we do," said Miss Browne.

But Letty said softly, "I am afraid we can't choose, Milly. We must all be contented to go where we are sent."

In the carriage where Colonel Lyndon and Percy had seats there was very little conversation. Percy, who was tired by the rapid travelling and successive excitements of the day, dozed off early. The colonel remained awake, gazing out quietly upon the changing sky and revolving many thoughts in his mind. He was accustomed to long vigils. Seated at the door of his tent, in the sweet starry nights of the Indian winters, or in barracks at a station in the plains, when the earth was steaming all night with the heat which the fierce tropical sun had drawn up out of her bosom, or riding in the small hours of the morning from barracks to camps, he had often outwatched the stars, and such moments he had found favourable to thought. Many a knotty point he had settled with himself, many a problem he had striven to solve, many a high thought—such thoughts as make the cheek suddenly flush, and the eye kindle—had come to him, when the world around him was wrapped in slumber.

He had no particular problem before him now, nor any hankering after abstract thought. And yet he was glad of the quiet hours. He was thinking of the strange inequalities of fortune—wondering why one human being should be born to every sort of privilege and observance, while another had nothing. This puzzle followed him through the night.

We shall think, perhaps, that our colonel was a man of violent theories—one who thought lightly of loosening the laws of property and bringing in anarchy, by destroying the bands that hold society together. It was not so. Had we asked him, in fact, what his politics were, he would have told us that he was "a faithful disciple of the old school." Whence then had this new feeling of discontent against the general order of things arisen?

The image that followed the colonel through the night, haunting him even in his brief half-hours of sleep, may partially explain the mystery. It was of a fair-haired girl, dressed in plain travelling garments, with timid appealing eyes as blue as the sky of the East, and most delicate features. That a creature so tender should be cast upon the world, should have to earn her bread by the labour of her hands, should live in the houses of strangers, this, to the great heart of the old soldier, was inconceivable.

Occasionally, through that long night, he thought of the other girl whose acquaintance he had made, and whenever he thought of her he smiled. He admired her; no man with his full senses about him could have failed to do so. But take care of her! It was absurd. She was more than able to take care of herself and of any number of people besides. Strange, strange were the inequalities of fortune! Further than that, the colonel, with all his deep thinking, could not advance.

At York he peeped into the ladies' carriage, and, finding them awake, brought them coffee and rolls. There were no other stoppages, except of a few moments at a time. Finally they all met safely on the platform of the station at Edinburgh, where they found—and this did not surprise Colonel Lyndon in the least—that Miss Veronica Browne, who looked as fresh and brisk as if she had been all night long in a comfortable bed-room instead of a railway carriage, was prepared to take them all in hand.

"We are all going to the Palace Hotel," she said. "My uncle wrote for rooms there, and to have breakfast ready. We'll rest for an hour before we look round Edinburgh. Milly has promised to show me everything—the Castle and the dear old town, and the Calton Hill and Holyrood. I think," turning to Colonel Lyndon, "one of you had better telegraph to Lady Flora Winstanley, for we shall certainly not catch the forenoon train."

The colonel would have demurred at this, for he did not know how Lady Flora would like it; but Percy took the full responsibility upon his own shoulders.

"Come along," he said. "I'll telegraph in your name. My mother has such confidence in you, I know she won't mind."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

MAVOURNEEN.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

O BRIGHT blue eyes long lashes under,
Twin homes of love and thought and wonder,
Sweet is your magic power, for lo!
I see you wheresoe'er I go!
Light of my life, my star, my sun,
Mavourneen, dearest one!

O true pure woman's heart and mind,
In which earth's goodness is enshrined,
Sweet is your magic power, for lo!
You guide me wheresoe'er I go!
Light of my life, my star, my sun,
Mavourneen, dearest one!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

"INK-PHOTO." SPRAGUE & CO. LONDON.

MAVOURNEEN.

HOW TO SET OUT A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

(*Drawn by* MARY L. GOW.)

DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

A CHRISTMAS-TREE may be made into a most effective and pleasure-giving object, if thought and care be lavished on its preparation. All such projects need careful contemplation beforehand. I hope in this paper to give some practical suggestions, culled from experience, as to how a Christmas-tree may be prepared. And, if many of my readers would exercise their brain-powers, and cultivate the habit of observation at every turn, jotting down notes of utility, who shall say what happy thoughts would come to light?

The size of a Christmas-tree, as well as its "set-out," must be in unison with its object: a large tree for a school or similar gathering, a somewhat smaller one for a family party. But, remembering that it is customary in many families to annually have "a tree" on Christmas Day, one of comparatively goodly proportions is so handsome, and may, by means of numerous readily-made and pretty ornamentations, have its well-fruited appearance increased, that one need not be afraid of any incongruities if one has but a limited number of presents for its branches. In addition to the gifts exchanged in a family, flags, bannerettes, sweetmeats, nuts, fruit, &c. &c., may be arranged and fastened up with advantage in many

charming ways—ways which any ingenious person will easily devise. There are also the lovely cards of the season which, placed in their respective directed envelopes, make capital additions; and this is a delightful mode of exchanging Christmas love and wishes by members of one family, and spares the unnecessary cost of postage.

If a family "tree" be comparatively large, it may answer admirably for a forthcoming occasion; for instance, young folks now-a-days are so thoughtful for their poorer brethren, that if a large party for such be purposed, the tree in question may be brought forth to receive a second dressing up. It may be first deluged with water from a watering-can, left to drain partly dry, and finished with a good sprinkling of flour from a dredger, and thus made to resemble a snow-covered plant.

In tendering a few practical words on the setting out of a Christmas-tree I shall choose a definite course—that of explaining how the last tree I was a helper in connection with, was brought to be a thorough success. To tell the details of its preparation will be carrying out the object of this article, but I shall attempt to make our plan as capable of being modified as possible, remembering always that circumstances considerably differ. Our party was for a lively band of youngsters, and was to be held in a rather spacious school-room, at one end of which we composed a truly charming bit of scenery. The same plan might be adopted in *any* large room—or where two rooms may be thrown open into one by means of partition doors—by removing the furniture at one end. We worked as follows:—We got two gentlemen friends to undertake the erection of a temporary platform right across the end of the room, and excellently they did it. My readers will have seen the platforms put up for a village entertainment or concert; it was such an one. Of course a platform might be dispensed with, but if so, the tree should be raised on something. Our platform was about six yards by eight. We had the good fortune to have a very large mirror lent us, and this we hung on the wall exactly behind the spot destined for the Christmas-tree. When lighted up the reflection splendidly enhanced the richness and beauty of our scene. Could we have procured them, a similar glass on each side wall would have been even more effective.

I very strongly recommend the use of mirrors in decorative objects, for do they not *double* stationary beauty? We collected together several large pictures of Christmas subjects, and framed them with bright berried holly fastened to laths, which were crossed like Oxford frames. With care this may be done so as to leave the pictures uninjured and useful for another time. Such illustrations as the illustrated weekly papers sometimes give are useful. I need not add that the holly frame needs to be bold in design—not too delicately wrought. Our platform itself was carpeted with a borrowed floorcloth, the pattern of which was in imitation of oak boards, and though its size was barely sufficient to cover the entire board-work, we hit upon the capital expedient of forming an uneven rustic arrangement all round the edge close to the walls. This we composed of a few large logs, rough tree-roots (as used for rockeries), a flower-stand of "virgin cork," a collection of various evergreens, some bracken ferns, yellowed and beautified by Winter's hand, a couple of little fir-trees in pots, all being dusted over with flour, to resemble a recently-fallen scud of snow. Two rustic garden arm-chairs and a similar companion table were each fitted into a suitable place, and with a few finishing touches of evergreens our scene was all that could be desired. Some seasons (such as last, which was a winter after a glorious summer), those who live in or near the country can find as late as December some wreaths of the Black Bryony covered with their scarlet berries, and these may be used up the sides of logs, and twined round many things with excellent effect. In the centre of our table stood a rustic flower-pot, wherein we placed a lighted lamp, making the lower part of it thus match with its surroundings. A few wax candles were provided with appropriate standing-places round our scenic arrangement.

At the front of the platform we remedied the unsightly appearance by composing a barrier of towel-airers, binding each side and stave with dried moss, and inserting trailing wreaths of ivy and bunches of everlasting flowers here and there, tying all on with green string. Bryony wreaths and berries might be well introduced with the moss. I would also remark, in passing, that moss should be picked in dry weather, when it is at its best, and stored in a hamper in an attic, or any dry place, so as to be in readiness for Yuletide or other decorations in winter. It keeps excellently. About a yard (the width of one towel-airer) from each side wall we left an opening and erected two steps up to the platform, thus having the way of ingress on one side of the tree, and that of egress on the other. When the little recipients of the tree's fruit mounted to the left they each walked round the tree, through our winter scene, and, descending the steps on the right-hand side, joined their happy companions in the lower and more roomy part of the room. In front of our barrier of towel-airers we arranged a row of plants in pots, principally ferns and shrubs, hiding each pot with a rustic cover. Thus all was completed except the decoration of our "centre-piece"—the Christmas-tree itself.

It was a large well-shaped fir, firmly planted in a large flower-pot (or a cement barrel partly sawn off would do) which, in its turn, was set inside a square tea-chest ornamented prettily by being first papered over with white, and then having strips of crimson paper, about two or three inches in width, pasted perpendicularly all round at equal distances. A crimson bordering was also fastened round the top. The inside of the chest was well packed up, and a layer of moss neatly arranged round the trunk of the tree. I need scarcely say that the tree is, of course, set on the platform *before* the front barrier is completed.

To load the tree with its "fruit" came last—a work of less trouble, though needing thought and consideration. We put the candles on first—about four dozen, I think. A great many people now-a-days wisely

possess the capital little candlesticks which are made to clasp the branches of a tree without any trouble of fixing. In our case two or three families "clubbed together" and lent theirs. For candles, nothing can beat the well-known little coloured wax tapers, though I must add that on a large tree several Chinese lanterns do not detract from its beauty—rather the reverse. Next, a collection of tastily-made flags and banners—the work of our brothers—was forthcoming. They had gained many hints in making them from a little sheet of "Flags of all Nations," sold everywhere. Many of the mottoes and designs were modified, and some skilful work achieved solely with coloured paper, twigs, wire, and gum. Flags were fastened to the higher branches of the tree, a huge golden star blazing near the summit, and the bannerettes were hung on the lower boughs with tasty narrow ribbon strings. Similar ribbon we also used for tying up some parcels, though a ball of dainty string, such as chemists use, will do very well.

Besides the above-mentioned articles, a wealth of sweets was forthcoming. *No* Christmas-tree could possibly be successful without "goodies," and much might be said as to the ways of fastening up sweets in their several packages; but so many pretty methods are well known that I need not give directions. With white paper and deft fingers alone, some wonderful little parcels may be turned out. In our case we stitched together little bags of white spotted muslin to hold them; these looked exceedingly nice when filled with white, pink, and other "comfits" and those sweets that have almond and caraway kernels, and are very wholesome. We wrapped Brazil nuts up separately in tinfoil paper, and suspended them on the branches with string or gimp. Some boxes of bon-bons were laid at the root of the tree, on the moss, until wanted. Some people put apples and oranges on a Christmas-tree; but they are almost too heavy. We laid our fruit in two large, shallow, fancy baskets, and placed them near on our rustic table. And now to come to the most important articles. Ours were first brought in a large box, unpacked, and spread upon the table. They had been made quite ready to fix on the tree beforehand. Articles of needlework, books, cards, and anything that might be irretrievably injured by grease or any mishap were neatly wrapped in white paper parcels tied with pink or blue ribbon, and had a Christmas card slipped underneath to brighten up the exterior. Sometimes a tiny spray of mistletoe—just a leaf and a berry or two may be fastened to such parcels to be, perchance, of utility to some one finding it in close proximity to some unconscious damsel. All heavy articles should be fastened to the stoutest branches, on the *lower* part of the tree; on no account put them at the summit or in a frail part.

When the loading of the tree is quite finished, the candles may be lighted *just before* the party enters the room, all "litter" having been cleared away. If any taper should catch a branch of the tree the ignition must be extinguished instantly, therefore some friend should be asked to undertake the pleasant responsibility of keeping an eye on the lights.

I have attempted herein to give my few suggestions, but let it not be thought that all this work mentioned can be done by one person in a short time. "Many hands make light work," and for days beforehand we were busied with all possible preparations. We engaged a collected band of workers, one being at the head as director. Each of us then took a definite responsibility, and all moved pleasantly. There is nothing like *method* in an undertaking of this sort, and without it such an affair is likely to be a failure.

Country residents may find my paper more useful than town dwellers; but it would be pleasant if the latter would utilise their walks and country excursions in seeking and treasuring up Nature's wealth—so valuable to the decorator.

The effect of the scenic work described in this paper might be very considerably heightened, if those who "officiate" at the Christmas-tree were to assume characters, such as Santa Claus, Father Christmas, King Snow, Jack Frost, &c., arranging their costumes accordingly.

E. E. A.

MILLY'S DOWRY.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A POINT OF HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

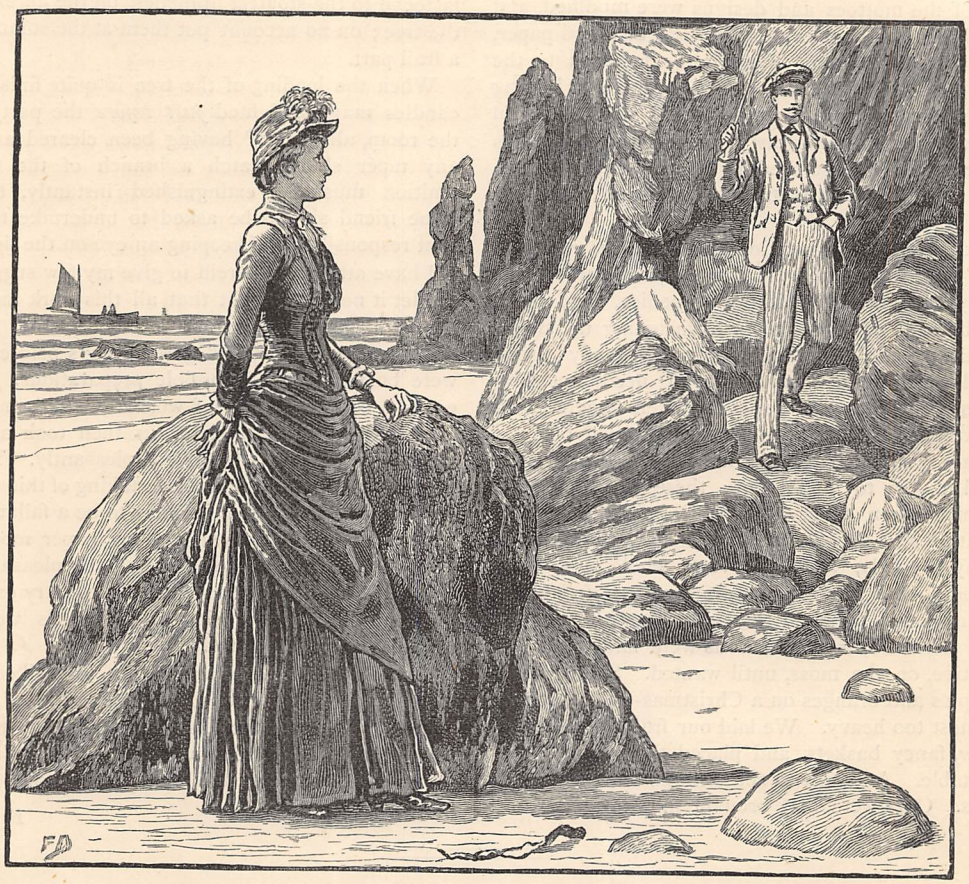
H, that's fine, Jack! Have you caught him? How big is he? Here's sixpence for yourself, and a shilling for the fish. Take him up quickly to Bridget, and be off to your mother." Then nodding and smiling with vast approval, Milly Ryan tripped down to the sea, whence a successful fisherman had just extracted a bream of very decent size, by dint of balancing himself over the edge of a huge rock, with a primitive fishing-rod in his hand, for hours.

Milly was delighted, and as she walked up and down on the firm sand of the little cove, she looked as happy and contented as if materials for the daily dinner were always ready to hand, instead of "having to be gathered from the four corners of the earth," as she sometimes expressed it.

Milly has her troubles, and to her they are neither few nor light; but to-day the burden of them is lifted, and, with perfect health, good looks, and a clear conscience, she is, as she appears to be, a girl to be envied. Has she not just seen on its road to the pot a fish which will fill out excellently the otherwise scanty *menu?* And is not Norbert Leigh come down to her for three whole unexpected days? What more can the heart of girl desire, and the weather perfect this September, too? Milly is tall, and carries her lovely head in stately fashion; her grey eyes are clear

and bright, her brilliant, if somewhat brown, complexion shows off the whiteness of her pearly teeth, as every now and then she laughs in the gladness of her heart. She walks with the easy grace of a girl who has spent the greater part of her days in the open air, and to whom it is all one whether the road she travels is up or down a sharp hill or straight along the level.

Ever and anon she glances at the rocky path down



"SHE SEES NORBERT LEIGH DESCENDING."

which she came a few minutes ago, and presently her expectation is fulfilled, and she sees Norbert Leigh descending. A handsome young fellow, fitting match in looks for Milly; he has dark hair cut closely round his well-shaped head, a pair of dark brown eyes, a merry smile, and he stands six feet two in his stockings.

"Well, Norbert, you won't starve to-day!" says Milly merrily. "Jack has caught a sweet fish."

"That's well, Milly," he returns; "we won't have hunger on our minds this time, anyhow!"

"Where's father?" was her query.

"Oh! he has just thought of a splendid setting for the scene of the meeting of Brian Boru and the O'Flynn, and he went off to the study to write it down at once," was his reply.

"Dear, dear! Was it *very* bad, Norbert?" said the girl.

"About the same as usual," answered he; "it began—

> 'The bolts from heaven strike a lurid flame
> From out Millorna's cavern'd depths of shade—

I don't remember any more."

"No need! it is all alike. Oh, Norbert! it reminds me so of 'The sun's perpendicular height illumined the depths of the sea!' I wish, I do wish, I could think father was a poet," she continued, "or else that he *didn't* think he was; you don't, do you, dear?" she added wistfully.

He laughed out a merry rippling laugh, with no malice in it, and she joined him.

"Faith, no," he said; "I can't consider he's touched with the fire of genius, dear, but what does it matter? He is happy enough with his rhymes."

"Indeed, that's true," said Milly; "but it is all no good, and it seems such a waste of time and energy, and I should be so glad if he would not recite so much.

When the vicar was here last week he had to listen to the whole of that dreadful piece beginning—

'Where the foaming torrent dashes,
Where the rushing water splashes
O'er the giant rocks—
Where the lightning madly flashes,
While the storm-wind wildly crashes,
Hurling stones and stocks——'"

"Ah, yes!" said Norbert. "I know; it reminds me of 'How the waters come down at Lodore.' Never mind—here's the boat. Hold on, Milly—off we go!" And in three minutes the happy pair were on the sunlit sea, and away into the blissful country of young, loving, trusting hearts, where hope paints the future in colours of rose and azure, and where the world's people are all true women and brave men.

Brancepeth Ryan, Milly's father, was a good-natured, unpractical, egotistical Irishman. The youngest son of a man with a large family and a small rent-roll, he had, unfortunately, become possessed of the idea that he was a born poet, and the time that he should have devoted to discovering for himself a means of livelihood, he wasted in stringing together rhymes, which he would roll forth in a rich voice, and with a decided Irish accent, for the benefit of any unwary listener, and then commit to paper, and forward to any and every publisher whose name and address he could learn, nothing daunted by the fact that they "enjoyed a large circulation in manuscript," and nothing more.

He married a lady whose possessions were a little cottage in Cornwall and about three thousand pounds in the Funds, and after her death, and that of his father, he left County Galway, where his precarious existence had been aided by an occasional helping hand from his parent, and settled down in the little house by the sea-shore, promising to make a speedy fortune for himself and Milly by the efforts of his genius.

At the time our little tale commences he has lived at Tremawtha for six years, and there Milly has blossomed from a bright child into a lovely girl, and now, at nineteen, is the light and comfort of the little household.

A faithful old servant, who has lived with Brancepeth ever since his marriage, is the only other tenant of the little cottage, and the two women devote their energies to the securing of comfort for, and the keeping in a tolerably straight road of, their common charge, Brancepeth Ryan. If Milly had received their little income intact, it would have seemed a fortune to her and Bridget, and they would have worked wonders with it; but, alas! the fingers of the master let very few coins slip through them for the expenses of his household, and when the money came it was often found that the greater part of it must go in paying for books ordered, or a publisher's bill of an urgent nature, as the poet could not always resist the temptation of seeing himself in print, even though his were the only eyes that should scan the pages.

Norbert Leigh was a distant cousin of Milly's mother, and, being an orphan, had spent his holidays ever since he could remember with the Ryan family, either in Ireland or Cornwall; and his boyish affection for Milly has ripened into deep love for the brave, beautiful, patient girl, who enjoys so few of girlhood's pleasures, and devotes herself so uncomplainingly to the cares of father and household. He is an artist—a painstaking one, who does not expect to scale the heights of success at a couple of bounds; and although he and Milly have been engaged for two years, their marriage is a vision for the dim future, and they have to content themselves with the present, and encourage each other to fight the battle of life, with hope and trust for safe allies.

The lovely September day wanes, and at six o'clock the pair return to the cottage, where, thanks to Bridget's exertions, a presentable meal awaits them.

A figure in a shabby dressing-gown, and with a short pipe in his mouth, stands on the threshold, and it needs all Milly's coaxing to persuade her father to doff the garment and put on his coat. "Sure and Norbert doesn't mind, you spalpeen! Why do you plague me with your fancies?" is his remonstrance. However, he does appear in better raiment, and with laughter and jest the dinner-hour passes. They adjourn to the little platform in front of the house for a smoke, and in the soft twilight the young people are touched into silence by the beauty of the scene. The "Eyrie" is placed in a small hollow in the cliff at the right-hand side of the little cove of Tremawtha, and in front of them spreads the Atlantic, swelling in long waves, and dashing in foam on the fantastic rocks right and left of them, while the departed sun leaves a radiance of red purple on cloud and sea, and the great rocks and cliffs stand out sharply against the delicate blue and green and grey of the eastern sky. A night for an artist! And Norbert, fresh from the atmosphere of his London studio, enjoys it to the full. Brancepeth cannot miss the opportunity, and in sonorous tones begins one of his smaller "pomes," which he declares Norbert has not heard, and the cadences of his "crash" and "dash," and "smart" and "part," and "wild" and "child," make an accompaniment to the dreams of the youth and the maiden, who have heard the same thing so often, and who know that little reply or comment is needed.

Presently Milly says she has work to finish, and goes in-doors, followed of course by Norbert.

"Why, how quaint!" he exclaims, as he takes up a large piece of olive-coloured cloth, on which are outlined grotesque figures. There is a boy balanced on a pole placed across two forms, and with a large tub of water beneath him; he is trying to light a taper at the end of the pole, from a lighted one he carries in his hand. The whole is done with great spirit. "What is it for, Milly?"

"It is one of a set of panels I am working for Lady Cynthia March's morning-room—a series of old English sports and customs," replied Milly; "it is such amusing work, and it is so good of her to give me the order."

"It is very clever," said Norbert; "but how did you get the copy?"

"I drew it from this," answered Milly. "I have

done several," and she handed him a book in a heavy binding of dark green leather, with curious silver clasps and corners. It was called "Ye Boke of Sports," and was dated 1490. It was in perfect condition, not a shred of its black-letter pages destroyed, and none of it damaged, except by the discolouration of the paper incidental to its age.

"Why, Milly, I am sure this is very valuable; and how funny the pictures are!" said Norbert. "I should so much like to copy some of them; this one of the game of 'Pale Maille' would be such a help to me. I want figures like that for my painting of 'Not always Victor': they would come in so beautifully in the Pleasaunce. Can you lend it to me?"

"Certainly," was Milly's answer; "there are some more books up-stairs," she added.

"More! Are they yours?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "my godfather, Piers Hylton, left me a quantity of books—chiefly about sports and pastimes; but there are also a few illuminated service-books, which I think lovely. Father has never cared to look at them, he was so disappointed that Mr. Hylton did not leave us money; he always promised me a dowry."

Norbert scarcely heard her speech, so engrossed was he with the book. "It is lovely! wonderful!" he kept exclaiming. And Milly was delighted at finding herself the possessor of anything he liked so much.

Two happy days fled past, and Norbert returned to London. The weather had been perfect, and he and Milly had been walking or boating from morning till night, Brancepeth's rhymes filling up the moments when they sat, tired out with their rambles, on the little terrace looking seawards. Left alone, Milly suffered from the reaction which inevitably sets in after such bright hours as she had been passing, and three days after Norbert's departure she felt as nearly despondent as it was in her nature to be. The rain, which had kept off so wonderfully, was pouring in torrents; her father had been looking more than usually untidy, and when she took his dressing-gown to mend it, a sheaf of unpaid bills fell from one of its pockets. Norbert would not come again for three months, which made the immediate future dreary, and for the present there were the troubles of an empty larder and a scanty wardrobe, with small prospect of replenishment for either. Milly set Norbert's photograph in front of her, and remembered how hard he worked, and determined that success must come to him soon; and turning her back on the window, with its outlook of seething ocean and drenched hill-side, she set herself to darn and patch her father's favourite garment.

Eleven o'clock struck, and soon Milly heard the voice of the postwoman in the kitchen; then Bridget appeared, bringing some letters. Milly picked out Norbert's handwriting immediately, and opening his envelope, read:—

"DEAREST MILLY,—Yesterday, while I was copying figures from your 'Boke of Sports,' Errington came in. He knows a little of everything, and directly he spied it he carried on in his usual fantastic fashion, declaring it was 'most distinctly pwecious,' and worth anything to a collector, &c. &c., and he insisted on taking me to Trellis and Black, in Bond Street, to ask their opinion. I saw Mr. Black himself, who was extremely kind, and much interested in my story; he told me that it was probably one of a small, but valuable, collection of MSS. and black-letter books of sports and of service-books (what a combination!) which belonged to a Mr. Hylton, and which had been expected to come into the market. Hylton was the name of your godfather, was it not? So if you would like to realise your dowry, the books will sell easily; and I propose to come down at once with an expert, who will tell us all about them. If you *don't* want us, telegraph to

"Your loving
"NORBERT."

Milly was enchanted, and ran to tell her father, but he steadily refused to believe the books were "worth the trouble and fuss." "If they were 'pomes,' now," he kept repeating, till his daughter conducted him to the study, lighted his pipe, and shut the door upon him, while she made preparations for the reception of the two gentlemen, who arrived in the evening of the day following the receipt of the letter.

A slim, elegant young man, with a budget of the latest London gossip on his tongue, and a fund of anecdote in his conversation, was the "expert" who had come to examine "Milly's dowry"—quite a different being from the one she had expected, and a disappointment to the girl, who hoped for a grizzled, spectacled book-worm, whose opinion would be taken without question. "What can this popinjay know about books?" thought she.

Dinner passed off pleasantly, and Milly's heart beat fast as Norbert proposed afterwards that they should go and look at the books. Up-stairs to the top of the house they were led by Bridget, who carried a lamp with great solemnity, and opened for them the door of a large low attic, containing the miscellaneous rubbish which is accumulated even by a small family. The old chests in which the books were stored had been pulled from their corners, and Milly was amused at the change which came over Mr. Styles, the expert, as he opened them and stooped to examine their contents. The "society" look went from his face, and was replaced by the shrewd gaze of a man of business, as one after another he lifted the volumes, examined bindings, dates, title-pages, and tail-pieces, finally exclaiming, "I congratulate you, Miss Ryan! We have been expecting the appearance of these books in the auction-rooms. It is the most complete collection of old works on sports and pastimes known, and is enriched besides by a curious addition of books containing psalms, short prayers, and meditations—all exquisite fourteenth-century manuscripts. One or two are specially valuable—this, for instance," he said, taking up a little brown book with painted edges, "is illuminated with marginal grotesques and small pictures, and was given by its author, a monk of Tours, to Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of Charles the Sixth of France. It is remarkable that you should not have guessed their worth," he added, looking at Milly with astonishment.

"They came here with no letter or explanation," answered Milly, "except a note from my godfather, with just the words, 'Milly's Dowry, with Piers Hylton's love,' in it; and my father was disappointed

that the boxes contained neither plate nor jewellery. We have not connected the idea of books and money hitherto," she added comically, "so they were put up here, and it is only lately that I have looked into them; and it was quite an accident that Mr. Leigh saw one."

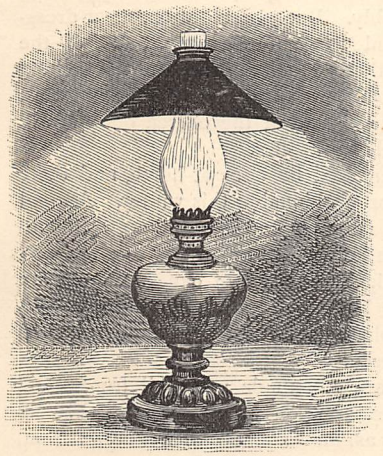
"A very happy accident," said Mr. Styles, as they descended to the sitting-room.

The sequel is soon told. Mr. Styles and Norbert went through the books again, and compared them with a catalogue they found in one of the chests, then they conveyed them to London, where, as soon as the book-hunting world could be made aware of their discovery, and curiosity sufficiently awakened by the history of their temporary seclusion, the collection was brought to the hammer, and realised a sum sufficient to prove a real dowry for the happy Milly, who speedily became the wife of Norbert Leigh. She kept the book that had first attracted the artist's attention, and made ornaments for the pretty hall of their house in Chelsea out of the old dower-chests which contained the legacy. Brancepeth Ryan's fame is still a thing of the future, and he continues to walk up and down the little domain of the "Eyrie," while the restless waves beat an accompaniment to the soulless rhymes he flings on the air.

M. R. L.

DRESS FOR COLD WEATHER.

WHAT TO WEAR. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



DECEMBER, the month of family reunions, of cold and fogs, snow, and general mistiness and dreariness in England, as well as clear, bright, frosty days—all the more enjoyable for their rarity—demands some attention in the matter of dress, and chiefly with regard to warmth. The portion of the community who devote themselves to sanitary clothing advocate the wearing exclusively of woollen garments. It is not likely that all the world will fall into this plan, but people with a tendency to rheumatism would certainly find the comfort of it. I saw a really pretty and becoming night-gown the other day, made in woollen cloth. It was of a grey tone, long and flowing, with a Watteau plait at the back, and a cascade of lace down the front. It was becoming, and very soft and comfortable. Another new idea under this head is knitted woollen stays. They have bones enough to be a support, but are so elastic that it is quite impossible to unduly compress any vital organ. We are apt to feel cold in the arms, and it is a good plan to tack inside too thin sleeves, a silk or woollen stocking, with the worn foot cut off. It can be so tacked as to be invisible, and saves many a chill. That a stitch in time saves nine is true of more than needlework. Many an illness is brought on by a chill caused by insufficient clothing, and many a one saved by an advisable addition at the right time. Warm stockings, thick boots, an extra vest, will save a winter's cold and cough; and two vests, even when thin, are generally warmer than a single thick one.

Pretty gowns for evening wear are being made for young folks, of tulle, either covered with large silver or steel spots as big as peas, or white or coloured tulles, with tassels of white or coloured pearls all over them. For older people, brown, green, and dark red tulles are worn, indescribably draped at the back, but mostly with front breadths of contrasting colour and material. For example, with a brown tulle there would be a pink satin front, covered with chenille drops, a mixture of pink and brown; while for a dinner-gown I have seen the front of a leather-coloured silk covered with drops of amber crystal, which was so brilliant that it seemed like a blaze of light.

The winter day-gowns are unusually pretty, and I think—if any of my readers are willing to try—easy to make. There is little change in the cut of the skirts; the back is straight, twenty-seven inches wide; the front breadth, twenty-seven at the hem and fourteen at the waist, united by a gore, the slanting side next the back, and this gore is seventeen at the hem, and at the top twelve inches. These are safe measurements for foundation skirts, but many dresses are now made without any foundation. Merely a plain skirt of a distinctive material, and then a few inches might, if desired, be added to the back breadth. There are striped plushes and striped woollen stuffs, and an immense choice of striped chenille silks, all of which look best in panels or as plain skirts; all the beauty of their design and colouring would be spoilt if they were festooned, gathered, or, indeed, in any way draped. But they combine easily and well with plain fabrics, and the one shows the other off. Sashes are extremely fashionable, and so wide that they form a trimming in themselves, the two ends covering the back. Astrakan and beaver are used a great deal on dresses, as well as on cloaks and jackets. The grey astrakan looks peculiarly well on dark blue and dark green serge, and I have seen some charming

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

costumes made thus, with hat and jacket complete, for skating and rough winter weather.

I find in England that no sooner does any want arise than every possible effort is made to meet it. French demoiselles are content with few gowns. But in England wealth is much dispersed, and in some way or other girls find more difficulty than formerly in making their allowance suffice. They naturally begin to see where they can retrench, and the weak point appears to be the dressmaker's bill. Cheap and good-looking stuffs are always to be had, but it costs more to make them up than the original outlay. It is to be hoped that most girls can use their needle, and I think experience shows they can, though all may not be expert in button-holing, sewing seams over, and other details of dressmaking; still these, with a little common sense, and practice, are to be mastered. The fitting of a bodice is a difficult matter. I strongly recommend lessons being taken wherever it is practicable; if not, get an old bodice that really does fit, unpick it, and lay each portion out on stout brown paper, chalk the outer edge and the seam marks, then cut out by the outer line, and define the other with pin-pricks, or a snip here and there, or, better still, use a tracing wheel, which makes a straight row of pin-points. Thus armed with a good pattern, lay it on the new lining, and cut carefully by it. But do it slowly, with due consideration; be sure that the material is in no way wrung—that you have a straight line by a thread down the back. There will doubtless be many failures, and a great deal of useless discussion on the matter; but it will end in ordinary women mastering the difficulties of dressmaking ere long, and the tradespeople are realising that this is so. A company has recently been formed in London for selling cut dress-linings, and they are a valuable aid. It is simply necessary to send the bust measure, and you receive a lining cut ready for using, which, if you follow the simple directions appended, will fit you admirably. But with all attempts at dressmaking, be careful to see that both sides of the bodice are alike—that you stitch exactly at the tacking threads, and be liberal with these. By not doing this, you may save a little time at the outset, but you will have double trouble in the end.

Braiding can very well be done at home, and there is no trimming more fashionable this winter. A great many ready-made trimmings in braiding are sold with the braid set edgeways; they are to be had in many widths. More original is a sort of cane-work pattern of half-inch-wide braid, laid over a colour which shows up—with black over red, for example. Panels of this are often used.

Dress bodices are still made with full fronts, and with cross-cut vests put on in such a way that no fastening shows: as, for example, with a velvet front, the bodice cross-cut folding over it. Many whole fronts, and most side-seams in the front, are cut quite on the cross. Jacket bodices, with wide revers, are made, merely fastening at the waist, showing either the same sort of vest, or a changeable waistcoat, which gives a variety in dress at little cost. Some of these changeable waistcoats are fastened into the bodices with a double row of buttons and button-holes, one on each side. If you are going on a round of visits, and do not care to take much luggage, this plan is a boon.

Shawl-dresses are new, by which I mean veritable shawls, with or without borders, and always with a fringe, cut into tunics and vests. For example, a green velveteen skirt and jacket, with a light leather-coloured shawl, cut into a pointed tunic in the front, edged with the fringe; the back draped with square ends, and a vest of the same. The green velveteen or corduroy—a good serviceable stuff, very much in fashion—is trimmed with beaver, which is allowed to hang down in ends in front as a boa. Boas are most fashionable, and the arrangements in fur this winter are really comfortable. A new make of fur cape has one end longer than the other, so that it crosses in

front, covering the chest doubly, and the shorter end disappears in the waistband. Then a new kind of fur cuff has been brought out, which no longer necessitates a struggle to get the hand through, for it opens with a patent fastening like the fur-lined gloves. The round fur capes have considerably lengthened, and are either bordered with fur tails or fur ball fringes. The muffs are not by any means comfortable, for the newest are mere airy nothings, apparently all black lace—pretty to look at, but utterly unfit for the original purpose, viz., to keep the hands warm; plenty are happily still made of velvet bordered with fur.

Opera-cloaks are once more sold. For a long time for evening wear people have been content with velvet plush or Indian fabrics, which served a double purpose. Now, however, small bewitching garments, in white brocade, beaded sicilienne, or red-and-gold brocade, cover the shoulders, have sling sleeves, button well over the chest, and descend barely to the waist, the only trimming being a bordering of thick cord. They do not crush the skirts, and are really pretty. Sling sleeves obtain in most of the wrap-cloaks. Though it is said that very few coats are worn, I note that the English tailors in Paris, as well as in London, still make the long close-fitting ones of thick cloth, which fit perfectly, are full in the skirt, and bordered with astrakan on the front, cuffs, and collar, and are also richly braided.

The old-fashioned black silk aprons are coming in again, trimmed with lace and beads, having a dainty but useful pocket at the side. For bazaars, the plain but clear cream muslin is used, with a wide bordering of lace, and lace insertion. The prettiest part of these, however, is the bib, which is a mere point in front, widens out on the bust, and is attached to braces on the shoulder, where a large ribbon bow is displayed, matching the knot of loops in front of the waist.

What impossible colours Englishwomen will adopt for gloves! Grass-green to match a grass-green gown, and red silk gloves so close-fitting, and so much a part of the hand when on, that they are uncomfortably suggestive of a raw red palm. Still, when the tone is not too vivid, it is best to match the dress, and the merino-lined and silk-lined gloves do this, and are really a comfort to the hands in cold weather; they come well up the arm. Suèdes, too, are dyed in a large range of colours, and seem to hold their own, though they are but poor wear, and do not suit slender purses, if being well-gloved is a consideration, as it should be.

I must tell you about a few stylish country dresses that are being worn at a gay party in a French château. Silks and satins for morning, however large the company, do not obtain—tailor-made gowns are adopted in preference. Looking round at the breakfast-table, you see nothing but heather mixtures—brown, red, blue, and green marbled cloths (they call them "crocodile" cloth)—so indescribably mingled, it is difficult to tell where one colour begins and the other ends. Only in a few instances are the fine, smooth-surfaced cloths now worn. In choosing take care that the material is light in weight as well as warm, for skirts unduly heavy are cumbersome to wear. Checks, if they are very large, are fashionable; the gun-shot check is the newest—brown, red, and blue the favourite mixtures, but these are more popular for jackets and ulsters than for dresses.

Serge is by no means out of favour. White serge costumes are braided in red or blue, and sometimes with both. Blue serge has white serge panels, white waistcoat, and cuffs, or you may substitute red for white. Narrow braid is better worn than wide. Spanish jackets are often seen over serge costumes, and are edged with buttons. Red dresses are worn again in serge, cashmere, and in soft silk for evening, but more perhaps in France than in England.

In the illustrations will be found examples of the materials and trimmings I have described above. The ladies in the skating scene are wearing fashionable mantles; the long pelisse on the skater is striped

ON THE ICE.

brown plush, trimmed with beads to match, and brown marabout; the stripes are Escalier Plush, which is woven to represent steps or ridges; the lining is striped amber and brown satin. The bonnet is brown felt bound with plush, and ornamented with shaded feathers and birds tipped with orange, for which red might be substituted if more becoming to the wearer.

The shorter mantle is of Kyrle cloth trimmed with silk astrakan and beads, which are tastefully made up into shaped ornaments combined with embroidery in wool. The principal trimming of the plush hat is at the back, which is the new French style. The skirt is a combination of plush and figured shaggy woollen, for rough surfaces are in favour.

The standing figure in the other illustration wears a velveteen dress of the new Ocean-blue, which is darker than turquoise and lighter than peacock—a lovely tint recalling both shades. The silk is combined with woollen lace embroidered in the same colour—the vandyked tablier, cuffs, and revers being of lace. The second dress is dark red plush and satin, with marabout bordering of the same rich colour.

OUR CO-OPERATIVE EVENING PARTY, AND HOW WE MANAGED IT.

BY HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ABOUT the middle of the month of August last past, three young ladies and their mother were seated in the "morning room" of a cheerful, if somewhat old-fashioned, country house, at work. Occupation of the fingers in no degree interfered with the movement of the tongues of the young ladies, who chattered merrily together. Their indulgent mother smiled occasionally as the conversation reached her sense of appreciation, for her thoughts were occupied by more serious subjects than anticipated parties or the local gossip in which her daughters were, for the time, interested.

The three girls were as different as any three daughters of the same parents could be in the same house, and under the same kindly influence. We will glance at them in turn, beginning with Caroline, the eldest. Miss Robertson was tall, slim, dark of hair, with handsome features; a wide, low forehead, and large brilliant "Irish-grey" eyes which sparkled with merriment at times. Lucy, the second daughter, was fairer than her sister; shorter, and slightly fuller in form, very sensitive and rather retiring—apt to yield to exterior influence, but wholly kind and generous. Georgina, the third sister, was as slim and lithe as Caroline, with brown hair, dark blue eyes, and a determined expression about the mouth, which denoted a strong will. All three were lady-like and pleasant-mannered girls, proud in their way, but gentlewomen in the truest sense of the term. Caroline was the artist, Lucy the musician, and practised the violin assiduously; while Georgie contented herself with lace-making and wood-carving in-doors, and riding, looking after the fowls and dogs, out of doors. She was peculiarly independent in speech and manners, and required to be "understanded of the people" before she could be appreciated.

The day was wet, and after a pause in the conversation, Lucy said—

"Mother, I wish you would give a party."

"A party, my dear?" echoed Mrs. Robertson. "It is impossible with our means to do any such thing. We must be content with our little social meetings this winter."

"But I do not mean a dancing party—not a great ball—only an evening party; a nice, quiet, sensible, 'jolly' evening party."

"Jolly, Lucy, is hardly the term," remarked Miss Robertson; "but I dare say it could be managed."

"Of course it could," said Georgie, firmly and shortly, as was her wont when speaking.

"There now, mother, you hear what Georgie says. We must have a party, and here comes Eleanor to discuss it."

Eleanor was Mrs. Mowbray, who had lately come to the neighbourhood, and had taken a great fancy to the Robertson girls, for she was young, good-natured, and musical as they.

"I've come to lunch if you will have me," she said. "Tom is away at some stupid meeting, and I hate a wet day. So I've come to inflict myself on you."

"Delighted you *have* come. We want your assistance. We are trying to persuade mamma to give a party."

"Quite right. I highly approve," replied Mrs. Mowbray. "I hope you intend to ask me—I'll play for you."

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Robertson; "I cannot afford it. An evening party, such as we *must* give, if we give one at all, is an expensive affair. We must not spend so much in mere amusement."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray, laying down her work in her lap and looking

round triumphantly. "We'll get up a co-operative party—take shares—and the Assembly Rooms—and have a joint-stock affair."

"My dear Eleanor," remonstrated Mrs. Robertson, "the Stores can do a great deal, but they cannot give our parties for us. No ; I can't consent to that."

The girls laughed merrily at the odd conjunction in Mrs. Robertson's usually clear mind, and Mrs. Mowbray said—

"The 'Stores' have nothing to say to it. We will take shares. I will put down ten pounds, or twenty, if necessary. You will put down a sum as well, what you think sufficient. I will sound the Ogilvies, the Ffrenches, and the Stamers. We will all subscribe, and ask a certain number of friends—appoint a committee, arrange the terms of band, supper, invitations, &c. &c.—in short, unite. We are none of us rich, and we may all have plenty of enjoyment at a very small cost."

"Eleanor, you are an angel!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Scarcely, my dear Lucy," replied her friend. "Will our plan suit Georgie?"

"Yes," she replied; "I don't see why it shouldn't."

"But the gentlemen?" suggested Caroline. "We have no brothers; mamma knows very few men about here ; and we must be careful."

"Why, there's your cousin Harry, and Captain Faithfull—Fred Faithfull, isn't it, Lucy?"

"Captain Faithfull's name is Frederick, I believe," replied Lucy, with a becoming blush—a quite unnecessary blush. "Harry will come if you ask him, Caroline."

"I think I will leave that to Georgie," replied Miss Robertson slily. "Shall I, Georgie?"

"I will write with pleasure," replied Georgie frankly. "I like Harry very much ; and, besides, I think he will be of use to us."

Mrs. Mowbray smiled. She admired the girl's fearless candour, and could not detect a shade of emotion in the quick, sensible face, or steady blue eyes of Georgie Robertson.

"Then we will begin our arrangements this afternoon," said Mrs. Mowbray. "Tom will tell me who to invite from the barracks, and I can find some eligible young civilians, I dare say. We will drive round and see the Ogilvies and Stamers after luncheon, girls."

A few suggestions were put down for consideration by the first committee, and while the number of guests to be invited was being talked over, the bell rang for luncheon.

"I will drive home as soon as possible while you change your gowns," said Mrs. Mowbray, who had assumed the leadership. "You can come to the Lindens for me. I will have the carriage ordered for half-past three, and we will commence operations at once. I am quite determined to make our co-operative party a real success."

The new proposal was again discussed at luncheon, and Mrs. Mowbray drove herself home to dress for her visiting expedition. The pony-carriage soon carried two of the Robertson girls to her house, and at three o'clock the party started on their round to fully organise the co-operative evening party, which was to make quite a sensation in the county town.

Lucy did not go out. She remained with her mother, and in her name wrote a nice little note to Captain Faithfull at Aldershot, which she put by to be posted with other notes of invitation should the canvass prove successful.

Whether it was or not will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE two young ladies found Mrs. Mowbray ready. The landau was at the door as the pony-carriage drove up the avenue to the Lindens, where their friend welcomed them warmly.

"You are good, punctual girls; and I am quite pleased with you," she said, laughing. "Georgie, that is a charming hat; you will quite captivate Gerald Ogilvie if he sees you."

"I'm sure I don't care about Mr. Ogilvie one pin," replied Georgie ; "but I am glad you like my hat. Where shall we go first?"

"To the Ogilvies, I think."

So the order was given, and the visit was paid with success number one, as Mrs. Mowbray put it, with only one drawback.

"My dears, we *must* ask the cousin. She is angular, dresses in blues and reds and greens—a perfect rainbow; but she will have to be invited. Now for the Stamers."

The Stamers made some difficulties; but the opposition only stimulated Mrs. Mowbray.

"We cannot have the public room," Mrs. Stamer had said. "The town is too far for *our* neighbours."

"Then 'our neighbours' need not come," said Georgie. "The people from our side will not refuse."

"Dear me, Miss Robertson!" began Mrs. Stamer, when Mrs. Mowbray interposed, and suggested that the matter should be left to the committee. "I am rather of your opinion," she continued, after a pause, "for an evening party in a large empty room will scarcely be comfortable."

It is not necessary that the various questions and suggestions should be mentioned in detail. Every one who has ever attempted a picnic on a large scale will easily imagine the many pros and cons which had to be discussed. The whole side of the county was exercised. Many young ladies and gentlemen were much interested, and hoped to be placed on the Executive Committee ; but Mrs. Mowbray knew what she was about. She made a very good selection, and appointed Captain Faithfull president. The arduous duties of that officer, so it was asserted, rendered him almost bald, so great was his anxiety to make ail straight.

A week passed. The committee was appointed. The Ogilvies, the Stamers, the Ffrenches, the Greys, Whites, Browns, and Blacks, all hoped to be included; while Mr. Brown, a contractor who had made an immense fortune and purchased a country seat, even

volunteered to let the festivity take place at his house, it being in a central situation.

Thus one stumbling-block had been removed; but the life of the committee was not a happy one. So many suggestions and amendments were made and moved that some of the party were tired of the business. However, the Misses Robertson persevered, Lucy being particularly anxious to finish the matter, and finally the following arrangements were made:—

Each family interested—there were eight: namely, the Robertsons, Mowbrays, Ogilvies, Ffrenches, Browns, Whites, Greys, and Blacks—put down five pounds. Mr. Brown provided the room.

Invitations were issued by these families through the secretary, each family having twenty persons on the list; and when any common friend was included in two lists, the name of a substitute was submitted to the committee for approval.

All names of gentlemen were likewise submitted, and invitations sent out in the name of the Executive Council by Mrs. Mowbray, the untiring secretary.

Lastly, the general invitations were limited to one hundred and sixty, but each member of the committee was permitted to introduce a lady or gentleman as she or he pleased, in addition to those invited by the family.

These arrangements made, the evening was fixed, and the neighbourhood was on the tip-toe of expectation. Many who had not received the desired notes were engaged in criticising the party, denouncing it as a "joint-stock affair," and predicting disappointment. But they were the individuals disappointed. Mr. Brown was in his glory; his daughters and his wife were beautifully arrayed, and all went well.

Captain Faithfull remained at the Mowbrays', and "Cousin Harry" came to stay with his aunt, and drove over with her and his cousins to the Lindens to pick up Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray and the captain. The house-party at the Browns' consisted of about thirty persons. The guests, as they arrived, were received by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Mowbray; the latter lady, having acted as secretary, was consequently acquainted with the guests.

As the parties arrived, it was very amusing to watch the various individuals who entered. Some had "come to scoff," but remained to enjoy themselves, and others were surprised to find the arrangements so harmonious. Others again had expected a fiasco. Was it possible that eight families who lived at such a distance from each other could in less than three weeks arrange and carry out such a perfect *réunion?* In this case co-operation had distinguished itself. Each family had undertaken one portion of the entertainment, and had submitted the arrangements and estimates to the Executive Committee. Thus the musical arrangements, the flowers and general decoration of the rooms, and the supper, were each delegated to sub-committees of ladies who, with some masculine assistance, made the arrangements and saw them carried out after approval by the executive.

The result was almost perfection. There was not a hitch in the programme, and every one was pleased with the friendliness and good-humour, the tasteful decorations, and the graceful tact, which succeeded in putting every one at ease. In cases where partners were required, the introductions were effected by Mrs. Mowbray; and where any rivalry was feared, or chance meetings dreaded, the danger was removed by the same kindly hand.

Mrs. Robertson was greatly pleased. She had all the credit, with her daughters, of initiating a novel form of evening party without much expense, and had pleased her friends. An extract from two conversations which came afterwards to our ears may interest young lady readers, and prove the success of the evening.

"Cousin Harry" was sitting by his repressive Cousin Georgie.

"There was only one drawback," he said; "I wanted more of your society."

"It was your own fault, then," she replied; "why didn't you have it?"

"You *do* care for me a little, then, Georgie?"

"No," she replied; but she smiled as she perceived his countenance change.

"I had hoped you liked me very much, dear," he replied; "but as you say you do not——"

"I never said so. I said I did not like you a *little*."

"Then you *do* care for me—as I care for you, Georgie?"

"Yes," she answered honestly. "But here is mamma. We must go home."

The other fragment was to the following effect:—

"Yes, my dear Lucy. I am sure Captain Faithfull has behaved in all things like a gentleman, and I will see him to-morrow with pleasure—if you desire it."

Was it any wonder that, when Mrs. Robertson at length retired to rest, she regarded the co-operative evening party as a great success?

* * * * *

Since then we have arranged two other parties on the same lines, but with a greater number of subscribers of less sums. No difficulty need be encountered if care be taken in the selection of the committee. Ladies may unite and give a party with a very small expenditure of money; and a large number of friends may be pleasantly and rationally entertained with music, part songs, and solo-singing, and in other ways, without the waste or extravagance which too often accompanies large evening parties. One's own servants can be utilised instead of hired waiters, for instance; and much anxiety may be avoided by employing such trustworthy aid.

The expenses of our first party amounted to nearly forty pounds: eight subscribers at five pounds each. The tea and coffee and light supper from a local pastry-cook were obtained at the rate of five shillings a head. Musicians were hired (four players) for three pounds. Mrs. Mowbray, after paying all expenses, had about fifteen shillings in hand for committee purposes; and we consider our co-operative evening parties quite a pleasant and popular series of entertainments for the winter.

MY COURTSHIP.

FIRST CHAPTER.

IT is not so very long ago that I was married, after an engagement of two years, and I am thankful to say that my courtship, properly speaking, has never ceased, for my husband and I are lovers still, and I trust we shall be to the end of our lives. So many different opinions exist as to whether the period of courtship before marriage is or is not a happy time, that I feel impelled to tell my experience, and say how I found it. No doubt I was specially favoured in some respects if not in others, and, since there is a crook in every lot, I consider that I had nothing to complain of.

You must understand from the beginning that my Charlie is one of the best men that ever lived; not faultless, of course, any more than you or I; and I don't suppose I should have liked him, or he me, if either of us had been always perfect and always exactly in the right.

I was the second girl at home in a family of six; the two boys were the eldest, and went to business rather early; then came Lizzie, who, being the first girl, was very much thought of both by father and mother, whilst I and my next sister, Constance, were the rank and file, well taken care of, properly educated, and provided with everything we could want, but still not exactly in Lizzie's position. When Connie was seven years old another little sister was born, who was named Rose, and speedily became everybody's pet and darling.

Charlie Sumner was the only brother of one of Lizzie's school-friends, and when we moved from the North to Kensington she speedily came to call, escorted by him. He was about three-and-twenty, and father gave him a sort of general invitation, and so it came to pass that we saw him on an average once every week or ten days, either with or without his sister, Clara, who was fond of Lizzie, and would have very much liked her for a sister-in-law.

Lizzie, however, had her own views, and when Charlie came, usually contrived to vanish, and intimated very plainly that, while polite and friendly to every one who came to the house, she was not going to allow any young man to pay her the attentions and compliments likely to develop into love-making. Mother aided and abetted her, partly because all that Lizzie did was right in her eyes, and partly because she had a shrewd suspicion about her eldest daughter's heart, and felt sure that if the right person never came forward to claim it she would be the old maid of the family; and, as she was not a mother very anxious to see her girls married, the prospect was not one that gave her any anxiety.

I happened to be the only one of us who played chess well enough to satisfy father, whose sight was failing, and who looked forward to this recreation on long winter evenings with considerable pleasure. So it came to pass that, unless other friends came in who liked to play, I often found myself one of the *partie carrée* at the four-handed chess-table, and sometimes had father and sometimes Charlie as my partner, as mother played too good a game to be allowed the same partner on all occasions.

It was on my eighteenth birthday, the sixth of March, that Charlie gave the first indication of showing me any preference, after at least six months' acquaintance. He brought me a large bunch of Nea-

politan violets, and seemed very much pleased when, after putting most of them in water, I picked out a few and fastened them into the front of my dress. Father looked quite surprised, and for the first time seemed to realise that his second daughter, Mary, was a woman grown, and likely to attract attention. I believe, too, that in his heart of hearts he was a little bit annoyed that Lizzie had not received any bouquet from Mr. Sumner on her birthday, a month previously, though of course he did not say so.

From that day forth Charlie showed plainly enough that if I would allow him he would bring me a good many flowers, and, as I really liked him very much indeed, I took care not to go out on any evening when he was likely to come in, and did not mind letting him see *sometimes* that I was glad he did come. And one morning when father called me into his study and handed me a letter in which Charlie formally asked permission to speak to me, and explained his prospects of being able to keep a wife in comfort, I was not overmuch surprised, though I sang "Jubilate" in my heart, and felt sure that I was going to be a very happy girl.

Connie cried because she did not like the idea of losing her "chum," but Lizzie gave her a kiss and said she quite wanted a companion, and felt rather one by herself very often; and mother hugged me with the emotion that mothers feel when they know that the first bird is about to leave the nest and enter on the experience which, though old to them, is ever new.

I was in the garden when Charlie came that evening, and he joined me out there, and it was some time before we went in, and then we lingered in the small conservatory till I heard mother's voice in the drawing-room asking for something, and Connie saying that Mary knew where it was, but she didn't. We took it as a signal to go in, but we both felt awkward and nervous, and I don't quite know what anybody said or did, except that mother gave Charlie a kiss as a mark of favour and acceptance, and father gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and there was almost a little break in his kind voice, and somehow there was moisture in the air, and—well, the supper bell was welcome to every one, though it was very seldom in our healthy, hungry household that so little was eaten. The boys, however, did their duty, though they had not much to say, their superiority as elders having for once deserted them.

The time that ensued was not without its embarrassments. Mrs. Sumner, who was a widow, and Clara, came in a kind yet rather formal way to call on us, and I felt sure both of them wished that Lizzie had been Charlie's choice instead of me; but no one could be nicer than Mrs. Sumner was to mother, and Clara was very pleasant. They asked us—that is, father, mother, and me—to dinner, and said we should meet Mr. John Sumner, who had acted as the widow's trustee and Charlie's guardian till he came of age, and one or two other relatives. I felt that an introduction to the family of my *fiancé* was rather formidable, but dear mother got me a pretty new dress, a grey Irish poplin, and had it beautifully made, and was even rather extravagant in the way of gloves and flowers and etceteras for me. She said it was due to the Sumners that I should not only look as nice as possible, but also pay them the compliment of a rather careful toilette, showing that I wished to please, and was solicitous of their favourable opinion.

They, on their part, paid us the compliment of a rather elaborate but by no means a heavy dinner, and every one was very kind to me, and implied by their manner that they were pleased with the alliance; for my parents were people of remarkably good birth and breeding, though by no means so rich as the Sumners.

Of course there was a similar dinner at our house a week or two later, but, though there was good feeling among us all, there was no gush, nor did there seem to be much approach to intimacy.

Mother thought this was just as well, and would tend to promote mutual respect. It was evident that Mrs. Sumner did not mean to interfere, or force her advice either on her son or me. She was a woman of the world, leading a full, active, busy life, and realising that every one ought to go his own way and not be dependent on others. Charlie adored her, and all his relatives said that her husband did the same when he was alive; and mother would have it that it was because she was so unexacting, and—to borrow a simile—held her son, as she had her husband, with a perfectly loose rein.

Charlie having already a good income from his business, besides other property, would have liked an early marriage; but my parents were agreed that a girl ought not to be married before she was twenty, and, indeed, our engagement was ultimately prolonged till I was six months older than that.

We did not meet every day, for Charlie had no idea of deserting his own home, and besides, mother said, even lovers must be reasonable. Sometimes he used to get concert tickets, never less than three and often four, and he would take Clara and me, or sometimes Lizzie and mother, and delightful evenings we had. And in the same way we had happy Saturday afternoons at the Crystal Palace, and went to the flower shows there and at the Horticultural and Botanic Gardens. We—that is, Charlie and I—enjoyed ourselves best when four of us went together, but I never went out with him without some one else belonging to one family or the other.

Mrs. Sumner never had a party of any kind without inviting me, during those two years, and she always introduced me so kindly to every one worth knowing, and was so careful of my comfort and pleasure, that I grew very fond of her, though she was not the woman to pretend that I was as dear to her as her own child, or to expect me to behave to her as if she were my own mother.

No relation of ours ever came to stay without being called on and invited by Mrs. Sumner, and mother was scrupulous in doing the same towards her friends and connections. She said these little politenesses oiled the wheels of life and made them run smoothly, and time has proved how right she was.

Charlie gave me a lovely engagement ring, a half-hoop of whole pearls, which was very valuable, but he insisted that I should not buy anything for him. I had some onyx studs which were in my cuffs on that memorable eighteenth birthday, and he asked for those, and wears them to this day. I don't know how many pairs he has not given me since. If we were going out anywhere in an evening, he always sent me a few flowers for my hair or dress, and he brings them home for me still; but he never wasted money on elaborate bouquets, where the poor blossoms are killed by wires thrust through their very hearts.

He often brought a nice book, and would read aloud to Connie and me in our own little sanctum, where we both stitched busily at such portions of my trousseau and plenishing as were made at home; and, in summer time, he played tennis with us on the lawn, or we went to his mother's tennis parties, and in this way we became companions to each other and learned a great deal about one another's thoughts and tastes. When I see engaged couples who have nothing to talk about, I think they can never have read a book or shared any intellectual pleasure together.

Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon Charlie would take his sister and me to Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's, to hear some noted preacher, and at other times, after the ordinary evening service at our own church, he came home with us and had supper, or his mother would take me back with her, saying that Charlie could be trusted to walk home with me after supper; but on those occasions he never came in for more than a minute or two, because he would have considered it taking a liberty to stay late on the evening of a day consecrated to rest and quiet.

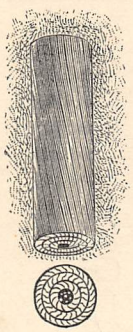
So, you see, we were a pair of lovers who did not bore either of our families, or make any difference to the accustomed routine of either one household or the other.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A New Wire Rope.

In the ordinary wire rope a number of wires are wound together round a centre forming a strand, and a number of these strands are similarly wound round a centre, thus forming the rope. The outside twists are longer than the central core, and the latter is therefore considered less reliable than the outside in bearing the stress upon the rope. A new kind of rope, called the locked-coil rope, has recently been brought out, and is illustrated in the accompanying figure in perspective and cross-section. The wires composing the rope are made of such a shape as to fit into each other round the core, thus building up a solid sheath of metal in the manner shown. The rope is, therefore, smooth externally, and it is also flexible as well as strong. The flexibility is increased by using smaller wires and more of them. The section shows a telegraph core with copper conductors in the black insulator. Strength for strength, the new rope weighs much less than the old forms. A new rope, 3 inches in girth, is said to weigh 13¼ lbs. per fathom, and to be equal to a 4-inch old rope weighing 18½ lbs. per fathom.



A Photographic Tricycle.

The camera has been applied to a tricycle by a well-known firm of cycle machinists. The black chamber is mounted on a spherical universal joint, permitting it to take up any position when the tricyclist stops in his course and takes a rapid photograph of any bit of scenery that strikes his fancy. Each box encloses six plates, 6½ inches by 4¾ inches in size. Amateur photographers given to tricycling will appreciate this combination of appliances. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stevens, who is now on a tricycling tour round the world, has provided himself with a camera.

A Cure for Chilblains.

A new drug, prepared from the dry milk of a Persian plant, is being administered with success as a cure for chilblains and chapped hands. It stimulates the blood in the extremities, especially when taken after waking in the morning on an empty stomach. The drug is given in small doses in the form of pills.

A Fancy Clock.

A novel form of clock has recently been designed: the face taking the form of a tambourine decorated with a wreath of twelve flowers at equal distances apart. These mark the hours, and over them glide two gaily-painted butterflies, one larger than the other. These are the hands, the larger indicating the minutes, the smaller the hours. The works are concealed behind the tambourine, and the motions of the butterflies, which are made of magnetic metal, are produced by magnets carried on the arms forming the real hands of the clock. Another clock worthy of mention is exhibited in a well-known West-end clock-maker's window. It is a framed and coloured photograph of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, with a real

dial let into the tower to represent "Big Ben." The dial is very small, to match the photograph, nevertheless it keeps good time.

A Balloon Camera.

Our illustration represents the arrangement of the instantaneous photographic camera employed by M. Gaston Tissandier in his recent balloon excursion from Paris to the neighbourhood of Rheims. During the trip many photographs of the country below were taken, some showing the details of the Seine very distinctly; and it is thought that the method will ultimately become very useful, not only in military reconnaissance, but in the preliminary surveys of a country for engineering or geographical purposes. At a height of 600 metres a balloon need not fear artillery fire, yet some of M. Tissandier's pictures were taken at a height of 1,000 to 1,100 metres. The camera is operated by the pneumatic pump shown in the engraving. A good light is indispensable for the production of clear photographs, but the travelling motion of the balloon does not seem to affect them. It is necessary, however, that the operator should keep perfectly still, as the car should not oscillate at the moment of exposure of the plate. Amongst the views taken during the ascent, the most perfect are those obtained while the rays of the sun fell directly on the city of Paris. The experience of the voyage, according to M. Tissandier, is that, on the whole, photographs may be obtained in a balloon as beautiful and clear as the best produced on *terra firma*. The impressions were taken on very sensitive gelatine plates.

An Electric Safety-Lamp.

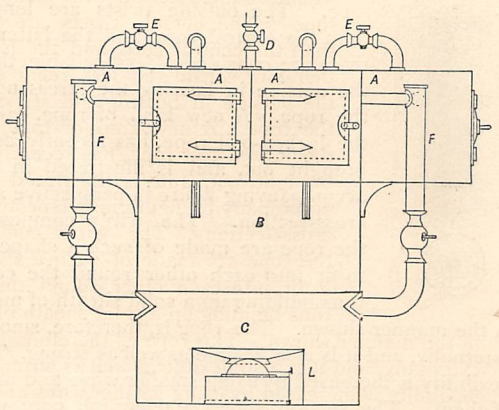
Mr. J. W. Swan, the well-known electrician, exhibited a very compact little electric miner's safety-lamp at the British Association meeting in Aberdeen last September. The lamp consists of a small Swan incandescent lamp, together with a secondary battery to supply the electricity, enclosed in a suitable box. The weight of lamp and battery is $6\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., the case containing the cells measuring 8×4 inches. A light of half a standard candle is given by the lamp for twelve hours, or three-fourths of a candle for eight hours. The lamp requires no air to make a light, and the connections are arranged with great care to make it as safe as possible. With a Fleuss breathing-dress and one of these electric lamps, Mr. Swan thought that the work of exploration in mines could be successfully carried on. The cost of the lamp would, he estimated, be about three times that of an ordinary safety-lamp. Several miner's safety-lamps, worked by electricity, have been devised before, but that of Mr. Swan appears to be very neat and light. He announced, at the meeting in question, that a number of them are to be manufactured for possible use.

Refining Sugar by Electricity.

Professor Friend has applied the electric current to the refinement of sugar. The details of his process are not yet disclosed, but it is electro-chemical in its nature, and dispenses with boiling and the use of animal charcoal. No syrups or soft sugars are produced, all the saccharine matter being turned out as hard sugar. Such is the account given of the results; but until further particulars are published it would be premature to say more.

A Domestic Food-Preserver.

A process, quite usable in private houses, has been introduced for preserving food by the displacement of the air in food-chambers by carbon dioxide, monoxide of hydrogen, nitrogen, and other gaseous antiseptics. The simplest form of the apparatus for small house-



holds, hotels, and restaurants, is as follows:—Several small chambers, containing the meat or vegetables to be preserved, are arranged round a water-vessel, and under the latter is a chamber with a lamp burning pure paraffin, or other liquid hydro-carbon. This is connected by a pipe with the meat-chambers, and these again are connected with the upper part of the water-vessel. When the lamp is lighted the water is allowed to flow out of the vessel, producing suction which draws the air out of the food-chambers, and the

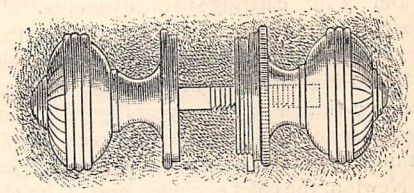
gaseous products from the burning lamp into them. These gases, being inoxidisable, preserve the food from decomposition, according to the statement of the inventor, for several months. In hot climates the water-vessel can be made to produce carbon dioxide by chemical action, and this gas utilised to preserve the edibles. The accompanying woodcut shows the disposition of the parts with the connecting pipes and stop-cocks. Here A A A A are the series of food-preserving chambers set round the water-cistern B, which is immediately over the lamp-chamber C, where the lamp L is placed. An inlet pipe, D, lets the water into the cistern, and an outlet pipe (not shown) lets it out at will. Other pipes, E E, allow the air to escape from the meat-chambers as the water flows out of the cistern, and the gases from the burning lamp pass into the meat-chambers by the pipes, F F. The food-chambers are fitted with doors, as shown in the figure.

Cocoaine in Sea-Sickness.

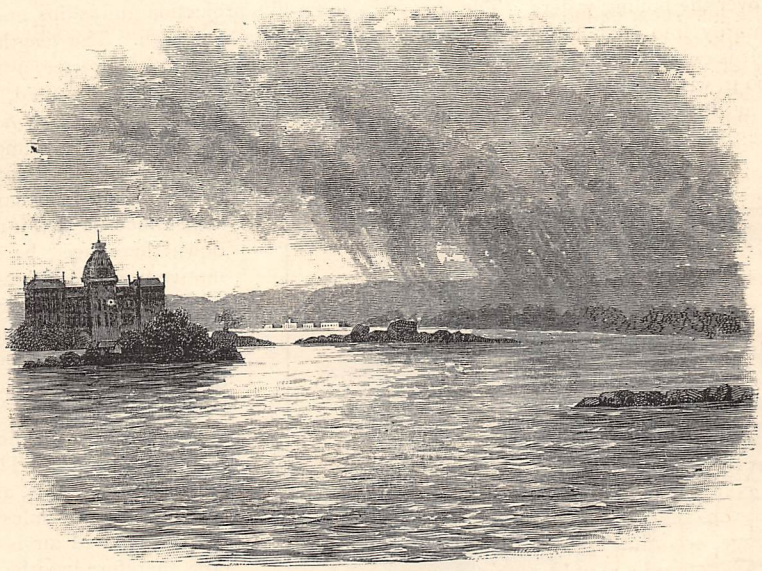
Dr. Manassein, of St. Petersburg, having read of the efficacy of "cocoainum muriaticum" in certain cases of vomiting, has tested its value as a preventive of sea-sickness during a recent trip at sea. Among his fellow-passengers were a man and woman very prone to the malady; but after giving them every two or three hours a tea-spoonful of the following mixture—muriate of cocoaine, 0·15; rectified spirits of wine, a sufficient quantity; and water, 150 parts—they were free from sea-sickness for the first time in their lives, although the sea was very rough for forty-eight hours. The doses were administered on starting, and continued at intervals during the trip. A child six years old, who was attacked by sickness on rising in the morning, was also treated to one tea-spoonful in two doses during the first half-hour, and half a tea-spoonful every three hours afterwards. A girl of eighteen, who had been sick for twenty-four hours before the drug was given, had a double dose every half-hour, and after the sixth dose she jested and began to complain of hunger. Dr. Manassein comes to the conclusion that the cocoaine is a harmless and good remedy for sea-sickness.

A New Door-Handle.

Our figure illustrates a new door-handle which can be fixed to the door without screws entering the wood. The knob is firmly fixed to the spindle, and a close adjustment is secured without any strain upon the



wood of the door, and in a very short time. The device has been on view at the International Inventions Exhibition during the past summer, and was awarded a prize medal. Considering that so many door-handles are apt to work loose or come off altogether, one that will hold fast or be easily tightened and removed would be a decided advantage.



HELL GATE, NEW YORK.

The Largest Explosion on Record.

The breaking up of Flood Rock, a solid barrier of nine acres, which obstructed the channel of Hell Gate, New York, was successfully accomplished on Saturday,

October 10 last, by means of explosives fired by electricity. Thousands of people assembled along the shores to view the spectacle, which was a very picturesque one. The nine acres of rock were honeycombed by cells containing over 300,000 lbs. of explosives, including 75,000 lbs. of No. 1 dynamite, and 240,000 lbs. of "rack-a-rock," a powerful mixture of potash and denitro-benzali. The rock had been pierced from below with four miles of tunnelling in galleries, the floors of which were from 50 to 64 ft. below the mean level of the water at low tide. The partition walls between these chambers were 10 to 24 ft. thick. Nearly 14,000 holes of an average depth of 9 ft. had been drilled into the rock from the galleries, and then loaded with 6 lb. cartridges of rack-a-rock, and 3 lb. cartridges of dynamite. These cartridges were all connected by wires to a battery so as to be exploded simultaneously by a single electric spark. When Halletts Reef in the same channel was destroyed in a similar way nine years ago, the blast was the largest ever accomplished ; but the recent explosion was six times larger. A little girl of eleven, daughter of General Newton, the chief engineer, pressed an electric key with her fingers, completed the circuit of the battery, and fired the mine. A dull rumble was heard, and then a mighty column of water nine acres in area rose 200 ft. into the air and descended in hills of foam, a great wave splashed on the shores, and a cloud of yellow gases hung over the boiling waters. The spectators burst involuntarily into a shout of admiration, and all was over. It is expected that the channel when cleared will be 1,200 ft. wide and 26 ft. deep, suitable for ocean steamers at all tides, but it will probably take two years to remove the broken rocks.

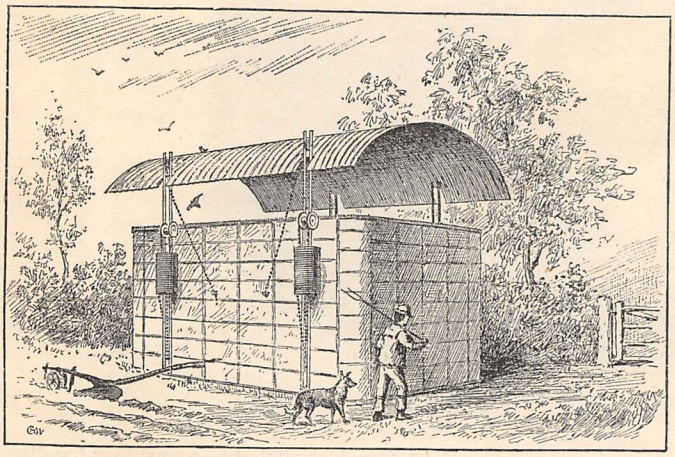


FIG. 1.

An Iron Silo.

An iron silo which can be converted into a granary, cow-shed, or other useful iron structure was recently exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Show, Preston. The figure shows the silo in perspective. The galvanised iron roof is capable of being raised or lowered by the chains and pulleys. Fig. 2 shows the silo in transverse section, with the "pressure beams" for giving continuous pressure to the ensilage. In this figure, A indicates the galvanised sheets of the body of the silo, B the pressure beams, C the guides for the beams, F the cast-iron weights, and G the chains, for conveying pressure from the weights to the pressure beams ; L is the corrugated roof with the chains, M, for lifting it. Being very strong these silos are durable, and being of iron they are fire-proof. The sides are made of galvanised iron sheets fixed to angle irons. The silo shown is 16 ft. long by 10 ft. 8 in. wide, and 10 ft. high. It is capable of holding 35 tons of ensilage.

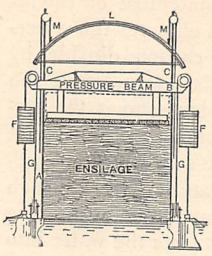


FIG. 2.

The Submarine Boat.

Mr. Nordenfeldt, the inventor of the Nordenfeldt gun, has designed a submarine vessel for naval operations, such as the planting of mines and torpedoes, besides other more peaceful purposes. The boat is of steel, and it is stated that during recent trials in Denmark it worked very satisfactorily. It is of a cigar-shape with a coffin-like projection amidships, and a glass dome or look-out one foot high. The length of the hull is 64 feet, and the central diameter 9 feet. It is sunk below the surface, when required, by vertical propellers, which work the boat up or down ; the buoyancy being first slightly reduced by taking in about 1 cwt. of sea-water. On stopping the vertical propellers the boat can rise of itself to the surface, so that if the engines break down there need be no danger. The motive-power is steam, which, when the vessel is preparing for a submarine trip, is accumulated in the boiler till a pressure of 150 lbs. per square inch is obtained. The boat can, it is stated, be driven for sixteen miles at a speed of three knots per hour under water with this pressure. The surface speed is about eight knots, and the boat has been run for 150 miles without coaling. No compressed air is carried, and the crew therefore breathe the air enclosed in the hull, which is sufficient to supply four men for six hours without any special inconvenience.

A New Dynamo.

At the International Inventions Exhibition there was on view a novel form of dynamo, invented by Professor George Forbes, and named the "non-polar" dynamo, perhaps because there is no external magnetic polarity appreciable, all the magnetism being confined to the interior of the machine. As the dynamo gives superior

results, especially in electro-deposition, we will explain its peculiar construction. The action is based on the principle of the well-known electrical toy known as Barlow's Wheel. This is shown in Fig. 1, where W is a metal wheel or disc revolving on a spindle between the two poles of a magnet, N S. As

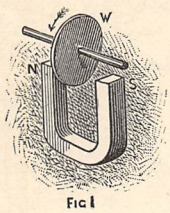


Fig 1

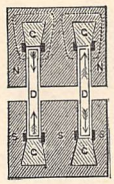


Fig 2

the disc cuts the lines of magnetism between the two poles N S, a current of electricity is excited in it, and this current can be led away by a wire, touching the disc at its centre and at its circumference. For the centre contact the axle itself may be used if it is of metal. Now, suppose that instead of having merely the two poles, N S, we had a whole circle of poles round the disc, north poles (N) on one side, and south poles (S) on the other, and a wire in contact with the whole circumference of the disc, while the spindle formed the other contact of the wire, we should in such a case obtain a much greater quantity of current from the disc. This is in substance what Professor Forbes has done in his new dynamo. He employs one or two large discs of iron, D D (Fig. 2), mounted on a spindle, and rapidly rotated in a magnetic field produced in a large body of iron, N N, S S, by coils of wire, C C C C, traversed by an electric current. The iron discs rotating in the enclosed magnetic field have an electric current excited in them, which is drawn off at the spindle and the circumferences of the discs by wires, and used for electrotyping. In some forms of the machine the disc takes the form of a cylinder of iron, and the contact is made with its circumference by means of a ring of carbon connected to the wire in question. Carbon or iron makes a good clean rubbing contact, and Professor Forbes proposes to use it for the copper "brushes" now so much used in drawing off currents from the commutators of ordinary dynamos. If it answers there it may be a good improvement, as the present copper brushes wear a good deal. The current obtained from such a machine has a low electromotive force, but a large quantity, and is therefore suited for electrotyping; but by building up the armature of concentric shells of iron connected together in a particular manner, Professor Forbes hopes also to obtain an electromotive force suitable for electric lighting.

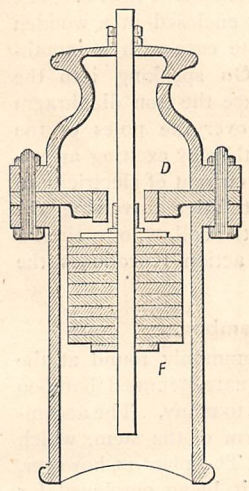
New Varieties of Christmas Gifts.

A Christmas "card," which at the same time conveys a seasonable greeting and a lasting memento of the sender, has been brought out by the London Stereoscopic Company. It consists of a portrait of the sender, permanently printed by the carbon process on porcelain or ivory, and coloured with all the delicacy and beauty of a miniature. The portrait is mounted, and on the mount is inscribed some appropriate and timely greeting. To those at a distance from home or dear ones, this latest application of photography will be very welcome.

Of Christmas cards, the variety becomes every year more and more bewildering; not only does the style vary, but the shape too, screens, fans, envelopes, and portfolios, all being pressed into the service. Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have struck a new vein this year, in their reproductions of pictures by Fra Angelico at Florence. Angels, single and in groups, in the most delicate colouring, stand out on golden mounts, in all the beauty of the great Florentine's paintings, forming a most appropriate and beautiful means of conveying a Christmas wish. Wedgwood cameos, Thames views, and yachting sketches, old china, and flowers in clusters, wreaths and sprays, are only a few of this firm's subjects; to mention all would be impossible in the space at our disposal. A special word of notice, however, is due to Mr. Walter Crane's portfolio of "Winged Wishes," containing a series of four plates drawn in his well-known style. Another work by this artist, "Slate and Pencilvania," describing the adventures of a boy in Figure-land, is issued with their Christmas and New Year cards by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., together with two other Christmas books with coloured illustrations of a most attractive and beautiful order. One of these is "Punch and Judy," by a well-known writer in our own pages, Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who contributes several songs to the work; and the other, the story of "The Three Fairy Princesses," Snow-white, the Sleeping Beauty, and Cinderella, retold by Eliza Keary.

A Sanitary Valve.

Enteric fever sometimes arises from foul gases which escape from the service pipes into a house, and Dr. Swete has designed the valve which we illustrate in order to prevent this occurrence. The gases get into the pipes while the latter are partially empty on the main being turned off, and can sometimes be heard hissing in a house. If these gases were pure air no harm would be done, but it would appear that sometimes this is not the case. The valve shown is of simple construction: a conical float, F, pressing against an elastic diaphragm, D, at low pressure, and when the water falls the float falls with it, admitting air into the pipe and preventing the vacuum or partial vacuum in the latter, which is the cause of foul gases being forced into it from without by way of faulty joints and taps. In this way Dr. Swete seeks to remedy the evil of infectious exhalations getting



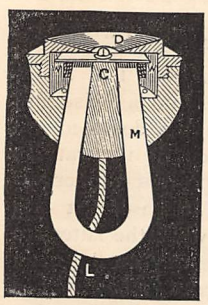
into dwellings when the water is cut off, and afterwards let on. A modified form of the valve has also been designed for high-pressure pipes.

The New Star.

Every one has been talking of the new star which has been discerned in the Andromeda nebula. The nebula in question is said to have shown signs of unusual brightness lately, and at length a bright stellar point has been discovered in it. Whether the appearance of the new star will support the nebular hypothesis of Laplace it is premature to say at present; but it is, nevertheless, a most interesting phenomenon, which will engage the attention of astronomers for some time to come. There is some reason to believe that the stellar point is what is known as a variable star: that is to say, it shines out brightly at intervals of time, and though recently discovered it may have been seen before. It may be mentioned that the distance of the nebula is such that the phenomenon recently discovered must have happened thousands of years ago, although light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. The discovery was apparently first made by Dr. Hartwig, of Dorpat. The star has been seen by the aid of an opera-glass in the middle of the misty spot of light in the Andromeda nebula.

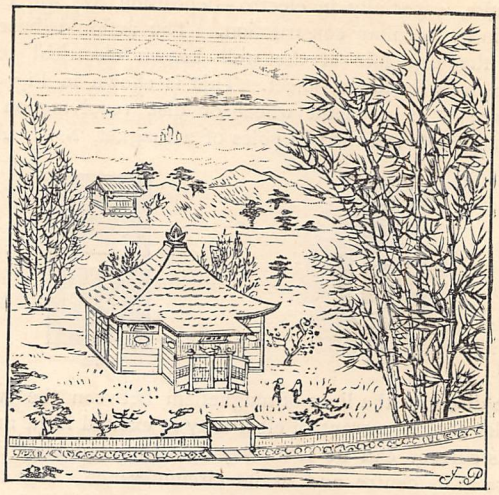
A New Magnetic Telephone.

The figure illustrates a new magnetic telephone in sectional view. It is the device of Mr. W. E. Irish, an electrician, and its chief feature consists in fixing the iron plate or diaphragm D, at its centre C, between the poles of a horseshoe magnet, M. These poles are both surrounded by a coil of wire, W, put in circuit with the telephone line, L. The whole is enclosed in a wooden or ebonite case with a mouthpiece. On speaking into the mouthpiece the iron diaphragm vibrates over the poles of the magnet, thereby exciting an undulatory current of electricity in the coil, W, and this current, after traversing the telephone line, passes through the coil, W, of a similar instrument, and by a reverse action reproduces the original sounds.



The Square Bamboo.

Canes and grasses are so commonly round at the stem, that the existence of a square-stemmed bamboo in China and Japan will be news to many. The accompanying woodcut shows the form of the stem, which has a picturesque appearance. The plant is, however, useful as well as ornamental, it being employed for walking-sticks, ink-slabs, pipe-stems, and so on. Some varieties of the stem are square, others have slightly rounded edges; and it has been observed that the stem is rounder in its earlier stages of growth. It grows in the provinces of Honan, Szechuen, Yunnan, and



Hunan; and it is cultivated for ornamental gardens and temple courts. There is a legend in connection with it that Ko Hung, the most famous of the alchemists (who flourished in the fourth century), once thrust his chopsticks, which were slender bamboo rods pared square, into the ground of a spiritual monastery near that city, and caused them to take root, and appear as a square variety of bamboo.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

After a careful perusal of the One Hundred and Eighteen MSS. sent in Competition for the Prize of Five Guineas, the Editor begs to announce that the Prize has been adjudicated to the Story entitled

"IN ROTHA CHESTER'S HONEYMOON,"

By Miss MARIAN PENDLEBURY, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire.

The Editor has especial pleasure in testifying to an unusual average of excellence in the Stories submitted for this Competition. Among those entitled to Honourable Mention are the following, in order of merit:—

MOST HIGHLY COMMENDED:—

"Flit," by Mrs. PRICHARD, St. Helier's, Jersey.
"She's Coming," by Mrs. MOORSOM, Onslow Crescent, London, S.W.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED:—

"Married," by Miss ALICE ANN BROWN, Rotherham.
"Artiste," by Miss A. E. HOLDSWORTH, Sutton, Surrey.

The following are generally COMMENDED:—

"Ennui House," by Miss FRANCES E. AXTENS, Bath; "Christian's Ambition," by LADY CARMARTHEN, Solberge, Northallerton; "The Newnhams and the Spencers," by Miss F. FREEMAN, Norwich; "A Story of Six Years," by Miss K. F. SAINSBURY, Cambridge; "Mr. Pilbeam's Love-Story," by Mr. G. B. BURGIN, Fortis Green, London, N.; "Buried Alive," by Mr. W. BELL THOMSON, Clifton, Bristol; "Horace Reed's Inheritance," by Mr. W. J. LACEY, Chesham, Bucks; "For the Sake of her Dead Love," by Mrs. ROACH, Clifton, Bristol; "Was it Retribution?" by Mrs. COMPSTON, Taunton; "In Answer to an Advertisement," by K. EYRE, Peckham Rye, S.E.; "At a Dead-Lock," by Miss M. HARVEY, Scarborough; "Not their Fault," by Miss E. T. DEWHURST, Bradford, Yorkshire.

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MORE FAREWELLS THAN ONE.

MEMORY has a trick of placing her pegs so irregularly, especially in the brains of the young, and hanging upon them incidents so detached from their surroundings, that while the afternoon recorded still stands vividly in the foreground of Sydney's young days, its sequence of events faded clean out of mind; perhaps because changes came thick and fast just then.

In point of fact, however, when the child had strayed among the fruit-trees long enough, according to her calculations, to dry off the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and hide these signs of woe from Taffy's sharp eyes; and when she returned through the back door of the cottage, between the wash-tubs on their settles and the wheelbarrow poised for the night on what she called "its hind legs," to the flag-floored room where tea was mostly ready by this hour, she found, indeed, the meal prepared, but, for a wonder, left unguarded, while, taking joyful advantage of this negligence, a marauding puss from a neighbouring establishment was seated on the table, and both the natural guardians of these viands were standing far down the path by the gate, talking to no other than Havens, the Guyswick coachman.

"Papa! Where's papa?" cried Sydney, running ›rward. "Is he come for me?"

An instant silence fell upon the group. Then nurse, shaking her head at the others, came forward, explaining that Mr. Alwyn hadn't come, but "her little niss had got to go home."

"So come along and let you an' me get your things packed up, my deary," said the old woman, in rather a quavering voice ("Nurse doesn't like my going," thought the child, and coaxed the old wrinkled hand caressingly); and together the two speedily collected the small wardrobe, though Taffy was so absent-minded she had to open the bag half a dozen times for articles well-nigh forgotten. Then she hugged Sydney wonderfully tight, and kept close, though somewhat trembling, hold of the child as they left the tiny white-walled sleeping-room, not loosing her till she was safely bestowed in her nook by Havens' side, and ready to start.

John Lewis and his wife talked, low-voiced, to the man to the last moment. Maybe they never noticed a small hand stretched out, anxious for farewell, for with puzzled aspect they only drew back, nodding to her as the pony trotted off, and for the first time she left them without a posy in her lap, or a cheery "Mind you come and see us again soon, Miss Sydney, dear." But nurse seemed crying, and this tribute of love supplied all other omissions.

"I'll tell papa you say I cost nothing to keep, so he'll let me come back, Taffy, darling!" cried Sydney, and did just wonder, with ever so brief a pang, when, instead of the hearty responding "Ay, that's right, do!" they only signed a last good-bye, and all turned slowly towards the cottage, talking so intently they never saw the smile she twisted round to spend on them while their forms were visible.

But the getting home and the next few weeks were altogether so strange that these first signs of something unusual afloat were blotted out, and so failed to furnish warning of what came later on as most unwelcome knowledge. For her father, Havens said, was away still; and he was very ill, so Miss Foster, Leonora's governess, further informed her as soon as she reached home. And Mrs. Alwyn was away. "Gone to him?" Miss Foster wasn't sure. She supposed so; very likely they would hear to-morrow. And to-morrow, from somewhere, came orders for the children to travel to London, the governess with them.

Long did Sydney remember that journey, principally by reason of the overpowering hunger she suffered through its tedious length, and the disappointment that met her at its end. For cook, for some unexplained cause, declined to send up a schoolroom dinner before they started (she said she hadn't time, though that was clearly an unkind invention, since, as the carriage bore the children from Guyswick, the recalcitrant domestic was plainly visible in company with two housemaids, a groom, and a gardener, unblushingly feasting off the early strawberries, and to all seeming jauntily enjoying unlimited leisure and liberty!) and Miss Foster coldly turned a deaf ear to suggestions of biscuits by Leonora; and at the end of all those weary miles there was yet no father!

Instead of his presence ensued a most uncomfortable, dreary month at lodgings, the governess still in not very amiable or willing charge—Mrs. Alwyn sometimes with them, oftener away, always in a mood varying between hysteria and ill-temper. Then, after the transacting, apparently, of much business—for backwards and forwards to Vere Street came constantly a Mr. Russell, brother to Mrs. Alwyn, and a Colonel

Villiers, similarly related to her first husband—a move was made in another direction.

"Are we going home to Guyswick?" Sydney asked, and was answered by her mother, wearing the aggrieved air habitual in these last few weeks—

"Home, child, but not to Guyswick."

"Then where to?"

"A different house: in Suffolk; it belongs to your Uncle Russell."

"And papa will be there?" kindling into delighted expectancy.

"Of course," coldly; "but—" hesitating, looking dubiously at Sydney's eager, radiant face, and then coming to some conclusion—"but listen to me. You must recollect," very emphatically, "he has been very ill. You must never worry him. Above all, Sydney, you are not to pester him with questions about leaving Guyswick. You will make him worse if you do. Remember that;" and the child, faithfully promising obedience, never broke her word, understanding all too soon her need to keep it.

For when, soon after his wife, Mr. Alwyn reached St. Clair's, it was but the shadow of himself that appeared—an old white-haired man, with the icy touch of paralysis upon him; a living encumbrance that shrank willingly into the background of the new *ménage;* a father whom Sydney could still cling to, most dearly love, most lovingly tend, but never, never vex by reference to that recent past which seemed so sorely to have tried him.

"My poor husband is a mere wreck," was Mrs. Alwyn's formula concerning him to the people who gradually proffered intimacy with them: first the few professional families round about the rambling, town-like village, the vicar at their head; next the lesser but more cautious county folks. "It is the penalty, I suppose, of strong constitutions which never know an ache or a pain all their lives through. They break up all at once. It's extremely distressing to be in the way of such cases, especially when one knows, unfortunately, nothing can be done to improve them."

True enough, perhaps; but most certainly with Mr. Alwyn nothing was attempted.

In a few short weeks he appeared to have sunk from an important social factor into a mere nonentity. To be sure he had his food, his room, his clothing; and as feebleness increased upon him, a decent body, mother of the young gardener at "The Dale," came daily to and fro as partial nurse. But Mrs. Alwyn never altered one single line of her new life to cheer or console the waning hours of her husband's. The appliances his ever-failing state demanded were allowed so grudgingly as to turn their bestowal into perfect pain, and the sole bit of brightness yet spared to the old lawyer's existence was his child.

That, as he unweariedly thanked Heaven, never failed him. Whatever slights misfortune put upon him, her young presence softened their keenest edge. With her happy, unsuspicious nature by to lean on—lean on! it had come to that!—he could rouse out of his clouded retrospect of pain into almost cheerfulness, and could bear the chill indifference of others with full patience.

With too much patience, it seemed to Sydney, who, during the months they were getting settled at the Dale, pondered over and grew utterly puzzled by this state of things.

Why was her father so little considered now in the household, so all but deserted, while her mother glided by degrees into a circle of acquaintances and occasional visits, and Leonora's fancies were humoured to the full? Why was their house, smaller by far, but just as well arranged as Guyswick, furnished, as time went on, with continually fresh bits of luxurious prettiness, while that cheerless north room up-stairs, which Mr. Alwyn rarely quitted, had such a meagre allowance of even comforts? And why, again, later on, was the basket-carriage, purchased in their third summer at St. Clair's, appropriated solely to Mrs. Alwyn's daily drives and calls, never to her father's more obvious needs?

These and such things past count struck Sydney's childish judgment as marked injustices, and once upon a time, when she had borne with and meditated long upon them, out of the rebellious fulness of her heart she ventured to speak.

"Mamma, may papa and I change rooms?"

"What for, Sydney?"

"So that he may sit by the window and look over the garden into the fields, mamma. Now he can only see just the bank of laurels and the wooden fence."

"I don't imagine your father would care for gazing out of the window at any view, Sydney. He is best quite quiet, and in the room I chose for him."

"But Dr. Dacie" (the village doctor, who paid, not oftener than once a month, a formal call) "said yesterday he might be better if he had a more cheerful look-out, mamma."

"You had no right to be up-stairs when Dr. Dacie called," said Sydney's mother sharply; "why were you not at lessons?"

"Because Miss Stevens" (Miss Foster's less costly successor) "said she had no time to hear me yesterday, she was so busy with Leonora. But *may* papa have my room, mamma?"

Honestly, there was no reason why he should not. But Mrs. Alwyn's nature was hard to cruelty. Not even helplessness, that stirs the depths of most true womanhood, touched her. In a fit of bitter, petty retaliation on her husband for certain ills she was compelled to share with him, she had located him in the dreary north room, and no softening of mood prompted her to permit a change.

"I would rather you both stayed as you are, Sydney," she answered; "altering would put me to some trouble, and—and," under her little daughter's clear, astonished glance the lame excuse halted in utterance, "to a—to an—well," impatiently, "to some expense."

"But, mamma," with eyes opening extremely wide, "would a little money be of any consequence? I always thought papa had—oh, plenty!"

"*Had*, Sydney, but not has," was the emphatic reply, "for—shut the door and then come here by me," and this being done—"for now you are clever and old

enough to understand things, I may as well tell you why we left Guyswick. Your father had the fo——" Mrs. Alwyn stopped and substituted a second word for the one half spoken—"the misfortune to lose all his money, and now he has actually nothing whatever of his own."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Nothing! So now you comprehend why I have to be careful of expenses."

This was odd news to the child—at first bewildering. It came like a chill wind on her hopeful design, and for a minute she lost heart. Presently a side eddy, an up-wafting of observant common-sense, brought consolation.

"But, mamma, we must have some money," she urged; "rather a good deal too; for our house is so pretty—the prettiest in St. Clair's, Mr. Dacie said yesterday; and everything is just as nice here as it used to be at Guyswick."

"Nonsense, child! you can't remember. That was ten times the place this is. We had a dozen servants there, and only three here!"

"But we must have some money to keep three, mamma! And isn't it papa's?"

"I have told you *no*, Sydney. All that we have to live on—and it's little enough" (the lady spoke conscientiously, for seven hundred a year after her delicious experience of as many thousands seemed a dismal downfall)—"is, for the present, *mine*."

The word shot out like a bolt to its socket. Somehow Sydney did not require the reasoning even of her eleven years to point out that the syllable cut off all prospect of outlay for her father's benefit. Instinct told her that. And instinct, which after this revelation bound her still more closely to his side, made her now say very wistfully—

"Then he and I," curious conjunction, as if both were alien to her mother, "have to live off your money and Leonora's! So, of course—I see—we ought not to use it. Did Leonora's father give it all to you, mamma?"

Here was a home-thrust, uttered in all innocence, as keen as any age or ability could have contrived. Mrs. Alwyn coloured under the steady, waiting gaze, and was angry with herself for so doing—angry with Sydney for causing her confusion.

But however oblique her notions of honour, she was not going to commit herself to a direct falsehood; one, moreover, which would infallibly be found out by-and-by. So she answered shortly—

"No; Mr. Villiers did not give it to me. I had it from your father when I married him—entirely for myself, though: to use as I pleased. Now, instead of that, I have to keep the whole of you, house and everything, off it. And that is all you need know or I shall tell you, Sydney. Remember you are to repeat nothing of all this to any one. Never mention your father losing his property. It is no concern of any one but ourselves. Run away now, to your father, if you like; Miss Stevens is driving Leonora to Hedyngham for her painting lesson."

But Sydney was tenacious of purpose. Instead of going, she stood, tracing the pattern of the table-cover with one forefinger, revolving all this information, not seeing her way past it—till suddenly a happy thought flashed out of the confusion.

"Mamma!" excitedly.

"Well?" impatiently.

"In the desk that I have had since I was quite little there is some money. I don't know who gave it to me, but it's my own. May I change papa's room with it?"

"You are obstinate, Sydney," said Mrs. Alwyn, frigidly.

"But may I? Then papa will get the last of the sunshine always. Oh, mother, do say yes!"

Something in the imploring tone, the anxious expectancy of attitude, atip-toe, with two hands half opened, waiting to seize consent, caught Mrs. Alwyn's fancy. It is hard to rebuff a young voice that says, "Oh, mother!" as Sydney said it. A most rare weakness overcame her, and as much to her surprise as Sydney's she yielded.

"As you like, then," she said; and the contest was closed by the victor's ruffling the pleated lace upon her mother's neck with a fervent, impulsive kiss.

So up-stairs the alteration was effected, swiftly and cheerily. It needed no vast *douceur* from Sydney's slender fund to secure the co-operation of Mr. Alwyn's attendant, now with him every day; and Maria, an active housemaid, entered zealously into the few hours' extra work, for the house-mistress was no favourite with her servants; "And," said this one to her kitchen confidants, "I'm right, right glad Miss Sydney's got her way, that I am. I heard 'em argufying about it till madam bid her shut-to the door, and I was mortal afraid she'd only get herself sat on, like the rest of us. Her ma seems to think she can harrow rough-shod over every one's head, like she do over the poor old gentleman's, and it's time she was learned different, *I* says."

By a wide, west, rose-shadowed window the old lawyer sat now, day after day, delighting childishly in the change; and, as kind Dr. Dacie commented approvingly, Sydney had made his evenings brighter by half than they used to be; the plan was capital.

"Type of herself, sir, of herself," said the father, his hand fondly upon her head, and the words emerged long after from memory, helping her along a path by no means smooth.

There was one other episode that summer wherein her mother's will and Sydney's had a smart tussle, and again the child scored a victory.

People began coming to the Dale for afternoons of tennis, or of music, for Leonora was eighteen now, and variety was as the very salt of the young lady's existence. The mirth of many voices would often float upwards to the west window, where Sydney was mostly with her father, and though he rarely asked about these gatherings, they always seemed to bring an extra sadness to his deeply-lined face. With so many to and fro, perchance the neglect came home to him that the throng never spared him a half-hour's guest. So Sydney interpreted his sigh one day,

and, with her little warm hand stroking his white hair, asked—

"Isn't there any one, papa, you would like to have come and see *you* some day? Any one, I mean, you used to care for before we came here?"

She had hit on the very theme of her father's thoughts. He answered instantly, though slowly, for speech was difficult to him now, and indistinct when hurried—

"Yes, there is some one who would come if I could ask him. I wish I could."

"Who, papa?"

"You knew him. Do you remember him, Sydney? Jacob—Jacob Cheene."

"Remember him! Why, yes, papa! He used to carry me about at Stuarts and keep sweeties for me in his desk! I am so glad you want him. We'll get him here!" And despite Mr. Alwyn's nervous "No, no, child; your mother wouldn't have him!" Sydney lay in wait for the first opportunity of petitioning for this visitor, only, however, to be met by most positive refusal.

"It would be no pleasure to your father, I assure you, Sydney. He can't possibly desire to see this man. He is not fit to receive any one."

"But he said he did really wish for Mr. Cheene, mamma; and," piteously, "he never has any one at all!"

"You know perfectly well he is ordered to be kept quiet. You have heard Dr. Dacie say so over and over again."

"But Dr. Dacie says an old friend's coming would not hurt him. I saw him this morning, going past, mamma, and ran out to ask him."

"You take too much upon yourself, Sydney," rebuked her mother, frowning. Now, if this "old friend" were not invited, it would look as if she had negatived the scheme. The Dacies' "poor Mr. Alwyn" had had a ring in it which she had not liked of late. There was little love lost between herself and the warm-hearted doctor or his family. "You had no right to speak of any one's coming till you had named it first to me," she pursued irritably; "I have no room for such a visitor. He was only a clerk. I couldn't have him at my own table, and I certainly could not have him gossiping with the servants."

Gossiping with the servants! Not fit for her mother's table! Her father's one much-desired friend!

Sydney's temper rose with a vehement gust. A rush of angry tears filled her eyes; by nature she had every generous impulse that in former times had made John Alwyn such a universal favourite. Now she could have flashed out at her mother, said all manner of things more pertinent than pleasant, and ended, probably, with a burst of weeping and a dismissal to bed at the early hour of six p.m.

But she recollected the old man up-stairs, who, she had pledged her childish word, should have this one pleasure he seemed to covet, and the restraint of twice twelve years came over her. She swallowed a great choking and urged bravely on: "If Mr. Cheene may come he can have my room, and I will sleep with the servants. If Maria may set his dinner and whatever he wants in the schoolroom, I'll wait on him myself. Papa wishes for such a few things; may he not have this?"

Mrs. Alwyn hated to be persuaded against her inclination; another more decided negative was on her lips when—

"May he not, mother?" said Sydney.

The word, so seldom used, dominated her in spite of herself. She wavered with a gesture of annoyed perplexity, and Sydney went on sadly—

"Hills said, when I told her I was going to ask you, it would be a pity for papa not to have just this pleasure, for he didn't get much."

It was a naïve addition, but it gained her cause. Mrs. Alwyn could have boxed her young daughter's ears for putting the onus of refusal so publicly upon her. No woman of any age lets go willingly her mantle of amiability, fit it never so uneasily.

"Oh, the man must come, I suppose, if you are all so persistent about it," she said testily; "and pray, Sydney, don't go leading people to suppose I wish to stop your father's pleasures!"

So, to the indescribable satisfaction of the trusty old clerk, an invitation in Sydney's unformed penmanship soon reached him; and he needed no reiteration of her "Do come, please, for papa wants you," to bring him quickly to St. Clair's.

Arriving on foot from Hedyngham, he was received by Mrs. Alwyn with a dignified "You are very good, Mr. Cheene, to travel across the country for such a doubtful pleasure as meeting poor Mr. Alwyn. A mere wreck you will find him. Kindly excuse my having many engagements; I am taking my daughter out both to-day and to-morrow. Sydney, I hope, will attend to you." Then the lady bowed herself away, no whit less patronising than of yore, and Jacob Cheene, his young hostess hovering about him in shy delight, was taken up-stairs to meet once more the old employer from whom he had been parted by such ill-hap.

It was a curious reunion, fraught at first with speechless pain, when the master, fallen from his high estate of wealth, mute now with struggling emotion, clasped hands with his old clerk, and looked at him with eyes that seemed to have forgotten how to be glad. Curious and grievous. For Jacob Cheene, the once shy dependent, had to keep calm and lead the way to cheerfulness, when for thoughts of the old placid past, and sight of the shattered life before him, he could have sat down and cried like any baby.

But that was only for a little while, and later on it was good to see them both, when the ailing man's state was recognised by his guest; for then all that was bright and welcome did the clerk recall and recount, speaking more and more freely as he found—with relief—that the lawyer's memory was a mere blank on some points. So he spoke of Stuarts, telling how well the house looked with its rich new tenants, and related much news, always pleasant, of old townsfolk; and if a question were put with a touch of half-frightened

recollection about some unsafe names, why, those, it so happened, Jacob Cheene had quite forgotten, or knew nothing of but so-and-so—and then he led his listener on safer ground again!

a child, the host kept harping on it, and the next day of Jacob's visit Sydney brought out her father's violin ("It must have been left behind, for some one sent it to papa months after we got here," she explained:

"SHE FOUND THE YOUNG WATCHER SLEEPING BY HER CHARGE" (*p.* 70).

Thus talked the two old men—the feebleness of one making the other seem almost youthful—till they must needs revive old stories of the wondrous musical evenings; and Sydney saw her father's face light up, his fingers, white, wasted, nerveless, stirring to the touch of invisible strings as Jacob Cheene described that great *finale* wherein the first violin had led such a glorious *presto* as left them all exultant, breathless, fit for never another chord that night!

That was the safest theme they found. Pleased as

"Wasn't it strange?" and Mr. Cheene said it was, very!) and the much-loved instrument was tenderly laid upon its master's knees, just, as it were, for recognition, and leave to be touched by another, and then the loose strings were attuned, and the clerk played most reverently a theme well known—so beautiful, it might have been some saintly funeral song.

But the delight was too vivid. It set one hearer trembling past restraint. So the notes, strange at the Dale, were silenced. Only in cautiously chosen con-

verse of old times the rest of that day was passed, and with the morrow Jacob Cheene bade his master farewell.

Sydney, most constant and attentive little handmaid to her father's friend, went with him to the station at Hedyngham, having secured the pony-carriage by a stroke of genius (brushing Leonora's hair over-night for an hour, and getting her to ask their mother for its loan), and together they talked as he waited for his train.

"If ever chance brings you my way, Miss Sydney, though it doesn't seem likely to now, you'll be sure and come and see me?"

She promised "Yes; that she would."

"And you'll write to me and tell me about your father?"

Again "Yes," most willingly.

"For," stopping as they paced the platform to take one more long look at John Alwyn's child, with something of a haze about his own sight—"for there never was a kinder, truer, better friend than he was to me."

"Yes, he *is* good, isn't he, Mr. Cheene?" Sydney breaks in, her lips trembling at this praise—very sweet, though, alas! almost unheard nowadays by her jealous ears; "he is so gentle; you don't half know *how* gentle and uncomplaining he is! and he was always—when he was well—good to every one, wasn't he, Mr. Cheene?"

"Ah! that he always meant to be, I'll stake my life," returns her companion; more he cannot say, for the train comes shrieking up, he keeps shaking the child's hand till the guard hustles him into his carriage, and in another minute he is out of sight and out of questioning.

But that flying visit was a wondrous pleasure to Sydney's father. He talked of it morning, noon, and night for days after, always with delight.

Always but once: an evening when some fortnight had gone by, and Leonora and her mother absent in the next village at some festivity, the two at home sat together silently watching the sunset, a great piled-up splendour of golden clouds above a most peaceful sea of tender-tinted blue.

The old man had been happier, if more strengthless, than for weeks that day. But now he suddenly grew restless. Pointing with shaking hand towards the brilliant west—

"How shall I—reach it?" he asked, looking straight forward with a great anxious yearning; "won't they—stop me?"

"Who stop you, father?" cried Sydney, springing to her feet, to draw his white head upon her shoulder.

"Why, they!" he answered, gazing forward, though the clear space was only peopled by phantoms of his disturbed brain—"they will! Oh, how I wronged them! But, Sydney," bringing his shaking hands together with a piteous burst of grief, "I never meant to! Jacob will tell you—why didn't he tell you when he came?—I never meant to!"

She held him to her most fondly, poor child, frightened herself, but hushing, soothing, quieting him; saying he had wakened up; he had been dreaming, and—there, there—he would be better now—kissing the troubled face into peace again.

"But I wronged them," he kept half whispering, the dream haunting him still.

"Then I'll make it all right, papa," said Sydney, "never fear! You are only tired. I have talked to you too much to-day, that's what's amiss."

"You'll make it right?" he echoed, looking up at the child with most touching wonder and trust.

"Yes, that I will, father."

"Dearest and best! You'll make it right. My little girl—my only one! Now God be praised! Help her to—to make it—right!"

He murmured that again and again, with intensest satisfaction, as he let his head slip from her shoulder to the chair, and, still with his face turned westward, fell into restful slumber.

Sydney sat at his feet, holding his hand, that shivered twice or thrice, till it grew dusk and towards the time for Mrs. Hills to return for the night.

The woman for once was late. When she stole softly in at nine, she found the young watcher sleeping beside her charge, and, with an exclamation at her own tardiness, essayed to wake them both. One quickly roused out of the land of dreams. The other was beyond that land—gone calmly to a region that mortality kens nothing of.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A HOME UNHOMELIKE.

WITH but few beats of his wide season wing, Time carried Sydney far past that summer-tide of loss and sadness into a girlhood lighter if lonelier, freer if less gladdened with willing duties, than could have been her fate if her father had lived.

Left now with his memory only, that she cherished long and truly. Tender recollection softened his patient, fading life into something sacred, and the flawless love between them set an ineffaceable mark on her succeeding days.

Years that transformed her from child to woman in no way altered the position between her mother and herself. The fact of her being fatherless kindled no fresh spark of love maternal. She had her place in the household; studies strictly prescribed. For so many hours a day she inhabited the schoolroom; the books Leonora had thumbed and discarded before her; and from these she was bidden to extract the wherewithal for her education. An impression was vaguely circulated that Mrs. Alwyn and her elder daughter superintended these studies, and for some few minutes each morning these ladies would indeed look in upon the child stumbling along this discursive road to learning; but as the elder came always burdened with letters or domestic accounts, and the younger occupied the half-hour she was supposed to be listening to *Lectures françaises* in pencilling enchanting fashions down the margins of the pupil's *thèmes*, why, Sydney could hardly be said to profit much by their company.

Circumstances truly offered her during those years ample opportunity for growing up splendidly illiterate; but such fate was averted by the appetite she had inherited with her name. The meals her scant library

provided she attacked with unappeasable vigour. Her dullest lessons she invested with a species of romance —threw into her untrained labours all the enthusiasm which had no other vent, and determined not to let a power within her rust, but as her father would have desired to see her, so, and none other, to be.

At which point, however, Mrs. Alwyn's programme came into collision with her daughter's, and, widening the gap between them, earned for the girl that unenviable adjective which to her mother's mind marked her strongest characteristic.

It was the summer when Sydney was sixteen that this noticeable difference of opinion arose.

She was a lithe dark-eyed lassie then, with long, broadly-rippling hair it was a slander to call black, so many shades of light lurked among the abundant locks ; clear-cut features, scarcely pretty as yet, and a mouth too grave and firm for her years, but ready on occasion to curve into smiles that lighted the face like sunshine.

"Mamma," she asked one morning, looking beseechingly across a pile of well-worn volumes at Mrs. Alwyn checking her baker's bill, "what am I to do now I have finished these? Will you get me fresh books to learn from, please?"

Mrs. Alwyn paused, her forefinger upon the last-checked item.

"'One peck, one and ten, June the 29th.' What do you want, Sydney? I wish you would avoid interrupting me. A girl of your age should surely be able to study alone."

"So I will," returned Sydney promptly, "if I have anything to study. But I really do know all these books by heart. Or I mean," for she was strictly veracious, "I know all I can learn in them without a regular teacher. And it's not much use my going over them again if I can get no more out of them ; is it, mamma?"

"Not much ; you are right there." Sydney's hopes rose. "But if you have mastered these, why want more? Where Leonora left off you can do the same."

Oh! down, down to despairing went Sydney's hopes ; for well she knew how grudgingly her mother's purse-strings opened to any but channels of her own choosing. Her face fell ; her lips grew pale and rigid with the effort to keep them from twitching like a disappointed baby's.

"'Two quarterns, tenpence. Rolls, sixpence,'" pursued her mother, settling her gold eye-glasses firmly on her rather prominent nose, and resuming accounts as though this interlude were ended.

In desperate rejection of such fiat, Sydney slowly mustered courage and spoke again—

"Mamma," appealingly, "you don't know how ignorant I am!"

"You said just now you had mastered Leonora's books," chided Mrs. Alwyn. "If *I* consider that enough, you should be content. You are sixteen now, so put aside childish lessons. It will leave you more time for other things. You play atrociously compared with Leonora."

"I am not so clever as Leonora at music, mamma," murmured Sydney.

"Perhaps not; but industry improves all things. Practise on this old piano three or four hours a day. The bass is nearly dumb, but that doesn't signify. You may have a voice in a year or two, then you can take up exercises. Meanwhile——"

"Yes, meanwhile, mamma?" said poor, disappointed Sydney, most dejectedly.

"Well, amuse yourself somehow. Get up your own lace, as Leonora does. Cuffs and collars give you a housemaid look ; come and talk to callers ; that is an essential part of a girl's education. Next spring I can take you out when I pay visits; Leonora does not always care to go. When you are seventeen there will be garden parties for you, and so forth."

At each unfolding of this prospect Sydney's heart sank lower.

Long had she been in the background of this routine. Well she comprehended the frets and galls engendered by an invitation more or less; a fancied slight, a two-edged compliment, one country dame's condescension, another's hauteur; silently, but with the quickness of new-springing girlish instinct, had she watched the yet unavailing efforts made to launch her handsome step-sister on matrimonial seas. Now she was to put the first step on this same unsatisfying treadmill! Alas! she had asked bread and been offered a stone! If Mrs. Alwyn had had tact and tenderness enough to say, "I want you by me!"—if she could have drawn her child's face to her, crying, "I'm jealous of your books!" and, with a kiss perhaps, called her "darling," why, Sydney's plans would have remoulded under her will, the coveted studies played second right joyfully to her mother's wishes.

But no such note of sweetness summoned Sydney to surrender. An unquenched spirit of revolt forced out further petition.

"Mamma, I'm not fit for calling and going out with you——"

"You will be soon, Sydney," impatiently.

"And I should hate it!"

A shake of the head and an incredulous smile.

"But if you do not care to buy me books, may I borrow them? The Dacies will lend me plenty. I've not complained to them——" hurriedly staying an angry exclamation ; "but I was just saying I envied them so many I remembered papa speaking of; and Mary said I could have them over, or read them with her. And"—dashing bravely on—"Mr. Vaughan was there" (the Rector of St. Clair's), "and when I said some names wrong, he asked if I would be too proud to learn with his little nephews, who have come to live with him. Would I, indeed! Oh, mother, let me! I know papa"—with an unconquerable sob—"would have liked me to get on ; so"—a couple of anxious tears splashing on a well-worn "Markham"—"so I must!"

"Singularly like 'I will!'" said Mrs. Alwyn, focussing the girl with chill disapprobation. "Well, you have taken your affairs so pronouncedly into your own hands, I can only trust they may prosper as you seem

to expect. My own fear is they will make you as conceited as wilful."

Thereupon the field was left to the victor. With this hardly-extorted consent, Sydney sought the offered tutelage of Mary Dacie and the rector, gaining *plus* a wider range of work congenial—two friends than whom no girl could have desired better, though, as she saw with covert pain, neither found favour in her mother's sight.

For the Dacies, to take them first, though as simple, kindly a family as all Suffolk contained, were unpretending and straightforward to a degree that stamped them antagonistic to Mrs. Alwyn.

The Dales' new tenants had but just arrived when Dr. Dacie's promising career was checked by an accident that left him lamed and unfit thenceforth for any but a most limited circle of patients, and hereon had ensued curtailment of income, a lowering of expenses, a vast change of family prospects.

"But," said the doctor's boys, "so long as the dear old governor is all right we won't mind." And Mary Dacie had come back from the costly school to share first months of nursing, then the labours of the one Phyllis they could now afford. And Mrs. Dacie, the load of suspense off her mind, her husband about again, promising "the creaking gate hangs longest on its hinges," thanked God unweariedly they were all left to each other still, and never let a care for wealth that might have been rankle in her grateful mind, or plant a wrinkle on her comely brow. So long as her good man had his Norfolk cart and steady cob to trundle him from one patient to another, the wife went willingly afoot; and if among her wide range of cottage calls she out-walked herself, why, then she would beg a lift, come smiling home in a tax-cart ("She bowed to me from the top of a truss of hay!" said Mrs. Alwyn once, with hugest scorn), with air as serene as if in her own victoria, behind a thoroughbred.

From the first of the Alwyns' residence at St. Clair's this kind woman had taken to the youngest of the new comers—the ailing father's faithful little shadow. She was ready enough to be friendly to all, but Mrs. Alwyn kept her steadily at a distance. A woman of her stamp might penetrate to the seclusion of the invalid. "Men in Mr. Alwyn's state are given to indiscreet confidences," thought his wife, and determined he should be allowed no opportunity for such. So, as the lady never advanced beyond distant civility, and as Leonora was ready to ignore the existence of people who wore the same bonnet summer and winter, Sydney was the only one who grew intimate with the doctor's family.

When she was still small, she strayed one day into the big parish church and stood, inquisitive, before a fine tomb of lord and lady, with effigies of children carved on the panel beneath their recumbent figures, one little maid in quaint garb bearing a skull in her outspread palms.

"What does *she* mean?" asked Sydney of Mrs. Dacie, busy close by with harvest decorations, and was answered—

"It means that child died young, my dear; underneath it says in Latin, 'She was a daughter most sweet, most dear, whom to lose was to the father mortal pain, to the mother as a foretaste of Death's dart in her own breast.' So," wound up practical Mrs. Dacie, "don't go home by the lower houses, my dear. There's scarlet fever there. If you caught it we might have you ending just like that little lady with the skull, you know."

Sydney pondered gravely for a minute, and then turned away.

"Except that my mother wouldn't so much mind!" she said. And the naïve confession planted the little half-shorn strayling firmly in Mrs. Dacie's pitying regard.

Concerning her other tutor, Sydney retains of him, from then till now, her first impression as of some one saintly. A man he was who, having lived to past his fifth decade in a sphere of study he passionately loved, felt then impelled to change this peaceable retreat for the labours of an obscure country parish. No rich living was it that Robert Vaughan took, but one poorly endowed, with scarce a being for miles round on his own intellectual level. But here a grand humility bridged what might have proved an abyss of difficulty to some. Regretting solely that his powers were such a feeble lever wherewith to raise his lowly flock, he put his soul into his new task—fell at first into a sea of blunders; preached far and away over his people's heads; became the prey of the hypocritical, the laughing-stock of the impudent in his congregation; then, after painful labour, emerged from initial difficulties a parish pastor so whole-hearted in devotion to the Power he served, that St. Clair's ceased its broad jokes at his high learning, thronged his church, and vowed that no parson was ever like theirs.

Him, then, Sydney had to thank for light in worlds of lore about whose very entrance she could but have groped unaided and uncheered; and never did she leave the Rectory without a deepening reverence for the master whom her mother and sister rated only poorly. For Mr. Vaughan's broadcloth was often very threadbare, and his tact so sadly at fault that he treated any honest woman in the parish with the same courtesy he accorded Mrs. Alwyn's self.

Thus, when Sydney was twenty, her pursuits had shaped out another barrier between herself and the other members of her home. Leonora treated them with raillery; her mother, as subjects in which she took no interest. And the girl grew daily, under her own roof, shyer, more reserved—or, as Mrs. Alwyn put it, more sullen.

But there was no sullenness in the wistful curve of a mouth beautifying in womanly fulness, nor in the glowing depths of those dark eyes! No sullenness. Rather a mute yearning after the something lacking yet in her existence—a silent gathering force of unused love, fed secretly by Nature, waiting with hidden wealth to gladden the soul of some yet-to-be-discovered fellow-wayfarer.

The first stir of this something indefinable may have

lent a new charm to the young face, for just now people found out how decidedly attractive was Mrs. Alwyn's second daughter, and the unjealous security which Miss Villiers had hitherto dwelt in was unpleasantly assailed.

"Naturally, Nora, dearest, being always by Mr. Vaughan. Did you observe his hat? It was a perfect scarecrow!"

"No, I did not, mamma. Mr. Bruce"—a neighbouring vicar—"asked me who the charming girl in

"'SINGULARLY LIKE "I WILL!"' SAID MRS. ALWYN" (*p.* 71).

Therefore was it that, after a huge parish gathering, whither the rector had bidden nigh the whole village to come and keep his sixtieth birthday, and when Sydney had been his aide-de-camp from morn till night, Leonora took her anxieties to her mother and claimed help.

"Sydney was very active, mamma, yesterday."

"Very."

"And was a great deal noticed."

white was—meaning Sydney. And the countess said she had the prettiest, most natural figure she had seen for a long time."

"Very polite of the countess," coldly.

"And Mr. Duvesne watched Sydney all the time she played with the school-children at that idiotic 'gathering nuts in May.' After you brought him to me he hardly spoke. I don't think he listened when I talked. I said I was tired and would he get me

some tea? And," finished Leonora, shaking her elegantly-shaped head very gravely, "he went quite briskly. But he never came back! Instead, he followed Sydney for an hour with a heavy dish of cake!"

This was serious. Mrs. Alwyn seated herself for meditation, surveying the situation uneasily. Mr. Duvesne, an Honourable and Reverend scion of the great Comyngham family, was the man whom she was ready to move heaven and earth to gain for a son-in-law—a husband for Leonora. But it was on the cards that John Alwyn's daughter might come most undesirably to the front, and, once there, hold her own in any company. The thought that the child, unwelcome from her first breath, should oust the darling offspring of her first marriage was intolerable. The mother, weighted with uneven burden, puckered her brows, and bit her lips, and sighed, but saw no light through her difficulties—quick though she mostly was at finding the straightest road to her own advantage.

For once Leonora's unimaginative self opened the way out of perplexity.

"It would be awkward, mamma," she said plaintively, "if this sort of thing always went on. I should dislike Sydney—and I've no desire to do so. I can only think of one plan to set things comfortable."

"Ah!" Her mother looked up, anxious, not hopeful.

"And perhaps that isn't possible. But would it not be very nice if we could get Sydney pleasantly away? Get her—married, or going to be, so she wouldn't interfere at all? Could it be done?"

Mrs. Alwyn got up and kissed her daughter rapturously.

"Done! It's the very thing! An admirably unselfish thought! I fancy I see my way. I believe I know the very man. I won't lose a day, my love, in attending to it."

And surely enough that same afternoon's post bore forth the first move in this newly-suggested family game.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

DELICATE ARRANGEMENTS AFOOT.

THE missive calculated to intermeddle with our heroine's fortunes was compiled with much thought and care, addressed in her mother's faultlessly correct handwriting to one "Major Villiers, Petersham," and ran thus:—

"*The Dale, St. Clair's,*
"*June 20th.*

"MY DEAR ALFRED,—It was only an hour ago, when talking with Leonora, that it occurred to me your visit to us, postponed these last two summers, ought surely to take place this present one. Pardon me for not writing and pressing this before, but, as you know, with all the weight of domestic minutiæ, and the cares inseparable from the charge of two unmarried girls, my mind is always on the stretch, and I fear I am sometimes remiss where I ought to be the very reverse. Your niece and I both hope, however, that you will show you are not offended by coming to us as quickly as possible. We shall be so glad to receive you any time you may fix. I may add, if you need further persuasion, that I have much to consult you about, much to speak of, whereon I feel your advice will be invaluable——"

"Now that must mean," quoth the major to himself, taking his cigar from his lips and meditatively expelling rings of smoke as he lounged, letter in hand, upon his balcony, overlooking the calm beauty of the Thames valley—"that certainly must mean my clever sister-in-law wants to get something or other out of me. Let me see: the last time she requested my counsel it turned out she wanted to stay at my Cousin Sarah's in Piccadilly, and to get an invitation for Miss Leonora to the Artillery Fête. The time before it was Henley Regatta; and before that—— Well," with a great puff, "I can't recollect; but the good lady's affection isn't disinterested, as a rule. However, I needn't cry out before I'm hurt. We'll see what's on the carpet now. 'Advice'—h'm, h'm!—'invaluable'—oh! here's the place."

"Perhaps it may be as well to name the point that disturbs me now before we meet. Candidly, then, it's about Sydney; and though she is no real relation to you, yet as you are associated with my own brother in the trusteeship of her little property (which charge will end next year, for she is twenty now), I am sure you will not mind my troubling you with what concerns her——"

"Twenty! Is she really?" pondered Major Villiers, with another pause. "How time flies, to be sure! And what's the young lady up to, I wonder! Got into some love-scrape, I'll be bound, as all girls do—except my niece Leonora, by the way. She doesn't seem to hurry herself. Now, Miss Sydney. At your service."

"It is really quite a misfortune that all my younger daughter's strongest characteristics are at variance with her sister's; but such being the case, more pronouncedly so every year, you can conceive the difficulty it is to me to do justice to them both, more especially as Sydney has not that delightful pliability of disposition which Leonora inherits from her dear father——"

"Delightful pliability!" muttered the major, his grey eyebrows comically raised. "Well, well! the dead know no wrong, but poor Hal used to be dubbed as weak as ditch-water when he was alive. I suppose this is the same fact put politely."

"I find no fault with her. Pray don't think I complain of her. She has qualities which make her much liked by some. I merely confide to you that I foresee many embarrassments arising from my two families, though each so small, especially when another year makes Sydney mistress of her six thousand pounds, and leaves me so much the poorer——"

"Oh, ho! The ladies don't hit it off, that's it in plain English," said the major, with a superior masculine chuckle; "but if my sister-in-law thinks I'm going to put my finger into that description of family pie, she's very much mistaken. Never was able to argue with a woman in my life. They trip you up with

a smile, or half a dozen tears, and then what's a fellow to do?"

"I am so anxious for my children's welfare that perhaps I harass myself unnecessarily; but looking to the future, I can see my little home peaceful with your brother's child alone, not (alas!) peaceful with her and Sydney. Under these circumstances, I am sure you will quickly see in what I am trusting as a remedy——"

"No, that I'll be hanged if I can!" muttered the major, but he was quickly enlightened.

"In marriage——"

"Oh!" groaned the gallant officer; "what schemers these women are!"

"And here I think you and I may possibly arrange something to our mutual satisfaction——"

"Why," stammered the lady's confidant, colouring up to the roots of his grey hair—"she doesn't mean to offer her daughter to me, does she?"

"For if your son Rupert" ("O—h!") "is still free, and feeling any inclination to settle in life, I frankly tell you he would be a most acceptable son-in-law——"

The major heaved a sigh of relief, looked grave, and read on very seriously after this.

"You, and he through you, knowing every circumstance connected with our family affairs, would require no explanation of past events, which in itself would be a great relief to me. Sydney, if the marriage were arranged, would, I trust, settle happily into a suburban life. There would be little likelihood of her returning to her unfortunate father's neighbourhood, which I have always felt most undesirable. Such a terrible collapse as his may even yet be remembered there. And, lastly, Mr. Rupert would secure a wife and an immediate dower, neither of which, I think, is inferior to what he may have the choice of in general society. Think this all over, my dear major, and if your judgment agrees with mine, that the match is one to be wished, come down and talk it over with me. With *me* only, of course. With Sydney's temperament it would be quite unwise to let her have any suspicion of our plan. She has a great tendency to independence of action, but perhaps you gentlemen might like her none the worse for that. Looking impatiently for your reply, with Leonora's kind love and my own,

"Ever, dear Alfred,

"Yours very truly,

"Helen Alwyn."

"'The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth!' Now I wonder if this is any or all of that," mused the major, treating himself to the unusual luxury of a second cigar, to assist his cogitations. "The worst of women is, they're so confoundedly crafty."

Then he began his letter again, hummed and ha'd over the commencement, underlined with his massive gold pencil the fact that Sydney's mother had no fault to find with her, put a double mark under the sum mentioned as coming into the girl's control so speedily, emphatically scored the admission of what would be a great relief to Mrs. Alwyn, with rather a grim smile, and "No question she means that! But I don't know if we ought to blame her. At any rate, it's all done with long ago!" and finally, with head well back, and steadfastly sky-gazing, he ruminated long over "if Rupert is still free, and feeling an inclination to settle in life."

Rupert, the one son the major's brief married life in India had bequeathed him, *was* still free—rather more free, in fact, than his father desired. Settling in life would be a capital thing for him; the most admirable check that could be devised on certain tendencies the young man was exhibiting for going a faster pace than his means could afford. The salary of a clerk in the War Office (Mr. Villiers' vocation, for years before he had entirely refused to follow his father's; "going out to be shot at wasn't in his line," he said) was not calculated to keep up fashionable bachelor apartments, membership of a select club, a growing circle of town friends, and a taste for amusements, desirable or otherwise. If the allurement of a young wife, a home, "somewhere out this way," thought the major, who was fond of his riverside lodgings, and had vainly endeavoured to entice his son into sharing them—if these could attract him into the bondage of domesticity, why, then good luck attend the business, and bring it to a speedy conclusion.

"It would finely ease my mind, I know," thought the father, a vision of such another sheaf of bills as he had lately paid off for his son floating ominously before him. "And the boy has got his own income: not large, but I'd double his allowance—put a little on besides, perhaps; he—they—might as well have it now as wait till I'm dead and buried. And then this child, Sydney, will have—have—" (mentally doing a sum in division) "somewhere between two and three hundred a year. Oh!" with a profound shake of the head that seemed to clench the matter, "Rupert might indeed go farther and fare worse. I'll take the 11.40 up and have a talk with him."

Which conclusion reached, the major stepped indoors, changed his matutinal alpaca for the soberest of well-cut tweeds, informed his landlady, widow of an old Scotch sergeant, that he should lunch in town sauntered by the waterside to Richmond, over the bridge, and off *viâ* Victoria to the club where he was likely to find his son discussing chops and bitter ale at one o'clock.

And there, sure enough, at his usual table in the corner of the handsome "Junior Midlands" apartment, sat Mr. Rupert Villiers, but seemingly not in the best of humours.

His meal, only half finished, was pushed aside. His first pint of Allsopp already consumed, a second was being uncorked by a waiter as the major drew near. So preoccupied was he in twirling the end of his long brown moustache, and staring at rather than studying the *Times* supplement, that his father approached unnoticed, and had sat down in front of him before he recognised with a start who was nigh.

"Why, you want a whiff of fresh air, my lad," said the major kindly, reaching over the table to shake

hands. "London in this hot weather is a teaser. Why don't you run down and dine with me oftener? Eh?"

Perhaps a perfectly candid answer to this would have been awkward, or, so suddenly questioned, Mr. Rupert had no satisfactory excuse ready. Anyhow, he returned only an uneasy laugh, and a disjointed assurance that he was all right—"didn't feel the heat; only happened to have a plague of a headache this morning."

"Then that won't cure it," said the major, pushing aside the ale. "No, thanks; I won't take it myself. I stick to my rule. Nothing before dinner, very little after. I learnt dietetics in India, you know, and advise you to profit by my experience. But you look out of sorts"— anxiously, for the old officer was very fond of his one son. "Are you getting late hours? Is there extra work on at the office?"

"Oh, no! nothing particular doing there," returned Mr. Rupert, pulling himself together under his father's scrutiny, and judiciously answering the last clause of his question. "And I'm all right, I assure you. What brings you up to-day?"

Now the major, like many a brave man, was no social tactician. He had a trick of going straight at his mark, which sometimes discomposed his son amazingly—the present occasion to wit. Taking Mrs. Alwyn's letter from his pocket, he tapped it, address downwards, with some solemnity, and pushing aside cruets and covers, leant forward with—

"Here's what brought me. Something rather serious that I want a few words with you over. The sooner the better."

At these portentous sentences Mr. Rupert Villiers changed colour. More than one spectral bill not included in the last over-heavy schedule that he had submitted to his father reproached his memory. A horrible dread stirred within him that a certain florist's account might have got round to the major, for he had been ass enough that season to beleaguer with bouquets a fair *cantatrice*, who never so much as wasted a thought on where her Maréchale Niels and lilies and ferns came from so regularly, nor had ever repaid his costly offerings with a single special smile. A fear shot through him that a transaction involving an I O U to one young Tufter—a friend the major cared little for—might have reached paternal ears; and a guilty recollection overcame him that he had as good as given his word never again to meddle with a fascinating game called "Nap."

All these and many another qualm gave the young man a bad sixty seconds, and when the letter was passed over to him, with a low but emphatic "Just read that, and let me hear what you have to say about it," the fingers with which he opened Mrs. Alwyn's epistle positively shook with apprehension. But the writing and a rapid glance at the signature relieved him unspeakably. The whole quickly scanned, he breathed freely again, though a new species of dilemma was now upon him. The careless laxity of his life *en garçon* so unexpectedly stormed, all the charms of that unfettered condition shone forth bewitchingly. All the entanglements he had just now quaked at, modestly betook themselves to the background. He felt, if not opposed to the project, in no way enthusiastic over it, and showed as much by the shrug with which he refolded and returned the letter to his father.

"I've only a quarter of an hour," he said, taking out his watch. "Suppose you walk my way with me, sir;" and, arm in arm, the two descended the club steps and betook themselves towards Pall Mall.

"Well?" said the elder man impatiently, before they had gone many paces—his son's coolness nettled him. The matter had appeared to him so supremely important; *he* shouldn't have taken the offer of a pretty girl and six thousand pounds so calmly in *his* young days!—"Well, Rupert, what do you think of it all?"

"I think, sir, it is very kind and complimentary of my aunt to wish to bestow on me the daughter she evidently wishes to be rid of."

"Now, my boy, no joking! The letter is frank enough, and we'll treat it courteously, if you please. I've no doubt the situation is awkward. Second marriages always lead to something of the sort. But do you feel any inclination to assist in altering it? That's the question."

"Well, you see, sir," demurred Mr. Rupert, "I know literally nothing of this little Sydney. I dare say she mayn't be little now, but she was when I was at St. Clair's for a couple of days five years ago. Just a slip of a girl, no particular beauty, especially beside Leonora. Rather awkward, and very shy."

"Oh, she'll be altered, she'll be altered!" interposed the major, who had pondered himself into vehemently desiring the match; "I shall see her before you make the least sign, you know, and I promise you I won't send you a-wooing unless I like the look of the fair lady. Her father was a handsome man, perhaps she has grown like him. And then there's the money to consider. Of course, we must tie it to herself, but a wife with an income of her own is an excellent thing for a young man, let me tell you. You'd best not turn your back on a chance you may never get again, Master Rupert. It appears to me you treat this proposal too off-handedly."

"And it appears to me," returned his son, laughing outright at the elder man's evident eagerness, "that you are determined, my dear sir, on this young person and myself becoming husband and wife! May I ask if you've definitely determined on our wedding-day?"

"Now, nonsense, nonsense, lad!" said the father. "I'm neither such a donkey nor despot! I'm only putting the matter before you as it's my duty to do. Why, Sydney is only twenty. If you see her and take a fancy to her, you'd have a year to go love-making, off and on at your leisure; and I should think," with a proud, paternal look at the young man, who was certainly good-looking, though the general effect of his appearance might owe a good deal to his tailor—"I should think you could get her to say 'yes' in that time. Then we could have the marrying, take a little house up Richmond way, and I've got a few pounds I

could square your last bachelor bills with, and you'd have as good a prospect in life as I ought to expect, or you ought to desire. So what shall it be? Shall I write back and chime in with your aunt's idea, or shall I give the whole concern the cold shoulder?"

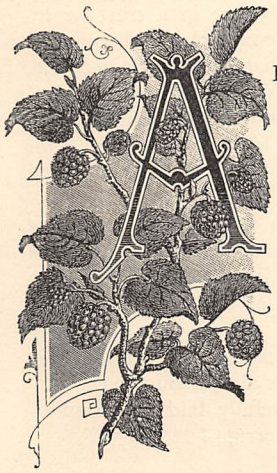
The major had put the advantage of the position very neatly. A glimpse in a corner flower-shop of a ravishing arrangement of ferns and gardenias ordered by himself the day before, and a significant salutation wafted to him by his friend Tufter, who just then whisked by in a hansom, recalled sundry very present and irksome obligations to Mr. Rupert. The governor was a good old liberal soul, he thought, with some compunction. And a year, if he drew in directly, would give him time to get quit of some of his least mentionable debts out of his own income. He'd better make a virtue of necessity, then.

"You and my aunt are a pair of conspirators," he said, with an air of "Well, to please you, I'll give in!" "So go on your visit of inspection, sir, by all means. But, whatever you do, commit me to nothing yet by so much as the shadow of a hint. If you drop a line when you're coming back, I'll meet you and hear your report. There's the workshop. This is my door. Good-bye, sir." And the major, well pleased with this first step of the negotiations, went back to Petersham, and wrote off to his sister-in-law, fixing Monday in the following week for his visit to St. Clair's.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE TYPICAL NEW YORKER.

BY AN AMERICAN.



ALL the types of American life are at present in a state of transition, and the New Yorker of fifty years ago is a far different being from the New Yorker of to-day. Already even there have appeared on the horizon signs of a new type that will displace the old in the coming generation. Suffice it for us now to deal with the one who still proudly holds his own.

New York, being of all American cities the most cosmopolitan, is one of the most difficult places from which to select a single type that will be fairly representative; nevertheless, after eliminating from our average New Yorker all the traits that he has in common with other types, there still remains enough to mark his distinctive personality.

He is, first of all, a commercial man—a man of trade. He is not a snob, nor a would-be aristocrat, in the full meaning of those terms; and he smiles at that amusing excrescence, the dude, or "masher," to whom he sometimes stands in the relation of a father. He is proud of being self-made, and loves to tell how he began his career as errand-boy, clerk, &c.; but is very particular to choose his children's associates from the station that he acquires, and not from the one wherein he was born. Indeed, his ambition for his family is without stint.

It is more than likely that he was not born in New York, but came to that city at an early age from an inland town or village, possessed only of a fair education, a large ambition, and a vast amount of energy, with which to push his way. These qualities stand him in good stead, and after ten to twenty years of untiring industry and constant watchfulness for golden opportunities, he amasses a fortune, and acquires a great business reputation. I am not sure but that the secret of his success lies mainly in that capacity for recognising and seizing his opportunities when they come. It is vulgarly and rather expressively termed "having an eye for the main chance."

Our friend takes much pleasure—all his pleasure, in fact—in making money, and spending the same in his own peculiar way. He is generous and helpful to his friends, and to young men, within prudent limits; and is a patron of the arts and of all charitable and philanthropic undertakings.

He is devoted to his family, although almost invariably a club man: that is, he drops into his club every afternoon, and sometimes of an evening, to play a game of bowls, or to discuss the political situation. He usually reads all the morning papers, and little else, be it added, except a monthly or two, and occasionally a bright, short novel. He hasn't time (he thinks) to read long or heavy books; hence the growing tendency in America to diminish the size of the ordinary novel, as witness the length of stories by Howells, James, Hawthorne, and others.

All New Yorkers are deeply interested in politics, and despite the fact that the municipal politicians are a by-word in the community, yet the business men—the rich men—really control these demagogues and office-seekers, and keep guard over their own moneyed interests at all times. It is this merchant class who practically make the laws of the nation, and their vote is always to be found on the side of law and order and strictly upright dealing.

It may be also that this care for his stocks induces the New York merchant to keep himself thoroughly posted on all current events and contemporary European history. The result remains that he is well informed, and arranges his facts with a good discrimination that comes from his practical and logical bent of mind, and also from a keen insight into men and motives.

He never talks much on any subject, and at home is better pleased to listen to his wife, who is his idol, his pride, and his best friend. Often his superior in family and education, as well as in grace and distinction of manner, she appreciates fully his more solid qualities, and dresses exquisitely only to please him.

He is never so happy as when he is giving a dinner to some distinguished foreigner, who has met him in a business way, or brought him letters of introduction. He leans back placidly in his chair, a portly, well-dressed gentleman, with smooth-shaven chin and heavy moustache, his good-humoured face beaming with content, as he looks around his handsomely furnished table, with its brand-new silver, its brilliant glass, its dainty viands, and lovely flowers. Loveliest of all to him is the fair hostess at the head of the table, delighting his guests with her wit and charm, and ever and anon sending him a bright smile, inducing him to talk, or making him appear to do so.

The setting of the picture, too, gratifies his eye: it is all her selection, and he is assured of her good taste. It is worth while, he thinks, to be rich; it is worth while to work; and so he does till the last.

A kind and indulgent parent, he is not altogether an unwise one; and in giving to his sons boats and horses he sends his daughters to bear them company, turning what was originally a caprice into a merry, healthful sport. Paterfamilias argues that, by providing a wider range of harmless amusements for his sons, he leaves little thought or time for less commendable diversions. On that principle he builds a splendid country home, keeps open house all summer, and what with fishing, sailing, hunting (or an imitation of it), &c., the young people are careless of the allurements of Saratoga and Newport.

One point the father is determined upon: his sons shall be liberally educated, and if they do not care for college—inheriting his taste for trade—it matters not; they must go or brook his displeasure. It is the same in a lesser degree with his daughters.

They all go abroad sometimes, and the head of the house is miserable until he returns to his business, his club, and his friends. New York, he declares, is the only place to live in.

Rest and recreation, in their true meaning, are impossible to him. He is of a highly nervous temperament, and lives under constant high pressure. Moreover, his constitution, although apparently robust and vigorous, is usually lacking in vitality. Is it any wonder that he breaks down at fifty—that the strong man, who never has known a day's absence from business, suddenly fails, and falls a victim to apoplexy, to nervous prostration, and many long names for overwork?

If he retires from business while he is yet in health, heeding his physician's warning and his wife's pleadings, the end is not even then averted. He becomes now a bank president, or director in a trust or insurance company, and the comparative idleness is intolerable to him; he feels that his stimulus is gone, and speedily falls into a state of mental and physical collapse. The reason for this is to be found in the poor man's lack of resources, his narrow capacity for enjoyment, and the disastrous habit of using only one set of faculties.

What an appalling picture it is, this tremendous waste of physical force in such a petty cause—the eternal striving for gain! It is only dignified by the noble ends to which the fruits of this labour are often applied.

Poor man, whose vision is so narrow, whose heart is so faithful, and whose end is almost suicide!

Happy he who has as carefully laid up treasures where moth and rust do not corrupt!

THREE SOMEBODIES.

SOMEBODY is leaning o'er a paling,
Where trellised roses, twining, bud and blow;
Somebody, with fervour unavailing,
Is pleading for an answer—"Yes, or no?"
Somebody, half-pouting and half-smiling,
Holds freshly-gathered roses in her hands;
Somebody (so daintily beguiling!)
Picks a rose to pieces as she stands.
"Beryl, *will* you let me have an answer?
Yes, or no, sweet!—which is it?" asks he.
Not a word replies his fair entrancer,
But hums and scatters rose-leaves—busy B.!

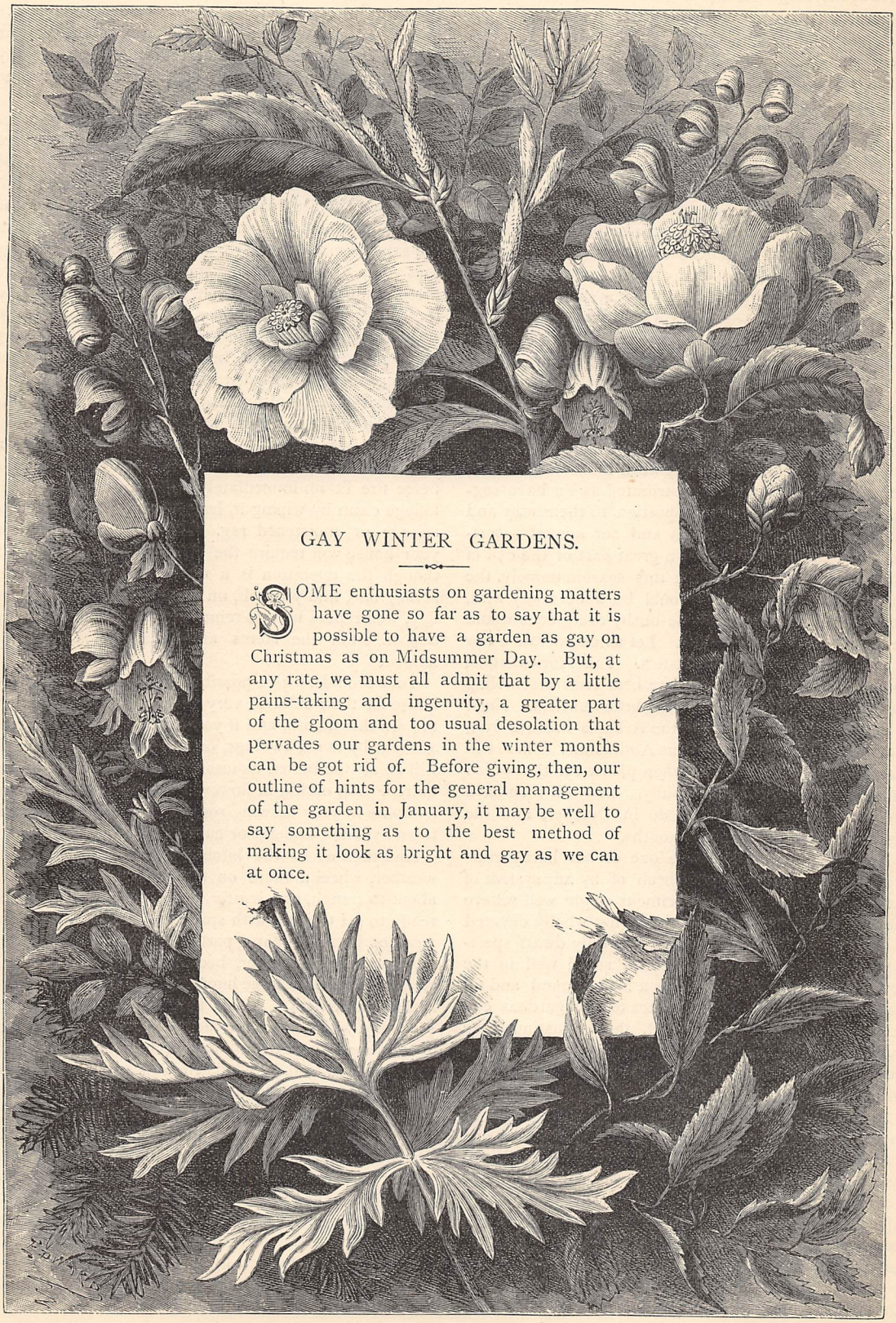
Somebody exclaims, "Oh, cruel Beryl!
Do let me in, or order me away!"
Somebody says, "Enter at your peril!
Where you are, I order you to stay!"
Somebody, outside the garden, fuming,
Is walking up and down the muddy lane;
Somebody, among the roses blooming,
Appears to find a pleasure in his pain.
Somebody, in shadow in a doorway,
Where trellised roses twine and intertwine,
Laughs softly, "So, my gentle youth, that's *your* way!
Ha! ha! When *I* was young, it wasn't *mine!*"

Somebody to Somebody is pleading—
"Beryl, *shall* I stay, dear?—yes, or no?"
Somebody (at last a point conceding)—
"If you wish to *leave* me—you can go!"
Somebody, who dares a reprimanding,
Dashes at the gate—click! goes the latch—
Somebody by Somebody is standing—
Somebody unseen is on the watch!
Somebody is kissed—(how courage rises
When love prevails!)—"My own!—my love!—my life!"
Somebody two Somebodies surprises:
"Beryl, you'll be a jewel of a wife!"

CHARLES JOHNS.

"SOMEBODY, WITH FERVOUR UNAVAILING,
IS PLEADING FOR AN ANSWER—'YES, OR NO?'"

"*THREE SOMEBODIES*" (*p.* 78).



GAY WINTER GARDENS.

SOME enthusiasts on gardening matters have gone so far as to say that it is possible to have a garden as gay on Christmas as on Midsummer Day. But, at any rate, we must all admit that by a little pains-taking and ingenuity, a greater part of the gloom and too usual desolation that pervades our gardens in the winter months can be got rid of. Before giving, then, our outline of hints for the general management of the garden in January, it may be well to say something as to the best method of making it look as bright and gay as we can at once.

Now, the large variety of hardy evergreens at our disposal is one of the first things that we should avail ourselves of at this time of the year. For these evergreens are really, it may be said, more varied in colour, figure, and foliage than most of the deciduous plants that we usually deck our garden with. The very glossy brightness of their leaves and variety in their tint are, too, a considerable compensation for the absence of flowers. Many of these evergreens we can often purchase in pots, or we can always have by us a small selection, and when our bedding-out plants are removed in the autumn, these can be plunged at intervals in our beds, to relieve them of that desert-like appearance which too many half-hearted gardeners are content to put up with. In the system of flower-beds, however, that we have always advocated, namely, the combination of plenty of perennials with our bedding-out plants, it would surely be a good plan to have, in any large flower-bed, some three or four variegated and shrubby evergreens permanently standing, though not allowed to attain at any time unwieldy proportions so as to overshadow too much of our bed in general. It seems to us that were a small-sized and well-chosen stock of these distributed as we have suggested, and dispersed in proportion to their size and shape among our perennials and our annual assortment of bedding-out plants, a great part of the evil of which so many complain at this season, namely, the desolation of the garden, would be done away with, from the mere fact that these bushy evergreens would be always allowed to remain. Let us enumerate a few of them with their characteristics. Take, for example, some of the Arbutus tribe ; they bear fruit resembling an oval strawberry, and flower in little bunches. There is the Irish Arbutus Unedo, the Arbutus Procera from North America, or the Arbutus Andrachne. These will thrive in ordinary soil, and when planted in that which suits them best will grow rapidly. You will then have the white blossom of the Unedo in October, and the pretty berries in the winter months.

Now the pine, though it be one of our hardy evergreens, cannot be made a shrub of by any system of pruning, yet one or two specimens might well relieve the monotony of the lawn which is not wholly devoted to tennis. Of course, however, it is only dwarf specimens of any evergreens that can stand well in the flower-beds themselves ; yet as a back-ground and all round the borders and extremities of our gardens can well stand the Portugal laurel, the laurustinus, the Aucuba Japonica, and all varieties of the holly tribe. Enough, then, as to the hardy evergreens for the present.

In a mild winter, however, we very often begin at an early date to hail the approach of spring flowers. Last month we spoke of the Christmas rose : very soon we shall find ourselves rejoicing over the little yellow blossoms of the winter aconite. A word, then, about this spring herald, the eranthis. This welcome herbaceous perennial boasts of a small yellow flower that is seated solitaire-like upon a circle of narrow leaves. It is best that its roots be not disturbed too often. An early floral authority says of it that the roots can best be transplanted after their leaves have decayed, between June and October. The roots themselves should be planted in small clusters, as the flowers being so small, it is best that there should be plenty of them for the purpose of effect, especially at a time when every flower is precious.

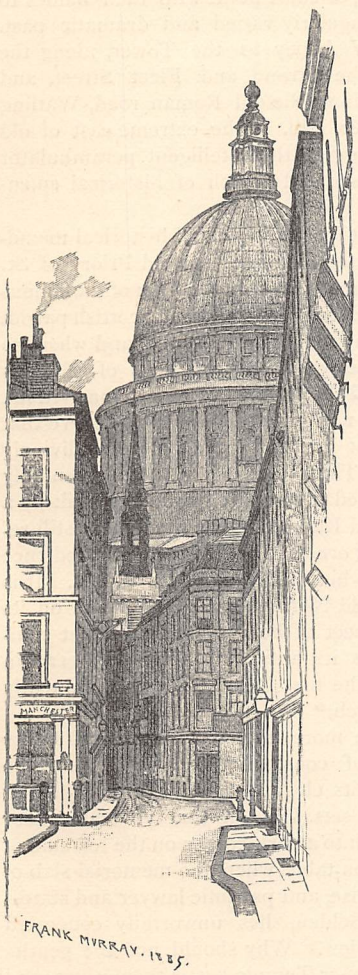
In our greenhouse we should be, among other things, paying some attention to our camellias ; where the buds are swelling for bloom, the plants should be kept uniformly watered, as otherwise the buds will fall off ; too great fire-heat also has unhappily the same effect upon them. Where your few camellias are in the same house, therefore, with the stock of cuttings that you are preserving for the following season, have the precaution just now to let the camellias stand in the coolest part of the house, and, as far as you possibly can, give them uniformity of temperature. Many amateur growers of these beautiful flowers are at times apt to abandon their cultivation on the ground of the mortification and disappointment occasioned by this falling off of the buds just at the time that a fine flower was shortly expected. Camellias will really stand a degree of frost, but they cannot stand the heat of a fierce fire lit up immediately afterwards. Keep their foliage clean by wiping it, leaf by leaf, with a piece of sponge or moistened rag. Myrtles and oranges in your house will require the same attention : you will, though the operation is a rather tedious and finger-aching one, find yourself, on some gloomy wet January day, well repaid by this removal of all that black fly deposit from the stems and foliage of the plants named.

Your orchids, where possible, should have a separate house for their culture ; very little ventilation will they require this month, and if you can protect your house at night by mats, awnings, or any kind of covering, it will be all the better, as less fire-heat will then be required. An orchid in flower, however, may now find its home in your drawing-room, only do not expose it to any sudden draught or current of air.

And then as to the kitchen garden, during frosty weather, wheel manure on to the beds that you are about to trench, and scatter it over them so as to be ready to set to work with spade and fork as soon as the weather breaks : many parts of your kitchen garden have probably, however, been already well trenched, and the soil left in large lumps exposed to the beneficial action of the frost. And it is this heavy labour and enriching with good manure that is really the secret of good crops afterwards, more especially on a hard, stiff, and ungenial soil. Rhubarb and sea-kale may be forced on now, or late in the month, by covering with boxes or pots and heaping on and around them hot stable dung. Sometimes a good heap of leaves may be used for this instead of the manure, though it can hardly be so effective ; but a little economy is what some of us have to look to. Lettuces and all kinds of salads under cover should be kept dry, while in our fruit garden all the wall-trees should have been carefully pruned and trained by this time, though when the frost is upon us, the pruning-knife must be sheathed and safe in our pocket.

LONDON FOR LONDONERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE. IN THREE PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.



A PEEP AT ST. PAUL'S FROM A BY-STREET.

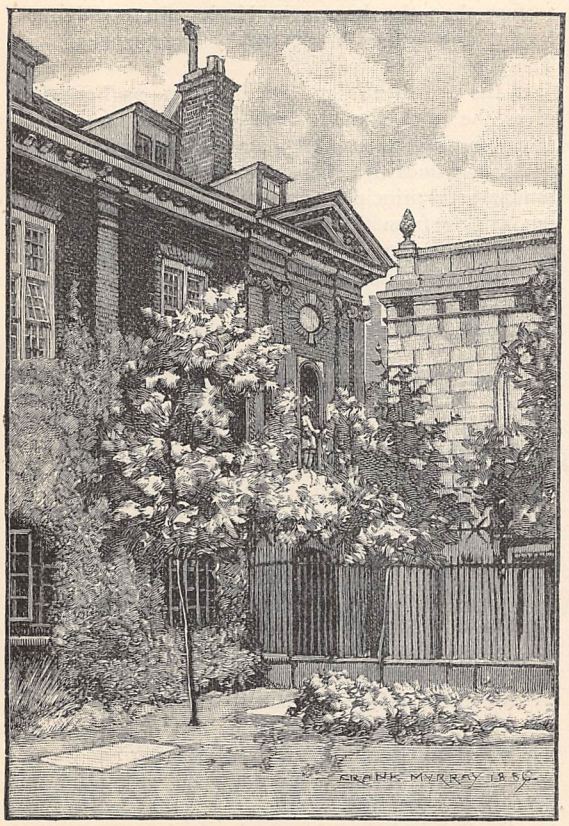
I HAVE said that the embellishments of the Thames in these latter years have contributed in a high degree to its natural attractions as a first-class river. Of course I alluded to the Victoria Embankment, accompanying the whole course of the left bank of the river for nearly two miles, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, forming a green grassy border, with beautiful trees, graceful shrubs, and blooming flower-beds, and appealing to the higher sense of those who take a short rest there from the rattle of the Strand and the roar of the Underground Railway, by the statues of great men, who in various departments of social activity have laid the people of England under a lasting debt of gratitude. Here the spectator recognises with pleasure John Stuart Mill, as the typical representative of philosophical democracy; Robert Burns, whose genius impressed with a classical stamp the popular poetry of the Scotch; Robert Raikes, who, as the founder of Sunday Schools, was one of the earliest apostles of that aggressive Christianity which the growth of the neglected classes in our large towns has rendered so necessary; Brunel, the adventurous excavator of the bed of the river on whose green selvage he now so significantly stands; and Tyndale, the first to present to the mass of the English people the free use of the precious Book out of whose strong root every influence has grown up that may yet save our highly-civilised Britain from the Nemesis which overtook alike the coarse robustness of Rome and the sensuous refinement of Greece.

Next to situation, architecture claims a prominent place in the character of a town; and where the situation, being a dead flat, as in Berlin, is null, magnificence and splendour of style in the buildings is the only effective element that can be made to tell; and this, of course, can always be done where there is wealth to pile the materials, taste to dispose of them, and large open spaces to compensate in some degree for the lack of picturesque advantage which inequality of ground supplies. Architecture, in the first place, is essentially a useful art, and may perform all its functions adequately, without a single æsthetical feature; but then, it is not a fine art: it is mere masonry. A high stone wall, with square holes in it, well compacted, so as to keep out water and let in light, is a useful creation, but, as having no element either of beauty or grandeur in its effect, is not architecture as distinguished from masonry. A fine building is a stone poem, and a great architect is a poet working in stone; but how little the buildings erected during the last century had to do with poetry, long rows of featureless streets in London, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dublin, Limerick, and other notable towns, largely show. We may say indeed, safely, that many a wigwam of an Indian savage shows more taste in architecture than the houses in Harley Street, Wimpole Street, and some of the bricky tenements of the Temple.

If the ornamentation of a building—as Fergusson gives the rule—should always grow out of the construction, there is scarcely a street in any of our great cities that does not display a glaring neglect of this fundamental principle—a neglect, in nine cases out of ten, arising from the wish to achieve a bastard originality by topping the simple form of a Greek temple with some addition that has as little to do with its structure as a rose would have if engrafted into the sheath of a lily, or again by clapping a Greek gabled front on the face of a long frontage, where no gable would naturally be, and by rearing rows of huge bulging pillars where pillars were not indicated, and where they had no adequate weight to support. These enormities, happily, if not gone altogether, are everywhere giving way; and instead of crudely varied or incongruously composed imitations of the Greek, we see in our most pretentious buildings a preference shown to the Romanesque style, with line upon line of light arches, while in our private dwellings an emphatic reaction is visible in favour of the old English red brick style, with gabled frontage. The peculiar character of this style, especially when it is enriched by the green leafage so characteristic of the London suburbs, is nowhere better seen than in Hampstead, where the stiff formality of the Bayswater and South-west London style had never found entrance; but even in the South Kensington district, as in Harrington Road, it is interesting to observe how the revived English style has boldly asserted itself alongside of the

cold stately respectabilities of the adjacent buildings: beholding whose proud baldness and look of lofty discomfort, one cannot but feel a pitiful sorrow that structures of such weighty pretensions, since the fashions have changed, should meet with so little consideration.

But there is another element which may vie even with situation and architecture in giving interest to a town; and that London possesses in the highest degree. I mean its history. As the hero of a hundred fights is always a more interesting character to meet than the youngling who has put on his red coat for the first time, and smelt gunpowder only on parade, so towns with a long and significant history are more attractive than the sudden growth of a century or a generation, however magnificent or however startling, as in New York or Galashiels. Even Berlin, though, compared with London, the creation of yesterday, excites a more than ordinary interest by the succession of notable historical changes which it has passed through in a short time; and in such a town it is always pleasant to see the history of the past stereotyped in the sculptured forms of the creators of that history which meet you at every prominent turn. But the history of London is, like the history of Rome, told not in a few statues of modern date, but in the whole structure and tissue of a rich urban growth of notable human dwellings, extending through a period of nearly two thousand years.



A CITY CORNER—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

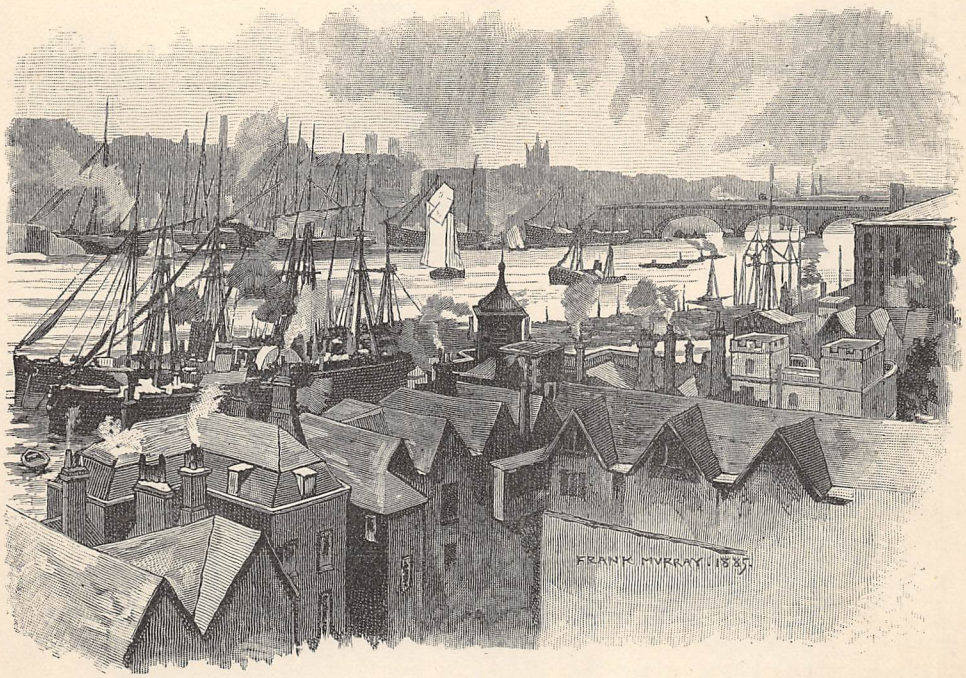
Notwithstanding the ravages of the Great Fire, that in the time of Charles II. consumed the heart and trunk of the City, there are districts in the very middle of modern London in which every street and every petty lane, or alley, or court point with their names to the story of a singularly varied and dramatic past. From Westminster Abbey to the Tower, along the whole course of the Strand and Fleet Street, and behind St. Paul's, down the old Roman road, Watling Street, to the Tower Hill, in the extreme east of old London, the memory of the intelligent perambulator revels in the resuscitated march of historical splendours.

Perhaps the most interesting of all historical memorials in London is the church of the old Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, in a remote corner of the famous Smithfield, behind Newgate, where the Scottish patriot Wallace was so ignominiously quartered, and where so many good men and women in the days of religious persecution suffered the tortures of a fiery martyrdom, because they could not bring themselves to believe that to confess manifest nonsense was part of a divinely revealed religion. This old chapel, with its lamentably desolate and dejected little churchyard, was built by a pious pilgrim called Rahere, whose monument still remains the principal ornament of the choir, in obedience to a vision made to him in his journey to Rome. It is in the substantial old Norman style, and bears on its front that aspect of hoary mouldiness that sufficiently attests its antiquity. The date 1123, in the reign of the first Henry, stands prominently above the porch.*

Among the more frequented historical sights of London, of course nobody will neglect the Temple, and its elegant round church; and let no one who sets foot on that venerable floor forget to pry into a dark corner on the left side of the communion-table, where the memorial-slab of the learned, wise, and patriotic lawyer and statesman, John Selden, lies unworthily concealed from public view. Why should not the gentlemen of the Inner Temple bestir themselves, and plant this illustrious man as prominently somewhere about their classical courts and gardens as John Stuart Mill and Brunel have been planted on the Victoria Embankment? But, if the moral charm of the Temple lies in the memory of such men as Selden, its poetical charm unquestionably lies neither in the winged horse nor in the bannered lamb that are made everywhere prominent, but in the Fountain Court. Here let the stranger, weary of the fret of the Strand and the smother of the Underground Railway, take his seat for a half-hour beside the sunny jets of the tinkling water, and underneath the vivid green shade of the plane-trees, enlivened by the twitter of happy birds;

* We observe from the newspapers that exertions are now being made towards putting this venerable monument of antiquity, with its immediate surroundings, into some state of tasteful restoration, which we warmly hope it may receive without any damage to its venerable aspect and historical character.

here let him recall the playful memory of Charles Lamb and Oliver Goldsmith, two human beings than whom, in their simple gracefulness and wayward lovableness, no more perfect contrast could be conceived to the legal type of the place; here let him sit, and within a stone's-throw of the greatest stream of bustling life in the world cultivate a peace more soothing, perhaps, and certainly much more original, and set



THE TOWER ROOFS—LONDON BRIDGE.

forth with a more rare quaintness than can be found in the extremest nook of a remote Highland glen, or in some cave of the nymphs or of Trophonius in classical Greece.

Not far from the Temple, and quite close to the noble Waterloo Bridge, built of Aberdeen granite by Rennie, the talented Scottish engineer, is the old Chapel of the Savoy, making no show to the busy world, and passing unnoticed by thousands and hundreds of thousands who daily and hourly stream along the busy Strand, but scarcely less rich than the Temple in quiet poetical beauty and stirring historical suggestions. A few minutes spent in these venerable precincts bring before the eye a march of some of the most familiar figures and the most characteristic scenes in the history of old England in the two eventful centuries immediately preceding the Reformation. In those times there was no busy street called the Strand. So late as the era of the Stuarts, indeed, the ground, now closely thronged with shops and over-charged with huge hotels, was occupied by the palatial residences of secular and ecclesiastical lords, whose memory is now fossilised in the names of streets

most familiar to the London ear; but in the days of the three first Edwards, what is now the little Royal Chapel, hidden from view in the midst of a crowded array of dingy streets, was the private chapel of the suburban manor of the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, connected with Westminster not so much by a country road, normally in a state of the vilest disrepair, as by the easier passage by the river. Here, in this lordly manor, the poet Chaucer sang the splendours of court life, and the green pride of the gardens which so gracefully festooned them; here the great Wycliff, who blew the blast of religious reformation to confused ears two centuries before the time, received that protection from a politic statesman which was denied him by the blind rage of a priest-ridden populace; and here also that same people, goaded to insurrection by the grinding taxation of a thriftless Government, came surging on from Essex one day in the time of the unfortunate Richard II., and overwhelmed the palace of the mighty duke, now become unpopular, with a ruin from which it did not recover till after the lapse of two hundred years, when Henry VII. changed it into a hospital. This hospital seems to have been sadly mismanaged, but continued to exist through the troublous times that followed, in an irregular sort of way, always plunging from bad to worse, till shortly after the death of William III., at the beginning of the last century, it was formally dissolved, and what remained of its neglected buildings was hurried out of existence by the erection of the adjacent Waterloo Bridge. The chapel, which be-

FLEET STREET.

longed to the hospital, had been used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as their parish church by the parishioners of St. Mary's, Strand, in the immediate neighbourhood, during which period, among other notable names, it rejoiced in the ministry of the pious and witty Thomas Fuller, the author of "The English Worthies," in writing which, like many a great portrait painter, he made himself more immortal than not a few of those who have enjoyed the benefit of his portraiture.

When the new Church of St. Mary was built—that which now exists—the chapel fell for a season into great discredit and disrepute, the incumbents having taken upon them to join the hands of amorous couples in a fashion of wholesale irregularity, that made the Savoy marriages as famous on the banks of the Thames as

the Gretna Green ones on the shores of the Solway Firth. After the death or banishment of the incumbent—Wilkinson, we believe, was his name—who made money by these unseemly benedictions, the chapel recovered its respectability. George III., by a special patent, made it a Chapel Royal, with certain rights and privileges, and since that time it has rejoiced in all the graces and proprieties and elegant refinements that belong to the Georgian and Victorian ages of English history. As a Scotsman, the present writer had a peculiar pleasure in worshipping there. One of our greatest national poets, Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and translator of the Æneid, lies buried in the centre of the chancel, as the brass plate indicates, and the name of Archibald Cameron of Lochiel, one of the victims of the Highland rising of 1745, in an inscription not far from the same spot, cannot fail to touch a true heart with admiration for the men whose loyalty, chivalrous devotion, and uncorrupted fidelity to their chief, even at this time throws a halo of glory over the manifest absurdity of their attempt.

The visitor who has not made his eye familiar with the principal historical sites in London has left the great metropolis without seeing that which is best worth seeing in it, even though he has enjoyed free entrance to the best houses in Mayfair or Belgravia. The present writer has spent hours, and days, and weeks in walking through the Vatican and other famous museums in the great cities of Europe, rich in historical materials and patriotic suggestions; but he knows nothing at once more instructive, more suggestive, and more elevating to an intelligent mind than a thoughtful perambulation of WESTMINSTER ABBEY and the chapel adjacent. This is, indeed, the great stone Iliad of England, to be ignorant of which should bring to a British schoolboy greater shame than not to have heard of the wrath of Achilles or the filial piety of the son of Anchises. The man who cannot learn from the speaking monuments of these richly-peopled aisles something better than the vulgar love of glory, and who cannot see something higher than the romance of history in the patriotic endurance of the sufferers in the TOWER, is made of materials which no appeal of the preacher and no drill of the schoolmaster can prevail to transmute from its native grossness.

AILMENTS ONE GETS LITTLE PITY FOR.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THAT there are a great many ailments, both little and big, for which no great pity is either felt or shown, everybody knows. I do not, however, purpose in this paper to mention all of them, and, for obvious reasons, must take the little instead of the big.

Sympathy with the sufferings of others is, in my belief, one of the traits of a noble heart, and this sympathy is seldom thrown away. It falls like water on a dry and thirsty soil. "And does good?" do you ask. "Ay, and does real good," I reply. I could write an essay—not necessarily a short one, either—on the value of pity as a healing agent. Does not pity often engender hope in the patient's heart, and does not hope cure, often more certainly than the best of medicine? Does not pity soothe? And to soothe is to give relief, the very first step that tends to health restored.

It should be remembered, however, that there are some natures so constituted, that pity rather tends to irritate and cast down, because they imagine that the pity tendered proves that the giver thereof can see signs of illness in the sufferer, which he himself cannot perceive—that he is therefore worse than he imagines. Pity should not be overdone; there may be too much of even a good thing.

Be these few words my preface, and now for the practical.

There is an expression you hear almost every day applied to, or having reference to, some sufferer: "Oh! it is nothing deadly." This is to talk heartlessly—unfeelingly. No complaint in the world, perhaps, elicits less sympathy than *tooth-ache*. Many is the time and oft I have heard people laughed at for having it. This was called "trying to laugh them out of it." Sudden mirthful affections of the mind have often, I grant you, scared away a trifling pain, but never the agony of an aching tooth. The most common kind of tooth-ache is probably that caused by a simple inflammation of the pulp of the tooth, which generally is a decayed one. The inflammation itself is the result of cold. Bad enough to bear is this kind of tooth-ache; and it is apt to recur again and again, from just the same causes, in spite of all the pain-killing nostrums that can be applied.

The radical cure for tooth-ache of this sort is so simple that a child can understand its why and its wherefore. Go boldly to a good dentist and have it cleaned and filled. And let me tell you this, that the cleaning is a very essential part of the operation. Go in the interval of pain—and this latter may in all cases be removed by rest, warmth in bed, and an aperient of a cooling kind. Here is something that few people know: saline aperients are most valuable in the treatment of all trifling inflammations; they reduce the general bulk of the blood and remove inflammatory products. The roughest forms of salines

are the Epsom and Glauber salts; the milder, Seidlitz powders, Pullna and other natural waters, &c.

But, as tooth-ache is likely to recur, those who are apt to suffer from it should see to the state of the general health, and take a mild tonic if need be, and, above all, make a habit of brushing the teeth after every meal. Far too little care is taken of the teeth in this country. From early infancy, children ought to be taught the use of the tooth-brush—a soft one, be it remembered—and chided if at any time they neglect it. At the same time, it is the duty of the parent (maternal) to notice that at the period of second dentition things are going on regularly ; and loose teeth should be removed, lest they cause disfigurement in the new rows coming up.

We have much to learn yet from our friends the Americans in regard to the care of the teeth and gums.

Never eat to repletion ; tooth-ache may be caused by indigestion. To remove the actual pain, chloroform and creosote may be applied with a morsel of lint over the aching tooth again and again, until numbness ensues. This is, however, a doubtful, if not a dangerous remedy, and should be used, therefore, with great caution.

Actual decay of teeth is a disease mostly of a constitutional kind, and nearly always requires the advice of a doctor, combined with the work of a dentist.

Whether one gets pity for it or not, neuralgia, whatever form it may take, is always a serious matter. It may, however, be but transient, having been brought on by over-work, anxiety, want of sleep, and exposure to cold or damp. Rest, bracing air, easily digested but nutritious food, a gentle aperient—not a saline—and quinine, are the only remedies I can here prescribe.

It occurs to me to say a word about *ear-ache*. It is a species of neuralgia, but very often proceeds from bad teeth. They should be seen to, as well as the general health. Hot fomentations should be applied to the ear, and afterwards a large, soft, warm poultice. Rest in bed is often imperative.

Back-ache is often a constant complaint with overworked and delicate people. They get little pity for it. It seems almost a mockery to say, "Remove the cause." But this should be done as much as possible, and an easy position studied while at work. Steel, or steel with quinine, will often do good, and the strength should be kept well up.

As, however, back-ache is often connected with internal complaints, which may eventually prove intractable or incurable, whenever it occurs for any length of time a medical man should be consulted.

Pain of all kinds is greatly relieved by the use of the hot bath. This is a hint which should not be forgotten.

Head-aches.—These are of so many different kinds that I cannot spare space to say much about them. Rest, aperients, absence for a time from food, and afterwards mild doses of quinine, will be found beneficial. But those who are much subject to them must take the greatest care how they live, and not neglect plenty of wholesome, happy exercise in the open air. Those who sit much during the day should be careful to hold the body as erect as possible.

Cold water applied frequently to the head does good in *fulness of the head*. This last often proceeds from a disordered stomach and liver. The latter may be congested, and, if only transiently so, one or two anti-bilious pills will remove it. The stomach and liver sympathise very much with each other. When the latter is out of order, the former will be acid.

Acidity of the stomach is a complaint with many. I shall treat of it, I trust, at a future day. Let me only here warn those who suffer from it not to trust too much to antacids, which always make matters worse in the long run.

Slight *colds* and *coughs* should never be neglected. Unless one actually calls in medical assistance, probably it is better to trust to dietetic treatment, with rest and warmth, than to purchase cough mixtures from the shops, which may or may not be unskilfully prepared. The worst of these is that they so often contain such a quantity of opiates that, even when they do give relief, they leave want of appetite, constipation, and general inaptitude for duty, for days to come.

Chlorodyne is often taken for colds and coughs. It is a *dangerous* remedy, in that weak-minded people are apt to take doses of it so often that it becomes a habit, and nothing could be more dangerous. It leads eventually to chronic ill-health, and is sure to shorten life if persisted in.

A *sprain* is apt to be neglected. Rest and soothing applications, or even cold water, will be sufficient to bring matters straight very soon ; but remember, many a one has become a cripple for life from neglecting a sprained foot or ankle.

An *in-growing nail* is a most painful, though not dangerous, affection. It is quite sufficient to lame one, and to cause much suffering, situated, as it usually is, on the great toe. A speedy attempt must be made to cure it. The nail should be scraped thin in the centre by means of a small piece of glass ; afterwards it will be found possible to raise, by gentle pressure, the in-grown portion ; under it should be placed a morsel of carbolised cotton. This should be changed twice a day, and only a slipper or soft shoe worn, until it is quite healed. When paring the toe-nails, it is best to cut them right across. All sorts of troubles accrue to the feet from the habit of wearing badly-fitting boots or shoes.

Corns and *bunions*, for example. The former may be got rid of thus : first remove the cause which produced them ; secondly, remove the pressure from the tender parts ; steep the feet in hot water, and pare well; wear warm, soft stockings or socks, and rest the feet as much as possible. It is not every chemist who will sell liquor arsenicalis without a medical prescription, as it is highly poisonous, but painting either hard or soft corns with this three times a day causes their disappearance. I have prescribed liquor arsenicalis

as a tonic in very minute doses in these columns more than once, and readers have afterwards written to say they were unable to procure it. It would be beneficial to thousands were druggists as particular as regards the sale of other poisons, notably chloral, chlorodyne, and laudanum.

Probably the best application to a bunion is the strongest tincture of iodine; but if it is a very bad one, consult a physician and do exactly what he tells you.

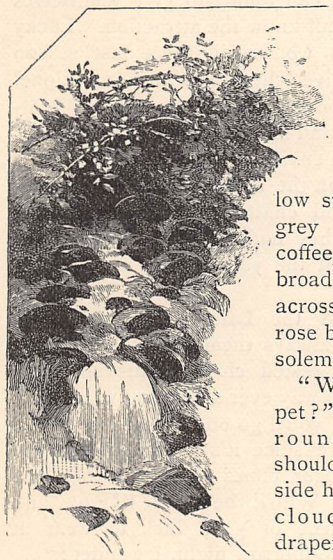
Many people suffer from *over-sweating* of the feet. Now the most sensible form of treatment seems to be the following:—1. Seek out the cause. This will generally be found to lie in a poor condition of the general health, which must be remedied by tonics, extract of malt, cod-liver oil, or a combination of the latter two food-tonics, now sold at all shops, exercise, and the cold bath. 2. By attention to the feet themselves. Keep extra clean, and change the stockings frequently; bathe or soak the feet night and morning in water to which either some alum or a handful of sea-salt has been added. An ointment of five grains of carbolic acid to an ounce of the ointment of oxide of zinc has been recommended by some physicians. After the feet have been well washed, they are to be anointed with this. 3. Wear soft woollen socks and easy boots.

Cold feet are often complained of by the delicate, and even by the apparently strong. It is my impression that we ought to try to get more at the root of the evil than we do by simply ordering the feet and legs to be kept warm night and day. Coldness in the feet and extremities points to a lowering of vitality. The system is under par, and needs strengthening, and the circulation usually requires quickening. This, exercise in the open air, the use of the dumb-bells, and morning bath will generally effect.

I have written this somewhat desultory paper, letting remark follow remark, just as it occurred to me, but I trust that some of my numerous readers may be able to pick a useful hint or two from it.

ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN MIST.

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, AUTHOR OF "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY," ETC.



"TO-MORROW is Marjory's birthday," said the Laird. "What shall we give her?"

They were all out after dinner, on the low stone terrace of the old grey castle, drinking their coffee, and watching the broad sheet of gold spread across the loch, as the moon rose behind Ben Lomond's solemn height.

"What do you want, my pet?" and he slid his arm round Margie's slender shoulders, as she leant beside him, wrapped in a soft cloud of white woollen drapery, upon the carved stone balustrade.

"Oh, I want nothing, papa! I think I've everything I could possibly need—except—except a little bit of white heather."

Everybody laughed, except Angus Colquhoun. It takes little to excite mirth among a party of guests in a pleasant country-house, who have dined well, and have no heavier cares than how to settle to-morrow's amusements. These gay people, fresh from a London season, found the novelty of a Scotch castle quite delicious. The weather had been perfect, and they had not begun to be bored yet. They were in a state of mind to be amused at anything—even young Mr. Colquhoun's sulky looks at dinner.

"White heather!" cried Lady Grace Davenport, a very consolable young widow. "My dear Margie, what an idea! Why don't you wish for diamonds?—a set like Mrs. Rivington's."

Everybody laughed again, except the young Laird of Logie, whose stern features did not relax their expression in the least.

He was tasting to the full to-night, poor Angus, how bitter life could be. Marjory—wee Marjory—his pet and his darling of the old school-boy days—his "wee wifie," as she had been called since she clung to his proud hand to take her first tottering steps on the very stone terrace where they stood together now—who would ever have dreamed that Marjory could hurt him as she had done in the last three days? Oh, if she had never gone to London for that odious season!

In all the days of the life they had spent together, they had never been parted but once before—when he went to Edinburgh for his last school year. All their schooling before that had been got from governesses and tutors, and Marjory even made her first stammering acquaintance with the Latin tongue, an acquaintance which never ran any risk of degenerating into contempt, from Angus's own well-thumbed *Principia*. How she cried that time they parted! and how his heart was wrung at going! But he found the same old merry Marjory when he came back to Ardoch; and they were as happy as the Northern summer days were long.

This time it was Marjory who parted, and she did

not shed a tear. It was only August now, and the snow-wreaths had not all faded from Ben Lomond's lofty crest before she went, and yet those few short months had robbed him of his sweetheart, and the "wee wifie" was his own no more.

If he had but spoken when he came from college, and found himself, at twenty-one, Laird of Logie, and his own master! It was all through the old Laird that he did not lay Logie and himself, then and there, at Margie's little feet, and tell her they were hers, and only hers, now and for ever. Ardoch had spoken fairly enough; he told him it was his hope and his wish to call him his son, and Logie lands jumped with Ardoch. There never was a Ferguson who could not appreciate the joining of two neighbouring estates. Ardoch was a thorough Ferguson, high-minded and generous though he might be. But Marjory had seen nothing of the world; it would not be just to bind her till she had had her season in London and seen gay life. Angus' Scotch sense of justice made him see the force of that, and he did violence with himself and saw her go without a spoken word of love. Surely Marjory knew, without the speaking!

Now she was at home again, a Marjory all London airs and graces; little affectations and fashions and follies, such as Ardoch's gaunt old walls had never seen before. She treated him as if they were old friends—no more. There was not a blush, nor a falter; she had forgotten how to look shy in London drawing-rooms. Angus raged inwardly, with a pain that seemed to take all his strength to bear; and with the pain and hurt feeling was mingled—though he would have died rather than own it to himself—a certain secret sense of the difference between him and the London men Marjory had brought back in her train. He felt as great a gulf between himself and these indifferent men of the world as there was between his evening suit, built by a Glasgow tailor, and the embroidered shirts and waistcoats, satin neck-ties and big-bowed shoes, which filled his country soul with wonder somewhat dashed with disdain. On his own ground—by moor, or loch, or mountain, or among his books—Angus—tall, broad-shouldered Angus—was their master, and knew it; but to-night, at the dinner, with its complicated *menu*, such as Castle Ardoch had never provided before, he felt himself at a disadvantage among these denizens of fashionable spheres.

In vain Lady Grace tried all her fascination on the "handsome young Scotch bear," as all the ladies privately called him; in vain they went into ecstasies over the view of distant Logie from Ardoch terrace, the short heavy towers, with their pointed caps, like a fourteenth-century Norman château, even over the "doo-cote"—a little isolated turret itself, within the outer moat—Angus' solemn gravity never yielded, and Marjory grew gayer and more frivolous every minute.

There was a certain Mr. Venables, who was the principal object of Angus' aversion; a strange man, with flowing locks, and an expression of mild suffering, dressed in the garb of half a century ago, with a peach satin waistcoat, and broad white shirt-cuffs, turned back over his tight coat-sleeves. Round him the whole party seemed to circle, with a profound interest and admiration. If he only murmured, in a sad and weary voice, that "the transient shadows on the mountain were exquisite in their evanescent glory," everybody caught the refrain, and sang the glory of the shadows till Angus wished they shared the fleeting propensities they found so admirable. He loathed Mr. Venables, who persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Logie," as if that were his surname; who affected to be unable to comprehend the title of "Laird," when Ardoch kindly took upon himself to explain; who looked as though he were ready dressed for private theatricals; and—crowning sin—followed Marjory about with a persistence which would have been pointed had it had enough energy.

Lady Grace had enlivened the second *entrée* by telling Colquhoun that Lionel Venables was "the fashion," the art-critic of the season, the arbiter of taste and feeling, the greatest man of the day.

"The Fergusons are no end lucky to have caught him for a visit," said Lady Grace, who did not affect the æsthetic in her conversation. "The Duchess of Wiltshire was ready to tear her hair because he threw her over to come, and he goes on to Sandringham next month. One would have thought wild horses wouldn't have kept him from the Duchess' artistic fête, but lions can afford to give themselves airs, and of course we all know the attraction. Lucky girl! There wasn't a woman in town last season who wouldn't have given her eyes to have Lionel Venables at her apron-strings, as he was at Marjory's. The jealousy and hatred that girl excited!" —Lady Grace gave an envious sigh.

So Angus gloomed in the background, while everybody else laughed, and chattered, and admired the moon-effects, "as if they had been got up for their entertainment," thought the young Laird of Logie, in his sulks.

"Well, well!" said the Laird (when that title possessed a capital it always meant Ardoch), patting the soft cheek which rested close to his shoulder. "You've had your own way ever since you were born, my lass, and I expect you'll go on having it. White heather you must have since it's white heather you want, though it's younger bones than mine that'll be seeking it, I doubt. Who'll be your knight, and bring you home a piece of good luck to wear at your birthday dinner to-morrow night, I wonder?"

There was a polite chorus from all the men present.

"But that's too simple a deed for a lady's knight," said old Sir Charles Huntly, with his courtly grace. "Only a handful of a shrub that grows wild everywhere, and can be had for the picking!"

"Indeed, and you'll not find that to be the case," said the Laird, with his fine little Northern inflection of voice. "Heather's common enough, I grant you, but white heather's as rare as the black swan. Marjory says it's the type of happiness; perhaps that's because of its scarcity."

"Or because it is so hard to find" (Marjory seemed almost serious). "My old nurse, Elspie, had a prettier reason still; she said it was because it grew only on the lofty heights."

"Poetical, but incorrect," murmured the Laird.

Venables appeared uneasy. "Do I understand Margie?" asked Lady Grace gaily. "Something like heliotrope, in 'Tom Brown at Oxford'?"

"May I not know it?" Venables put on his most witching air.

"Oh, you may find it in the Queen's 'Highland Journal,'" laughed Marjory lightly, though her face

"'MAY I TELL THE LAIRD NOW?' WHISPERED ANGUS" (*p.* 90).

that it has an inaccessible habitat?" he asked. "Though that were little if the ladye deign to crave for it."

"Oh, it's easy enough to find if you know where to look," said good-natured Mrs. Ferguson; and Venables considered within himself that the wild and bare-footed youths of the neighbourhood would no doubt possess that knowledge.

"But isn't there another meaning than happiness, coloured a little in the moonlight. "Mamma, are we to have no music to-night?" And they adjourned to the music-room.

Late that night, as Colquhoun crossed the panelled hall on his way to his dog-cart, ulster-clad, and pipe between his fingers, the door of the book-room (*Anglicè*, library) stood ajar, and his passing glance lit on Mr. Venables, sunk in the Laird's own big leather chair. A green-bound volume was in his

hands, and he was skimming its pages. Colquhoun's loyal soul knew well that oft-perused book: "Leaves from the Journal," he muttered between his teeth, and closed the nail-studded front door with a portentous clap.

It was not royal weather that hailed Marjory's birthday, as the Castle Ardoch party started to picnic on Ben Lomond's crest. The sky was overcast and the Laird predicted rain before night, though he was generally voted a wet blanket, and his prediction laughed to scorn. Most of the party were mounted for the ascent, Southern hearts rather quailing at so formidable a climb; but Marjory walked with the Laird, and most of the male element, out-distanced altogether by Angus, who swung off with a steady stride, suggestive of Malcolm Graeme. Venables lingered behind, and entered into converse with one of the white-haired laddies near the Rowardenin hotel, who looked intelligent, pulled his forelock, and scampered off up the mountain. Perhaps it was the delay so caused which resulted in Venables reaching the summit, breathless and exhausted, some half-hour after the rest.

Angus, well used to mountain picnics, was a host in himself, and he and Mrs. Ferguson had the cloth laid, and the hampers emptied, with a business-like celerity truly delightful to the hungry. It was only after luncheon was over that he disappeared; and Marjory's quick eye saw him as he vanished on the further side of the tall peak that crowns Ben Lomond's top. All the rest of the gentlemen began to search, with much merriment, but less energy, for Marjory's coveted white heather. Mr. Venables strayed thoughtfully away in the direction taken some hours before by the youth with the "lint-locks;" and Marjory was for the moment alone with the remnants of the feast. She felt uneasy, she could scarcely have told why; there was a look in Angus' face that haunted her since yesterday, and half unconsciously ear and eye were strained towards the spot where he had vanished.

Suddenly, through the grey hushed air, a faint cry struck on her ear. Without the hesitation of a moment Marjory turned and darted like a young fawn upwards to the peak. As she ran, with one swift breath the whole face of the hill-world changed; and a white mist, thick, blinding, impalpable, swept up the slope behind her, and blotted out all the world beneath.

How she chose that one steep sheep-track she could never tell; she seemed to act by an instinct beyond herself, and it was hardly surprise that struck upon her heart like the touch of a cold hand, as she reached the foot of a steep precipice, and saw lying at its base, one foot twisted beneath him, the still, motionless form of Angus Colquhoun.

"Oh, Angus, Angus!"—she was on her knees beside him, raising his head upon her arm—"I have killed him!" and with a cry that rang back from the frowning crags above, like a weird wail of anguish, she flung herself upon his breast.

Even as her head rested upon his heart she felt its beat. She started away, but his left arm held her fast, and as the colour came back to his blanched face, and his eyes unclosed, she ceased to struggle.

His flask was in the pocket of his coat; she found it and put it to his lips. He jerked himself up to a sitting position, clenching his teeth as he twisted his ankle by the movement, but he still held her fast.

"Fainted like a girl!" said he, with intense disgust. "A thing Venables might have done! But oh, Margie! Margie! can this be true?" and he fell to covering her hands with kisses.

"And I thought you did not care!" sighed Angus, in his content, forgetting everything but that she was beside him.

"I only found I cared just now."

"And your white heather, dear! I slipped before I could reach it up there. I can't give you your bit of happiness, Marjory, after all."

"You have given me all the happiness the world holds, Angus," was all she answered.

Suddenly, with breath as swift as before, the mountain mists shifted again, and the scene below lay clear once more—the group about the horses, at the place where they had lunched, and, just beneath them, Mr. Venables receiving a bunch of something from the hands of a kilted youth. Marjory's quick eye caught that, and a blush of sympathetic shame crept into her cheeks.

"Angus, you must lean on my shoulder," she said, "the path is not far, we must get back to the ponies."

He turned to drag himself to his feet, and his touch closed on one tiny spray of white heather where he had lain.

"Look! look!" he cried triumphantly. "You will have it, after all! Elspie was right—happiness grows high above the mists."

"And close at hand, when we looked for it far off," murmured Marjory softly, as Angus laid the little white bells in her hand.

There was high festival that night at Castle Ardoch when Marjory's health was drunk at dinner with Highland honours; and young Colquhoun, on the tartan-covered sofa in the dining-room window, was promoted to be interesting invalid, and voted much nicer ill than well by most of the ladies present. Venables' portly bunch of white heather decorated the big silver épergne, presented to the Laird by the yeomanry when he resigned his command; but one slender bit, with tiny blossoms, nestled among the plaits of Marjory's soft hair.

"May I tell the Laird, now?" whispered Angus, as she lingered by his sofa in passing, when the ladies went away.

"Tell him what?" she laughed back, with a flash of the old sauciness. "You've told *me* nothing, yet. Do you know you've never even asked me a certain question?"

"The heather asked it for me," he said, looking at her with dancing eyes; and that was all the proposal of marriage Marjory ever had.

WHAT IS SILICINE?

DESIGN FOR PANEL OF GLASS DOOR IN SILICINE.

OF late years great ingenuity has been displayed by inventors to satisfy the demand for attractive and facile methods of executing decorations for houses. Ladies who are not overpartial to hard and continuous work, and who dread the severe study indispensable if a mastery of painting is to be acquired, will readily take up any new art-work that promises to produce good effects with a small expenditure of trouble. In Silicine, as an imitation of stained glass, we have a method that exactly suits this numerous class of amateurs. On examining it impartially, we can recommend it as being effective and useful as a decoration; but to prevent misunderstanding and disappointment, we must say that it has no pretension to excel, or even to rival, stained glass. At the same time, it is far preferable to the ordinary imitations, for the reason that it is not purely a mechanical process. The labour attendant on producing silicine decorations is certainly extremely small when compared with glass-painting proper. In the latter there is the cut-drawing to prepare and colour, which must be sent to the glass-cutter; then the several pieces have to be arranged in their places on the coloured design, and "stuck up" on a sheet of glass, or else separately painted and shaded, and stained with glass-stain. Again, the glass has to be returned to the workshop to be fired; and, finally, it undergoes the process of leading.

In silicine a single sheet of glass is treated simply as the paper in water-colour drawing, the design being sketched in and the colours laid on. The expense also, it will be readily seen, is much less in the imitation than in the real work, no cutting, no firing, and no leading being necessary. The risk incurred in the transport of the glass to and from the workshop is avoided, and for those who live in the country this consideration will be of some importance.

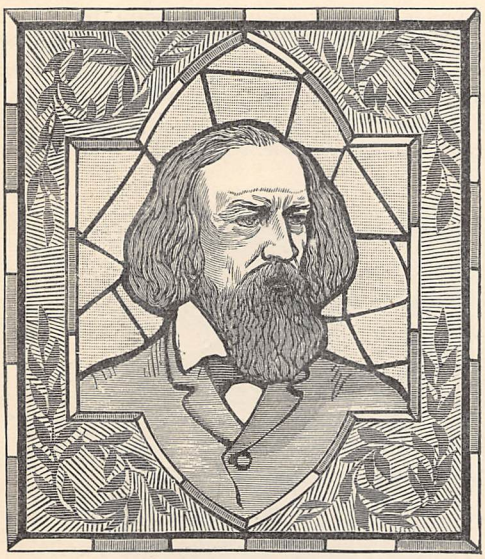
In our opinion, a coloured-glass window without "leadings" is an anomaly. They produce a richness of appearance by accentuating portions of the design, thus bringing the more important details into greater prominence and affording relief. These, however, can be imitated in silicine. Beginners in the art of colouring glass are liable to fall into the error of thinking that the more they make their painting like a picture drawn in oil, so much the more valuable will it be. But we must, if we would succeed, adapt our ornamentation to the purpose it is to fulfil; and in the subject now under our consideration it is obvious that "fitness" is not found in making a window look as much like a picture as possible; we should make use of the opportunity afforded us by the space at our disposal to introduce colour and form into the building, be it church or house, without detracting from the unity of the architectural whole.

A few words as to the method of working will suffice to acquaint our readers with the whole of the process. The size of the window-frame is first taken, and a sheet of glass is obtained of the same dimensions. Ordinary sheet or plate-glass is used, and if this is washed over with silicine, which is the medium employed for mixing the colours, it will resemble more closely the glass used in old windows. Should a semi-transparent painting be desired, the result will be secured by working on ground glass; for landscapes, it is preferable to clear glass. Again, for staircase windows, fan-lights, and panels for hall doors and for screens, rough wavy glass may be used with advantage. The glass on which the work is to be done must be clean and free from dust, lest specks should appear on the work when finished. The outline of

STAIRCASE WINDOW DESIGN IN SILICINE.

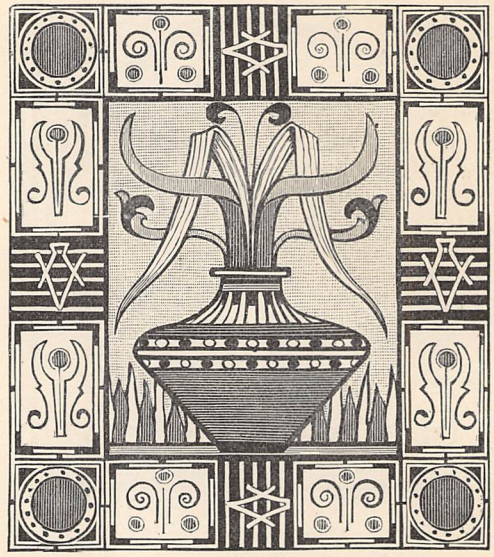
the design should first be drawn on paper: this will be a help to the artist, as he can then trace it off on the glass. The design, picture, photo, or engraving—for anything can be copied in silicine—is laid on a table, and over it the sheet of glass is placed, the outlines being traced in ink. A little ox-gall may be added to the ink should it not flow easily. If leadings are to be imitated on the glass, these outlines may be put in broadly and painted over with silicine. All the colouring is in this case done on the same side, namely, that on which the leadings are already drawn, but should no leadings be required the glass is coloured on the reverse side to that on which the tracing was made, and when the painting is somewhat advanced the ink lines are washed off.

The colours used must be those specially prepared; it is stated they are quite different from ordinary ones, and no others must be employed with them. They are all translucent, and may be freely mixed together. Silicine is added to all the colours, and it is this that renders them permanent. A china palette is required, and a palette-knife for mixing the colours. Linseed oil will be found useful, as in covering a large surface a drop or two may be mixed with the colours to prevent them drying too quickly. As soon as the tracing is completed, the glass is placed in a sloping position, with a sheet of clean paper laid on the table beneath. The artist will seat himself opposite a window, as he will find he can work best facing the light. A desk or easel is to be obtained at the artists' colourmen's where silicine is sold. As decorators of china will



PORTRAIT FOR LIBRARY WINDOW IN SILICINE.

easily understand, the finger can be used in softening tints, and it is often more effectual than the tools which are made for the purpose. Should any part of the painting dry dull, a coat of silicine is passed over it, and brilliancy is restored; this is applied with a soft camel-hair brush. To produce an intense tint, a



DESIGN FOR WINDOW IN SILICINE.

wash of scarlet or yellow, that has been allowed to dry thoroughly, may be painted over with rose-colour. Rose over blue, or blue over yellow, will give strength of tint. Shade colour is also sold ready prepared for use; it may be varied with the addition of a little blue or rose. Over-painting with the same colour may be also resorted to should a deeper shade be considered needful. Should a wash not appear sufficiently smooth, colour may be stippled on afterwards. High lights can be rendered by the aid of a pointed stick or penknife, and white is imitated by applying silicine thinly with the finger. Corrections are often necessary in the first attempts in a new art-work, and these can be made by first washing out the error with a rag dipped in turpentine, and then re-painting the part. The leadings are improved by covering with gold or silver bronze mixed with silicine. When the painting is completed it must be left to dry thoroughly, after which silicine gloss is washed entirely over the work as a preservative. It must be applied in one wash, and not repeated.

Fixing the painting in its position is simple; it is reversed and put into the sash, small pieces of wood being placed between the two planes to prevent their contact. Care should be taken that the window-glass is first well cleaned.

Brushes are washed in turpentine if they get clogged, and also whenever work is over for the day. The palette should be warmed by the fire and the colours scraped off; afterwards it will need washing with turpentine.

AN ORCHESTRA IN THE HOME.

THERE can be no doubt that "music in the home" is one of the most enjoyable forms which the practice of the art assumes. Nothing could be more intellectually healthy than the gathering together of talented—and, for the matter of that, very ordinary—musical members of a family into a sort of home orchestral society, while the benefit to art would be considerable. Here in England we have thousands of most musical minds and fingers, to say nothing of voices, while the worlds of music waiting to be conquered put a certain enthusiast and his aspirations completely into the shade. Nevertheless, we are practically barren in turning these materials to account. I do not say we are lacking in musical gatherings, amateur orchestral societies, and the like. On the contrary, there is a plethora of these ; but it will not be denied that such take music out of the home rather than put it into it, and have the effect, perhaps, of stemming the tide of mutual musical practice at home rather than of encouraging it. We want more music inside our own doors. Talented fellows have the knack of preferring to air their cleverness in small public performances rather than in the sober surroundings of home, a state of things which is happily to a great extent remediable. When there is more music in the home, there will certainly be more musical gatherings at home.

Let us consider the present average of home musical strength. There is always the pianoforte—not everywhere in the best of tune or condition, so thoughtless do people grow of the harm to themselves and to music in general from the ill-effects arising out of the perpetuating of harmonies from an untrue instrument. With the pianoforte is often associated the harmonium or American organ ; and when one has gone thus far the musical resources of most homes (many of them capable of accomplishing more) become, so far as instruments are concerned, exhausted.

In forming an amateur orchestra, the first point that will arise will be, who are to constitute its members. You may have the smallest possible convenience for practising together—thoughts may even revert to so dismal a *locale* as the summer-house in winter. There may be most opposite opinions on the character and schools of music to be practised. Differences there most surely will be "'twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee," but all these points may safely be left to take care of themselves, with the certain assurance that they will come right in the end. For members, first look round your own immediate family circle. Is a string quartet possible? If so, this can be made the nucleus of a small orchestra. Two of the girls, perhaps, are studying the violin. That Bohemian cousin who paints so well—he dabbles with the 'cello : it is suggested that he will be sure to join if asked. The viola only is wanted, when it is suddenly remembered that it is the pet instrument of one of the girls at "Roseleigh," on the other side of the Common. In a post or two this identical quartet make a musical compact, and everything seems so hopeful, and all are so ardent, that the musical safety and enterprise of even the Monday Populars seem to be placed in jeopardy. But one warns the enthusiasts against soaring too high. An amateur quartet is not going to outrival the doings of any established body of professional players. Much amateur musical work is, I am ready to challenge, equal and even superior to professional work, but this is exceptional only ; and the average of professional skill is, as it should be, superior to usual amateur ability. On this account, therefore, I take the passing precaution of discouraging my readers against any attempt at rivalling their professional brethren, though I say nothing against emulating them. The string quartet amplified with the pianoforte and American organ, or harmonium—for, as regards the latter instruments, there are now few homes where these are not associated with the pianoforte—a wider range of music is already possible. Stringed instruments backed up with the pianoforte and harmonium combine well, and an ingenious leading spirit could open up to such a small band an almost inexhaustible wealth of musical works for study.

Thus far our orchestra is established, and the question of adding to it may be considered later on. All the formulæ needing to be gone through are the registration of membership and the settlement of a general weekly or fortnightly meeting for the purpose of a united rehearsal. This may take place alternately at the members' own houses, although it may be found that some one member would not be unwilling for the meetings to be held regularly at his or her residence. This general rehearsal should be a sort of public performance of work done, for it is assumed that membership of such an orchestra would imply the necessity on the part of all engaged to previously qualify themselves, as far as possible, in their respective parts. A strict regard to this point, and that of regular attendance at the general rehearsal, would be indispensable for the bringing about of any good result. When all are so earnest, as a body of such amateurs would naturally be, the consideration of "rules" would seem to be superfluous. Nevertheless, in every well-contained body, and among the most earnest sets of workers, a few "rules" (call them "notes," if you will), setting out the *raison d'être* of the society, the members' names, the dates and hours for general meetings, &c., are useful to ward off the excuses of forgetful minds who can keep no engagement without such memoranda.

Here, then, let us leave for the present this part of our orchestra. It can amuse itself very profitably for weeks in going through four-part music—anthems, glees, part-songs—any music, in fact, within the range of their respective instruments, and which will bear being associated with the piano or organ. This sort of practice may be done at sight, and will afford good opportunity for the members to feel their respective merits in taste as well as in *technique*. Some one more clever than the rest may possibly suggest the arranging of a few well-known songs or ballads, in which the well-worn melody may be given sometimes to the unison of the harmonium, with the accompaniments distributed among the other parts; or the violoncello may not refuse to become responsible for the melody as a foundation capable of sustaining any judicious accompaniments with which the other instruments may clothe it. Vocal or instrumental duets and trios may also be easily adapted to the conditions of such a small orchestra, and, having the merit of simplicity, are better than more ambitious compositions for early practice. It is possible the string quartet may long to attack some compositions belonging to its special sphere. Then a great realm of art opens itself, for the greatest composers told some of their greatest thoughts in this form of composition. Haydn stands foremost, with his exquisite musical breathings. Mozart—equally perfect in quartet music—is followed by the thoughtful Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. Schubert and Schumann come next to the great models, and a host of minor composers have contributed to this class of what is termed cabinet music. But for choicest music of this kind, that most nicely balanced, that most likely to rivet the attention for hours together, go to "Father" Haydn, king of writers for stringed instruments.

The earliest orchestras—the ὀρχήστρα of the Greeks, for instance—sprang out of a natural tendency on the part of those who could and would sing, to select an accompanying instrument as closely allied as possible to the compass, and fitted to the quality of the voice it was to accompany. Thus were our modern orchestras arrived at. But I am not going to lay down such conditional terms. Our home orchestra is not to be fettered in any such way; its materials are to bear no relation whatever to the vocal qualities of those who are to perform upon the respective instruments; nor need these materials be of any particular *caste*. Talent, happily, is blind here, and music especially has the merit of distributing her favours in a most impartial manner among both rich and poor. Nor need sex be a matter of moment in much that will be possible to our orchestra. Hitherto it has lacked some distinctive features. A clarinet player of good calibre, however, here presents himself, and is accepted. A musical relative jots down a trio for clarinet, violin, and pianoforte, and the performance of this gives a wonderful impetus to the doings. The clarinet brings more colour into the picture; and, if this effect could be heightened by a flute or oboe, we should be verging on the *ultima thule* of our musical plan. The world of composition opens out, for now quintets, sestets, and octets are possible. You may put in a little brass, for there is sure to be some fellow imitating Levy or Reynolds who will not object to give up an hour or two occasionally towards sustaining the cornet part—as he alone can! If all that is doing prompts some friendly fellow to try his hand with an instrument, then advise him to take to the horn—a useful instrument, and one that will go well with the string quartet in works for five, six, or eight instruments. If other "brass" presents itself, then accept it if it be of tolerable quality. You may even take a drum, for its "rataplan" comes in gloriously, provided that, after a few hundred bars rest, it may be counted upon not to rush in half a bar too soon with a deafening roar, instead of the gentle roll of a moment's duration. The triangle affords scope for even a child's management, given the favourable conditions which we hope for in so intelligent a body of musical minds.

Of the music to be played something has already been said. But I would warn our orchestra, even in its fullest moments, against going for Beethoven's C minor, the "Italian" by Mendelssohn, "Die Weihe der Töne" by Spohr, Schubert's "Seventh," or any other symphony. Get among you a ruling spirit (the neighbouring organist should be a capable man); let him be chief. Discuss your own views on the music to be played, and keep in smooth water in preference to getting among breakers; that is to say, don't attempt the impossible; be content with doing small works rather than big ones; and, if you err at all, err on the side of simplicity rather than the reverse. And bear in mind that arrangements or pieces especially written to suit your particular circumstances and requirements will be better than attempting well-worn scores in which you are forced to leave out the parts you may be without.

Now another aspect presents itself. So intelligent a set of musical minds are not going to fiddle away privately and collectively for any length of time without coming to some reasonable degree of efficiency. The fact is, this amateur orchestra has already been talked about. That earliest of early-informed people—the clergyman—knows of it, and has extracted a promise of its assistance at a concert in the parish school-room in aid of a fund for restoring the church. This is no sooner over than the superintendent of the local Working Men's Club is busy devising a series of winter entertainments for its members and their wives, and our orchestral society is petitioned to become the backbone of these. The Mothers' Meeting is to have its annual high tea. Well, music will be wanted. Off goes another request, this time from the curate, and the services of the orchestra are again secured. So one and another of the leading spirits of the place keep matters going, until the engagements of these music-lovers become positively numerous. More than enough local calls are constantly being made upon the good-nature of the party, and two nights in one week have already been promised in this direction, when there comes an appeal from a poor and over-worked

East End vicar, who is related to one of the violinists in the band. The latter tells a pitiful tale of all the misery and poverty which came under her notice when visiting her cousin's parish at the East End, and the prospect of lighting up for a few hours the lives of some of these poor people becomes so manifest that a refusal to the request is deemed impossible. And other such calls for help flow in from all directions where the enlightenment and amusement of the poor is being carried on as an important element in parish work. Nowhere is this being persevered in with more vigour than in some of the poorer East London districts—notably St. Jude's, Whitechapel—and but for the generous response which is made by talented amateurs, who constitute such sets as our orchestral society, it would be difficult to continue this elevating mission work. It is as impossible to overestimate the good effects of this sort of help as it is to sufficiently imagine the gratitude evidenced on the faces of the audiences one meets in getting about in these "slums." I well remember a visit of Countess Cowper with her *troupe* of "banjoists" to a very poor part of Shoreditch some time ago. This body of noble performers will have very lively recollections of the maze of squalid courts down which they dived before reaching the scene of their evening's engagement; but even their vivid impressions are more than equalled by the enthusiasm which still reigns among their hearers concerning that memorable musical entertainment.

Endless work of this kind will be for ever presenting itself to our little society, and it will do well to assist where it can. Much good may be done in this way, and the help rendered is of a kind that money cannot buy. Many dark places—some very dark ones—still need lighting up, and thousands of men and women want brightening up too, for it cannot be denied that, despite the gigantic machinery of modern Christianity and of philanthropy, the social condition and the lives of vast numbers of the masses can be likened to little else than a spell of chaos and despair, with which even the Legislature cannot be expected to grapple successfully without having such aid.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS.*

IT has been said that, as science advances, poetry declines; that the scientific spirit is inimical to the poetic. Now there is one science, at any rate, of which this cannot be said with the least approach to truth, and that science is astronomy. Dealing almost with the infinite in space and time, the history and facts of astronomy form one great poem whose sublimity is unrivalled, and, as we turn page after page of the wondrous story, the grandeur and interest ever increase until the wearied mind sinks exhausted in endeavouring to comprehend the stupendous whole.

Let us, by the scientific use of our imaginations, project ourselves some billions of miles into the regions of space, and from that point survey the universe around us. We shall find ourselves in a huge vault stretching untold millions of miles in every direction, and containing nothing visible save one solitary star rushing through the darkness at the prodigious velocity of six miles in a second.

Such, however, is the extent of space to be traversed that it will be at least 1,000,000 years before that star can reach the bounds of the vast expanse.

Around us myriads of stars shed their glimmering lights across the dark abyss. Here and there patches of nebulous light arrest our attention, and we see that some of these are clusters of stars so remote that their commingling lights form a hazy brightness, while others are evidently masses of incandescent gas of incredible dimensions. Except these bodies there is no visible thing. Sun, Moon, and planets, as we know them, have all alike vanished, and we are in the midst of eternal silence and night, with the stars and the nebulæ looking down upon us from afar.

What are those stars? Let us fix our attention on the one we have mentioned. In nothing does it differ in appearance from the myriad others around us, but on closer inspection we observe it is not alone; there are eight little specks which it carries in its train. As we gradually approach it the little star swells out in splendour until it blazes into a Sun, and the eight little specks become mighty planets circling around him; and we recognise the solar system in which our Earth has its place. Let us consider this system somewhat in detail. Of the central Sun we shall say nothing further, as it has already been described in former numbers of this Magazine, but shall turn our attention to the other wonderful bodies which we find within the system. As already noticed, there are eight large planets. These are all dark globes, or spheres of matter, having little or no light of their own, but shining in our heavens with light borrowed from the Sun. They all travel in nearly one plane round the central Sun, in orbits which are nearly, though not quite, circular.

These planets naturally divide themselves into two groups of four each: those comparatively near the

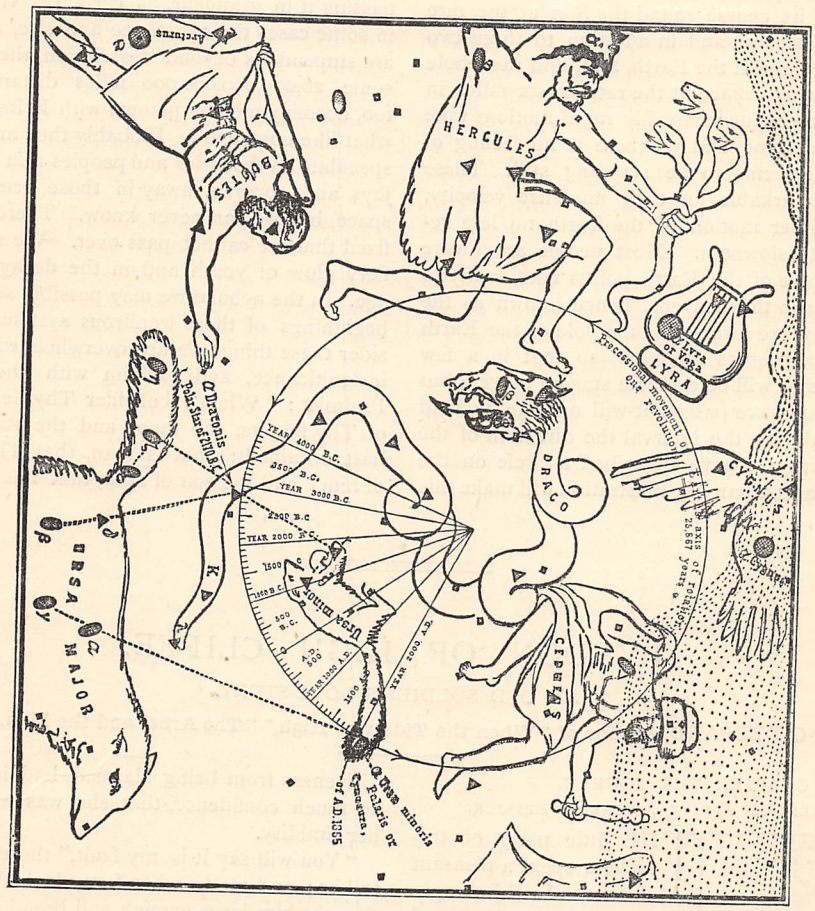
* "The Story of the Heavens," by Robert Stawell Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Royal Astronomer of Ireland (Cassell & Company, Limited).

Sun, and those more distant—the former group comprising Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars; the latter Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Let us consider each in turn. Mercury, the smallest of the first four, is not much larger than our Moon, having a diameter of 2,992 miles, is 36,000,000 miles distant from the Sun, and completes a revolution round that body in eighty-eight days, thus rushing through space with the enormous velocity of twenty-nine miles in a second of time. Its yearly seasons are crowded up, as it were, into the short space of about three of our months, and as the intensity of the Sun's heat on its surface must be about nine times as much as on our Earth, it is evident it cannot be quite a suitable home for creatures such as we are. Mercury weighs nearly seven times as much as a globe of water of equal size, and is the most dense of all the planets. Owing to its proximity to the Sun, it cannot at all times be seen from the Earth, the brilliance of the Sun's rays hiding it from our view. The next planet, Venus, so well known to us all as the loveliest object in the heavens, the evening and the morning star, resembles closely our own Earth. Its size is almost the same, its diameter being 7,660 miles; its day is almost the same length, and its density is rather less than five times that of water. It revolves round the Sun at a distance of 67,000,000 miles in the space of 224 days. Like Mercury, however, Venus is moonless. Passing the Earth in the meantime, we come to the well-known red planet Mars. This planet is particularly interesting in many points of view. Next to Mercury it is the smallest of the four interior planets, its diameter being only 4,200 miles, or little more than half that of the Earth or Venus. Its distance from the Sun is 141,000,000 miles, and it completes its circuit in 687 days. The length of its day does not differ materially from that of our own. Mars has two moons, and one of them presents a phenomenon unique in the system. No other moon behaves like this one, for it goes round Mars about three times every day; that is to say, it goes faster round Mars than Mars does on its own axis. Imagine our Moon rising and setting three times every twenty-four hours! Another interesting feature in Mars is this: we can see through our telescopes what seems to be the configuration of its continents and oceans, and also accumulation of snow at its poles.

We next turn our attention to the other group of planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. These are distinguished by their enormous size, immense distance from the Sun, rapid revolution on their own axes, and very small density. The change from Mars to Jupiter is indeed remarkable. The latter planet, familiar to every observer of the heavens, is indeed a giant among giants. In mass it is equal to all the other planets put together, its diameter being no less than 85,000 miles, and its distance from the Sun 482,000,000 miles. It takes 4,332 days to complete its yearly revolution. Although of such enormous dimensions, it turns on its own axis in less than ten hours. From the small density (1·38) of Jupiter, we should imagine it to be composed, in great part at least, of fluid or gaseous matter not yet cooled sufficiently to form solid land. From certain phenomena on its surface it is evident that it is almost completely enveloped in clouds, and it is doubtful if we have ever actually seen the real solid nucleus of this planet. Jupiter is attended by four moons, which revolve round him at various distances. The study of these bodies is of great interest; from watching their movements we got the first hint of the velocity of light. Next in order in our outward journey comes Saturn, at the distance of 884,000,000 miles from the Sun, and taking no less than 10,759 days to complete its revolution round that luminary. This planet, though less than Jupiter, is still of gigantic dimensions, its diameter being 71,000 miles. Saturn is the lightest of all the planets, its density being only 0·75, so that if placed in a huge ocean it would float with a fourth of its bulk above the level of the water. The most remarkable thing, however, about this planet is the system of rings by which it is surrounded. What these rings are, has long been a puzzle to astronomers, but the most plausible explanation seems to be that they are composed of myriad hosts of small meteoric bodies circulating at some distance round the body of the planet. Saturn has no less than eight moons under its control, and if it has any inhabitants like ourselves—which is not likely however—the heavens must be a strange sight to them, with these eight moons and meteoric swarms.

This was the last of the planets known to the ancients, and it was reserved for modern astronomers to add two more to the number. The great Sir William Herschel discovered far out in the regions of space the seventh planet, which was named Uranus. This planet revolves round the Sun at the inconceivable distance of 1,780,000,000 miles, and completes the circuit in 30,687 days. Its diameter is less than half that of Saturn, being 31,700 miles. The time of its daily revolution is unknown, and its density is about one-fourth more than that of water. It is attended by four moons. We come now to the last planet in the solar system, the discovery of which is one of the grandest achievements of modern astronomy. The planet Uranus had exhibited some peculiar movements in its course which could not be accounted for. About the same time two mathematicians, Adams, in England, and Leverrier, in France, set themselves to discover the cause of these movements, and in the quiet of their studies patiently pursued their calculations, and both came to the same conclusion, that there was a large planet beyond the orbit of Uranus. They also indicated in what part of the heavens the stranger was likely to be found; and, truly enough, when observers turned their telescopes to that part of the heavens, there was the planet now known as Neptune. We shall not wonder this planet was not sooner discovered when we know that its distance from the Sun is 2,780,000,000 miles. To complete its enormous circuit it takes 60,127 days, or nearly 166 of our years. If the seasons are short in Mercury, they are long enough in Neptune. Six months in Neptune will be equal to eighty-three years on the Earth, or fully equal

to a long life, even beyond the threescore years and ten. The density of this planet is very slightly above that of water. Its size is rather greater than that of Uranus, being 34,500 miles in diameter. Neptune has one moon. We have thus, as fully as the space at our disposal will admit, described the principal planets, but if our readers wish to pursue the interesting subject, we would refer them to Dr. Ball's fascinating work with the title of this paper, to which work the writer is indebted for many of his facts.



Star-map, representing the precessional movement of the Celestial Pole of rotation and especially marking it from the year 4000 B.C. to the year 2000 A.D.

Symbols adopted to represent the magnitudes or brightnesses of the stars, 1st ⊛; 2nd ⊙, 3rd △, 4th □.

(By permission, from Dr. Ball's "Story of the Heavens.")

At certain times showers of meteors or falling stars fall upon the Earth. These are found to be very small bodies, which circulate in myriads round the Sun in very elliptical or oval paths, and occasionally the Earth in her yearly journey crosses their path, and by the force of her gravity draws these small wanderers down upon her surface. We have next to notice those very peculiar members of the system, viz., the comets, those wonderful bodies which sometimes blaze out upon our skies with such weird splendour, and after a few days disappear again into the depths of space. Some comets really come from the outer space, rush with lightning-like velocity round the Sun, and then disappear again into the darkness, never to return. Others again really belong to the solar system, but travel in long elliptical courses from the Sun out as far perhaps as Uranus or Neptune. The nature of these extraordinary bodies with their flaming tails stretching, it may be, millions of miles from the nucleus, is not thoroughly known. No doubt in many cases they are composed of masses of incandescent gases, but they seem sometimes connected with streams of meteoric bodies. A full explanation, however, of the varied phenomena of these bodies has not yet been given. We shall close this necessarily fragmentary account of the solar system by a few remarks on the

Earth. This globe on which we live is 7,918 miles in diameter, and weighs about as much as five and a half globes of water of equal size. It revolves round the Sun at a distance of 92,700,000 miles in the space of about 365 days. It revolves round its own axis once every 24 hours. Now consider for a moment its various motions. An inhabitant of the Earth at the equator travels with it in its daily revolution at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour, at the same time he accompanies it in its course round the Sun at the rate of 18 miles in a second, and in addition to these two motions, he travels with the Earth, Sun, and the whole solar system through space at the rate of six miles in a second. All these inconceivably rapid motions take place at the same time, and yet there is no feeling of progression—all seems to be standing still. These motions are remarkable for their immense velocity, but there is another motion of the Earth no less remarkable for its slowness. Most people are aware that the north pole of the Earth points continually to a particular star in the heavens, hence known as the pole star, but few are aware that the pole of the Earth is gradually changing its direction, so that in a few years the pole star will be the pole star no longer; but after 25,000 years have passed, it will once more hold this position ; during the interval the direction of the pole of the Earth will have described a circle on the heavens. The accompanying illustration will make this plain. This slow movement, called "precession," is caused by the combined action of the Sun and the Moon on the bulging of the Earth at the equator, giving a slightly tilting motion to the Earth as it revolves.

Having thus analysed, as it were, the solar system into its central Sun, planets, comets, meteors, &c., with their various motions, what shall we say of the starry hosts that crowd the vault of heaven? That the stars are suns like our own, in many cases surpassing it in grandeur, is certain. We can measure in some cases their distance and size, and the results are stupendous beyond description, the nearest being some 20,000,000,000,000 miles distant. Are they, too, accompanied by planets with living beings somewhat like ourselves? Probably they are, and we may speculate on the cities and peoples that exist, with their joys and sorrows, away in those remote regions of space, but we can never know. There is a great gulf fixed that we cannot pass over. We see stars in the fiery glow of youth and in the decaying fires of old age. In the nebulæ we may possibly see the first faint beginnings of those wondrous systems. As we consider these things we are overwhelmed with our utter insignificance, and exclaim with the old Hebrew Psalmist: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE TRAVELLERS ARRIVE AT CASTLE ETTRICK.

THE little party of travellers spent a pleasant forenoon in Edinburgh. Captain Winstanley and his little sister knew all the ins and outs of the beautiful city, and Colonel Lyndon, who had spent some of the best years of his boyhood in Scotland, was, Miss Browne said laughingly, as good as a guide-book.

To Letty Morrison, as well as to Miss Browne, the sights of Edinburgh were new, and in her quiet way she enjoyed looking about her. Now and then she was troubled by a pang of uneasiness as to what Lady Flora would say when she received the telegram ; but the matter had been taken so completely out of her hands, and the colonel, who, without appearing to take any particular notice of her, was continually on the watch to save her sensitiveness from being alarmed, had inspired her with so much confidence, that she was able to shake off her timidity.

"You will say it is my fault," the colonel had said to her ; and really, when Letty looked up at him, she thought him large enough and broad enough to bear a heavier burden.

As for Captain Winstanley, he was not so ready of speech as usual. It is to be feared that he was impressed, more than a person of his experience should have been, by the handsomely dressed girl, with the flashing brown eyes, who had virtually taken the conduct of the party into her own hands; and who, being in her element, showed herself to the best advantage.

The accidental meeting with some of those who were to be her nearest neighbours for the next few weeks had delighted her. It was one of those things, as she observed to her companions, that only happened to fortunate people. And Veronica, at this period of her career, had no doubt but that she belonged to this category. Her good-nature and overflowing spirit of fun and happiness during that day were delightful to witness.

At Castle Ettrick, in the meantime, the colonel's telegram had produced some surprise.

Lady Flora and her husband, with General Mackenzie of Deep Deane, who had ridden over to see Mr. Winstanley on a little matter of business, were breakfasting together when it was handed in. They had just been talking of the colonel, to whose arrival in the neighbourhood his old friend and comrade General Mackenzie was looking forward with great pleasure, and Lady Flora, who was a little puzzled by the telegram, handed it to him to read. The general took in his ideas as those who wish to live long should take their food—slowly and with deliberation. He adjusted his spectacles, held the little piece of pink paper at the proper distance from his eyes, read the message to himself without any change of countenance, read it aloud slowly, put the paper down, and, just as Lady Flora was going to ask him what he thought of it, broke suddenly into one of his tremendous peals of laughter.

It was no light thing, this laughter of the old general's, as Lady Flora knew; and tapping her foot on the floor to repress her impatience, she waited till it had subsided.

"Pardon me, Lady Flora," he said, "but"—wiping his eyes—"now, really you know it's irresistible. Lyndon, of all people in the world!—and Smith!—sly old fox!—his doing, you may depend—introduced them—asked him to help her on her way. Help her! Why, Veronica could take all of us in hand to-morrow—think nothing of it. She'd manage a province—an army."

"Are you speaking of the visitor you expect to-day?" asked Lady Flora coldly.

"Yes—yes; she's the Miss Browne of the telegram. Don't you see? I call her Veronica. Her father, poor lad! was in the same regiment with me once. Well, I must be off. We expected her by an early afternoon train. We shall have to make different arrangements."

"So shall I," said Lady Flora; and then, feeling that she had been a little abrupt with her old neighbour, she said courteously that she would make a point of calling on Miss Browne soon, and that she hoped she would enjoy her visit to the North.

A curious old man, and as shrewd as he was slow, was General Mackenzie, of Deep Deane. When, jogging along quietly on his strong chestnut mare, he reached the bend of the avenue, he pulled up, and gave way to another of his gusty fits of laughter—laughed until his eyes were red and his cheeks purple.

"Ha, ha! my lady!" he muttered delightedly. "Caught out, are you? Janet Mackenzie is good enough for you in the North, but not in the South. Janet Mackenzie's friends are a different matter."

And thereupon he touched up his mare with the whip, and she started off at a gallop, taking him for a clear two miles across the moor at a single stretch. After which, having given sufficient bent to his youthful exuberance, he drew up, and trotted on steadily to his pretty old home in the Deep Deane Valley.

The evening of that day arrived in due time. The general took his village cart to the station, and Mr. Winstanley his wagonette. As for Lady Flora, who had been unusually depressed all day, she dressed herself in a black velvet gown, trimmed with lace, put on a becoming little matronly cap, and sat out on the terrace in the soft evening light to watch for the return of her guests.

Nothing could have been more bewitchingly beautiful than the prospect from the terrace: no position, we should have said, at first sight, could have been pleasanter than Lady Flora's; and yet, as she sat watching, she sighed. She was thinking of her son, her young soldier, whose handsome face and delightful frank boyishness of manner won all hearts: thinking, and regretting that she had let him leave her. Her husband had thought it well that he should go on foreign service; Colonel Lyndon had advised her strongly not to press for an exchange; every one of their military friends had given the same advice, and she had yielded. She had let him go. If she had only been more beforehand with events, she would have insisted on having her own way. The Mackenzies, if they had been really friendly, would have told her of their expected guest.

Lady Flora was sitting alone, as we have said, upon the terrace, but a faint pink blush tinged her cheek. It is curious how even our small social sins find us out. The Mackenzies' youngest daughter, Janet, had been in London that season. She was a pretty, lively, and amiable girl, but she was poor; she was staying also with people who did not move in quite the same circle as Lady Flora. For Percy's sake—Percy, who was so romantic—Lady Flora was careful to see as little of Janet Mackenzie as possible. She felt now that she had been mistaken. Poor Lady Flora! She meant well, and she was angry with herself when she made a mistake; but only those who have tried it know how hard it is to steer one's bark safely through the rocks and shoals of a London season.

It was very still up here above the moors, and long before the carriage was in sight Lady Flora heard the rolling of the wheels. Then the ring of voices came towards her on the air. That was Milly's laugh. How gay and pleasant it sounded! She was listening with a smile, when a sound for which she was wholly unprepared fell upon her ear. Percy's voice! But it was impossible! He would be leagues away from England by this.

She stood leaning over the parapet of the terrace, with her hand pressed to her heart to still its beating. If she had believed in phantom voices—but she did not; and if she did, what would it—what could it mean? It came again—subdued this time, and mysterious, as if it were travelling away from her. Feeling almost sick with expectation and surprise, she looked out. The carriage came in sight at last. She saw it winding slowly up the long avenue. Yes: there was one figure more than she was expecting to see—a figure that, even in this dim light, she could not mistake.

"Percy!" she cried out—"Percy!"

At the sound of her voice the young soldier sprang

from the carriage, scaled the side of the hill round which it was winding, raced up the steps that led to the terrace, and, before his mother had fully realised what had happened, caught her in his arms, and kissed her pale face again and again.

"Why, Percy," she cried out breathlessly, "is it you, or is it——"

"Not a wraith, mother, I can assure you. Come into the drawing-room and have a good look at me, and I'll tell you all about it. I haven't really startled you too much, have I?" he said anxiously, for there was a curiously bewildered look in her face. "I should have telegraphed or written, but I couldn't resist the temptation of dropping down upon you like this."

He told her rapidly about the accident to the *Samarcand*, and his consequent leave, and by the time he had come to the end of his story Lady Flora was herself again.

"So that I have you home," she said, "home safely, what does anything matter? You know it was never my wish that you should go."

"But I must go sooner or later, mother."

"Well, we shall see about that. We need not begin to talk of it yet, and there is the carriage drawing up. Come down with me to the hall."

As, leaning on her son's arm, Lady Flora went down the old oak staircase which led to the inner hall, she looked so comely and young that Colonel Lyndon could have imagined that time had stood still since, long ago, this beautiful woman had captivated his boyish fancy.

She went forward to meet him with outstretched hands and beaming eyes. "A thousand, thousand welcomes, Colonel Lyndon," she said, "and a thousand thanks. I asked you to bring me my daughter, and you have brought me my daughter and my son."

There was a pleasant smile on the old soldier's face as he took his hostess's hand. "It gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to have obliged you," he said gallantly; "but as for this son of yours, I can take no credit to myself: he acted on his own responsibility entirely."

Milly, who came rushing in at this moment, heard what the colonel said, and called out to her mother not to believe him. "He brought Percy to the station himself," she said. "I was so surprised, mother, and we had the most delightful journey. Veronica Browne says——"

"*Veronica* Browne!" echoed Percy.

"She told me to call her Veronica; and she is the kindest and pleasantest girl I have ever met," cried Milly. "Ask Letty."

"Where is Letty, by-the-by?" asked Lady Flora. "I suppose she has slipped away to the schoolroom. Just like her. Run up and bring her down, Milly. Bring her to the drawing-room. We will have a cup of tea there now, and supper in half an hour."

She led the way to the drawing-room, followed by Colonel Lyndon, Percy, and her husband.

This room, which had a sort of notoriety in the neighbourhood, deserves a few words of description. It had been lately re-furnished and decorated at immense cost, under Lady Flora's personal supervision, and was full of beautiful things. But that which made it really most lovely was the prospect that could be seen from its windows. These were four in number. Two of them commanded the terrace from which Lady Flora had been watching for her visitors, and faced to the sun-setting. The others were north and south. They let in, at this season, a marvellous, indescribable glory of colour and light. Sweeping stretches of purple moor; lochs, large and small, a great multitude, now blue as the noontide sky, and now flashing bright as if paved with living fire; on this side the silvery bosom of a broad sea-loch, so encircled with heather-clad hills that it looked like a lake: on the other the sweep of a river whose serpentine windings, seen far across the plain, seemed to end only with the distant range of mountains—this, and much more than this, was to be seen from the windows of the Castle Ettrick drawing-room.

On this July night the two windows that looked out to the terrace were open, and the solemn twilight, which lingered at this season all night upon the hills with the sweet, wholesome breath of the moorland, came into the lighted room.

"Better than London, isn't it?" said Mr. Winstanley to Colonel Lyndon, as they stood together near one of the windows, while Lady Flora, at the other, was continuing her interrupted conversation with her son.

"Better! I should think so," answered the colonel; "but there is no comparing the two. I wonder, as I look out, that I could have spent so many weeks of the summer there."

"Fashion is a queer thing—quite unaccountable," said Mr. Winstanley.

"Colonel Lyndon," called out Lady Flora from her window, "I wish you would come here and tell me something about your journey. Percy can tell me nothing; not even if the rich Miss Browne is as handsome as people say."

"Miss Browne is certainly handsome," said the colonel, with decision. "Do you mean to say that Percy——"

"I could not describe her to my mother's satisfaction," said Percy. "I was never a good hand at descriptions. But here are Milly and Miss Morrison. You had better ask them."

Letty, who had thrown off her travelling hat and jacket, and brushed her pretty brown hair, looked, to the colonel's eyes, more charming than ever, as timidly, and with a bright pink colour on her cheeks, she followed her pupil into the drawing-room. His impulse was to go to meet her, and lead her to the group round the window; but, thinking that to take any particular notice of her might embarrass her the more, he remained where he was. Lady Flora, who was exceedingly kind at heart, and to whom Letty Morrison was something more than an ordinary governess, soon set her at her ease.

"Come in, you foolish child," she said, taking her hands and giving her a kiss. "Did you think I

would forget you because my boy had come home?—hiding away up-stairs as soon as you came."

"I told her she was silly," said Mildred.

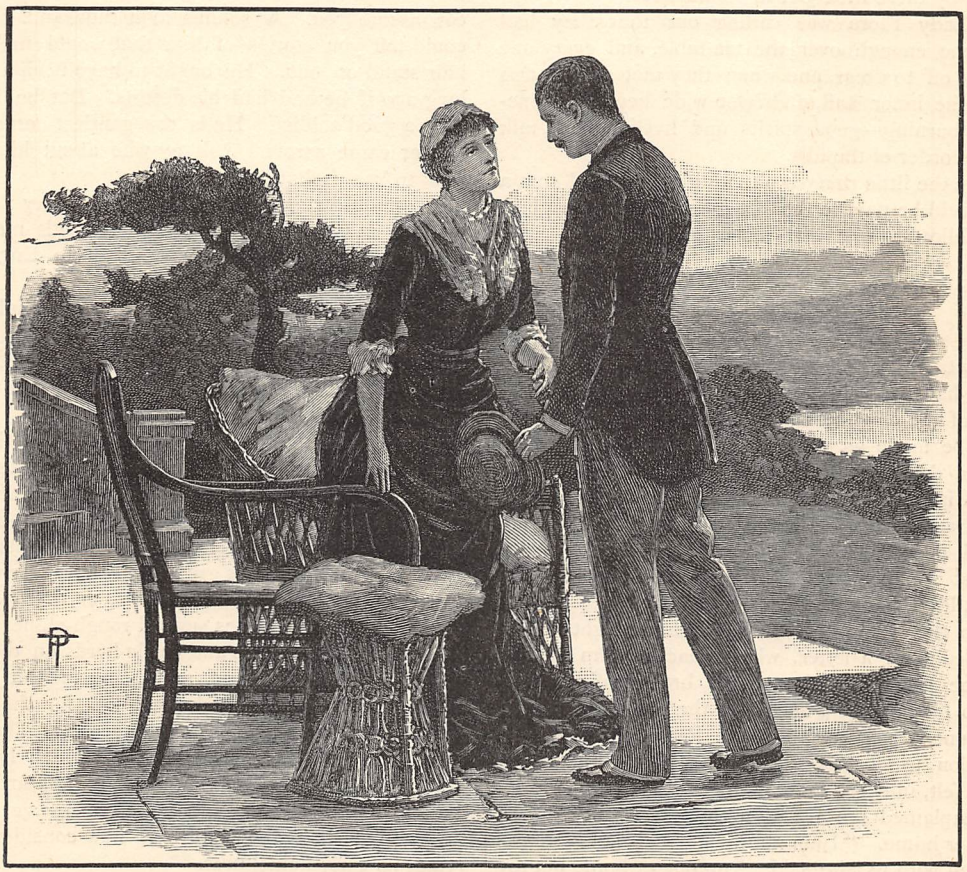
"Letty must get over her shyness now," said Lady Flora, with a smile. "She has a very important position in this house, hasn't she, Milly?"

"I know I had rather she filled it than I," said Percy. "I ought to tell you, Miss Morrison——"

"I am not in the least hungry," answered Letty.

"That is because you are excited. You ought to be hungry after so long a journey."

"But it *is* a little exciting," said Letty, in a low voice. All the others—Lady Flora, and Milly, and Percy, and Mr. Winstanley—were busy talking, and it was a relief to her to be able to pour out her feelings to some one. "I have been thinking of them so much



"'WHY, PERCY,' SHE CRIED OUT BREATHLESSLY, 'IS IT YOU?'" (*p.* 100).

"Don't listen to him, Letty dear," cried the child.

"I've often tried to keep her in order," persisted Percy.

"Don't listen to him; he tried the wrong way. So did every one else, until my Letty came," said Milly. "Give her some tea, Percy, and don't talk so much."

But Colonel Lyndon, who had, in the meantime, found a comfortable chair for Letty near the window, was already at her elbow with a cup.

"Oh! thank you; thank you a thousand times," she said, looking up at him. "But why should I be helped first?"

"Because the rest of us can look after ourselves," he answered. "What else will you take—a biscuit? You must be hungry."

all day"—she went on, a little breathlessly—"Lady Flora, I mean, and her son. It must be so delightful for them to meet like this; and then, this is such a lovely place. Doesn't it look strange and solemn in this light?"

"You have been here before?"

"Yes—once—in my holidays. They were the best holidays I ever spent. Milly was quite a little girl then—the sweetest little creature in the world. And Lady Flora said that if I made as much progress as she hoped, I should be her governess some day. And ever since then I have counted the months and the years, and now the time has come, I can scarcely believe that it is true."

"You love them all, then?" said the colonel.

"Love them? Ah! if I could only tell you. But no one knows how good they have been to me," answered Letty, with a catching back of the breath. "I am only afraid sometimes that I am too young and inexperienced—that it would be better for Milly to have some one older. However," brightening up, "one can only do one's best."

"And your best will be very good indeed. I am convinced of that," said the colonel, who felt curiously touched by these little girlish confidences.

But Lady Flora was calling out that they had spent time enough over the tea-table, and every one was sent off to dress, and when they met again—this time in the inner hall, on whose wide hearth a pine-log was burning—good spirits and lively general talk were the order of the day.

Before the little party broke up it was agreed that a visit should be paid to the Mackenzies and their guest on the following morning.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

DEEP DEANE AND THE MACKENZIES.

GENERAL MACKENZIE, as well as Lady Flora Winstanley, had a son in the army. Sharing the general feeling of the neighbourhood that Miss Browne's visit should be made as pleasant to her as possible, and having a deep conviction that a house with only one man in it—and that man an old man—could not be very attractive to a handsome unmarried lady, he had strained every nerve to insure the presence of his youngest son, Captain Mackenzie, for the first few days, at least, of her visit to Deep Deane.

Up to the evening of her arrival he thought he had succeeded; but a letter, which reached him shortly before he started for the station, brought disappointment to his hopes. This upset the general, and the utterly unexpected meeting with Percy Winstanley at the station upset him still more. The Winstanleys had, he felt, in every sense stolen a march upon him.

He explained the situation to Miss Browne as he drove her home. "I am afraid you will find it shockingly dull with us," he said; "no one at home but my wife and my youngest daughter, Janet."

"Oh! pray don't think I want entertaining," cried Miss Browne. "You know I am more American than English, and American girls are not accustomed to be much looked after. Will you be able to lend me a pony sometimes?"

"Lend you a pony? My dear girl, you shall have the run of the stable. Are you a good rider?"

"I don't know about 'good,'" said Veronica, with a little laugh. "I never saw the horse I was afraid of."

"That's the style!" cried the old general, with delight. "Then you shall ride Brown Bess. My Janet goes like a bird, and she'll show you all over the country."

"Oh, I am sure I shall enjoy it," said Veronica warmly; and then, a little to the general's annoyance, she began to ask him all sorts of questions about Castle Ettrick and its inhabitants.

Being remarkably keen, she judged, from his way of answering her questions, that he did not much care for talking about his neighbours at the Castle.

Veronica was sorry for this, as she had become very much interested in her fellow-travellers, and was anxious to know more of them.

Very different was the old general's manner when she proceeded to speak of Colonel Lyndon.

"I tell you plainly," he said, with an emphasis which was highly characteristic of him, "that my old friend the colonel is one of the best men I know. Fact, I can assure you. A soldier in a thousand. Why, I could tell you stories of him that would make your hair stand on end. He ought to have been a general long ago if he had had his deserts. But he is more than a good soldier. He is the gentlest-natured man I ever came across. Ask my wife about him if you wish to know what he is."

"I shall certainly ask her. I am very much interested in Colonel Lyndon. He reminds me of the chivalrous soldiers that one reads of in English romances," said Veronica.

"There *is* something of the Middle-age knight about him," said General Mackenzie. "He is the sort of man to lead a forlorn hope."

"Or to rescue a distressed maiden at the point of the sword," said Veronica, laughing.

By this time they were within the gates of the general's small demesne. Deep Deane was built in the heart of one of those cup-like valleys that are to be found here and there on the moorland, and it was surrounded by a beautiful old-fashioned garden, where all sorts of lovely things grew together. The whole of the valley, in which there were two or three comfortable homesteads, besides several rough-stone cottages inhabited by shepherds and cattle-herds on the estate, belonged to the general, and he farmed it himself, leading a primitive patriarchal life, for the greater part of the year, amongst his people. The house itself, originally a small farm-house, which had been added to from time to time in a hap-hazard sort of way, to suit the requirements of successive tenants, seemed still, though its size was now considerable, to retain its early homeliness.

As Veronica saw it in the moonlight—its old walls smothered with roses and clematis, its verandah overhung with clusters of wild hop, and the yellow light from the parlour-windows shining out upon the avenue—there was a stillness, an almost Paradisaical softness of beauty and peace about the little dwelling, that went to her heart.

"How happy you must be here!" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, we are pretty comfortable. It is a good place to end one's days in. My dear, I hope you will be happy with us," said the old general kindly. "Your father was my comrade-in-arms years upon years ago. It gives me sincere pleasure, for his sake as well as your own, to bid you welcome."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Veronica.

And now the wheels had been heard, and the doors and windows looking out on the verandah had been thrown open, and the ladies of the house and two

women-servants came out, and Veronica was received by them all with effusive welcome.

Mrs. Mackenzie, a pretty old lady of sixty odd years, with hair as white as snow, soft dove-like eyes, and fresh-coloured face, and her youngest and only unmarried daughter, Janet, were curiously like each other. They had the same soft eyes, the same gentle manners, the same passion to make every one that came within their reach as comfortable as circumstances would permit. To Veronica their slight feminine figures, dressed in the plainest, neatest attire, and their soft, caressing, somewhat old-fashioned manners, harmonised wonderfully with their surroundings.

It was her wont to boast that she did not often find it difficult to make herself at home, but here, at Deep Deane, she felt at home as soon as she stepped across the threshold. Whether her smart maid, who was to follow in a hired carriage, with the Saratoga trunks and other effects, would be of the same mind, it was impossible to say.

Veronica did not trouble herself much about this.

"I have brought my maid," she said to Mrs. Mackenzie, "because Uncle Alick thought it best; but I don't want her in the least. When she has put my things straight she can go away for a holiday."

"Oh! we have plenty of room," answered the old lady heartily. "This house is much larger than one would think from the outside."

They took her up to the airy room, smelling, as Veronica said, laughing, of heather and roses, which had been prepared for her, and brought her down again to the oak-panelled and beamed dining-room, where the general was busy mixing his particular salad sauce, and concocting iced lemonade.

Over supper, Mrs. Mackenzie, who was no less aggrieved than her husband—although not for such deep reasons—by the non-arrival of their soldier son, spoke plaintively of the quietness of the house.

"We've not a great deal to offer in the way of amusement to one that's accustomed to a town life," she said; "but there are neighbours here and there, and not one that's not neighbourly; and my Janet will show you the way about, and you'll be making acquaintances all round the country."

"Acquaintances!" echoed the general. "Veronica has made some already. She travelled with the Castle Ettrick people to-day."

"Oh!" said Janet, looking interested. "I heard that Mildred and her pretty governess were expected."

"And her brother—did I tell you about him?"

"Her brother—Captain Winstanley?"

"She has only one brother that I ever heard of," said the general irritably. "He was travelling with them to-day."

Kind Mrs. Mackenzie looked at her husband with brimming eyes. "Dear, dear!" she said. "What joy there will be in the Castle this night! Do you mean to say he has come to stay, Andrew? And I, that was pitying Lady Flora from my heart! It's no such an easy matter, Miss Browne, to bid good-bye to your sons for the first time. And I suppose we'll see them all soon."

"No later than to-morrow; you may take my word for it," said the general: he was hard at work on a refractory cork, which accounted for the purple hue of his face. "How long is it since *you* have seen Lady Flora?" he said, turning to his daughter.

"Now, now, father!" said Janet cheerily, "you must not always harp on the same string. London is not like the country. It is a great number of worlds rolled up together, and the worlds are as far apart as if seas and chains of mountains divided them. I am not at all vexed with Lady Flora for seeing little of me in town. I am sure it cost her an immense effort to see me at all."

General Mackenzie, however, was not to be mollified, and the following day, which brought the expected influx of visitors to Deep Deane, found him in anything but an amiable frame of mind. He could not forget that tremendous burst of laughter of his in the Castle Ettrick grounds. It was well for the peace of the household that Colonel Lyndon formed one of the party from the Castle, for, in the face of so welcome a visitor, it was impossible for him to preserve his ill-humour.

While the ladies made one another's acquaintance and Percy told Mrs. Mackenzie and Janet how he happened to be at home, the two old soldiers fell into talk about old times. Their talk interested Veronica, and, being accustomed to speak and move freely, she crossed over to the hearth-rug, where they stood.

"I don't want to interrupt you," she said, taking a seat in the chimney-corner. "I only want to listen to you. Do go on talking."

She addressed the general, who had just pulled up in the middle of a long reminiscence of camp-life in India. Delighted to find that his stories were appreciated, he followed it up in his best style, and then appealed to Colonel Lyndon to brush up his recollection. But the colonel, who had not seen so much as his elder comrade of the world of society, was a little abashed, and declined to remember anything. This handsome girl with the flashing brown eyes embarrassed rather than pleased him. No doubt she was clever, and she was certainly good-looking and well-dressed; but her manners were rather too composed to suit his taste.

After a few moments the general, upon whom had fallen the principal burden of the conversation, proposed that Colonel Lyndon should come out with him and inspect the stables. Veronica would willingly have gone out with them, but several other visitors had in the meantime dropped in, and she was bound to respond to the many kind speeches that were being made to her.

There was a perfect little shower of invitations. One kind matron was expecting the boys from Edinburgh—her boys, as Lady Flora knew, had left school a long time ago—she was giving a little garden party, "just to amuse them, you know;" would not Miss Browne come? Another expected a visit from a talented musician, and was looking up all the young people in the neighbourhood who had any knowledge of music to help her in getting up a concert for the benefit of

the Deane Valley Schools. "We shall rely upon you, Janet," she said; and when Mrs. Mackenzie protested that her Janet was nothing extraordinary—that she could just sing and play a little, to amuse her family and friends—Miss Browne was requested to ask Janet to sing, and to judge herself of what she could do. "And we hope you will come too," said the effusive Scotch lady; "and if you can help us, so much the better; and if not, there will, at least, be the change, and young neighbours meeting, and a pleasant little supper in the hall to finish the evening with."

"'OH, MOTHER! MOTHER!' CRIED MILLY . . . 'YOU WON'T SAY "NO"'" (*p.* 107).

All this time Lady Flora, who suspected that the feelings of the general towards her were not very amiable, had been unusually subdued in her manner.

When he left the room, and the other visitors came in, she felt more at her ease.

Up to this she had merely acknowledged her introduction to Veronica. She now crossed the room to where she was sitting, and said, in her prettiest and most gracious manner, "I want to thank you for your great kindness to my little girl and her governess yesterday. Milly was wild to come over with us to-day; but I could not let her leave Miss Morrison alone, and we had only room in the carriage for one. They were in raptures with their journey."

"So was I, and I think the gratitude ought to be all on my side," said Veronica. "Even to look at so lovely a girl as Miss Morrison is a privilege. If she were only dressed as I should wish her! Do you know," with a smile, "I could scarcely keep my hands off her."

"Poor Letty," said Lady Flora, with a sigh. "I should like to dress her becomingly, too; but I am afraid she must play her part properly. She has to make her own way in the world."

"She is poor, you mean?"

"She has nothing. However"—Lady Flora saw several pairs of eyes fixed upon her, and knew she would not be allowed to appropriate the Mackenzies' distinguished guest much longer—"you must come and see them at home, in their school-room. When shall it be?"

"Oh, whenever you like. I am longing to see Castle Ettrick," said Veronica frankly. "We might ride over——" She glanced towards Janet, who, helped and attended by Percy, was sending round cups of tea and plates of home-made cake.

"Any day you like," said Janet. "Brown Bess is eating her head off in the stable, father says, and my sweet little Snowflake has been in for two whole days."

"Then let it be to-morrow. Come over in the forenoon, and stay for lunch," said Lady Flora. "No, thank you, my dear Janet; no more tea. I ought to be on my way home. Can you spare Percy?"

"Go back without me, mother. I shall enjoy the walk home across the moor," said the young man.

"Oh, do as you like," said his mother, rising. "Colonel Lyndon will see me home. Where is he, I wonder?"

He was not far away. He was, indeed, just coming in from the stables, and he readily consented to return at once in the carriage with Lady Flora.

"You will come again soon?" said Mrs. Mackenzie when he said good-bye. "This has been a visit to the general, not to me. You know, I like to talk about old times too."

"I am afraid, if I came to see you as often as I liked, you and Miss Janet would soon be tired of me," said the colonel. "But I will come; oh, yes—you will see me again."

"And will you not sometimes join us in our rides?" said Janet. "Miss Browne and I are going to scour the country."

"We must talk about it to-morrow," said Lady Flora. "It would be very nice to organise one or two pic-nic parties. What do you say, General Mackenzie?"

"I say that I leave such sports to the young folks," he answered. "I have no mind to catch my death by eating my dinner on the wet grass, or to get sunstroke by riding out under a broiling sun. But every one to his taste. I won't interfere."

"Ah, well! we must think over it. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Mackenzie. Good-bye, Miss Browne. I shall rely upon Janet to bring you over to see me to-morrow," said Lady Flora.

Two or three other visitors followed Lady Flora's example. Percy held to his post manfully. He had always been a favourite with Mrs. Mackenzie, who had known him from the days when he was an infant in arms; and, up to the time of his lucky, or unlucky, appearance at home, just as the master of Deep Deane was congratulating himself on his absence, there was no one, with the exception of his own sons, of whom the old general thought more highly. Even he, however, was conquered presently by the frank boyishness of Percy's manner. When the many visitors had gone, and he was alone with his old friends and their guest, the young fellow was so delightfully happy and gay that there was no resisting him. What jokes he cracked—old jokes, of course, but given with so pleasant an assurance of their eternally laughter-moving power that they had more than the effect of new ones! What stories he told! What inexhaustible energy he showed in devising new amusements for filling up the bright summer days! To tired or languid people he would have been fatiguing. But Mrs. Mackenzie and Janet were accustomed to gaiety, and Veronica was herself overflowing with health and energy; and the general, who was seldom without "boys" about him—who was, in fact, in his best moods, something of an "old boy" himself—liked noise.

When, accompanied by Janet and Veronica as far as the gate, Percy started for his long walk home across the moor, he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had made a good impression. His kind old friends had forgiven him for seeming to neglect Janet in London—we must mention, in justice to Percy, that he had not heard of her being in town until she was on the point of returning home, and that then he had called upon her at once. His new friend, the handsome girl with the curiously frank manners, who, from her unlikeness to every one else, had taken his fancy—what did she think? Percy thought she was pleased with him. She had been interested in his stories, and she had laughed at his jokes, and she had expressed a hope that they might meet often during her stay in the North.

This from an ordinary girl—one of those girls whom you meet every day in society—would have meant nothing. Veronica Browne was not ordinary. She said what she meant, and meant what she said. Percy, who considered himself apt in reading character, felt convinced that she carried about with her the stamp of reality.

It was a long walk from Deep Deane to Castle Ettrick, and being a little more absent-minded than usual, Percy passed one of the well-known land-marks and went about a mile out of his way. When he reached home dinner was over. He found the whole family on the terrace, drinking their coffee, and looking out over the moorland, which, with its lochs and rivers, was bathed in the soft crimson after-glow that is so long and so lovely in the North.

It was Milly who saw him first, and she ran to meet him, and brought him into the hall, where a substantial cold meal was waiting for him.

"Isn't it lovely?" she cried out, as she waited upon him.

"What is lovely, Milly?" he asked, with a smile.

"Everything: this dear old house, and the moors, and the lochs, and the sunset, and Veronica—she is coming to-morrow, Percy—and my dear old Letty, and —*you!* I do believe," said the child, in a stifled voice, "that I've never been so happy before."

"And I do believe," said Percy, "that I quite agree with you, Milly."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

STORMS IN THE AIR.

TWO or three days have gone happily by, and the pleasant unanimity of sentiment which reigned at Castle Ettrick has not been broken. The whole of the little party—Lady Flora, her husband, Milly, Letty Morrison, and Captain Winstanley—agree in thinking the Mackenzies' rich guest one of the pleasantest and most delightful of companions.

Colonel Lyndon reserved himself at first. She was handsome, he said, but she was not exactly the style

he admired. Now, even he has given in. Considering her circumstances, and the many disadvantages under which she labours, he thinks her a miracle. Her simplicity, which he really believes is not put on—he admitted this to Percy, who almost quarrelled with him for having thought for a single moment that she could appear to be what she was not—her generosity, and her readiness to amuse others and to be amused herself, are almost phenomenal in a woman who must have been petted and indulged from her childhood.

As for Veronica, it is pretty evident to every one that she likes no house in the neighbourhood so well as Castle Ettrick. There is scarcely a day when she does not look in, either in the morning or in the evening.

Sometimes, when Janet is busy over her housekeeping—for it is the great jam-making season—Veronica will drive herself over in a pretty little basket carriage that the general has had trimmed up for her use, and then she picks up the school-room party, which is often reinforced by the colonel, and, sending the carriage on with the groom, takes a walk across the moorland with her friends.

On other occasions she is mounted on Brown Bess, an old charger who has seen hard work, but is still a glorious creature, with glossy skin, and arched neck, and a fine spirit, that Veronica, as Brown Bess's master saw at once, knows how to keep in check. Fair-haired Janet is beside her then. She rides the snow-white pony that has been the pride of Deep Deane for many years, and the two girls fly together along the sheep-tracks and deer-tracks that cross the moor in every direction.

It is a marvel to Veronica that Janet can know her way about so well. But Janet, being to the manner born, sees no difficulty. "Bear to the right," she cries —"Bear to the left," and Brown Bess and Snowflake, hearing her voice, throw up their heels in the mere spirit of fun, and bound over the springy ground as if they were galloping for their own delight.

"But how you can tell when there is no land-mark!" Veronica will cry when they pull up. "And you are always right."

"There are always land-marks to me," Janet will answer, smiling.

Their longest and most rapid rides are taken early in the morning or in the late evening, for the sun is hot on the moors at mid-day and in the afternoon. Now and then they have company; Percy has come to know their hours for starting, and he will ride out with the colonel to meet them at Deep Deane, and they will set off together for a long stretch across the moor, and reach Castle Ettrick in time for a late breakfast or an early dinner.

How graciously they are welcomed on these pleasant occasions, the cordiality of Lady Flora and her husband, Milly's delight, and Percy's overflowing rapture must be left to the imagination.

This was the sort of life that went on for many days.

The first break in the general joyousness arrived in the shape of two letters for Percy. One was from the adjutant of his regiment, stating that the *Samarcand* would be ready to start in seven days from the date of the letter. He read this first, and his mother, who was watching him closely, saw him turn pale and set his teeth together.

She watched until her son took up and read his second letter. When he had done so, he rose from his seat, and made a sign to Colonel Lyndon, who followed him out into the hall.

"Better leave them," said Mr. Winstanley to the wife, for she seemed disposed to follow Colonel Lyndon out. "Lyndon knows your wishes and the boy's position in the service. He will advise him for the best."

"There is only one advice—only one—that ought to be given," said Lady Flora, tapping her foot impatiently on the carpet.

"Darling," whispered Letty to Milly, who was gazing tearfully at her mother, "we are not wanted here. We had better run away to the school-room."

"Oh! let me stay, let me stay!" pleaded Milly. "I want to know about my Percy. Mother——"

"Don't you see that I am busy, Milly?" said Lady Flora impatiently. "Really, Miss Morrison, you should——"

"It's not Letty's fault: it's mine," protested Milly. "I——"

"You are not in good order, Mildred, or you would not bandy words with me. There is not nearly enough discipline in this house. There; I am not vexed with *you*. Go off to the school-room."

"But I want to tell you," began the child, in whose poor little heart honesty and love and anger were waging terrible warfare, "that Letty——"

"May I ask you to exert your authority, Miss Morrison?" said Lady Flora, with great irritation of manner.

She was sorry the moment she had spoken, for Milly burst into angry tears, and every particle of colour deserted Letty's face; but her sorrow only served, for the moment, to increase her irritability. She turned to her letters, and tried to look unconcerned, while the young governess led off her weeping pupil.

Mildred was soon consoled. A little sharpness of manner from her mother was no new thing to her. Lady Flora had accustomed her children to occasional little gusts of ill-temper, and they lasted so short a time, and were so amply atoned for, that they did not leave much trace in their memories.

Letty could not so readily forget the incident of the morning. Lady Flora's hasty words had struck a chord in her nature which was only too ready to vibrate. Deeply grateful to the Winstanleys for their many kindnesses to her, and almost morbidly conscientious about fulfilling rightly the duties of her new position, Letty had entered upon it with many fears. In the sunshine of Milly's affection the worst of her fears had vanished away. The scene of the morning had caused them to spring to life again, and they clustered about her, a terrible and awe-inspiring multitude.

Was Milly really in want of stronger discipline than hers? Had she no authority over her? Was that

thought of hers of ruling by love, and love only, a foolish and impracticable thought? She was sure she could not rule in any other way. She knew, by that true instinct which a true love gives, that if she were once to attempt to dictate to Milly her influence over her would be gone. She could not step out of her nature, but might it not be well, as Lady Flora had seemed to hint in the morning, that some one with more experience and power should be put over her strong-willed little pupil?

Letty did not weep that morning. She was far too much troubled to shed tears. Besides, she had her duties to attend to; but her pale face and the heaviness of her eyes when she appeared at the early dinner in the dining-hall, showed that she was not as happy as usual.

Lady Flora, who was quite herself again—Colonel Lyndon's advice to her son had been in consonance with her own wishes—observed the change in her young governess, and felt a little aggrieved by it.

"You have surely not been fretting on account of what I said to you this morning?" she said, a little sharply. "You know it will never do for you to be so sensitive."

She was alone with Milly when she made this remark, but it was overheard by Colonel Lyndon, who was coming into the room at the moment, and whose eyes were upon Letty.

She did not answer, partly because she had caught sight of him; but he saw her face flame with colour, and the tears spring to her eyes, and an emotion such as he had never felt before came over him.

"If I had only the care of that poor little thing!" he said to himself. "If she were my child—my little sister!"

He made Lady Flora happy and benign by informing her that he had seen Percy off to Edinburgh, and that there was every chance of his obtaining an exchange into a regiment stationed there. "And if so, he will get leave again at once," he said.

This was joyful news to Milly, who provoked her mother's rebuke by jumping up from the table and clapping her hands.

Then the colonel turned to Letty. He looked so kind and benignant that she could not help smiling at him, and, with the smile, the shadow passed from her face.

"Do you know," he said, "that I have a confession to make, and that I am afraid to make it?"

"Afraid! A soldier afraid!" cried Milly. "That *is* funny."

"Well, yes, I think it is. But when old soldiers do shockingly silly things, Milly, and when they are sure they will be scolded——"

"I am sure *you* have done nothing silly," said Letty simply.

"There, Colonel Lyndon! Never say that no one appreciates your merits," cried Lady Flora.

"But what have you done?" urged Milly.

"I have been so foolish as to make a promise. The Mackenzies and Miss Browne——"

"Oh, let us go, mother; *do* let us go!" cried Milly, not permitting him to finish. "Veronica said she would ask us. When are we to go, Colonel Lyndon?"

"You are asked for this afternoon, and your father said if I could succeed in begging you off from lessons I might drive you and Miss Morrison over in the phaeton, and we are to stay for supper if we can be spared."

"And drive home by moonlight? Oh, mother! mother!" cried Milly, in a little ecstasy, "you won't say 'no'!"

It amused Lady Flora to observe that Colonel Lyndon was looking at her with almost as much eagerness as Milly.

"And if I did say 'no,'" she said, smiling, "what then?"

"Mother, *don't* tease us. Say 'yes,' like a darling."

"You will promise to be very good, and do everything Letty tells you?"

"We will all be good," said the colonel gravely. "Miss Morrison shall be our general. We put ourselves under her orders. Whatever she says we will do."

"No, no, no!" cried Letty, blushing.

"Yes, yes, yes!" shrieked Milly. "Mother, darling, good-bye. Expect us when you see us. Come and get ready, Letty."

The two young girls left the room. The colonel lingered. Lady Flora saw that he had something to say to her, and she kept her place. She was grateful to him for his assistance with Percy, and she felt that it would be pleasant to serve him in any way. But he asked no service of her. He was a little inquisitive, he said. When he lived with people he had a trick of becoming interested in them. Would it be indiscreet to ask Lady Flora a question or two about Miss Morrison?

"Not at all," she answered, with a smile.

He was not very ready with his questions, and before he had made much way with them, the voices of Milly and her governess could be heard out on the terrace, and Lady Flora, saying that the young people were impatient, asked him to wait for her story until the evening. "It is quite a little romance," she said, "and you have not time to hear it all now."

He thanked her, begged her to pardon him for his curiosity, and went out on to the terrace, where the two young people were waiting for him.

As the three walked off together to the yard, Lady Flora watched them, and, when they had disappeared from sight, she stood still in the same spot, with a meditative look in her face. Presently she turned to go in-doors, and her lips were smiling now, and her eyes were bright.

"She is as helpless as a baby, and as pretty as an angel," she said to herself. "And he is as noble a creature as ever stepped. It would be pretty if one could only bring it about, and oh, what a load would be lifted off my shoulders!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

The Bird.

Words by the Rev. R. Wilton, M.A.

Music by the Rev. F. Peel, B.Mus., Oxon.

Allegro.

Piano.

p

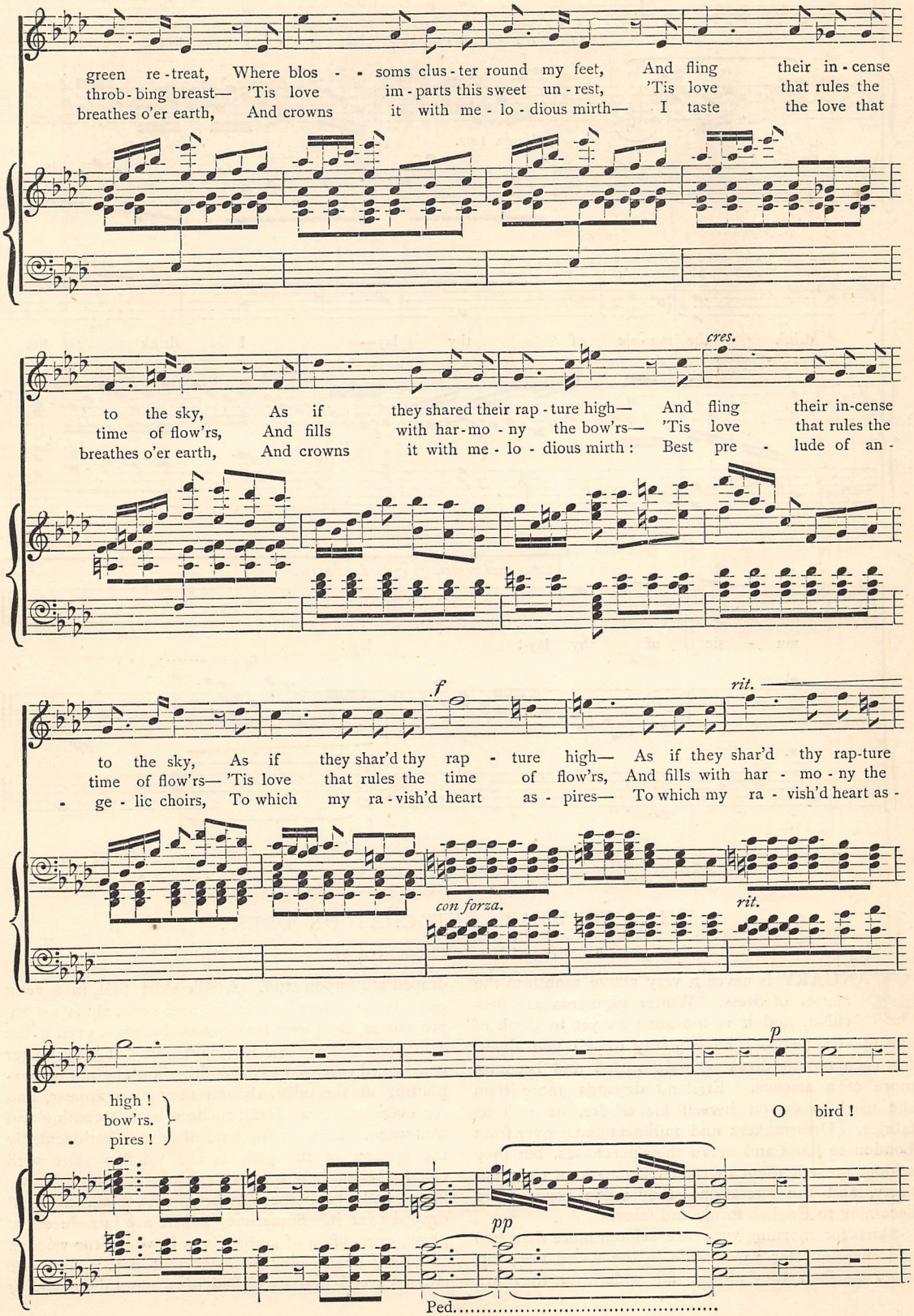
mf

1. O bird, up - on the leaf - - y spray, I
2. O bird, what means thy gush - - ing song— Now
3. O bird, I feel thy witch - - ing spell— De -

tr

cres.

drink the mu - sic of thy lay, Which floods with joy this
loud, now low, now sweet, now strong? 'Tis love that stirs thy
- li - - cious thoughts my bo - - som swell! I taste the love that


green re-treat, Where blos - - soms clus-ter round my feet, And fling their in-cense
throb-bing breast— 'Tis love im-parts this sweet un-rest, 'Tis love that rules the
breathes o'er earth, And crowns it with me-lo-dious mirth— I taste the love that
cres.
to the sky, As if they shared their rap-ture high— And fling their in-cense
time of flow'rs, And fills with har-mo-ny the bow'rs— 'Tis love that rules the
breathes o'er earth, And crowns it with me-lo-dious mirth: Best pre - lude of an -
f
rit.
to the sky, As if they shar'd thy rap - ture high— As if they shar'd thy rap-ture
time of flow'rs— 'Tis love that rules the time of flow'rs, And fills with har - mo-ny the
- ge - lic choirs, To which my ra-vish'd heart as - pires— To which my ra - vish'd heart as -
con forza.
rit.
p
high!
bow'rs.
pires!
O bird!
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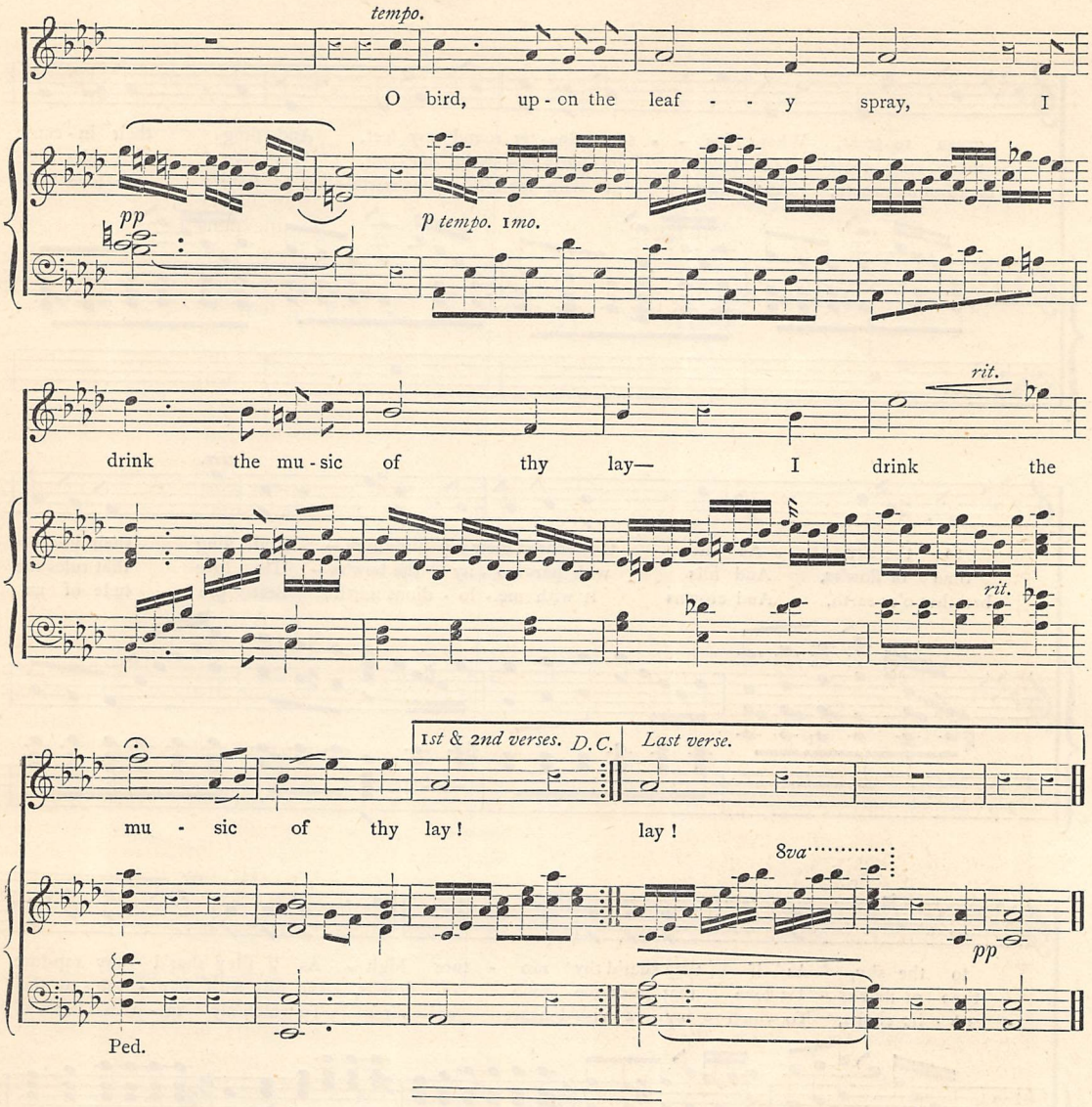
Ped.



WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

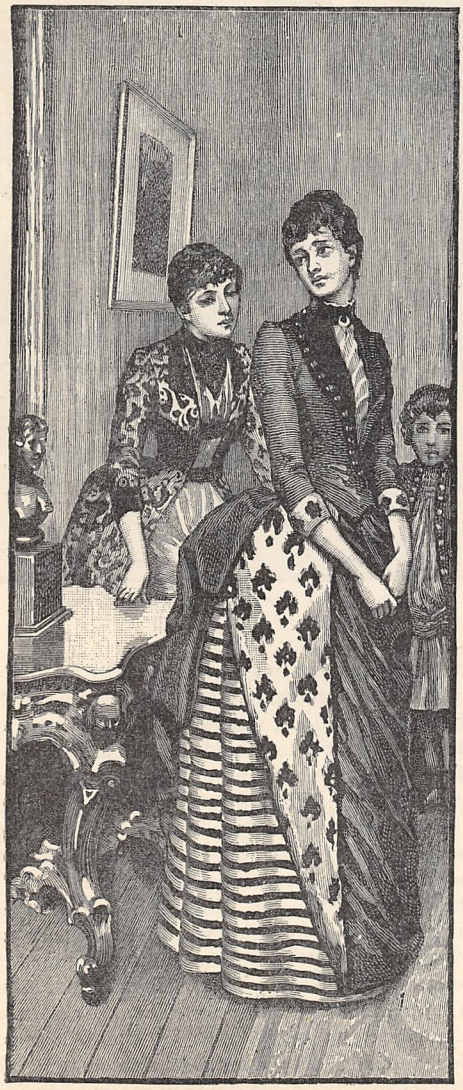
JANUARY is never a very active month in the matter of dress. Winter garments are provided, and it is too soon as yet to think of spring ones; still, I have plenty to tell you about, for each month dress is more varied and becomes more of a science. England depends more than she used to do on herself for modes, as well as fabrics. Dressmakers and milliners come over from London to Paris and make their purchases, but they seldom present them to their customers in their entirety, and the alterations they make prove more becoming to English forms and faces.

Skirts for morning wear are seldom more than two and three-quarter yards wide in the foundation, but when finished they appear far wider, for they are draped stuff upon stuff. A silk skirt first, in a good gown is considered essential, and certainly is an improvement, then over that comes the wool, even if the wool appears only as a full plain skirt. It is no longer considered essential to have either a ruche-kilt or box-plaiting at the edge, though they often appear, and for evening gowns a silk ruche is both becoming and well worn. Perhaps the kind of gown most decidedly the fashion of the year is the woollen skirt with coloured chenille stripes, wide or narrow, woven either horizontally or perpendicularly, with plain material draped over it. Sometimes panels are introduced, of plush, or as often of embroidery, in which the wooden or rosary beads play an important part; these are either carved and varnished of a natural colour, or

they are black and unvarnished, and are also to be had in colours to match all shades in the fabric.

If you have many dresses, by all means invest in this class of trimming; it is new and fashionable. Should you, however, require to wear the same gown for a season or so, I must give you Punch's advice to those about to marry—don't. The wooden beads are too general to last long and continue thorough good style. A useful trimming is made with them threaded singly on a narrow gimp, which can be placed inside the edges of jackets and cuffs, so that it is invisible, and leaves the beads only visible. It is used on Senorita jackets and for other purposes. A dressy addition to a gown for dinner wear is a Senorita jacket of cloth-of-gold.

A great deal is said about expenses and the cost of living in our day, but I cannot help thinking that, what with sewing machines, good patterns, and cheap materials, it is much easier to preserve a decent appearance in dress now than it was some years ago. A good stuff gown will carry you through almost anything in the winter; in country houses, even where people dress smartly, nothing is so much worn for useful occasions, and in town also.



TRYING ON THE NEW DRESS.

I am happy to see, too, that even bridal dresses are now and then made inexpensively, and yet they look good. I have seen two or three worth description, for some of my readers may be contemplating matrimony, who do not care to spend £20 at the lowest for the one special dress. The first, then, was a soft Sicilienne, made quite plain, but draped with China crape, caught up with orange-blossom and myrtle; the bodice, of course, high; a full vest of the China crape. Another was quite a pure white muslin, very skilfully draped, and trimmed with machine-made Mechlin, while a still less costly one was made in canvas trimmed with worsted lace run with silver. Many brides marry and go at once to India or one of the colonies, when a very rich silk or satin would possibly spoil in the transit without great care; and certainly in the West Indies, and many parts of the East Indies, would suffer from climate; and simpler bridal gowns would answer the purpose better.

Apropos of suffering, now all the world would seem to be martyrs to rheumatism, seeing how many introductions there are to alleviate the pain; many truthful folks speak in loud praise of the Osterode wool, which can be had made up into combination garments, knee-caps, socks, stockings, and even sheets and blankets. It is generally of the natural colour and beautifully soft, but a material for tennis dress is made from it which is a marvel of lightness, and pure white. It certainly drapes with peculiar grace. The Osterode Wool Wadding is a capital invention; the ordinary wadding is cotton, and soon hardens; this maintains its softness always. The wool is taken from sheep living in a pine-wood country, and is supposed to be imbued with some of the properties of the pine, which is universally acknowledged to be good for all rheumatic affections.

The Jersey bodices have been brought out mightily improved in the cut, and many young girls anxious to avoid a dressmaker's bill, are wearing red ones made with three box-plaits back and front, which when well put on look moulded to the figure. Many also buy the skirts ready-made first, and have the Jersey dyed to match. Some of the smartest out-door jackets, too, are made in this fabric, elaborately braided all over, or only all round, but the cut is so good that few cloth jackets can equal them.

The Melton cloth jackets, like covert coats, in the "brown bread" shade, are a good deal worn by girls, an example set by the young Princesses of our Royal House; they look well with black gowns. Plush jackets as well as dresses are worn, but it is better for this purpose ribbed; the richest plushes cannot possibly become permanently flattened, but on contact with another fabric they have the appearance of being so. It is a well-wearing material, notwithstanding this

drawback, and does not show the dust. The colourings in vogue are exceptionally beautiful; browns of a reddish tint, and electric blue, are for the moment, perhaps, the most fashionable, including in the list a rich ruby-red. All these look well with the dark natural furs now worn. And a close make of plush, in all appearance nearly allied to sealskin, is in a measure taking its place. There are three shapes, however, worn in sealskin, viz.: a short, close-fitting jacket; a mantle, with caped back, and long ends in front, bordered either with squirrel-tails, or a fringe of sealskin balls and cord; and a jacket shape at the back, with short sleeves and long front ends.

Beaver is for the moment the most fashionable fur, especially upon dark green. It is used for vests and panels on dresses, and as borderings on muffs, bonnets, and hats.

Capes and muffs are often now made in one, and muffs for each hand nestle in the ends of some of the short mantles.

If I were, however, to recommend you what I consider quite the smartest thing in short mantles, it would be a plush one coming below the waist, having sling sleeves in front, lined with satin of a contrasting tint.

In the way of fur-lined mantles, I saw a capital pattern the other day—a long cloak of cashmere bordered with fur, defining the figure slightly at the back, but quite a jacket in front, so that the arms were free and well covered, a consideration for cloaks of the kind. Brown, with beaver and grey, lined with red, having collars and cuffs of a darker grey velvet, are smarter, if smartness be required.

The trimmings used for dresses are various. Some skirts have the lower portion composed of interplaited half-inch-wide braid, like the cane-work of a chair-seat; laid over a colour, and narrower, it serves for vests, collars, and cuffs. In some gowns, threads are drawn, and a pattern formed by the introduction of a few stitches. The design is arranged in lines, and a further fraying of the material makes the fringe, often tied in or tipped with wooden beads.

Buttons are simply enormous; none smaller than half-a-crown, and many as big as a crown-piece. Some are of carved wood, some of engraved ivory, but most of them of perforated metal-work. They are liberally used too, so that they will assert themselves, but certainly they are opposed to good taste. Wooden beads and beaded passementerie are used a great deal for epaulettes, which are coming in again, and on mantles they are often formed in fur. Happily, seeing that English climate in winter is not the brightest in the world, you are beginning to discard perpetual black gowns, and to admit a dash of vivid colouring here and there. I have seen several dresses for Englishwomen, made in brown, and worn with hats trimmed with orange, which is not allowed to be glaring, but sufficiently prominent to be seen and to give its full effect of colour; it is a shade, too, that harmonises well with grey.

If any of you are riding this cold, damp weather, you would feel the comfort of a new introduction, the covert coat, to wear over a habit bodice, and the registered apron fastened to it; it is just cut to the shape of the knee, and being waterproof, really does protect the habit. Every tailor would seem to bring out a new cut for the habit skirt, but when you come to wear them there is not much difference. Some do away with the inside strap, certainly a benefit. To my mind, if properly cut, the skirt ought to keep down without it, and it is always a source of danger in an accident.

A MORNING CONCERT: LATE ARRIVALS.

The young people are, I expect, hoping for some skating. I have seen lately several pretty suits made for this amusement. One was entirely composed of grey astrakhan; skirt, jacket, and hat, the last relieved by a large red wing; while with another astrakhan skirt, a black cloth jacket was braided in Hungarian fashion, and worn with a red velvet toque. High hats are fashionable, but evidently they are not considered the right thing on the ice; they would be stiff and

hard to fall on. Frenchwomen, or at all events the women who skate over French waters, and buy their dresses in Paris, consider nothing too good or costly for the occasion. A black dress and tunic, both richly braided, were relieved by a red velvet petticoat; and a greyish-blue cloth petticoat, braided in silver, was worn with a dark green redingote. Last year in Paris when there was skating by night, one fair dame appeared with an electric light in her hat, and another wore a crimson cloth coat made with a hood and trimmed with silver fox. By-the-by, a favourite fur among the Danes is coming in here, viz., the blue fox, which is soft, delicate, and most becoming.

Instead of a muslin balayeuse, pinked-out silk is worn, and proves more solid and lasts longer.

The crush bonnet is a capital novelty; it is made without any foundation, shape, or stiffening, in plush, but is so cleverly cut, that when on it looks like any other bonnet, and is particularly smart and becoming. One that pleased me most was made in dark seal-coloured plush, lined with cardinal satin. Another convenience is the muff bag, which can be either hung on the arm or used as a muff. At the same time it is capable of keeping the hands warm and holding a great deal, and we all know how often small purchases, memoranda, card-cases, &c., will prove troublesome when loose.

Some comfortable winter boots are made high in the ankle, lined and bordered with fur. One fact is certain, we are discarding high heels. The flat heel is the thing now, and I note that English-women have adopted a new style of walking with this heel.

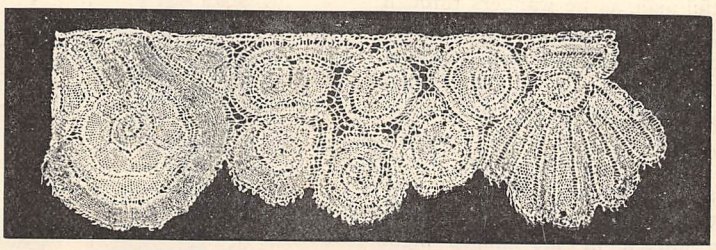
Cork soles are so inexpensive and so comfortable, and if chosen with care, take up so little room, I wonder much that they are not more generally slipped into boots and shoes; they would save many a cold, the foundation of so many ailments.

They say—the "*they*" representing certain members of the medical fraternity—that many of the neuralgic pains so prevalent now in the head are due to the strain on certain nerves, by the hair being turned upwards. Frenchwomen very generally adopt this style, but in England there are quite as many patrons of the basket-plaits.

In all the most costly makes of silk, we borrow our designs and colourings from those of ancient days. The beautiful old brocades at Fontainebleau and Versailles are being reproduced. Large figures are in favour, huge laurel-leaves, feathers thrown one upon another, and interlaced circles. These silks and velvets are used for trains, and are neither trimmed nor draped.

A curious notion is a silk with a frisé pattern in semicircles, the idea of the pattern borrowed from the inside of a cabbage when cut in half; all the twistings and curlings are faithfully represented, but the cabbage would have been the very last thing the design brought to your mind.

"The New Dress" is the subject of our first illustration, and an excellent type it is of current fashions, both in colouring and design. Brown veloutine (a soft ribbed silk) forms the bodice and skirt; the revers and collar are brown velvet, the under-skirt is pink silk striped with velvet, the turned-back panel is pink silk broché with brown, and the plastron is also pink. The beads are wooden. Brown and pink are a popular combination. The friend on the right who is criticising the new dress is in olive-green broché velvet, and plain velvet of a darker shade; the front is plain satin. The little maiden on the other side wears a dark red plush and woollen costume, with stockings to match. The out-door costumes at the morning concert, worn by the two late comers in our second illustration, are very seasonable; one is a long ottoman broché mantle trimmed with beaver fur and rosary ornaments, the other is a short plush and broché mantelet with rosary beads at the edge. The skirt is striped plush, corresponding in colour with the mantelet, both being a warm chaudron red. The plush hat is ornamented with birds and beads—the favourite trimmings of the season.



A BIT OF FLEMISH LACE.

ONE STAR.

ONE star upon the brow of Night—
One star, one only gem—
Gleams like a jewel rarely bright,
Upon a queenly forehead white,
In royal diadem.

One star upon the brow of Night
Is all that greets mine eyes,
As, from a lonely mountain height,
I sit and watch the crimson light
Of sunset leave the skies.

ANNA M. CARPENTER.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE.

CHARACTERS IN BACKS.

THE THOUGHTFUL BACK

"WILL you introduce me to that lady? *I like her back.*" Many years ago, in Scotland, this was asked of a hostess one night, when the evening circle were scattered about a drawing-room, and the man who spoke had not yet seen the lady's face. An introduction followed—a friendship—a marriage. No doubt he was a most discriminating man, and knew that there is a character in backs.

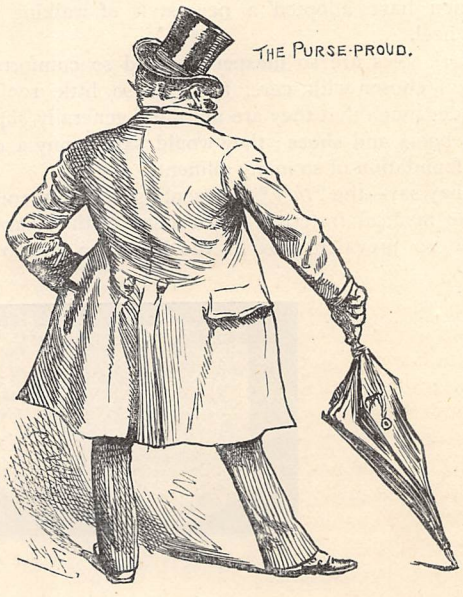
For that matter, our character comes out all over us, willing or unwilling, and even in our handwriting. Lavater, who was so wondrous wise in the looks of humankind, said that from a single finger we ought to be able to guess a whole individual; perhaps we ought, but we seldom do, except in noticing the difference between the finger of refinement and a nutmeg-grater like the fore-finger of the faithful Peggotty. But the back—ah! there is the whole individual, an easy study—the whole of him, his figure and walk, his shoulders moulded by the habits of his life, the carriage of the head, the wearing of the clothing. Face to face we see the man as he desires to be seen by us; but behind his back we take him by surprise, and catch sight of his character.

Follow the thoughtful man, as he wanders through the streets, seeing nothing. He has polished his hat and tightened his umbrella to the last degree, not because he cared for the polish and the tightness, but because his mind was elsewhere while he risked brushing the nap off the hat and splitting the umbrella. While he walks, his head and shoulders bend; one knows that his eyes seek the ground, just as one sees his feet linger upon it. In this manner it must have been that Macaulay walked in his famous night wanderings, when he traversed the London streets and saw nothing—a contrast to those other night walks of Charles Dickens, who trod the same streets, and saw everything, with head characteristically held back and slightly to one side—an energetic observer, rather than a deep thinker.

Very different from what we may call the refined and intellectual back, is the back of the broad and vulgar figure who struts past us as if he owned the street, or, at least, the foot-walk, where he takes up half the space between his striding feet and his self-assertive umbrella. His glory is not in his mind or heart—but in his pocket. He would be always conscious of his purse, even if he had not his hand bulging out the pocket where it lives—of course, one knows by his back that the pocket *is* bulging with the proud possession of a fat purse, and the knowledge of the banking account, and of all he might, could, would and should do in the world. He holds the impecunious crowd in contempt, like the dust that he kicks before him. He has a habit of sticking up for his rights; even his collar sticks up, and his hair, to correspond with his inner self, is bristling up, but that does not matter, for he can afford to wear a crooked hat. He thinks he can buy anything—from a picture, of which he knows nothing, to an elector, who knows nothing of him. At the front he might take us in—a hearty-looking glad-to-see-you sort of man. But look at his back; he struts like a barn-door cock—and the cock is a more estimable biped.

The purse-proud man will never hand money out of that pocket for charity, unless he is pretty sure that there shall be a printed list of subscribers. Not so the wealthy man who has a heart above gold. Look at

THE PURSE-PROUD.



him—a back view—as he stands at a public meeting, called together at some time of calamity or need. He is sure to be there. If the hall is overcrowded, you can see him standing, never complaining of the lack of seats; he is there for the comfort of others; he forgets his own. He is a large-hearted man; and everything

about him is large. The big hands are only waiting behind him to give freely. The broad back can bear a goodly share of others' burdens. The coat sits loosely, but not more loosely than fortune sits upon

THE BENEVOLENT

him—he would slip it off for another's need. His grey locks are unshorn ; closeness of any kind is not in his nature ; and his head bends to give plenty of time and plenty of thought to all whom he could benefit. Such a man as this was once told that he had been giving to a rogue ; and the answer was, "If he was a rogue, that was his own look-out—not mine." In one sense, very true !

As for the back of the rogue himself, it is of infinite variety. If there were only one sort, we might all make what soldiers would call a reconnaissance to the rear, and detect and outwit him ; but his name is Legion. There is the sharp dealer of the business world, who is remarkably spruce at the back : and the adventurer of society, who can bow like the first gentleman in Europe ; and ten thousand more varieties, from the welsher on the turf up to the gentleman who ought to be a baronet, and who has lived for the last thirty years upon that statement, and upon charitably collecting for the savages of Borrioboola. He could straighten his body if he liked, but his mind is fixed in curves of cunning. He and his principles are as crooked as wriggling eels ; he can press others to his will too, as he presses his cane to a curve like himself.

His spare form is not the thin bent back of the student. The back of a book-worm is another kind of bend—a curve to be respected. Nor is it the stoop of old age. And this reminds us that the back is an index of age as well as of character. The small child stands, a square, upright, sturdy atom of humanity. The man grows straight to his full height ; then his shadow broadens ; then his shoulders come forward, and his head goes down. He is the dried and shrivelled leaf that bends towards itself, and curls to diminished size, before it mingles with the dust of a vanished summer.

But we must not grow melancholy, though we can never see a smile at the back. Who is this individual that comes shuffling by, knocking his knees, and dragging his shoes, and losing his property from sheer inability to remember that he has got it ? There is an old saying, a significant one, to describe a man of weak character—that he has "no backbone in him." We are afraid there is not much backbone in the man who walks as if not quite sure where he is going to, who drops his letters, and never cares to straighten his shoulders. Follow him, and note how his hat points backward ; and you know from the angles to which he has set his hat and his whiskers that, seen front-face, his aspect is (to use the mildest word) not wise, and that, as a fashion-book once said, "the mouth is worn slightly open." Still, he is a good-natured fellow, and by some instinct we read on his back that he has an ambition to be amusing. One is perfectly certain that the man with such a back sings comic songs ; equally certain that he never knows when people cease to laugh at the song and begin to laugh at himself. One is glad for his own sake that there is some mirth in the possessor of those whisker-points and that hat set backward ; but it is weak spirit, of the Micawber order, and soon dissolves in tears. The poor fellow would not be half bad, but he has "no backbone," and a sprightly, good-natured mollusc has a poor time of it up on the land among the vertebrate animals.

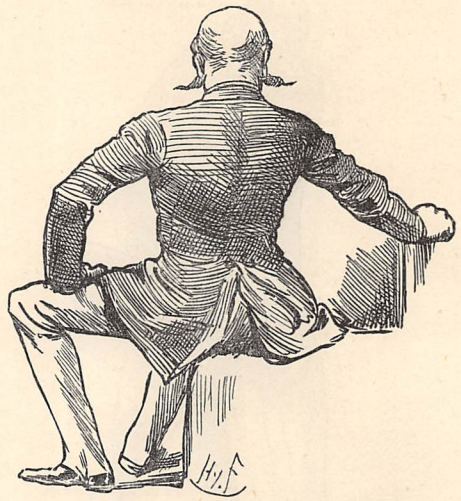
THE ROGUE

But there is such a thing as having too much backbone ; and that is rather worse than having too little. When a man has too much backbone, his heart is not, as people say, "in the right place ;" sometimes there

is no room in him for a heart at all. Now, there are some men in whom force of character is carried into the extreme, and becomes hardness and habitual severity. They are the ogres of the real world, and their homes are dens. A severe back is a pleasanter sight to see than a severe face. One does not care to be round at the other side. It is not what we would call the just and righteously indignant back, which is straight and noble, a fine thing and a venerable. It is the bulldog - shouldered back that denotes the domestic ogre. His bald head shines ; one knows that in the front the veins are bursting. His moustache has been twisted to sharpness by angry fingers. His hands are clenched or pushing mightily against his hard-set knee ; he could strike, but he has too much pride for violence, and his orders are harder than blows. The huge muscles of his back are to him what the big sinews and heavy make are to a bull-dog. He has a habit of getting his arm crookedly bent to his knee in self-restrained wrath, and it reminds us of the bull-dog's crooked legs. Oddly enough, in the pictures of "David Copperfield," that the exact and observant author approved, the tyrant schoolmaster Creakle invariably got into this position, with the crooked arm weighing heavily on the knee, and the other hand clenched. Great is the rejoicing at the sight of this severe back, for the luckless folks who have been obliged to look upon the other side of him ! There are, indeed, many backs that are more gladly seen than the corresponding faces. The back of the bore is a goodly sight ; while, on the other hand, when good-bye is grievous, how much precious regard is wasted on the dear, characteristic, well-known back, that never knows what loving looks went after it !

THE WEAK BACK

THE SEVERE BACK



AT THE CONCERT.

I SAW her one night at "The Garden,"
'Twas during the Patti *furore ;*
She had trod on, but sued for my pardon,
The glove I had dropped on the floor ;
And so stately she looked, and so queenly,
My heart with her beauty was won,
And a blank fell on all, as serenely
She rose when the music was done.

Ah me ! though I'm twenty years older,
And fortune has used me but ill,
And the world looks both sadder and colder,
I think and I dream of her still.
And in faith I am true to her only,
From the many I keep her apart ;
And I look on her face when I'm lonely,
In the innermost core of my heart.

Though forgotten the Greek and the Latin
I muttered in times that are gone,
I remember her dress was of satin
The colour a delicate fawn ;
I remember, to-day, as completely
Each trifle my lady did wear,
E'en the rose that was blushing so sweetly,
Half-hid in her glory of hair.

Ah ! Time shall be powerless to laven
Her life with the ills that we know,
For her locks shall be dark as the raven
When mine are as white as the snow,
And her face shall be young in its beauty
When mine shall be wrinkled with care—
With the manifold burdens that Duty
Has set for the wisest to bear.

And her words, though so long ago spoken
As freshly shall breathe their surprise ;
And the spell still remain all unbroken
That flashed from her beautiful eyes.
And thus, in my joy and my sadness,
Unchanged, as the years ebb and flow,
I shall see her, arrayed in her gladness,
As I saw her that night long ago.

MATTHIAS BARR.

"MANIPULATING THE BROKEN VASE."

"*HER BROTHER EPHRAIM*" (*p.* 120).

HER BROTHER EPHRAIM.

IT had really come to this, that Miss Euphemia Goodenough was leaving the boarding-house for good. In honour of her departure the table at the midday dinner was decked with flowers and fruit, just as if it were Sunday, and to crown all, her particular crony, Captain Lassen, produced a bottle of lemonade and proposed her health in a speech full of charming sentiment. In response to the cordiality with which the toast was drunk, Miss Goodenough felt called upon to bid these good friends a farewell of more than ordinary warmth and impressiveness. In her emotion the little old lady so far forgot the etiquette of the establishment as to leave her napkin unfolded, and stood up twisting the ring in her trembling fingers.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began nervously, "in the first place, let me thank you all for your kind words and good wishes. I never thought to leave dear Mrs. Allen's, but let me read to you the letter I received last Wednesday from my brother Ephraim, and judge whether I could hesitate as to the course it was my duty to adopt."

Every one in the house already knew this letter by heart, but that made no difference to Miss Goodenough, who now drew the precious epistle from her pocket and slowly read it out.

"My Dear Phemie,—I think it is time we forgot our differences. I am alone now. My children are all married; my wife, as of course you know, died many years ago, and I propose that you should live with me, keeping house in return for your board and lodging. Should this plan suit you, I shall be glad to receive you next week.—I am, your affectionate Brother,

"Ephraim Goodenough."

"Could I do otherwise," continued Miss Goodenough, "than *ex*cede to his proposition? I think not. Therefore I go to preside over my brother's house. Doubtless there will be many new social duties to perform, many guests to entertain, but in the midst of them I shall never forget old friends, or be anything but truly gratified to receive them in my own drawing-room. Therefore, in wishing you all good-bye, I beg to express a hope that it may not be for long."

Miss Goodenough seated herself in a pose befitting the heroine of so interesting an occasion, but when shortly afterwards the little maid-of-all-work announced that the cab was at the door, she relapsed at once into her ordinary bustling, alert little self.

"Already! Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "Is my trunk down? And the old basket? And the bundle of wraps? And the bonnet-box? And the—the—I know there was a fifth package. . . . Oh, to be sure, the brown bag. All down? Dear Mrs. Allen, would you fasten my veil behind. A little looser, please—so—thank you, thank you. Well now, if Captain Lassen will be so kind as to carry down dear Polly, I can manage the canary. . . . But I must not keep the cabman waiting. . . . Such an exorbitant race. . . . ."

And so on, with astonishing volubility, all the while she was shaking hands, leaving the room, getting down-stairs, and entering the cab. At last she drove off, nodding her bonnet and waving her handkerchief out of window as long as it was possible for them to be seen by the group of friends on the doorstep. Not for worlds would she have hurt any one's feelings by withdrawing these last tokens of herself one moment before.

Meantime Ephraim Goodenough was addressing his old servant on the subject of the change in his domestic arrangements.

"I do hope, Sarah," he added emphatically, "that you will not worry me by objecting to your new mistress. I am having my sister here to relieve me from household bother, and if my peace and quiet are disturbed by bickerings between mistress and maid, it will be you whom I shall get rid of."

"Now don't you begin to worrit yourself before you've any call to do so," replied Sarah soothingly. "You forget as Miss Phemie's no stranger to me. Twenty years ago, when I was in service at old Mr. Goodenough's, she was a very personable little lady, maybe a bit flighty for her age, for she wasn't a chicken then; but we was always good friends. Law, sir, I remember when there was talk of her marrying that——"

"Hold your tongue, Sarah, and go about your work," said Ephraim sharply. "When Miss Goodenough arrives, you can come and let me know."

Ephraim Goodenough was a good specimen of a cross-grained, misanthropic nature, broken in by the tender ties of family life. He had been happy in his marriage, and devoted to his children. When his last and favourite daughter quitted home, he missed the feminine element to which he had grown accustomed about the house, and remembering, with a pang of remorse, that for many years his needy sister must have found it hard to make both ends meet, he fixed upon her as the person to whom the post of housekeeper should be offered.

He had no intention of allowing her advent to excite or disturb him. She would relieve him of household cares and keep him company at meals; beyond that their ways would lie apart. He would, as hitherto, spend the best part of the day alone in the little workroom where he rode his hobby for china, old pictures, old mirrors, and *bric-à-brac* generally; while Euphemia, he imagined, would occupy herself as quietly in the sitting-room above. Nothing could be more different than his views and hers of what life together would mean.

When at last the cab stopped before her brother's

house, and old Sarah opened the door with a broad smile of welcome, Euphemia was delighted. All in one breath she expressed her pleasure at seeing the face of an old friend, asked where dear Ephraim was, gave directions about her luggage, and quarrelled with the cabman about the fare.

"I suppose your master didn't expect me quite so soon, dear fellow. Tell me where he is, Sarah."

"I'll go and let him know you're here, Miss Phemie."

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Miss Goodenough. "I will steal in and take him by surprise."

As a matter of fact, Ephraim was perfectly well aware that she had arrived, and was preparing, now that the cab had driven away and the fuss at the door subsided, to go out and say he was glad to see her. But before he could rise from his chair, the little woman was in the room, precipitating herself into his arms with a burst of tears and a torrent of endearing words.

"There, Phemie, don't be foolish," he said, freeing himself; "let me have a look at you."

"Yes, let us look at one another," said Euphemia, checking her sobs. "Let us see what the years have done. Oh, Ephraim! I see a change in you. Your hair is thin and white, your face is lined, your shoulders are bent; oh, how sad to behold the ravages of time! Or perhaps your loneliness has been wearing you, and——"

"I think," Ephraim interrupted her grimly, "that considering it is ten years since we met, the change in my appearance is sufficiently accounted for by the lapse of time."

"Am I so much changed, also, then?" inquired Euphemia anxiously.

Ephraim surveyed her neat, plump little figure, and smooth round face.

"No," he admitted drily, "you have worn exceedingly well. Will you come up-stairs? This room, you perceive, is hardly adapted to the reception of ladies."

"Ah, but you will not treat *me* with formality. Dear Ephraim, it will be my delight to come and sit here with you, and talk to you, while you—while you—what is it you do here, my dear?"

"Most things, except talk," replied Ephraim shortly.

"Oh, you naughty man!" said Euphemia, shaking her finger at him. "I see, I shall have to drag you out of your shell."

Ephraim might have entered a protest then and there; but they had just reached the little drawing-room on the first floor, and Euphemia's raptures of admiration left him no chance of speaking. The room was certainly a peculiarly pretty one, for the old man's collection of valuables had long since overflowed his sanctum; and this parlour (as he preferred to call it) was full of really beautiful things. He was pleased to find that Euphemia was not without a capacity for appreciating them.

"You may look on this room as given up to you," he said presently. "I sit so much down-stairs that you will be practically safe from interruption here."

Euphemia looked almost perplexed.

"Safe from interruption!" she repeated, "why, Ephraim, I *never* want to be alone!"

It was his turn to be taken aback; but he was naturally slow of speech, and before he could formulate any remark in reply, the loquacious little woman had turned the conversation, by inquiring after her nephews and nieces. "I am *longing* to see them all," she declared.

Ephraim was not unwilling to talk a little about his children, and thus his full appreciation of the difference between his sister and himself was for the moment obviated.

For a few days things went fairly well.. Euphemia found a good deal to do about the house, and contented herself with taking old Sarah as a listener to her interminable gossip, while Ephraim, on his part, having determined to put up with everything but intrusion into his work-room, stood fairly well all smaller aggravations. At the end of a week, however, both seemed unable to continue the restraint put on their natural dispositions. Euphemia, conceiving an immense admiration for her brother, took to inventing pretexts for entering the work-room, and once there, was not easily to be turned out. Ephraim's irascibility reasserted itself, and once in action, was excited not only by this one chief offence, but by the most trifling oddities. She shut the door, he complained to his daughter, Eva Morris, when it was hot, and opened it when it was cold, she wore big blue bows in all the caps, she ate things he didn't consider wholesome, she misused and mispronounced her words, she asked riddles, she wanted him to take every patent medicine that ever was advertised, and as to her tongue, that wagged everlastingly.

Meanwhile the poor little lady began to pine for companionship. Boarding-house life had accustomed her to the constant interchange of the small coin of conversation, and the solitude and silence to which she was handed over in her brother's house became well-nigh intolerable.

"My dear Eph," she began, one evening, "I really do *not* think it can be good for you to sit so much alone—it makes you so odd, you know; and I'm sure I've often heard people say that one ought to cultivate one's sympathies. There is nothing like society for keeping one up to the mark in ideas and manners, and all the rest of it; and besides, it is your duty to mingle with other intellects, and not to hide your light under a bushel. But you waste your opportunities, and neglect yourself in every way. That coat you have on, my dear—well, it may be fit for your den, as you appropriately call the room which should be designated the library, or at least the study; but I beg to point out to you that it hangs on you like a sack, and is most untidy-looking. And I'm sure you never see any other *gentleman* without a collar! What an improvement it would be if you would dress neatly and sprucely, and go calling, and have parties, and always be ready for a chat, as you should be! That being ready for a chat, what an excellent quality it is! I wish you knew my friend Captain Lassen, such a gentleman, such an agreeable,

courteous, chatty, well-informed man! Not that I doubt your being well-informed—of course, my dear Eph, I am well aware that your attainments are most lofty and exceptional; but what use do you make of them? You might just as well be a dummy. While Captain Lassen is the most *charming* companion."

Ephraim had already learnt the art of hearing nothing she said, but on this occasion he had a general idea of her drift, and caught her concluding words.

"Then, for goodness' sake, Phemie, make a companion of him, and leave me alone!" he broke in, with impatient vehemence.

Euphemia sat silent and hurt for a few minutes, and then furtively wiped away a tear. The poor little soul had not known, as Ephraim had, all the love and tenderness of nearer ties, and could ill afford to have her affectionate sisterly interest despised.

However, there was one thing in Ephraim's harsh reply that suggested compensation. Hitherto she had felt somewhat nervous of repeating the invitation to her boarding-house friends; but now he had distinctly sanctioned it, and she need hesitate no longer.

Next evening, as Ephraim sat in his work-room, he found himself unable to read or write for the fidgeting accompaniment of voices overhead. When presently Sarah happened to enter with a letter, he demanded irritably who was there.

"Lor, sir!" said the old woman, "ain't Miss Phemie having a good time? There's a Capting Somebody there, and she and this capting are playin' draughts, and kind of payin' one another purty compliments all the while. It's as good as a play to see them two old babbies flirtin' away and smilin' and turnin' about and——"

"Go, Sarah!" ordered Ephraim savagely; "if *you* take to chattering, I'll give you warning."

At supper-time the old man, already in a perturbed frame of mind, had to endure Euphemia's persistent efforts to draw him into conversation with her belauded captain. Lassen may be briefly described as a tall, lanky man, dressed with scrupulous care, not ill-looking, and hugely polite; but if he had been all that Miss Goodenough pictured him, Ephraim would have scowled none the less. He swallowed down his food in crabbed silence, and left the room again before Lassen had even finished the meat upon his plate.

Euphemia was greatly distressed at the time, but as her brother made no further objection, or even allusion to Lassen's visit, she rapidly took heart again, and proceeded to issue invitations to the rest of her old friends. Soon it seemed to Ephraim that, go up-stairs when he would, he was fated to run across a stranger—a "friend of Miss Phemie's." He was restrained from venting his ill-temper on his sister by his daughter Eva, whose influence over him was immense; but he grew positively to hate the sight of these visitors, and especially that of Lassen—perhaps because the captain was Euphemia's favourite, and oftenest there.

Clearly this state of things could not last long. Sooner or later the tension was bound to snap, and it was as well, therefore, that before any great time had elapsed a definite offence on Lassen's part brought about the inevitable rupture. Euphemia's frightened face and agitated manner, as she came down to breakfast one morning, attracted even Ephraim's notice, and, in response to a question from him, she poured out a torrent of excuses, explanations, lamentations, regrets, and apologies, from which he succeeded in gathering that the detested captain had the evening before damaged something somewhere. The little lady's words rushed out more and more volubly, the only ones that failed her being just those which would tell her brother what had really happened. Her way of beating about the bush exasperated him even before he got at the truth, but when at last it came out that Lassen had broken one of his most cherished vases, his wrath knew no bounds. Nervous as Euphemia had been, she was not prepared for the violence of the storm which broke over her head; she did not understand that Ephraim was only using this accident as a peg on which to hang the irritation and resentment of weeks. With tears in her eyes, she ventured to lay an appealing hand upon his arm, but he shook her off impatiently.

"Get away, Phemie!" he exclaimed roughly; "do you suppose I'm to be pacified by nursery tomfoolery? Mind now, Lassen never enters the house again, and if you can't do without him you may go too. I'm sick of you both. Where's that vase? Give me the pieces!"

He took them from her hands, and still muttering imprecations on Lassen's head, carried them off to the workroom to see what might be done with them. There he gradually quieted down, and at the end of an hour or so was manipulating the broken vase with steady hands, while all that remained of his furious outburst was a settled determination never to admit Lassen within his doors again. In the meantime, poor Euphemia had retired up-stairs, cut to the quick by Ephraim's harshness. The strong need of affection in her had never been wholly satisfied, and now her brother, the person she cared most for in the world, had gone so far in his unkindness as to threaten to turn her out. She lay down on the sofa and sobbed so piteously that old Sarah took pity on her, and tried to comfort her.

"Don't take on so, Miss Phemie," she said soothingly; "master's not so rough as he speaks, and he'll come round sure enough. I recolleck once when I smashed one o' them round mirrors as makes a little picture of the whole room, he flew out awful, and swore that I should go that minute, but lor, I paid no heed to that, an' yer see I ain't gone yet awhile. Miss Eva—Mrs. Morris, I should say—she always coaxed him round, the dear, and I jest advise you to go and see her now."

Euphemia sat up, hope dawning on her face. "Do you really think, Sarah, she would take my part? Your master is so, *so* unkind to me, and to poor dear Captain Lassen!"

Sarah declared stoutly that there was nothing Miss

Eva couldn't do, and so it ended in Euphemia's sallying forth in quest of her niece's championship.

Mrs. Morris listened very attentively and sympathetically to the recital of her aunt's great woe; but when at last the long story came to an end, she hesitated in some doubt as to the advice it were best to give. She had met Captain Lassen several times herself, and was sure that Ephraim's dislike to him was mere prejudice: there was no harm whatever in the amiable old sailor, and if he chose to brighten Euphemia's loneliness by chatting and playing draughts with her, it was certainly hard that any one should object. Nevertheless Ephraim, in his own house, had an undoubted claim to have his predilections respected, and it was not for his daughter to mediate entirely without regard to them. She was about to speak to this effect, when Euphemia began again plaintively—

"How can I *ever* tell Captain Lassen that my brother forbids him the house? He will never understand the reason. He thought so little of the accident himself, and declared he had plenty of vases quite as good, that Ephraim might choose from in return."

"Did he?" said Eva quickly; "now I wonder if that was true, because, if so, there will be no difficulty whatever in persuading my father that he has been hasty. Let us work this circumspectly, Aunt Phemie. Do you think your captain would honour me with his company at tea to-morrow?"

"My dear, he would be *delighted!*"

"Very well, then, he shall meet father here, and if I don't reconcile them, I'm a good-for-nothing niece—there, Auntie!"

Euphemia clasped the girl's hand with a look of touching gratitude. "My dear, how good you are! How glad I am I came to you!"

Both the old men walked unsuspectingly into the trap laid for them. Lassen was the first to arrive, and was placidly nursing Eva's Persian cat when Ephraim entered.

The sailor rose at once.

"Sir," he began, with a certain stiltedness of manner which accorded not ill with his upright figure and straight bony features, "I am glad to be permitted this opportunity of apologising to you for the untoward incident of the other night. I regret the occurrence extremely, and beg that you will allow me to make reparation."

"Reparation!" repeated Ephraim contemptuously, "you don't know what you are talking about. That vase was a rare specimen of Persian pottery, not a thing to be picked up like a Persian *cat*. In all my collection I have few vases of such peculiar beauty and interest. How should you replace it?"

"Now, Daddy dear," Eva interrupted him brightly, "how do you know but what Captain Lassen has a whole museum-full of vases?"

She was sorry they should have plunged directly into the subject of the breakage, but since the chance of leading gently up to it was denied her, she adroitly introduced, without further delay, a reference to Lassen's possible possession of similar treasures. "Naval men," she continued, "so often pick up pretty things on their voyages, and Captain Lassen was telling me just now that he had been to nearly all the Eastern ports."

"That is exactly what I was about to say, madam," observed the captain, making her a courteous bow. "I have, stowed away in a trunk, a quantity of Eastern pottery, picked up in a careless, haphazard fashion in Egypt, India, Japan, and Arabia."

"Rubbish can be picked up anywhere," growled Ephraim, regarding Lassen, nevertheless, with a not disrespectful curiosity.

"Candidly," said Lassen, "I am not sufficiently learned in these matters to know the worth of what I have. But certainly the vase I broke was of the same ware as two in my possession, which I bought at a bazaar in Alexandria. It would give me great pleasure if you would accept them in lieu of that injured by me."

"I could accept nothing as a gift," said Ephraim.

"Of course not," Eva broke in laughing, "but my father means, Captain Lassen, that he would dearly like to be the purchaser of what you have stowed away in that trunk."

"That entirely depends," said Ephraim, still rather curtly, "on what I think of it when I see it."

After a little further conversation, in the course of which Ephraim's manner perceptibly softened, it was arranged that he should pay a visit to the boarding-house next day.

"If I'm unable to come," he added—"you see I'm an older man than you are, and there are times when I can't get out of my chair—perhaps you might happen to be coming round my way to see my sister? And perhaps in that case you wouldn't mind bringing those Persian vases with you."

The smile on Eva's face at this moment was delightful to see; so it was when after tea her father and Lassen went amicably off together.

Next day Ephraim paid the promised visit to Mrs. Allen's, and being highly satisfied with his inspection of Lassen's pottery and porcelain, made a good offer for the Persian vases, "to begin with," as he said, and invited the captain home with him to tea.

Euphemia's wonder and delight when from the window of her lonely sitting-room she saw the two men approaching together, may readily be imagined, as may also the flood of talk poured out by her to Lassen when, somewhat later than usual, Ephraim retired down-stairs to the workroom.

The little woman was childishly happy, and from this time forward she and Ephraim gradually settled down comfortably together. She respected his liking for solitude; he no longer objected to her friends; and these two important concessions made, the trifling disagreements of daily life seemed either to cease to exist, or at least to become easily tolerable. Captain Lassen came oftener than ever to play draughts with the little old maiden lady, and sometimes Ephraim would actually leave his armchair down-stairs to stand behind her and advise her how to play. Then, indeed, her cup of content was full.

H. L.

1. THE fair spring sunshine gladdened the land,
And the birds sang out with a merry trill,
And Colin and Chloe went hand in hand,
As lovers will—as lovers will!

2. Now Colin was poor as poor could be,
And the miller's broad fields covered valley and hill;
"Colin's no match for my daughter," said he,
As parents will—as parents will!

3. The corn-fields glowed in the sun's bright ray,
And lads came a-courting up to the mill,
And Colin and Chloe fell out, they say,
As lovers will—as lovers will!

4. The Christmas bells rang, and hearts were gay,
And loud was the feasting up at the mill,
For Colin and Chloe wed that day,
As lovers will—as lovers will!

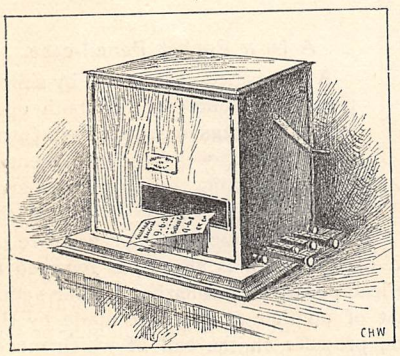
GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Cash Register.

The cash register which is represented in the woodcut is only twelve inches in height, and can be easily worked after a little practice. We need not enter into the mechanical details of its construction, as our object is to bring it to the notice of our readers; but we may say that the only parts accessible to the assistant using it are slides standing for pounds, shillings, and pence, and a small lever handle, as shown. The slides are drawn out to a required number, thus arranging the internal mechanism to print off that amount, and when the handle is turned, a card with the amount printed on it is delivered and given as receipt to the purchaser; it also contains the assistant's name or number, the date, and the number of the check. Inside the machine a similar check is printed for the inspection of the proprietor. The apparatus is useful for corporations and local boards, as well as in shops.



Some Novel Christmas and New Year's Cards.

The custom of confining the subjects of Christmas and New Year's cards to wintry scenes and incidents has of late years fallen into disrepute. This season, however, while the summer and floral subjects are as tastefully and exquisitely prepared as ever, there is a marked increase in the proportion of really seasonable subjects, and landscapes, birds, and children, amid generally snowy surroundings, are frequently met with among the new cards. Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner give evidence of this in the beautiful series of cards designed by Mr. Fred. Hine, whose genuine snow scenes on their novel silver ground produce a singularly clever effect. Other winter subjects, both on land and sea, by Mr. F. C. Price, are remarkable not only, as are all the cards by this firm, for delicacy of finish and careful selection in the design, but also for their shape—that of a palette of tinted card.

With their cards Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have issued two beautiful Christmas books, printed in colours in the same manner as their cards. The first of these is "Through the Meadows," a pleasant book of poems for children, by Mr. Fred. E. Weatherly, with coloured illustrations by Miss M. Ellen Edwards, whose work is so familiar to our readers, from her long connection with this Magazine; the vignettes that accompany the coloured illustrations are by Mr. J. C. Staples. The other of these Christmas books is "White Swans," a collection of six tales by Hans Andersen, with illustrations in colours and monochrome by Miss Alice Havers, the artist who is illustrating our story, "A Wilful Young Woman."

Frosted cards certainly give an air of reality to representations of landscapes with crusted snow, or water under the moonbeams on a clear, frosty night. Messrs. Wirths Bros. and Owen send us their cards for the new season, and most of them are frosted. As might be expected, a larger proportion of their cards than is usual are representations of snow and night scenes. But the most interesting and beautiful cards from this firm are two by Mr. Davidson Knowles, one representing a seventeenth-century Christmas, and the other scenes in the life of Shakespeare, with views of his birthplace and the church where he lies buried.

The cards, many of which are frosted by a new machine process, issued by Messrs. Sockl and Nathan are very beautiful and artistic productions, and we regret that we have not space for a detailed notice of them. One hearty word of commendation, however, must be accorded to their old English series.

Undoubtedly the best of this season's cards are those sent us by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons. To mention any special designs among so many excellent and novel ones is almost impossible, but perhaps the palm should be given to a set of four etchings from paintings in the National Gallery by Linnell and Old Crome. The shapes of the cards made by this firm are very good, and the colour-printing is of the best. Among the cards are many printed on satin, and others the shape of easels and screens, and of folding cards too there is a great variety. Some "Angels' heads" by Mr. W. S. Coleman are worthy of special notice, as well as a set of designs by the same artist under the title, "Hail, Christmastide." A new idea is a pair of hand-screens inscribed with seasonable mottoes, and another single screen bordered with swansdown. Even the less ambitious cards by this firm are in good taste, and he must be hard to please who cannot find something to his liking among these beautiful productions.

An Elephantine Building.

The engraving shows a curious building which has been erected on Coney Island, United States, by Mr. J. M. Kirby, as a concert-room and observatory. It is constructed of wood, and covered with sheet tin. The total length from trunk to back is 150 feet; the

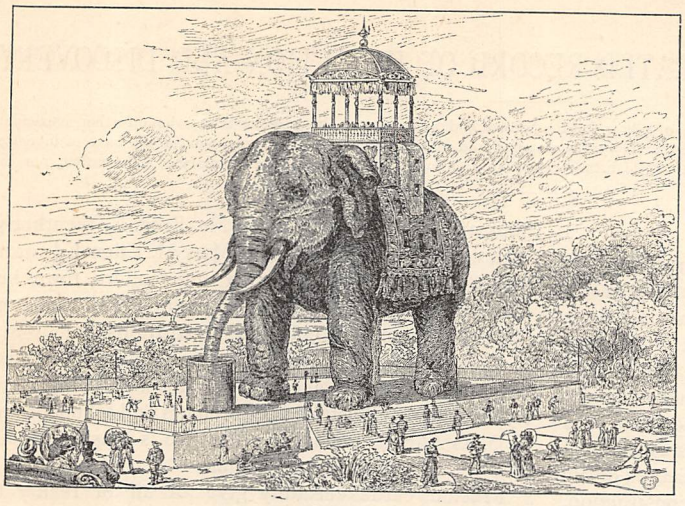


FIG. 1.

platform of the howdah is 88 feet above the ground; and the total height of the crescent on the flag-pole is 150 feet. The height from ground to body underneath is 24 feet, so that even a "Jumbo" living elephant could walk easily underneath. The legs are 18 feet in diameter, and circular stairs pass up the hind legs, and so on to the howdah. The rooms are named according to their locality in the body, thus: "stomach-room,"

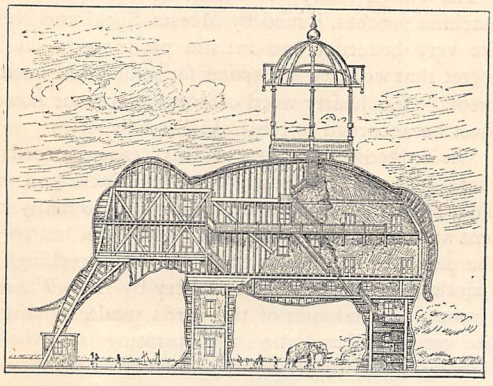


FIG. 2.

"brain-room," and so on. There are 34 rooms in all, including the main hall, which is 80 feet long. It is adapted for concerts. Altogether, the colossus, which is strongly built, weighs 100,000 tons.

A New Window-Sash Fastener.

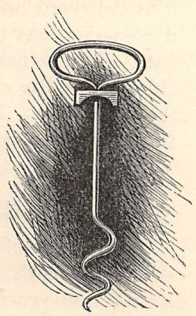
Our attention has been drawn to an improved kind of window-sash fastener, which seems to be worthy of mention in these pages. It is based on an application of the rack-and-tooth principle, and its method of working is therefore simple enough. The rack, of malleable iron, is let into the head of the window-frame, and the tooth-plate is fixed in the sash-frame. There is a different fastener for each sash; the tooth in that for the lower sash is actuated by a spring, which is controlled by raising and depressing a ring in the plate; while the tooth of the fastener for the upper sash slides backward and forward by turning a sort of button sunk in the plate. This appliance is simple in construction, and affords a secure hold for the sashes, either of which, having an independent fastening, can remain open for ventilation at any height, and is not accessible from the outside.

A New Pocket Pencil-case.

A new pencil-case, which by simple pressure at one end will both open and close, has recently been introduced by a well-known patentee. Merely pressing the end of the barrel opposite to the lead will drive the lead out, while a lighter pressure on the same end of the pencil is all that is required to withdraw the lead again. A somewhat similar action to this is that of another new pencil made by the same firm, one pressure on the end of which moves the lead in its holder, just sufficiently for use, so that no time is wasted in adjusting the point.

A Rick Screw.

The figure illustrates a spiral screw which has been introduced for fastening galvanised iron corrugated sheets to hay and corn ricks, in order to roof them: a plan which is now in use. The screw is applied by punching a hole in the iron sheet, inserting the screw, and turning it home. The grooved washer on the screw firmly fixes down the sheet, and prevents rain-water entering by the hole. One hundredweight of the sheets covers from 78 to 100 square feet of ricking.



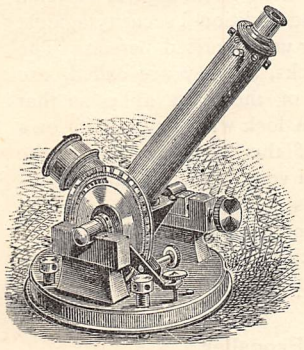
Another Pocket Ambulance.

To provide a ready and efficient means of dealing with those wounds which, only too often, owe much of their danger to their not being immediately attended to, a Birmingham firm has recently patented a small pocket ambulance. It consists of a little metal case, $3\frac{1}{4}$-in. in length, $2\frac{3}{8}$-in. in width, and 1-in. in depth, and within this narrow compass are neatly packed a compress for stanching blood, an isinglass plaster, eight feet of antiseptic bandages, a roll of tape for tightly binding a bleeding limb to stop the flow, a small bottle of ammonia to be applied in the case of venomous bites, a sheet of waxed silk, and some safety and surgical pins for securing bandages. If persons holding the certificate of the Order of St. John would only remember to carry such a case as this about with them on

every occasion, no doubt numbers of casualties that would otherwise be called serious, would be kept within the range of the "trifling hurts."

A Domestic Transit Instrument.

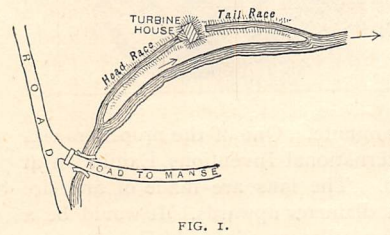
Mr. Latimer Clark has devised a convenient transit instrument with accompanying tables, whereby a private individual can correct his clocks and watches with very little trouble. Two forms of the instrument are made, one for use from a window, and the other standing on its own legs. We illustrate that which can be used from a window.



In taking a transit it is necessary to pick out from the tables a star which passes the meridian or north and south line at a convenient time. The telescope is then set to the altitude of the star, and a watch kept until it passes the field of view. The instant it traverses the centre cross-hair of the telescopic field the time is noted, and when the necessary corrections have been made according to instructions, it is seen how much the clock or watch is fast or slow. The corrections are for turning sidereal into Greenwich time. The yearly tables issued by Mr. Clark enable the observer to do this with a minimum of trouble, and a knowledge of the names of the stars or their positions in the heavens is not called for.

Electricity from Running Streams.

Running streams are common in the Highlands of Scotland and many parts of Ireland, and it is interesting to find that some of them are likely to be used for driving dynamos to light residences by electricity, or to work small domestic machines. Sir S. P. Grant, of Rothiemurchus, on the river Spey, has introduced eighty Swan lamps into his house, and lights them by an electric current derived from a Phœnix dynamo, which is driven by a turbine made by a well-known maker. The current is first sent into twenty-five accumulators, from which it is drawn to feed the lamps. Fig. 1 shows how the water power is obtained from the stream by a mill-race, which gives the necessary head of water, and on which the turbine-house is situated. The arrows show the direction of the flow. Fig. 2 shows the interior of the turbine-house, with the turbine, T, and the dynamo, which is driven from the turbine by a countershaft and belting, S. The stream is three-quarters of a mile from the house, and the electric current is conveyed to the latter by wires. The lamps have also been supplied from the dynamo direct, but the accumulators are ordinarily used as regulators, and as very useful things to have as reservoirs of electricity. The stream which works the dynamo also supplies the house with water through a 4-inch iron pipe, which is used as a return wire, thus reducing the initial cost of the installation. It is to be hoped that Sir S. P. Grant's example may be followed by other Highland proprietors.



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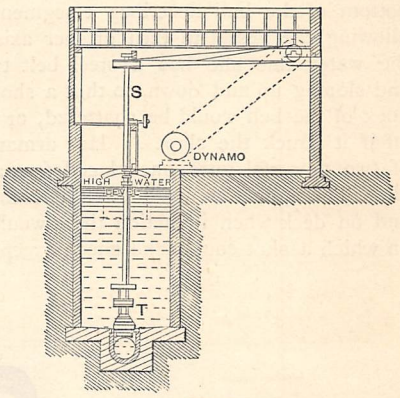
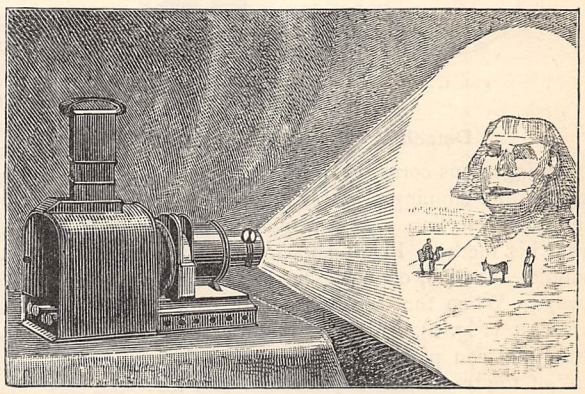


FIG. 2.



A New Magic Lantern.

A new magic lantern, which burns mineral oil, or can be fitted with the lime-light without alteration, has been brought out by a leading optician. It has 4-inch compound condensers, a brass stage and sliding front, a portrait lens with rack adjustment, and a four-wick lamp. Altogether, the new lantern is very convenient and compact.

Photographing the Retina.

The retina of the living eye has been photographed by Mr. Webster and Mr. Jackman, using an extra-sensitive gelatine plate. The plate was exposed to the eye by gaslight for twenty minutes, owing to the non-actinic colour of the retina. The picture shows the veining of the eye and also the edge of the "blind spot." Such eye-photographs may be useful in surgery.

A New War-Vessel.

A Scotch shipbuilder has submitted to the Admiralty the plans of a novel war-vessel intended for the defence of the Clyde and other estuaries. The vessel is 150 feet long, 30 feet wide, and is divided into 32 watertight compartments by bulk-heads; the bottom of the hull describes a segment of a circle, allowing the vessel to turn on her axis: and above the water-line she has a steel belt two feet thick and sloping up and down, so that a shot striking the apex of the belt would be shattered, or would glance off if it struck the slopes. Her armament consists of two powerful guns, one placed fore and the other aft. The funnel is made on a telescopic principle, and on deck when in action there would be nothing on which a shot could take effect, except the guns.

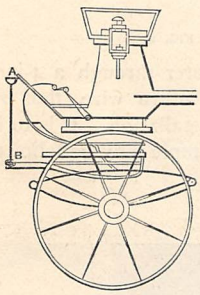


FIG. 1.

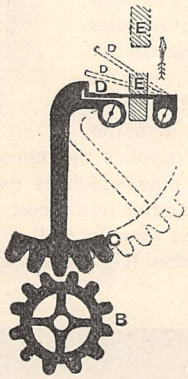


FIG. 2.

Detaching Runaway Horses.

An ingenious correspondent has devised the following plan for slipping runaway horses from a carriage, and thus averting a catastrophe. The figures illustrate his method, Fig. 1 showing the carriage and a handle, A, which, on being turned, detaches the runaways. When the handle is turned it moves the wheel B (Fig. 2), which in turn moves C, and liberates the iron piece D, thus allowing the connecting link of the traces E to slip through and leave the carriage behind. The plan seems well worthy of a trial.

Mosaic Glass.

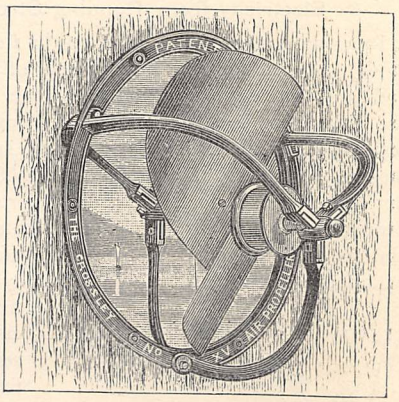
The silver medal of the Inventions Exhibition was conferred on the patentees of a new form of decorative glass-work, which is very suitable for use in windows and doors of private houses, where, from the size of its constituent parts, it is more convenient than the ordinary stained glass, with its larger pieces of glass and thicker leads. In the new process the design is traced on paper, and the requisite pieces of glass to form the pattern are then carefully laid upon it as closely together as possible, the interstices being filled with molten lead, which in the process of cooling adheres to the glass. The small size into which the glass may be cut makes it possible to execute far more elaborate designs by this process than were at all practicable under the old one within the space ordinarily to be found in the window or door of a private house.

Improved Locks and Keys.

Locks made by an American manufacturing company are now being very largely used for every class of fittings in offices, public buildings, and domestic purposes on this side of the Atlantic. These locks combine great neatness of appearance and finished workmanship with the decided advantage of extreme portability of the keys, and additional security against their being opened by any unauthorised person. The keys of these "Yale" locks, as they are called, are corrugated, and no two of them are alike, so that it is impossible to open a lock with any but its own key. The corrugation of the key, too, renders the production of false keys a very difficult if not an insuperable task. The keys for large locks—such as street-door latches—are not more than two inches in length, and at their widest part, which is that outside the lock, are not more than one inch.

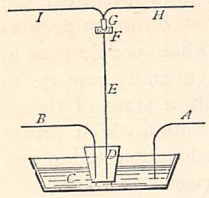
An Air Propeller.

The air propeller which we illustrate below is designed for rapidly moving large volumes of air at low pressure, in order to cool and ventilate houses, factories, mines, and tunnels, or for drying purposes. The number of applications which such an apparatus may have is very great, especially in crowded cities, and in tropical or in wet climates, where the heat of the sun has either to be tempered or assisted by the evaporation of air currents. The fan is of simple and ingenious construction, as will be seen from the engraving; and it can be driven by any kind of power, manual, steam, or electric. The power required is small, and the inventor claims an efficiency of at least 40 per cent. over what has hitherto been considered the best large-volume fan. According to the figures given by him, this new fan delivered 759 cubic feet per minute, whereas the best work of other fans is 465 cubic feet per minute. One of the propellers was at work at the International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington. The fans are made of any size from 12 inches in diameter upwards. It would be a great advantage if ventilators of this kind were more generally used in flour-mills, factories, and workshops where the air is heavily charged with dust and effluvia.



The Hell Gate Fuse.

The figure illustrates the method adopted at Hell Gate to fire the cartridges and explode the mine. Here A represents the positive wire from the electric battery, and B is the negative wire, resting in a tumbler, which stands in a trough of mercury C, into which A dips. The battery circuit is therefore interrupted by the glass tumbler D. An iron rod E rests on the bottom of the tumbler, and runs to an exploder of fulminate of mercury G, connected by wires H I to an auxiliary electric battery. Now the current from this battery fires the exploder, which thus breaks the tumbler and allows the wire B to fall into the mercury, thereby completing the circuit of the main battery, and firing the dynamite forming the mine.

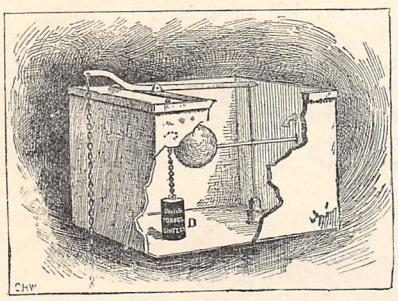


A Magnetic Umbrella.

During a recent trip of the steamer *Princess Beatrice* between Larne and Stranraer, the man at the wheel observed a curious disturbance of the compass needle, which was afterwards traced to the magnetic influence of an umbrella carried by one of the passengers. The deviation was so serious that the steersman reported to the mate that he could not keep the vessel to her course. The matter is, therefore, one worthy of scientific investigation. Umbrellas with steel ribs are liable in these days of powerful dynamos and electric lights to become magnetised without the owner knowing it; and a magnetic umbrella may, as the case appears to prove, have a disturbing effect on a ship's compass in proximity to it. It follows that some care may have to be exercised in the carrying of umbrellas on board steamers, unless they have been tested and found to be non-magnetic. We may also add that an electrician recently found that the iron wire placed round the rim of his hat to strengthen it, had a disturbing effect on the indications of a galvanometer of low magnetic influence with which he was making some electric measurements.

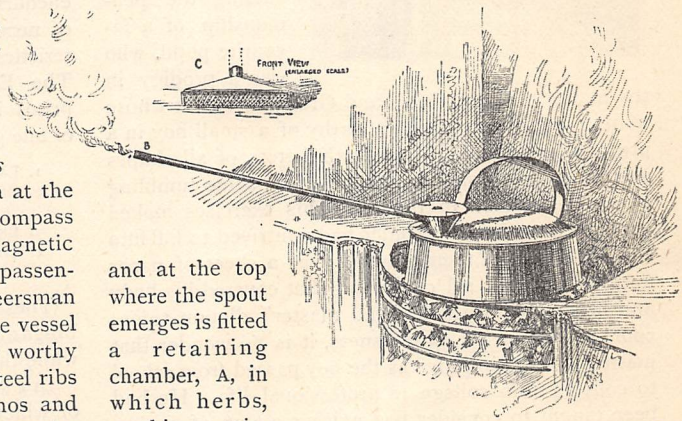
A Porous Disinfector.

Disinfectors bought in tins and bottles are sometimes apt to be wasted, and the new porous form is certainly more convenient. It consists of a porous vessel containing the disinfectant (permanganate of potash for example), and this is suspended in the water. In a short time the water decomposes a quantity of the crystals, and the liquid oozes out and impregnates the water. The device is especially useful in disinfecting the water of cisterns, flushing tanks, and water-waste preventers. The figure shows how it is applied, D being the porous vessel hung from the chain.



New Bronchitis Kettle.

Those who suffer from bronchitis, asthma, and any of the other chest or throat affections to which the changeable English climate makes them liable, will be glad to hear of a new kind of kettle which has been devised for use in the sick-room. The accompanying woodcut renders description almost unnecessary, and it will be sufficient to point out what are the salient features of this appliance. The vessel is made of tin,



and at the top where the spout emerges is fitted a retaining chamber, A, in which herbs, soothing mixtures, and the like are placed, flannel or cotton wool being used when these are of a liquid nature. The spout proper rises out of the retainer, and an extra length of pipe may, if necessary, be added at the joint B. The spout is also provided with a rose, C, which will no doubt be found a valuable adjunct for securing the diffusion of the vapour. If a fire is not available for immediate use, an ordinary spirit-lamp can be employed. This kettle seems to be a useful and simple apparatus.

MUSICAL PRIZE.

"*WHEN MARTENS FOLLOW SPRING.*'

Of the many Compositions sent in for this Prize, there were three which possessed signal merit, and the judges had considerable difficulty in deciding which of the selected three should have the award. Looking, however, to all the requirements of the Competition, it was finally decided that the Prize should be awarded to

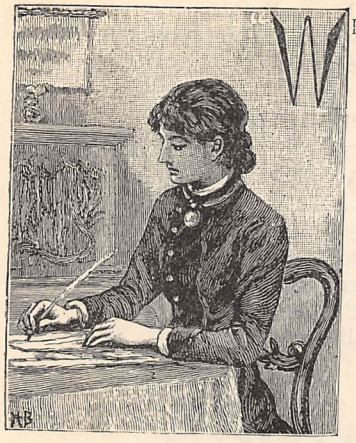
Dr. T. R. G. JOZÉ, Dublin;

Honourable Mention being accorded to

Mr. C. H. H. SIPPEL, Reading.
Mr. A. E. FISHER, Toronto, Canada.

We hope to publish Dr. Jozé's setting in an early number.

OUR HANDWRITING COMPETITION.



"WRITES badly, does he? Oh, that doesn't matter; I've generally found that boys who could write well were very little good at anything else."

So spoke the head master of a large public school, when discussing the penmanship of a favourite pupil, who was a prodigy in the matter of Latin verses and Greek roots, but whose writing would have been unworthy of a small boy in a preparatory school. What with letters of all shapes and sizes, some sloping to the right, some tumbling over one another to the left—his exercises looked very much as though a spider had contrived to fall into the ink-pot, and then crawled over a sheet of paper until he had got rid of the ink that covered his body and legs. And with the head master's dictum to encourage him in his carelessness, it is no wonder that matters did not improve as the boy passed from school to college, from college to professional life. He had been taught to consider bad writing a sign of genius, and the result was, he wrote plenty of clever letters and essays which no one but himself could decipher.

And is not this typical of hundreds and thousands of cases at the present day? Partly because handwriting is not taught so carefully and industriously as in bygone times, partly because of the headlong speed which characterises most of our daily transactions, whether in private or public life, there seems to be some fear lest penmanship may become almost as much a lost art as letter-writing. Our ancestors, who knew nothing of the frenzied rush of our nineteenth-century life, regarded correspondence as a serious matter not to be lightly undertaken; but then what marvels of composition and caligraphy many of their letters were!

It may be, nay, it probably is, impossible to do much to restore the old art of letter-writing. Every one who writes well or even respectably nowadays expects to publish his lucubrations. But surely the handicraft of writing, the art of penmanship, need not be lost!

How often does it happen that a letter is received from a correspondent, the very signature of which is not decipherable? Seek for information from the Post Office authorities upon this point. From this cause, thousands and thousands of letters are posted annually with the signature of the intended recipient cut out and pasted on the envelope! What ordinary persons cannot make out, let the Post Office people take in hand; and, strange to say, they generally manage to solve the riddle. Yet surely such a state of things should not be possible amongst a nation which prides itself upon placing a good sound education within the reach of even the lowest of the masses.

Taking all the facts of the case into consideration, then, it has been decided to arrange a competition amongst the readers of this Magazine, with a view to encourage beauty and legibility in handwriting, without of necessity sacrificing those distinguishing characteristics which often carry with them so great a charm. The Editor has therefore determined to offer two prizes in books—the first of two guineas, the second of one guinea—in each of the following classes:—

1. Ladies' Handwriting (any style).
2. Official or Civil Service Handwriting (including Business Letter-hand).
3. Business Handwriting (Copper-plate, for Bookkeeping, &c.).
4. Characteristic Handwriting (any style of writing, uniting beauty of form with distinctive character).

These competitions are open to all readers of the Magazine, the first being of course restricted to ladies, while the others are open to candidates of either sex.

In *each* of the Classes 1, 2, and 4, for any one or more of which the candidate may enter, the following letter should be written:—

[*Full Address and Date.*]

Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in sending you a specimen of my handwriting in competition for the prizes offered by you in Class [*here give the number of the class; and particulars of the competition as above*]. I can hardly hope to be successful, but, as the old proverb says, "Nothing venture, nothing win;" so I take my chance.

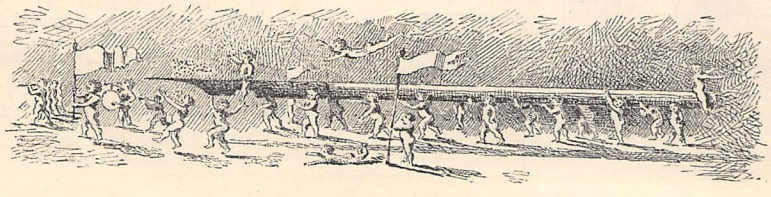
I am, dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,

_____

The Editor,
"Cassell's Family Magazine."

In Class 3, an extract from an account should be forwarded, limited to half a page of foolscap. It may be either an invoice, bill of lading, or copies of entries from a ledger or cash-book. All the ruling for columns, &c., must be done by the competitor.

All specimens of handwriting, properly guaranteed by a magistrate, minister of religion, or other person of responsible position, should reach the Editor on or before the 31st of March, 1886.

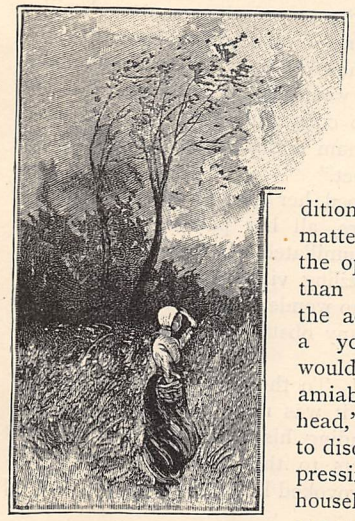


A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN THE DOMESTIC CAMP.



FOLLOWING his letter in due course, the major arrived at the Dale on what he termed his reconnoitring expedition, and being in most matters appertaining to the opposite sex no more than what his son, with the advanced wisdom of a younger generation, would have called "an amiable old muddlehead," he failed at first to discover where lay the pressing need to alter the household by marrying or any other change.

But that was only in the earliest hours of his reception, at the very onset, when Mrs. Alwyn was all graciousness, tempered with a slightly nervous anxiety as to how her overtures would be received and would prosper; when Leonora was posing as just a slightly ill-used damsel, much tried, but far too truly sweet to turn ill-tempered on any provocation whatever; and when Sydney lingered more than ever in the background, with a proud and withal sad reserve, begotten of her mother's injunction just as their guest was coming—"Remember Major Villiers is no relation of yours, my dear. He is a kind-hearted man, and would very likely be inclined to make no difference between you and Leonora; but recollect he is her father's brother, not yours."

A very few days, however, under the same roof somewhat lowered this stilted style of intercourse. In that time Major Villiers took observations very diplomatically; made mental note of a bright, eager-eyed intelligence that never missed a single point in the old campaign stories he delighted in telling, though his own young relative, pleating her pretty fineries, or twisting her many rings about, would put in her "how horrids!" or "how charmings!" at exasperatingly wrong intervals; brought to bear upon the case a theory of his own concerning the impossibility of perfect amity existing between Celt and Saxon, setting Sydney down as the type of one, Leonora of the other, and secretly bestowing his preference on the first; and decided to his own complete satisfaction that the assumed element of discord in this household would become a tuneful enough key-note in that other new home he had set his mind on rearing.

At which point he offered to Mrs. Alwyn the opinion she had been awaiting with profound impatience.

They were sitting, these two, discussing afternoon tea under the shade of a splendid lime upon the square of lawn which, bordered by a tall hedge of yew, parted the Dale from the dusty high road. With judicial gravity, and a silence betokening something important at hand, the major had stirred his beverage, melted an extra lump of sugar, watched the small seething collection of bubbles thereupon gather and disperse, and imbibed the contents of his cup; after which, setting it down, folding his arms, and crossing his legs, he said very deliberately—for hasty speech or manner would, he conceived, be derogatory to Rupert and himself—

"Well, Helen, do you know, on the whole, I'm inclined to think that arrangement you mentioned in your letter to me a very sensible one. Taking one thing with another, I might almost say a desirable one. If the young folks find it to their mind, I really may as well say at once I sha'n't stand in their way."

Mrs. Alwyn felt as though, this first step gained, the rest would surely follow in its train. With a smile intended to convey the gratification of a mother and the gratitude of a sister-in-law, she answered—

"Now, how very good that is of you, Alfred! But I knew that, though even you cannot tell the wear and tear of nerves brought about by constantly dwelling on two daughters' futures, yet I was sure you would enter into my cares. I was positive you would see no indiscretion in my writing as I did; that you would help me if you could. Thank you," laying her hand effusively upon his arm. "Oh, thank you so very much!"

"Well, there," said the gallant major, scarcely at ease under such a gush of affectionate eloquence; "let's wait and see what you have to be thankful for first. You must bear in mind I can't force Rupert's inclinations any more than you can force Miss Sydney's."

"And that would be quite impossible!" put in Miss Sydney's mother, with emphasis.

"And right enough it should be so, I've no doubt," returned the old officer. "I've often heard that any halter's sure to hurt if you don't slip your head through of your own free will. Still, I must say fairly that I like this youngest girl of yours well enough to wish for her for Rupert. Perhaps, as I've told you this without mincing matters, you won't mind explaining how it is that she gets over the traces here at home? How she and Leonora contrive to fall out? Forewarned, forearmed. Eh? She doesn't look to me an unmanageable lass."

"Unmanageable! oh, dear, no!" answered Mrs. Alwyn hastily—that term repeated might scare Mr. Rupert. "Pray, don't think I ever intended to convey

such a thing. She is simply the complete opposite of Leonora and myself. To put it as briefly and expressively as possible, a thorough Alwyn. All our differences, all our difficulties lie in that. Nothing short of living with us would open your eyes to what that means. But, of course, I naturally strive after Sydney's happiness, and I confess I see it most directly, most clearly, in a suitable marriage."

"And you're not anxious to make Miss Leonora happy in the same way?" said the major bluntly, but a trifle puzzled. The same end attained by the absence of either daughter, he couldn't understand why seniority should not have priority in matrimonial honours. "There's no question about my niece being uncommonly handsome. You don't intend her for an old maid, do you?"

The gentleman was nearer the root of the matter than he suspected. Mrs. Alwyn coloured and mounted her gold eye-glasses, as she had a trick of always doing if confused.

"An old maid! Oh, dear, no!" she returned, looking down and flicking bits of lime-blossom off her skirts. "There is no likelihood of that, indeed. Leonora has had more than one offer from—or—well, as she declined them, I need not say from whom." Thus the lady sailed away from explanation of these suitors' ineligibility. "And now," lowering her voice as Leonora appeared in the distance, "just at this time there appears a great probability of her having a proposal which I think would fulfil my best expectations for her. You have heard me mention the Comynghams?"

"What, the people at Oakleigh Place? The earl's family you were speaking about yesterday? You surely don't mean my niece is going to marry one of them?"

"Gently, my dear major. We must not speak, or even think positively about it. Only I felt I must admit you to my confidence thus far. It's the second son: the Honourable Edward Duvesne—Honourable and Reverend, for he is Rector of Oakleigh too. It's the family living—eight hundred a year. So no doubt he was put in the Church on purpose to get it."

"I shouldn't have thought an earl's second son would have needed that," commented the major. "I thought the Comynghams were a wealthy family."

"Are, but not were," explained Mrs. Alwyn. "This earl has only just got the title, you know. The late one was his cousin, and was expected to marry some day, quite up to the time of his sudden death. So these people—they used simply to be the Duvesnes, 'Mr. and Mrs.,' not even honourable—were really, considering their birth, not at all rich, and were glad enough to secure eight hundred a year for their son. The old rector died just after the late earl, most conveniently, and Edward Duvesne read himself in at Oakleigh a few Sundays before his father came down to the place last spring."

"And you say this gentleman is making up to Leonora?"

"He certainly seems very much attracted. We have attended his little church lately—Leonora and I. Sydney always finds something to keep her to this place. Oakleigh is less than a mile off, the quaintest little place, and so comfortable; not half so draughty as our larger, rambling building, where I get neuralgia dreadfully. Mr. Duvesne sent us hymn-books by the clerk. He has called on us two or three times, and often walks half-way home by Leonora. Of course, I have called at the Place, and the countess has left cards here. If nothing—if no one interferes, I believe it will end in my dear child entering the Comyngham circle. I think that would be a marriage we should have every reason to congratulate her and ourselves on. Lord Comyngham is the seventh earl, and his eldest son is single yet."

Mrs. Alwyn dropped her glasses and drew up her still handsome figure, all her passion for position, once so grievously humiliated, ringing out in her last words: such a dazzling vista opening out for her beautiful daughter, no wonder she undertook to rough-hew from the path any obstacle between her and the brilliant goal.

Brilliant, indeed! To the major it seemed rather impossibly so; but it was not his place to damp her by doubts, so threading his way back through these enchanting prospects to the point whence he had started, he rather provoked his sister-in-law by asking calmly—

"Will you excuse me for being very stupid, but for the life of me I can't see why you shouldn't settle off Leonora and her 'honourable and reverend' before troubling yourself about little Sydney. She doesn't interfere with the illustrious suitor, does she?"

Mrs. Alwyn bit her lip and tapped her foot on the grass impatiently. These elderly men were frightfully dense—what the natives of St. Clair's would call pig-headed!

To admit Leonora the least fraction jealous was not to be thought of; so, with the self-abnegation demanded occasionally of maternal schemers, she took the weak point over as a private grievance and answered accordingly—

"Of course, Sydney doesn't wish to interfere. I quite acquit her of any such design. But you can see she is liable to be present whenever this gentleman calls. Is apt to be put forward by injudicious friends of her own, as she was only the other day by those people named Dacie, and the rector, at a sort of village feast. I can tell you how presently. And, excuse me for saying it, dear Major Villiers, but a woman like myself, who has seen much of the world, knows how soon a man's fancy is distracted, what trifles sometimes upset the chance of lifelong happiness. I felt I should never forgive myself if I didn't smooth our Leonora's way as much as possible, and I felt, too, that I was more than justified when at the same time I was doing my best to promote Sydney's welfare. Oh! I'm afraid this all seems very perplexing to you, a man; but I do hope you believe and trust me to be doing my best as—a mother."

It *was* rather perplexing, certainly; but while the lady was explaining and counter-explaining herself

out of the maze, and rather obviously getting her guiding threads into confusion, the major had mentally made an honest short cut, and reached what happened to be precisely the right conclusion.

"Fact is," he thought, "she makes fish of one and fowl of the other, as old Alister would have said. That's about the long and short of it;" and, metaphorically giving himself a pat on the back for his acumen in finding this out, he got up to close the conference with a polite speech.

"Oh, yes, yes! Naturally you do your best all round, Helen, and certainly I wish both your young folks good luck. And I won't quarrel with the part of your plan which offers one of them to my boy. Let me see. Rupert is pretty well tied to the desk, but he'll have two or three clear days in August. May I tell him to run down then?"

"Certainly! Before, if he likes. From the Saturday evening to Monday morning. We will send to meet him, and have him driven back for the seven o'clock train from Hemyngford."

"I'll tell him, then, and you'll soon have him over. And I'm not to give a hint of what he comes for to my dark-haired friend yonder?" nodding towards Sydney, who had just entered the garden from the village.

"Not for a moment. Not a word, please."

"So be it. This is a pretty place, this Dale," looking at the white-gabled house, ivy up the front, clematis over the porch, panelled doorway, and mullioned windows; "how came your brother to own it? It looks as though it should belong to some squire of these parts rather than be a loose bit of property to a man from another county."

"It was once one of the Comyngham residences," explained Mrs. Alwyn; "a Duvesne lived here for generations, I believe. But the last earl's grandfather lost heavily at cards, and I've been told that the Dale changed hands one night over the whist-table. Then it had two or three different owners, and came into the market when William was living at St. Edmund's; and so, as he got it cheap, he bought it. You know he is always ready for a bargain by road, river, or rail."

"And mostly makes a good thing of it, I'll warrant," said the major; "well, it came in handily for you. Suits you admirably. It's lucky Mr. Russell has not been tempted by a good offer to sell it over your head, for you would hardly like to leave it now."

"Not under present circumstances," replied Mrs. Alwyn, with a glance at Leonora among the flowerbeds; "things have been too depressed about here for William to sell profitably. But I've made him an offer for the Dale myself, and hope he's likely to close with it. Of course, it will lessen the few thousands I shall have left to live on when Sydney takes her own. But I think it a desirable investment for me and Leonora." Then, after about two seconds' pause, "The Comynghams, I believe, are anxious for it."

"And you mean they may have it with the young lady; if not, go without it! Well devised," laughed the major; but Mrs. Alwyn, vexed with herself for showing her cards so plainly in a boastful moment, hurriedly changed the subject.

"Say nothing to Sydney of her little fortune at present, please. There is no need to explain till she is nearer of age—if on the eve of marrying, so much the better. I have thought it over, and I am sure this is best for all of us, Rupert included."

The major could only bow acquiescence. For his own part he would have preferred the girl to know her pecuniary value before he sent his son a-courting. But women ought to understand each other best; they had a circumlocutory way of going to work over trifles that he could not pretend to understand, and therefore had best not interfere with. So, contented, on the whole, with his confabulation, he joined the young people, while Mrs. Alwyn with a satisfied smile went in to dress for dinner.

"Much of gardeners, either of you?" he questioned, noticing, as he neared them, the delight on Sydney's mobile face as she bent over a lovely half-opened rose, bent till it met her cheek in what seemed a mutual caress—"it's fine exercise for those who like it."

"Oh, will you persuade mamma so?" cried Sydney. "I think it's work that people in the country ought to be allowed, don't you, Major Villiers? Somehow one feels the better for the very touch of a flower," and again she stroked the exquisite petals which she had watched day by day from their first unfurling.

"And are you of the same way of thinking?" the major asked his niece, who answered, gracefully sheltering her face from the sun's slanting rays with a big straw fan—

"Oh, yes, I constantly feel a great deal the better for them, uncle, especially when they match one's dress so deliciously as this darling does!" and stooping, her taper fingers dexterously broke off the last lovely "La France," and transferred it to the folds of lace meandering down her delicate pink robe.

Sydney almost visibly winced, crimsoned, and without a word turned off to the house. Leonora looked after her with an amused smile, and a little shrug.

"Now I suppose this was one of her pets, so I've offended her," she exclaimed. "She is so odd. I do wish Sydney could be more like us!"

"The same song her mother sings," thought the major, and, whether by accident or by design of Mrs. Alwyn to demonstrate the difficulties she had complained of, he heard during the next few days a great deal more in the same strain.

"May I appeal to you, dear Major Villiers," begged his hostess, when he appeared at the breakfast-table next morning, "as quite one of ourselves, will you say whether her sister's wishes, or I may add the wants of the household, or an engagement of her own making, a fulfilment of her own whim, should take precedence with Sydney? Perhaps she will pay your verdict the compliment of attending to it."

"Well, all depends on what the wish, and the want, and the whim may be," returned the major, rubbing his hands and endeavouring to give the matter a jocular turn with a genial "good morning" all round. "Details, if you please, ladies!"

"Leonora particularly wants something from Hemyngford. *I* ask Sydney to drive in for it. *She* prefers staying at home to practise a so-called singing class at the school-house at noon."

"Well, with a little accommodation couldn't all be managed?" said the major (the man of war was a most thorough-going man of peace). "Couldn't the singing class be put off, or the drive take place in the afternoon? One or the other, surely."

"I require my commission executed before luncheon," said Mrs. Alwyn, very positively. "I should think the class can be put off if Sydney chooses."

"Mamma," said the girl, speaking as if distressed at the altercation she was driven to, "you know Mr. Vaughan fixed noontime; it is too late for me to alter it if I wished."

"Then send and ask Mary Dacie to take it."

"Her father is not so well. She has her hands so full. I should be so glad if I might ease her."

"At my expense?" said Mrs. Alwyn, in deeply aggrieved tones. "Very well, Sydney; if you will not alter your mind to oblige me, I cannot compel you. Tell Hills"—to the servant just entering with the post-bag—"the pony will not be wanted this morning. Leonora, darling, give your uncle a cutlet. Sydney, if it is not too much trouble, will you pass Major Villiers the toast? You will excuse my opening this, will you not?"

And the ruffled hostess proceeded to disinter the correspondence of the Dale from its leathern receptacle; turning out, as luck would have it, among papers, circulars, and post-cards, one communication that proved a fresh bone of contention.

"From that old man again," Mrs. Alwyn exclaimed, tossing a letter over to her younger daughter. "My dear, *dear* Sydney, will you never oblige me by letting that correspondence drop?" (Sydney stooped over her coffee, answering nothing, her letter held tight beneath the table); "can you not, knowing my distinct desire, leave this unanswered, and so put an end to what I disapprove?"

Sydney's head drooped lower, and the painful colour deepened on her cheeks.

"No, mamma, I cannot," she said, her voice low, but quite clear; and then, after a feint of swallowing her food, she got up, with a little apologetic gesture, and left the room before the tears, gathering in her eyes, had time to fall.

"The sort of thing I constantly have to contend with!" said Mrs. Alwyn plaintively. "But don't let it spoil *your* breakfast, major. Take an egg."

Uneasy at all this electricity in the domestic atmosphere, Major Villiers essayed to carry off some of the overcharge by a quiet talk with the rebel, and to that intent, catching sight of her an hour after at the furthermost end of the laurel hedge, wiring a roving honeysuckle to a rustic arch, he followed her there, and with a fatherly pat on the shoulder, and just a touch of reproach in his manner, asked—

"Well, now, young maiden mine, and why couldn't you manage to put off other friends and please that mamma of yours this morning? You'll forgive an old man for lecturing, won't you? but people of one house should try to be of one mind, my child!"

At the kindly expostulation, the gentle tone, Sydney dropped her coil of wire and turned impetuously round.

"I do wish to, Major Villiers, and I do try. But somehow nothing seems to answer! I seem born to worry mamma. Ever since I was quite little it has been the same. Leonora has been her delight, her comfort. I, her annoyance, her trouble. Just as Leonora is so beautiful and I am not" (her listener turned his glance full on the supple young form, the flashing hazel-grey eyes, the red sensitive lips, the well-poised head with coil after coil of dark locks twisted round; and quoth he to himself, "You're not so far off that to my mind, my dear!")—"so Leonora has naturally known how to please in everything: I"—she let fall her hands, extended in sorrowful eloquence—"in nothing!"

The soft-hearted major felt very uncomfortable.

"Oh, come," said he soothingly, "you are only feeling sore and unhappy now, Miss Sydney——"

"I wish you would call me Sydney," she interrupted.

"Well, Sydney, then; so you see things a little crookedly perhaps. If you could have yielded this morning, matters might not have looked so gloomy. Now would it not have been better to neglect outsiders even, and do those commissions for your mother? Particular ones perhaps, as she appeared to want them so much."

"Particular!" Sydney stopped as they paced out of sight of the house now, down the shrubbery. And her look of distress vanished in a gust of sudden laughter. "Particular! oh, very indeed! I should have saved"—calculating on her finger-tips—"on sugar, seven farthings; on buttons—let me see, pearl—one dozen, I should think three halfpence! Yes, threepence farthing would have been the valuable result of my drive. Now, to spare mamma's and Leonora's pockets to that huge extent, do you say I ought to have run off from what I had promised to do, and left my best friends in the lurch?"

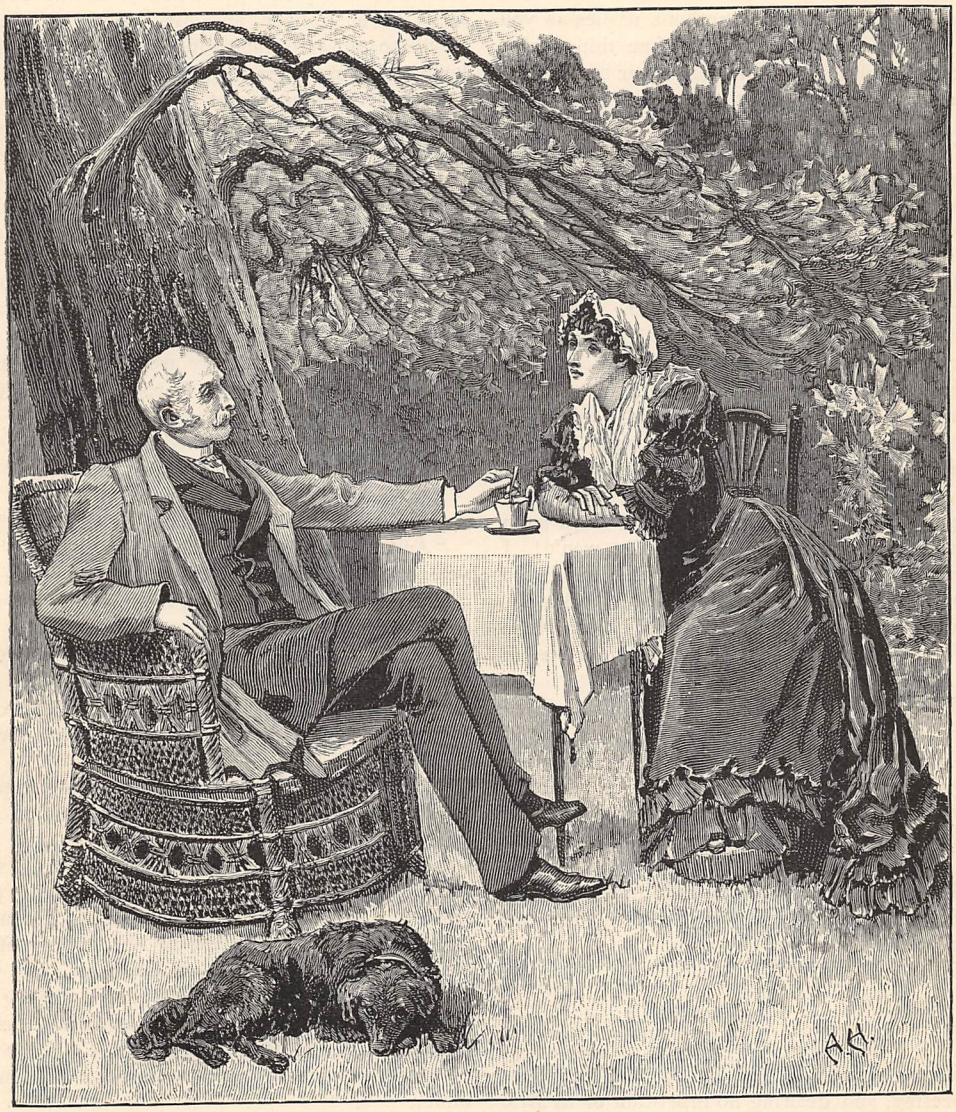
The major evaded the question, preferring to ask who those best friends were; and Sydney, glowing, gave him an account of all the Dacies', all the rector's goodness to her, ending with, "If it were not for them I should be fifty times more ill-tempered and incorrigible! Knowing what I am, think what that means, and just consider whether I ought not to work for them even at the appalling loss of threepence farthing!"

The major was old-fashioned enough to be clear-headed on some points.

"I do think, my dear," he said simply, "there's one thing you plainly ought not to do. That is, show up your mother's or Leonora's small economies, which I suppose they feel bound to make, for the sake of ridiculing them."

All Sydney's nerves slackened under the altered tone. Reddening with shame, tears gathered thickly on her long black lashes. She moved on very slowly. Then—

"I beg your pardon," she said, quite humbly. "I know I ought not to have done it. But—but——" shaking off the twinkling drops, and clasping her hands very tightly behind her—"I do get so beside myself, so weary of it all; for this morning is only just like most mornings. I am always clumsy, always unlucky—at home. Whatever I arrange interferes with something. Not a single taste have I that mamma approves of. Where she is lavish, I should never spend. Where she is careful, I am not! If I could ever please her really, ever make her fond of me, I would try and try and never tire. But I can't, so I suppose I seem to give up, though I don't intend to do so. But please"—lifting a sad pair of eyes so appealingly, the poor major felt quite a sympathetic haze over his own—"will you forgive me for saying all this? I know it's wrong to have complained. It's horribly bad taste and very idiotic of me, for it can't improve matters. But I never said one syllable about it before to any one—not even Mary Dacie—and I never will again. If you can forget my grumbling I shall be most grateful. It's eased me ever so much, and perhaps"—straightening herself with rather a poor attempt at a smile—"perhaps I shall behave better after it."



"'I REALLY MAY AS WELL SAY AT ONCE, I SHA'N'T STAND IN THEIR WAY'" (*p.* 129).

The major took her hand, and, with a kindly little pressure, drew it within his arm.

"I'm sure you will, if there's need of it," he said

soothingly. "I dare say there are awkwardnesses for you all. But do your best, my dear, and you'll get into smoother waters before long. You'll not be always here, you know. It's not to be expected you should." (The nearest hint of married freedom he dared permit himself.) "But as long as you live together sail as close to your mother's wishes as you can. If you have to vex her with one thing, why, please her with another. Now, that letter business. I don't want to know whom it was from, of course; but couldn't you give in to her there?"

"No!" cried Sydney, with a jerk of the major's gouty arm, that made him jump. "I do want you to know who wrote it. It was Jacob Cheene. My—my—father's one old true friend! The only person here at St. Clair's I ever knew or ever saw who spoke kindly of my father to me. He came here eight years ago, just before—before—that June. And his coming was such a pleasure to papa! He was only a clerk, but they had known, and trusted, and cared for each other for years and years. He asked me when he went away to write to him, and I said I would. I told papa I was going to, and it pleased him. I know," cried Sydney, gazing with strangely flashing eyes into the blue sky far away, as if somewhere there a visible presence were animating her—"I know papa would never have me give up Jacob, so I—won't! I know he would always have me keep true to his old companion, so I—will! Please, Major Villiers," with a swift turn, and sudden pleading, "don't be angry with me, but papa and I must have our way in this!"

Then she picked up her trailing coil of wire, smiled a half-defiant, half-beseeching April smile, and ran off without biding response or remonstrance, leaving her would-be mentor rather inclined to put his sympathies in the same scale with her rebellious decision, and meditating, as he strolled some half-hour among espaliers and raspberry-canes, how this high, much-hampered spirit could be toned down admirably under tender influence, and make a wife out of a thousand for his son Rupert.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE COUNTESS RECEIVES.

THAT morning's storm seemed to clear the air. Possibly suspecting, and desiring no repetition of it, Mrs. Alwyn avoided dangerous topics; while, amply contented with the opinion that he had formed, Major Villiers attempted no more interference between his sister-in-law and her daughters. By-and-by, when the girls were married and away, the frets and jars of daily contact all removed, the mother would perchance deal out more kindly justice to her younger child. If not—well, Sydney would be out of the way of any carping criticism, sunning herself in more congenial atmosphere!

So, on the principle of by all means letting the sleeping dog lie, the major shirked any more *tête-à-têtes* for the remainder of his visit; steered clear of aught but very general conversation; led warily from the heat in India to the heat in town, and the advisability of his son getting out of it, and inhaling the cool breezes of St. Clair's now and again. So the days went smoothly enough till the last of the major's visit was reached. Then the calm which Sydney, from a certain proud penitence at having opened her heart to a stranger, and Mrs. Alwyn from a politic desire to preserve appearances, had set themselves to keep, was threatened with another upset.

It was the morning of a grand gathering at Oakleigh Place, for which the major had been especially persuaded to prolong his visit. An officer, pronouncedly a gentleman, and a good-looking man, was a most desirable escort. So his journey to town was postponed till the evening train, and arrangements made to suit his departure then.

"If you will excuse it," said his hostess, "you shall have a sort of cold dinner, that can be ready the moment we are back from Oakleigh. You will be sure, Sydney, to see that we are not kept waiting. A new parlour-maid is a great worry, major, which you are fortunate not to realise."

Sydney looked up perplexed and reddening.

"*I* am to see about the servants, mamma?"

"Yes, if you've no objection."

"But—I thought I was going to Oakleigh?"

"And I thought," returned Mrs. Alwyn, "that as you generally care so little for these afternoon parties, and always prefer getting off them, you would be positively glad to stay at home."

"So I should," answered the girl frankly, "if it were anywhere else; but the Dacies say the gardens here are glorious in July, and I had been so looking forward to seeing them, mamma, as they invited me too, that I——"

"Let Sydney go instead of me," interrupted the major, "I don't care a straw for the gardens. That's an excellent amendment."

"Not to be thought of for a moment," said his hostess peremptorily. "If Sydney cannot possibly attend to my wish and your comfort, of course she goes with us." But baffled in her project of letting Leonora shine unrivalled at Oakleigh, and warding off comparison between the ripened beauty of her elder child, and the far fresher attractiveness of the younger, Mrs. Alwyn assumed the heavy air of chronic dissatisfaction Sydney knew so well and ached under.

"Indeed, mamma," she said now, desperately anxious their kind guest should not think her always an evil-dispositioned marplot, "I will show Phillips anything I can before we go, and help her if you will tell me how I may. But I was wanting to say that I almost must go to Oakleigh, for I met Lady Comyngham yesterday, and she stopped her ponies and said she hoped I would certainly be there. And I said, 'Oh, yes,' for I never imagined you didn't want me to——"

"I must beg of you, Sydney, not to misinterpret me in that manner!" put in Mrs. Alwyn irritably, more out of sorts than ever at this pointed politeness from the countess; "go, by all means! Pray go! I'm

only afraid, Major Villiers, you will find it awkward driving with four in the carriage."

"Not the least in the world," protested the gentleman very willingly. "I prefer the quartette, I assure you. Shouldn't half enjoy myself if one were left out in the cold, you know," with a good-humoured smile at Sydney, who, on the verge of answering, was stopped by Leonora, her mouth slightly sullen her cheeks tinged with vexation—

"Mamma, we shall be intolerably crushed, two on the back seat. My skirt certainly won't look fit to be seen. I think I had better stay at home."

"My dearest——" began Mrs. Alwyn, but for once Sydney broke in vehemently,

"No, no, no, Norah; you know that couldn't be anyhow! And there is no need, for, mamma—I wanted to tell you last night, only Leonora was singing, and I couldn't speak—Dr. Dacie is not able to go, he doesn't get a bit better, and his wife will not leave him, of course; but they both so wish poor Mary to have the pleasure, for she has not been out all the summer. So I said I would ask, if you would let her drive me and then she could go in with our party. And may she?"

"Just another of those frequent cases where I do wish you would think before you speak, Sydney," answered Mrs. Alwyn, slowly, for she was mentally balancing pros and cons. Chaperoning Mary Dacie, in a well-worn Sunday gown, was repugnant to her, but the plan would give Leonora space. Best agree to it then. So she ended, "You have made it impossible for me to say 'no,' however much I may dislike your arrangement."

"Then I may say 'yes,' mamma, and go and tell Mary?"

"If you think she requires any telling," said Mrs. Alwyn rather sarcastically, and with a sigh indicating she had much to put up with. Which reluctant affirmative gained, Sydney escaped to the Dacies'; and later in the day, from the doctor's house and from the Dale, their respective vehicles set forth to traverse the three miles of lane and road that led to Oakleigh Place.

Thither on that afternoon converged such a stream of equipages as had not waked up the rustics thereabouts to watching wonder for many a long year. For, as Mrs. Alwyn had explained to her guest, this earl and this countess were new to titles and possessions, and over and above a natural desire to shine in these strange parts, they just now had double reason for desiring good opinions in the expected candidature of their elder son for the southern division of the county.

Except as a name of long nobility and ownership, the present generation of Comyngham was little known near St. Clair's. The late earl had hated the tame scenery of East Anglia: had shut up Oakleigh Place for years, living mostly abroad, or when in England on a more favourite estate in Hampshire, and had scarcely been seen personally by either tenants or neighbours.

But the incomers meant to reverse all this.

With a large family, and the prudence engendered of long-limited means, they elected to keep up but one country house. Their choice fell upon Oakleigh, and here they determined upon making in this first festive meeting a thoroughly favourable *début* in rural society.

So the gardens, kept up through all vicissitudes, were now set forth in July perfection. The house, a stiff Georgian building, with suites of stately panelled apartments, painted, mirrored, portrait-hung, after the varying fashions of two centuries, was open from end to end. Every possible preparation was made to insure the day passing off well.

The earl, schooled to phlegmatic calm by serving in a permanent Government post under half a dozen different Administrations, took the approaching reception very coolly, but the countess's feminine nerves appreciated the complexities of the situation, and were most actively on the alert to prevent the slightest flaw in her fête.

As four o'clock approached she summoned her sons and daughters about her in the first reception-room, and favoured them with final instructions, assisted by a farewell peep at her visiting list. "Now, my dears, there's the first ring. Do pray put plenty of spirit into the next three hours, and as we've undertaken this 'thing' let it be a success!"

And a success it assuredly was from the arrival of the first carriage-freight to the departure of the last: a meeting that well earned Oakleigh Place a character for hospitality, and marked an era for more than one of its guests.

For a long hour the roll of wheels sounded unceasingly up the lime avenue. From the yellow-bodied landau of the Erpinghams, their many-quartered shield upon its doors, to the roughest of country roundabouts did gaily-robed figures debouch under the wide north portico. A radius of twenty miles supplied the throng. Squires, squiresses, squireens, professional people few and well selected, parsons innumerable—rectors, vicars, curates—but there the line was drawn. My lady said they must stop somewhere, so they stayed their biddings at curates. An occupier of one of the largest farms, who by virtue of eminent respectability, and a good balance at his banker's, had ventured once upon a time to lift his eyes to Leonora Villiers, drove by the Comynghams' gate as Mrs. Alwyn turned in at the same, and this practical exposition of her superiority made her pulses beat all exultant, revived the glories of her Guestwick reign, and by a hundredfold increased the moment's proud delight. If Leonora——! Ah! on the wings of that "if" Mrs. Alwyn's imagination took flight, and sent her in so radiant, so dignified, that, as she failed not to note, eyes and lips were questioning who she was the whole afternoon through.

Sydney, willingly released by Mrs. Alwyn, found her way with Mary Dacie among the wide south stretch of flower parterres, and through the domed conservatories, fragrant with waxen Stephanotis, so completely charmed with the novel scene, her face so full of bright enjoyment, and her graceful young figure so perfectly

at ease in, perhaps, the simplest toilette present, that a battery of admiring, approving glances followed wherever she went, to her companion's excessive satisfaction. ("I declare, mother, her eyes were as blue as sapphires!" Mary Dacie reported at home, "I do wish you could have seen her! People kept wanting to wile her away from me, but the foolish child wouldn't leave me once!")

The Rector of St. Clair's was standing at the edge of Lady Comyngham's circle; he had just made his bow, apologising for having brought with him a friend, a guest of two days only, whom the countess had most cordially welcomed. Now, both men leant on the grey terrace wall, watching the moving, many-coloured throng.

"A sight worth looking at," said the stranger, "and people too. Who are those?" as a pair of figures approached across the grass. "A lady in a blue gown, who smiles as if she didn't know what ill-temper meant; and one in white, much younger, uncommonly good-looking, but totally different mettle."

The rector laughed as he followed his friend's glance.

"Much travelling sharpens one's skill in observation, I suppose, Drayton," he said, "for you are very right about those two. The elder is our doctor's only daughter, and a good one she is; so good, I always wonder she's not been stolen away long before now. The other—well, I call her child, but she's that no longer, though she brings me her Latin exercises twice a week still—she's a young lady now, I suppose, and, I confess, a marvellous favourite of mine. If I'm not mistaken, there's stay and spirit in her for more than the likely possibilities of life."

"Well, she's out of the way of unlikely ones down here," returned Mr. Drayton (which showed him less a philosopher than observer); "but if looks make one's fortune she ought to secure a good one."

"Then we'll wish her a safer road to prosperity," said the rector, half jocose, half grave, "for her step-sister has not achieved any grand *coup* at present, though she is years older, and, most people say, far handsomer."

"And is this last beauty present?"

"Come this way, and I'll introduce you."

And moving on a few yards, the rector made known to Mrs. Alwyn and Miss Villiers—

"Mr. Richard Drayton, an old pupil of mine, though"—with a gleam of sedate mischief—"no credit to me." And then he had to break off his friendly slanders, to shake hands and talk the regulation two minutes with the earl.

"Quite unfair of Mr. Vaughan, I protest, to take away your reputation among strangers!" said Mrs. Alwyn amiably. No other gentleman was in attendance on Leonora and herself just then, Major Villiers having found in the senior officer of the 51st, whose band was delighting the company, an old comrade, with whom he was recalling Madras experiences. "I really consider such a slur demands explanation."

"Which is easy enough, luckily. It merely means that, having head for neither classics nor mathematics, I bade Oxford good-bye in my first year, and took myself out to find a fortune in foreign parts."

"Abroad? Oh, really!" ("Which accounts," thought the lady, "for your just a little unkempt, un-English look, sir.") "And may I ask in what quarter of the world you have been?"

"South America. Chiefly Brazil."

"Most interesting. I am sure the superb trees and plants here make any one long for the *flora* of the Equator. Leonora, dear, Mr. Drayton has actually been fortune-hunting, as he says, in the land of humming-birds!"

Leonora had taken the gentleman's introduction with rather too obvious indifference. A badly-clad, middle-aged man was scarcely a desirable cavalier even for a few minutes. Now, however, her mother's tone warned her to be gracious. So she donned an ever-ready smile, of which an inexhaustible stock as even and expressive as a row of steel buttons was always in reserve, and repeated—

"In the land of humming-birds! How most sweet! And did you find it?"

"Find—er—oh, I see! The fortune. Not I!" Leonora's gleam of liveliness died out instantly. "No, I came back, after fifteen years, rich in experience, but very little else. Luckily, a nest was provided for me here in the old country, or I might have had to go on knocking about to the end of my days."

"A nest? You mean a home?" asked Mrs. Alwyn, while Leonora yawned behind her sun-shade.

"Exactly so. A little property down in Dorset-shire. Nothing grand, but more than I ever expected from an old uncle. At a place called Granfylde. Do you know it?"

A shadow of some disturbance passed over the lady's countenance; but she hastened to answer—

"Not the least. I never was near such a place that I'm aware of. You intend to live there?"

"Perhaps—or sell it. I've come down to consult my old tutor. He's always ready to help his men through any problem. There never was a kinder, wiser head than Robert Vaughan's."

"Undoubtedly. Just so," murmured Mrs. Alwyn; but her attention was all astray. The next moment she rose, and swept down, all a sparkle in satin and jet, on a gentleman just passing.

"Oh, Mr. Duvesne, can you tell us, *is* that exquisite tree yonder a *Cryptomeria japonica?* You don't know? Oh, but you can see by the little cones. My daughter does admire it so. I have been wanting her to go down and examine it closely, but my foot is a trifle sprained, and I have to spare it."

"Then will Miss Villiers go botanising with me?" said the handsome young divine, and with a satisfied blush, and a shake of her delicate grenadine plumage, the young lady stepped daintily off beside him, over the complete stretch of lawn, vastly envied by most female observers.

Afraid of exhibiting her triumph in this manœuvre by too long gazing, Mrs. Alwyn turned to swell the group of matrons about Lady Avena Massey's chair,

thinking placidly, "One is best quietly rid of that Mr. Drayton" (an opinion she lived to repent), while this gentleman, deserted, after watching what he privately dubbed "that extraordinarily elegant pink and white piece of empty-headedness," took a couple of steps backwards, and was within an ace of knocking Miss Mary Dacie down the terrace slope.

"Ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, hat in hand. "What a dolt I was not to look where I was going! I do hope you'll forgive me!"

"Quite easily," replied Mary Dacie, her balance restored, her good-humour never ruffled, "all the more so because I think you are our rector's friend. Here he comes."

And Mr. Vaughan joining them, they all fell talking together, and presently, with peals of mirth floating by, Mary made the very original remark that it was hard to remember, in such festivities as this, there was such a thing as trouble in the world.

"DROPPING HER BOOK TO EXAMINE THE LACE, AND HOLDING IT LANGUIDLY UP" (*p.* 140).

"Now, don't say that, Miss Dacie," begged Richard Drayton. "It makes me feel what a selfish brute I am for enjoying myself, when an old chum of my young days is in a most confounded plight. I've been doggedly keeping the notion at arm's length all the afternoon. Now you've brought it to the front again. Our friend here," signifying Mr. Vaughan, "knows all about it. It's one of his old Greek class—like me."

"But he has lighted on worse times than you, poor

fellow!" said the old tutor sadly. "It's desperately hard, to be sure, in the very prime of life, to be stranded well-nigh helpless and hopeless. How utterly impossible it is for us to fathom the why and wherefore of such things!"

"Helpless! hopeless!" said Sydney softly, to Mr. Drayton; a very tender, womanly pity darkening her eyes and trembling upon her parted lips. "Is your friend's trouble so very heavy? Cannot any one ease him or bear it for him?"

Richard Drayton looked kindly down on the young questioner. "If I were ten years younger I'd fall in love with this girl!" he said to himself; but aloud, "No, I'm afraid even time can't mend this matter. As he used to say in our old school-days, 'he's in a muddle now, and no mistake!' But we need not worry you with the tale, Miss Alwyn, for you cannot help him any more than ourselves."

"I wish I could," she repeated wistfully. And what—*what* chord of memory had been touched? The band was playing "Auld Lang Syne," her father's old song that he never wearied of having her sing to him in the twilight; but it was not that, or not altogether—rather a something very dim, a sound out of a long, long ago past, a ghost of some pain that flitted by and made her turn aside to hide the wave of inexplicable sadness passing over her. The next moment it had to be dispersed. Up came Major Villiers.

"Now, Miss Sydney, I'm commissioned to fetch you. Miss Dacie, are you ready? Mrs. Alwyn is leaving," and, with hand-shakings and farewells, they separated; Richard Drayton muttering as they left—

"Alwyn, Alwyn! I know I've seen that name somewhere lately. Where can it be?"

A tide of adieux followed. In another hour Lady Comyngham was resting from her labours with—

"What a blessed relief that the thing is over! I do trust we've contented every one!" And the memorable day was done.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

SHADOWS BEFOREHAND.

DONE, but not by any means done with!

Curious is it that now and then in one's history a certain hour stands forth distinct, as gleaming crystal on some common earthy track, and in it lie the germs of likings, loves, or plans that are to guide us for good or ill to ends, as yet, undreamt of. But Lady Comyngham's "at home" was ordained to be one of these bright particular spots, little as such was suspected by Richard Drayton, who returned to St. Clair's Rectory prodigiously amused by this, his first renewal of English society; by Mary Dacie, who, apart from enjoyment of the pretty sight, was not sorry to get away from a crowd where she had felt herself a veritable Jenny Wren; by Sydney, though an undertone of presage ran through that constantly recurring "hopeless and helpless!" or last, not least, by Mrs. Alwyn, who left Oakleigh Place most opportunely supplied with fresh means of attachment to the family with whom she so keenly desired an alliance.

It was the morning after the fête. To her surprise Sydney found herself alone at the breakfast-table. "Miss Leonora had a headache," Phillips said, "a tray was to be sent up to her and mistress in the boudoir." So the tray was duly despatched, and Sydney unceremoniously made her own meal by the open window, with no voices about her save those of feathered songsters.

But while, watching the fleecy cloudlets speeding over the blue sky, she speculated on questions insolvable and the great mysteries of an ever-vanishing by-and-by, minutes were fleeting. Phillips came in saying, "Please, if Miss Sydney had finished would she go up-stairs; her mamma wanted her," and hastily finishing her cold coffee, she obeyed the summons.

It was a small south-east room which Mrs. Alwyn had honoured by selection for her boudoir; one of the quaintest, quite the prettiest in the whole old-fashioned house. Part of it, with a deep bay window, was over the porch. Another window looked over the rich swaying crops of the Suffolk acres to the billowy green of Oakleigh Woods beyond. Each way the view was charming, and all within matched everything without.

On the walls hung a few choice paintings, oval-framed, small but excellent; on the china-tiled hearth stood a great pink flowering oleander, that reached its rose-like blossoms up to the satin draperies of the mantel-piece above. There rested a dainty timepiece, with a Puck-faced Cupid swinging for a pendulum, and over the glass which shaded this smiling love-god at his labour, a shepherd and shepherdess in purest Dresden politely offered to each other fruits and garlands. There were Sèvres cups too, and choice bits of Benares brass upon the shelf; mirrors, whose deep cut edges gleamed and scintillated like gems in the morning light, with flowers cunningly arranged to admire their beautiful selves therein; a soft square of deepest crimson Axminster on the polished floor; a rug of restless rich-tinted ostrich feathers in the bay, just meeting one small couch, which, with three most languor-begetting easy-chairs, formed the only seats the small apartment could well contain. There was no article, no ornament which was not choice of its kind, for the entire establishment, as Mrs. Alwyn was fully aware, owed much of its prestige to this boudoir of hers, a feminine sanctum, as entirely different from the slipper-bestrewn dressing-rooms of well-to-do halls and manors round about, as it was from the stiff, much "antimacassared" state of the ordinary rural drawing-room.

To this elegant and inner privacy of the Dale most of its mistress's circle had on one pretext or other been introduced, and had gone away more or less impressed with the importance of a lady who counted such a room among her daily needs. Here, this morning, some visitor was evidently expected, for Leonora, not in the usual cambric wrapper of her first uprising, but in a long dressing-gown of blue cashmere and écru trimmings, was lying, carefully posed, like some lazy young queen, upon the sofa; her

mother, in an admirably careful morning toilet of claret silk and serge, was putting some finishing sprays of acacia in the wall baskets ; and on the octagon table, all gilt and ebony, the breakfast equipage was replaced by sundry cedar boxes containing coil after coil of lace.

Often as Sydney had entered the room at the same hour, it struck her now—in contrast perchance to her late fit of musing—with a sense of its abundant luxuriant ease, and with her foot upon the threshold she stopped, saying frankly—

"Mamma, how pretty! Your boudoir grows always nicer and nicer!"

"If you hold the door open and let the wind blow half the brackets down, Sydney, I fear it will not improve very fast," returned Mrs. Alwyn, never ready to be pleased by Sydney, even with a compliment. "But now," mollifying as her daughter, promptly amending the momentary neglect, came forward, appreciation in each glance hither and thither, "I want you, my dear, to help me with something for a few minutes, *if* you are not too much engaged."

Sydney blushed furiously. Oh, could her mother only have let old wounds heal, how much more easily they could have jogged on together!

"I am free enough to do anything you want till noon," she said, "and after then, if you will only say you want me, mamma."

"Which I shall not, thank you. All you have to do now is just to look through that box of lace. Carefully, please ; the more valuable the more fragile it is. I want some Mechlin which I am certain is there somewhere. Leonora thinks in the square box. She would have hunted it up, but the sun made her eyes ache yesterday, so she is better resting."

"Poor Norah!" commiserated Sydney, smiling sympathetically at her sister, who, for all her malady, looked very well at ease in her becoming dishabille ; "I'll do it instead of her, but I don't know half so much about lace as she does. I'm not very positive about Mechlin."

"Then take this for your guide," and Mrs. Alwyn spread on the black table a splendid handkerchief, "but the piece I want is not nearly so deep as this. Still, I fancy Lady Avena Massey is not furnished with too much even of that, if one may judge by her chagrin yesterday."

"Lady Avena! Why, what has she to do with it, mamma?" cried Sydney, searching diligently among pieces of all lengths and breadths, from "baby" Valenciennes to Brussels point a duchess might have envied.

"Only what you would have heard if you had not hurried off from the dinner-table last evening to go and gather strawberries for those Dacies!" ("It rained in the night though, mamma, as I expected, and the fruit would have all been spoiled," apologised Sydney)—"Merely that Lady Avena was rising from her chair, where she had been talking most agreeably with me, and a wretched clumsy young woman's sunshade on the other side caught the lace on that beautiful little fichu (one her mother gave her, I've no doubt) and not tore, but absolutely jagged it off for fully a yard. Poor Lady Avena looked so vexed, and the young woman all but cried. Of course, Lady Avena got round in a minute, and declared it was no consequence ; but, as she said ruefully to me as she and I walked away, '*We* know that old Mechlin is not to be had every day, do we not, Mrs. Alwyn?' So then of course I made haste to tell I had absolutely plenty of it, and I believed exactly the same pattern, and she must permit me the great pleasure of repairing this damage. She wouldn't hear of it at first, not till she saw I should be hurt at refusal, then she yielded, and her maid brings the torn piece this morning for us to match ; Lady Avena would have come herself, but she leaves to-day."

Here was the mainspring, then, of her mother's great complacency this morning—here the cause of the projected audience in the boudoir. Not being admitted to her mother's confidence, Sydney could only dimly suspect the cause of her great anxiety to promote their intimacy with the Comynghams, but she could easily see how this courtesy—this really valuable gift—could be made helpful to such an end. Whether the game were worth the candle, was not for her to calculate. Upon herself it seemed to have no more direct bearing than the temporarily pleasant one of putting Mrs. Alwyn in excellent humour, a mood she further promoted by genuine, if indiscriminate, praise of the beautiful fabrics she was fingering.

"How lovely this Valenciennes is, mamma! It looks so innocent with the little dots all over it. It's as fine as cobwebs. I should be afraid to wear it. I like it better than this"—unfolding a superb stretch of different make. "This is not Mechlin, is it?"

"No—gently, child ; it is Alençon point. I don't imagine the countess herself could match it. Be careful."

"It is so tender, mamma ; I had best put that which we don't want straight back into the boxes, had I not?" questioned Sydney, prudently anxious to put these treasures safe out of reach of pins and buttons ; but—

"No ; just lay them across that chair," her mother answered ; "I can replace them afterwards. If we are not quick the maid will be here before we are ready."

So squares and flounces, collars and kerchiefs, were spread in fine array over the satin cushions. A filmy heap of Mechlin was collected, the pieces likeliest to match laid aside on Leonora's dark robe ; and—

"*What* a quantity!" cried Sydney. "I never saw it all out before. Why, mamma, it must be worth tens or scores of pounds."

"If you said hundreds," returned her mother, suavely, "you would be more correct. Lace was a weakness of mine when I could afford to have weaknesses, Sydney, which, however, is not since you can remember. These are relics of times when I was not doomed to think twice over every pound I spent."

This was a dangerous reminiscence. Sydney be-

came confusedly silent. Her mother sighed. The moment's retrospect pained both, though differently. A tap at the door was welcomed with relief; and Phillips entering to announce that Lady Avena Massey's maid was below with a note, drove the impending gloom from her mistress's countenance.

With her blandest aspect to the fore again :

"She may come up here," said Mrs. Alwyn.

Then ensconcing herself in the yielding depths of the very easiest chair, she mounted her eye-glasses, cast a rapid and thoroughly satisfied glance around, saw that the coming scene was "mounted" to perfection, and hastened to be rid of just the one figure which she intuitively felt might prove embarrassing.

"Sydney, while I see this person, will you write out the list for the library? The catalogue is on my dressing-table." And as her daughter disappeared by one door the stranger-servant entered at another.

If Mrs. Alwyn had calculated on the graceful picture exciting the admiration of her aristocratic friend's messenger she was not disappointed.

The woman, despite the stolidity of aspect good training is supposed to impart to her class, fairly stared open-mouthed at the dainty elegancies of the tiny room. Her gaze first falling on the piles of all but priceless finery, next on Mrs. Alwyn, next on Leonora, she uttered an all but audible "Oh!" before she so far remembered herself as to make the regulation greetings of respect.

This was delightful. Mrs. Alwyn well knew the influence of the back stairs, and felt assured such a report of her surroundings would return to Lady Avena as would satisfy her that her reverend brother would take a wife nurtured to delicacies equal to any his circle could afford if he chose Miss Villiers.

With most dignified condescension the young lady's mother stretched forth her hand for Lady Avena Massey's note, and prolonged its reading that the bearer might have more time to satisfy her evidently capacious curiosity.

"'Feel so greatly indebted,'" murmured Mrs. Alwyn, scanning her missive half-aloud for Leonora's benefit. "'So ashamed to trespass on your kindness. Trust you will on no consideration rob yourself. Very best thanks. Remembrances of our united circle. Yours most truly, Avena Massey.' Sweet name, Avena! Now," laying aside the note, and motioning the servant to the table, "if you have the pattern, I think we can match it here. Your mistress is afraid I should rob myself, but I do not think there is much risk of my doing so."

"I don't think there is, indeed, ma'am," said the maid with emphasis. Then she brought forth the torn fichu, and with some nervousness—for certainly her fingers trembled—began to compare it with piece after piece, scarcely able to stifle an exclamation when now and then something especially rare was shaken out.

Mrs. Alwyn was supremely gratified.

"You are a judge of these things, no doubt. Of course, your mistress has much superior to this, though?"

"Oh! no, ma'am. Nothing to compare with it. Her ladyship mostly dresses very plain."

"Exactly my own taste!" agreed Mrs. Alwyn, better pleased than ever. "Buried here in the country I rarely use any of this," tossing a heap of "Brussels" carelessly aside, "they lie away useless and half forgotten; but, perhaps," with a visibly suppressed smile and glance towards her daughter, "others may care for them. They may be wanted and worn again some day."

"If your young lady has to have a wedding-gown soon," said the woman, taking the hint instantly, "you can give her as good as a princess's without going far to fetch it, ma'am."

("She has certainly heard some gossip in the servants' hall," thought Mrs. Alwyn elated, "family affairs are always known there sooner than anywhere!") "Well, whenever it may be required," she said aloud very graciously, "one important item of Miss Villiers' trousseau will be ready."

"And leave plenty for Miss Sydney too, ma'am," said the woman. At whose mention Mrs. Alwyn bethought herself of rather a clever stroke. Things looked so promising for that secondary scheme, she might advantageously send forth a hint of it; then any incipient fancy of the Honourable and Reverend Edward's would be nipped in the bud. So—

"Miss Alwyn can easily be spared sufficient," she said, "and indeed," significantly, "I don't know that I shall do amiss by selecting some to-day, as it is likely to be wanted before very long."

The woman looked up from her search, interested, but Mrs. Alwyn was not going to commit herself to particulars, so she adroitly quitted the subject.

"Leonora, love, will you look at the Mechlin I laid out by you? Has not the longest strip a double thread round the edge, with little loops and sort of trefoils in the scallop?"

"Yes," Leonora, dropping her book to examine, thought it had, and, holding it languidly up, "would this length be sufficient?"

Her mother and Lady Avena's maid drew near, to pronounce the match on close inspection perfect, and the servant, despite an intimacy with the jewel-case of an earl's daughter, bestowed what Mrs. Alwyn took for keenly appreciative glances on the four splendid hoops, pearl, diamond, sapphire, ruby, which adorned the young lady's white hands.

The quest ended, nothing remained but to fold up the parcel, but even this last minute Mrs. Alwyn utilised to her own purpose.

"Lie down again, dear Leonora. My daughter felt the heat so much yesterday. You will tell Lady Avena we are all well with this exception." ("Then some one must call to inquire for her," she meditated rapidly, "Mr. Duvesne most likely.") "Take some eau-de-Cologne, darling," pouring it freely on hands and handkerchief from an immense gold-stoppered bottle. "If Miss Villiers *should* depart with all these," sweeping up the festoons of lace from the satin-backed chair, and referring with motherly benignity to the maid's former speech, "I must see that she goes where

she will be well taken care of. Anything less than what she leaves would be quite impossible for her."

"I haven't a doubt of it, ma'am," was the reply, the speaker bending to tie her parcel.

"You are ready now? Assure Lady Avena I shall not even miss what I send her. And—oh! mind—mind my Chelsea boy!" as an abrupt turn jeopardised a piece of eighteenth-century ware—"I couldn't replace it for fifty guineas! It's safe now. You will go down into the hall, please. Phillips will show you out. Good morning."

Sydney was just coming from her own room as this early visitor quitted the boudoir. Not particularly wanting to meet the stranger, she drew back, and, herself unseen, was witness of a most inexplicable pantomime. For the stereotyped respectful aspect of the woman changed as she closed the door behind her. With a fierce scowl of bitterest anger she clenched her hand, and, her teeth hard set, seemed furiously to menace the room she had just left. Catching her breath she seemed barely able to restrain vituperation or sobs. One foot raised, as if she could have stamped for very passion, was only brought silently down by an effort that set her trembling from head to foot. But a sound in the hall below seemed to recall her senses. With one great quivering breath she steadied herself, swept the back of her gloved hand quickly over her eyes, and, rapidly descending left the house.

"I wonder, mamma," Leonora was saying as her step-sister entered, "how that servant knew Sydney's name. Did you notice it?"

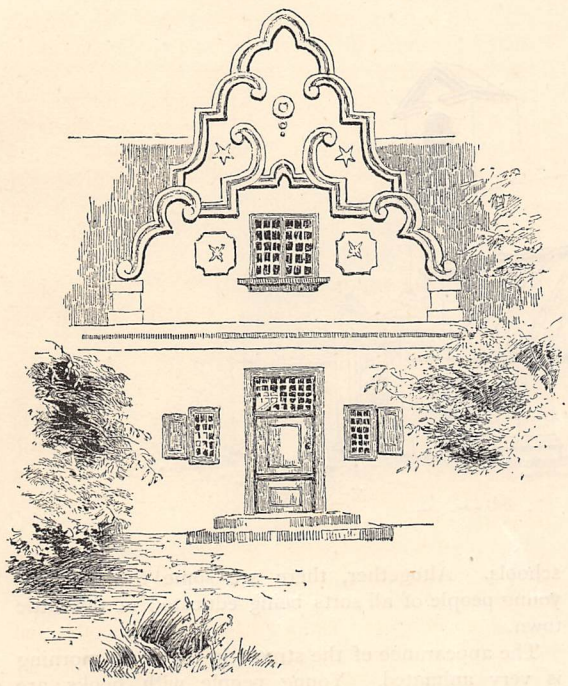
"Picked it up from fellow-servants, of course," was the quick rejoinder. "Now rest quietly, my dear, while I make haste to Hemyngford—Leonora had best not be disturbed, Sydney, till I come back."

So Sydney was left with only her own counsel to consult over that curious interlude on the landing, and, since she could not possibly either fathom or amend the woman's singular excitement, she did her best to put it from her mind. It might have been illness, she thought. It *could* have nothing to do with any of them at the Dale.

But it had.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE OXFORD OF SOUTH AFRICA.



FRONT OF A HOUSE IN 'PLEIN STRAAT.

IN the centre of the wine-growing district of the Paarl, which lies at the foot of the Drakenstein Mountains, there is a quaint collection of old-world homesteads almost buried in luxuriant oak-trees. This is Stellenbosch. My first impressions of the place were not altogether pleasant. A gentle but determined fall of rain attended me on my short drive from the station, and the spire of the Dutch church and the big unfinished college looked weird-like and huge in the mist. So I was not sorry to secure the shelter of the Masonic Hotel, where I had arranged to put up for my short visit.

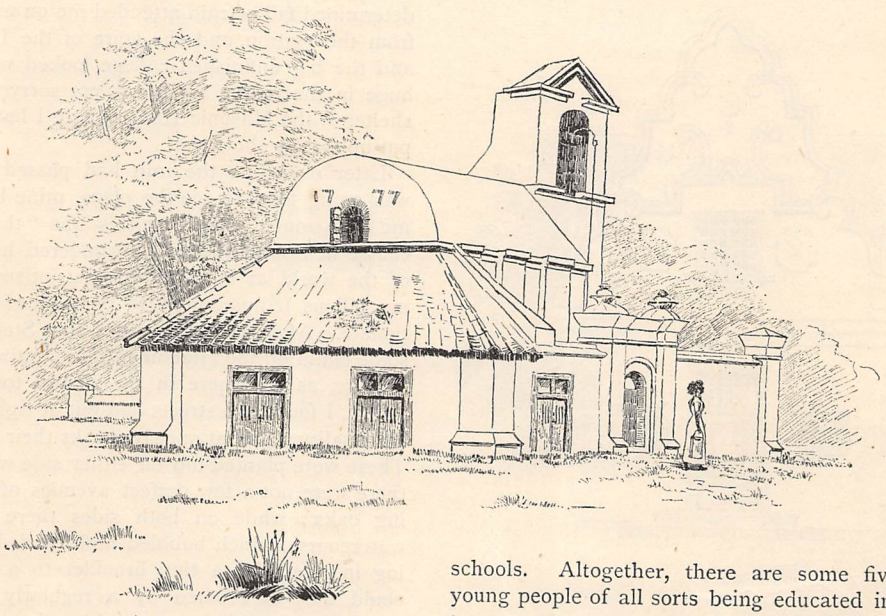
Later on, when the rain had passed away, and I was going forth to see the place, mine host informed me with much pride that this was "the educational centre of South Africa." I wondered he did not say of the world at once, for his patriotism appeared to my bilious temperament to be somewhat disproportionate. Afterwards I admitted that Stellenbosch had some claim on the attachment of its citizens.

Here, as elsewhere in the inland towns of South Africa, I found the streets laid out at right angles, with a formality which at once bespeaks their Dutch origin. These were planted too on either side with trees, and there were not a few perfect avenues of wide-stretching oaks; while on both sides there ran a small watercourse, which bubbled and hurried along, varying in size from a tiny brooklet to a stream which could only be crossed by a regularly built bridge. In the centre of the town there is a large square plat of grass, where the youth of a South African town play cricket and football, and where sometimes a lawn-tennis court is made. All this belongs, more or less, to all Dutch inland towns, but in Stellenbosch the trees grow with a surpassing luxuriance of foliage, and the houses are more than usually quaint and interesting.

Now, an Africander house is a thing *sui generis*. Let me describe it. It has a thatched roof, high-pitched, which is coal-black with age and frequent

drenchings by tropical showers, and its walls are bright with the whitest of whitewash. The front is very regular, the windows all at equal spaces from each other and from the ground; in fact, the whole plan of the house and its decoration is as formal and exact as the plan of the town. The windows have heavy frames and innumerable small panes of glass. The front door has a moulded top and door-posts. The whole front is not unfrequently decorated with mouldings and pilasters, and the same mouldings and capitals are reproduced in the decoration of the front door. Along the outside of the front there runs a "stoep"—a raised platform of brick or stone, which has a stone seat at either end, and is decorated with the same formal geometrical designs. This is where the "Bass"* takes his afternoon pipe, and where he and his family sit out in the bright moonlight. Here, too, he welcomes his guests. Indeed, there is an irresistible suggestion of hospitality about a South African stoep; it is as though half the household things as well as the people had come out to welcome you.

There is a house in Plein Straat, the front of which I sketched, which is a good example of the fantastic appearance of the Africander style of ornamentation. This house, by the way, was approached by a real bridge, for the wayside brook had assumed in this street quite the proportions of a good-sized stream.



THE MARKET-HOUSE, STELLENBOSCH.

I found a curious door too in Andranga Straat, surmounted by a large oblong light; it was divided into two parts, both opening with little double doors like a cupboard. This kind of door is by no means uncommon, and is generally of very thick wood, which makes it look as though it were the entrance to a Liliputian castle.

* Anglicè, "Master"; American, "Boss."

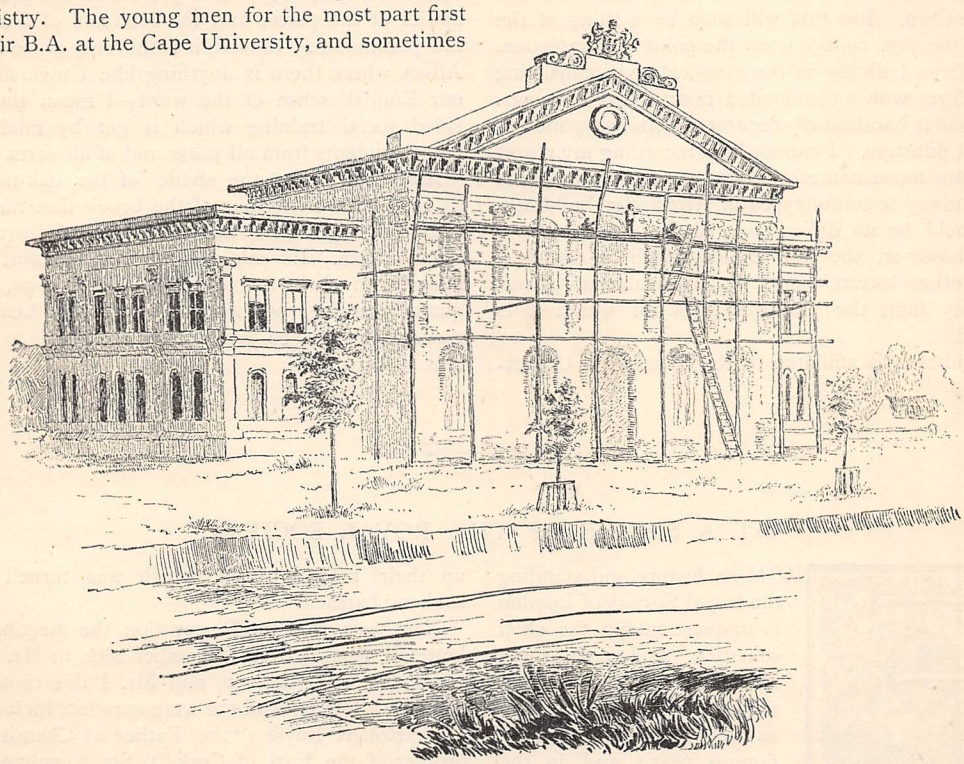
In the big green square stands the market-house, originally built as a guard-house in the old times. It bears the date of 1777, and is a good instance of an Africander building. There are pilasters and mouldings scattered all over it in a delightfully prodigal way. Even the humblest farm buildings are built in this classic style, with arched gateways surmounted with mouldings. Very pleasant places are some of these wine farms, with their cool courtyards and old-fashioned gardens.

Talking about the houses, I must not forget the cottages. Stellenbosch is one of the few places where there is anything like the cottage life of old England. Here there are rows of tiny Africander cottages, and sable mothers calling to their little ones not to fall into the brook, or what not. One or two of these cottages I put in my sketch-book, borrowing a chair from their "coloured" occupants (the peasantry of South Africa are Kafirs, or half-castes, never called "black," but "coloured"), who were surprised to think that I should find anything to sketch in their humble little dwellings.

But, in spite of its picturesqueness, the great interest of the place lies in the educational work which is going on. It has a college, a theological seminary, a gymnasium or public school, and a preparatory school. Besides these, there are numerous girls' schools. Altogether, there are some five hundred young people of all sorts being educated in this little town.

The appearance of the streets in the early morning is very animated. Young people with books are hurrying hither and thither. Now and then the figure of a professor may be discerned on the way to his lecture-room and classes; while young men in twos and threes may be seen walking in grave conversation under the oak avenues, as young men are supposed to do in Magdalen Walk or Christ Church Meadow. The Africander students are far more staid than our own; there is no tandem driving, no boating

on the river ; some cricket and football, and occasionally, I was told, a surreptitious game of billiards was played. The theological seminary is now in the old Drosdty (or governor's house) buildings, and has some magnificent avenues around it. It is here that all the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church, which is the National Church of South Africa, are prepared for the ministry. The young men for the most part first take their B.A. at the Cape University, and sometimes



THE COLLEGE.

they continue to attend the college lectures as well. But these are only the more enthusiastic seekers after knowledge. The teaching of the seminary, of course, is limited to practical and theoretical theology.

The college is one of the five colleges working for the examinations of the Cape University, which was established by Act of Parliament in 1873, and had a Royal Charter granted to it in 1877. Mr. Porter, the Attorney-General, was the first Chancellor. Like the London University, on which it is modelled, it is an examining, but not a teaching body. It examines and confers degrees in Arts, Science, and Law, but the work of teaching is done by the various colleges and by private docents. No Africander is supposed to have completed his education until he has become a matriculated student of the University, while a considerable percentage proceed to take their B.A. in literature or science, and not a few then proceed to the Home Universities. The teaching staff of the college consists of "professors," who are chiefly Scotch and London University men, with some assistance from the Dutch and German Universities. The college and public schools are both under the same management, which consists of a council of nine members, partly appointed and partly elected by a mixed constituency of guarantors and past students ; while the regulation of discipline and instruction is in the hands of a senate, formed of the college professors and one member of the council. There is a licensed boarding-house, where some of the students reside, while the rest live in lodgings or with their friends. The young men have numerous societies, literary, debating, &c., and a capital cadet corps, which owes its existence, I believe, like those of the other colleges, to Sir Bartle Frere. Speaking broadly, the discipline of the place is about half-way between an English public school and an University. That is to say, there is more freedom than is allowed in the first, and more supervision than is exercised at Oxford or Cambridge, while the average age of the students is very little lower.

As regards the teaching of the professors, I think they have hit on the best course in aiming not so much at great exactness of classical or mathematical scholarship as in giving a good broad education in general culture. And in this I see that I am supported by Mr. Brady's report. He says:—"I hope I may be allowed to express the satisfaction I felt at seeing that much general information, apart from mere preparation for examinations, seemed to be given. . . . So many boys and young men come up to school and college from homes where it is impossible

for them to have obtained much, if any, general knowledge or culture, that it is of the utmost importance that this want should be remedied, so that they may return, if possible, stocked with a few ideas, as well as provided with a certificate of a certain proficiency in literature and science." *

At present the various lecture-rooms are scattered over the town. But this will soon be a thing of the past, as the new college is on the point of completion. It is a large building in the classical style, consisting of a centre, with a colonnaded front and two wings. The whole is handsomely decorated with heavy mouldings and pilasters. I cannot help recording my regret that some more natural building was not designed; with so many beautiful types of Africander buildings, there could be no difficulty in finding models. No doubt, however, the new building, which contains, among other lecture-rooms, a large laboratory, will admirably fulfil the practical ends for which it is intended.

Stellenbosch is affiliated to the Edinburgh University, which gives Stellenbosch students (of whom there are large numbers studying medicine) certain privileges. Not only has it a larger number of students than any of the other colleges, but owing to the fact that it is in a small town, the college and the theological seminary together give quite a scholastic tone to the whole society. The professors are the leading spirits of the place, and the interests of the college are paramount. Indeed, it is the only place in South Africa where there is anything like University life in our English sense of the word—I mean the many-sided social training which is got by mixing with fellow-students from all parts and of all sorts.

As I sat under the shade of the oak-trees and listened to the murmur of the brook that ran by my side, I thought here was a fit seat of learning for South Africa. Its oak avenues and pleasant country lanes, with their flower-covered hedgerows, and its quaint buildings seemed to give it that beauty and repose which is so justly associated with a genuine seat of learning.

W. B. W.

AT A SOIRÉE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

ROM its history and standing the Royal Society of London is unquestionably the chief scientific body in these islands. It has all the dignity of a State institution as well as the lustre of a famous past; and, in the minds of many, to have the privilege of writing "F.R.S." after one's name is to have gained the blue ribbon of science. Like other great associations, it began in a very humble way.

During the year 1645—just two hundred and forty-one years ago—a small band of friends were wont to meet in Dr. Goddard's lodgings, Wood Street, London, to talk over the various observations of natural things which had been made, in a curious and philosophical spirit. The notion of holding these meetings is said to have been suggested by one Theodore Haak; and Dr. Goddard's lodgings were selected because he had an assistant working there who was skilled in grinding glasses. Subsequently the meeting-place was removed to Oxford, and after that to Gresham College, London, where after the Wednesday lecture of Mr. Christopher Wren, the celebrated architect, the colleagues met in the class-room to carry on their discussions, from which all political and theological topics were excluded. This was in the year 1659, the year of the troubles with King Charles II., and the philosophers, despite their harmless attitude in politics, were obliged to give up their meeting-place, which was turned into a soldiers' barrack.

Next year, after the Restoration, the meetings were, however, resumed on November 28th, in Mr. Rooke's room, Gresham College, and Mr. Ball's room in the Temple. Forty members were enrolled, including the Hon. Robert Boyle ("the Father of Chemistry, and brother of the Earl of Cork"), Sir Kenelme Digby, Mr. Evelyn, of the "Diary," Mr. Christopher Wren, Dr. Cowley, and Dr. Wallis.

At the meeting on December 5th, Sir Robert Moray announced the welcome news that his Majesty King Charles II. had been pleased to signify his approbation of the young society, and their objects. The king afterwards took further interest in their proceedings, and it is his Majesty's picture which holds the place of honour in their meeting-hall at Burlington House to-day.

It is curious to read some of the minutes of the young society. Thus Mr. Pope was deputed to "procure the experiment of breaking pebbles with the hand;" and later on Mr. Wilde agreed to "show the stone kindled by wetting."

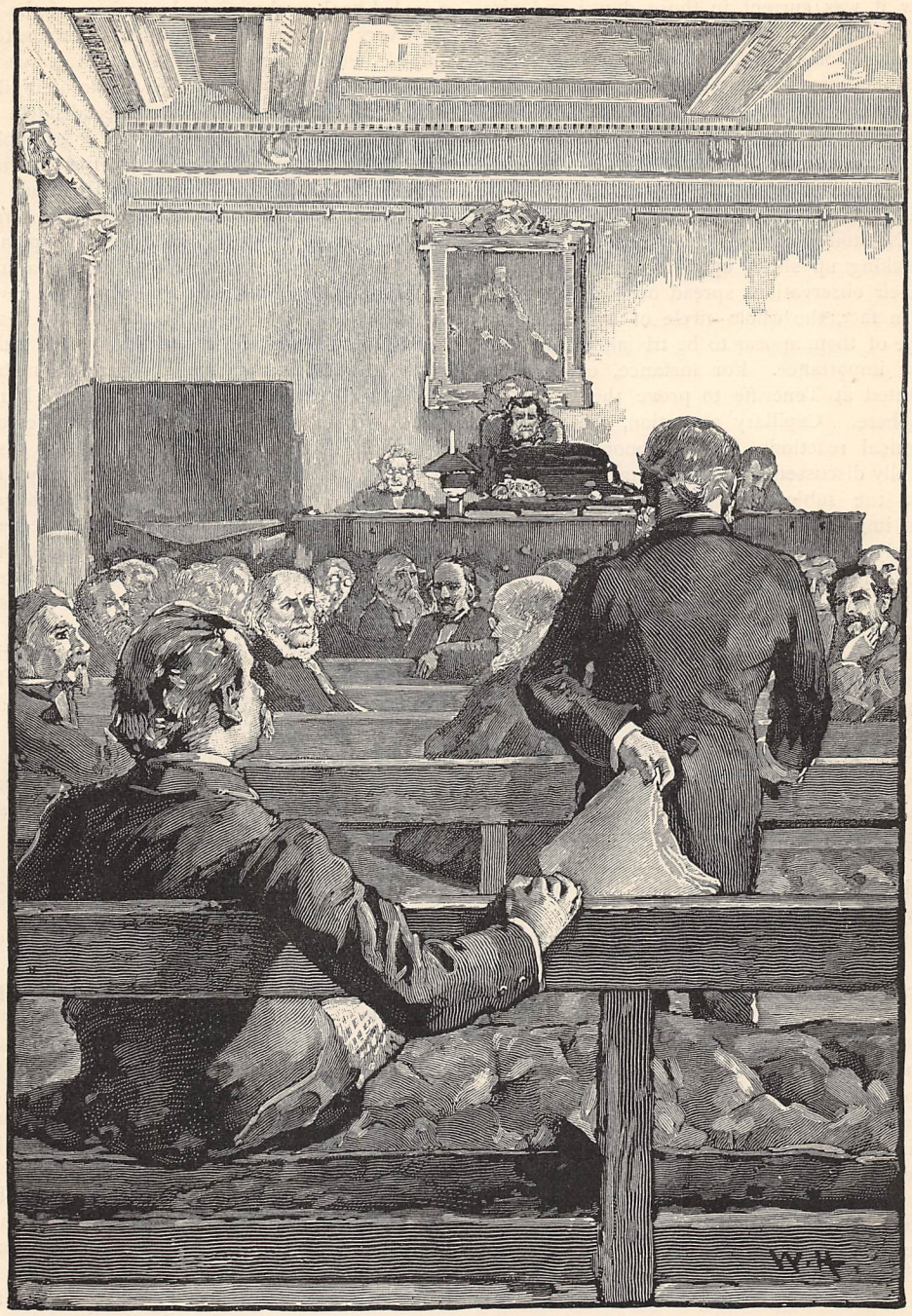
Again: "The Duke of Buckingham promised to bring to the society a piece of a unicorn's horn."

This remarkable substance was afterwards made the subject of an interesting experiment, for we read that (on July 24th) "A circle was made with powder of unicorn's horn, and a spider set in the middle of it; but it immediately ran out."

"Sir John Findis' piece of an incombustible hat-band was produced." (Query, asbestos?)

"Mr. Croune was desired to inquire into the manufacture of hats."

* Supplement to Annual Report of the Superintendent-General of Education, 1884, p. 19.



A MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Also: "Sir Kenelme Digby related that the calcinated powder of toads reverberated, being applied in bags upon the stomach of a pestiferate body, cures it by several applications."

On another occasion: "Sir Gilbert Talbot's experiments of the sympathetic powder were ordered to be registered."

Vegetable life also came in for its share of study. Among others, Dr. Clarke made some "observations on the humble and sensible plants, in Mr. Chiffin's garden in St. James's Park, made August 9th, 1661;" and Col. Tuke "brought in his history of the rained seeds, and some ivy berries, the kernels of which were the same that were reported to have fallen down from the sky in Warwickshire, Shropshire, etc."

These examples serve to show how little true science,

as we know it, was current in those days; and also the true inquiring spirit of the members, who took up any matter that seemed to call for explanation. Their earnestness is likewise exemplified in Mr. Powle's very liberal offer to the Society, "to employ himself in the country, about anything which they should direct him to." Let us trust that Mr. Powle was duly despatched, like Pickwick, to the country.

These early members of the Royal Society were, indeed, as Newton afterwards described himself, like children picking up shells upon the great shore of Truth. Their observations spread over a wide field, however; in fact, the whole circle of the sciences; and if some of them appear to be trivial, others were of the first importance. For instance, experiments were instituted at Teneriffe to prove the weight of the atmosphere. Capillary attraction, the recoil of guns, chemical reactions, and astronomical effects were carefully discussed. As the members settled to their work, the subjects treated of became more serious and important, as the minutes of their meetings curiously show. The "sympathetic powders," the crushed vipers, and divining rods of the earlier days were left behind for weightier matters; and the proceedings of the Society assumed more and more that classic character which they have borne so long. At last the illustrious Newton, with his theory of universal gravitation, gave an enormous impetus to their researches.

Since Newton's day, Michael Faraday, Davy, Thomson, and many others have added glory to the Royal Society; and at their ordinary meetings, or their annual soirées, some of the most eminent *savants* of the day are to be met. These meetings are held on Thursdays during the winter, in the Society's rooms, Burlington House, at three in the afternoon; because it was found that wits were clearer then than after dinner in the evening. The after-dinner mind is not quite capable of grasping the lively molecule.

The visitor to one of these meetings is ushered into an ante-chamber where tea and coffee are provided for his refection, before the business of the day begins, as well as after it has ended. This is a custom which has been imitated by some other learned societies—notably the Linnean.

The meeting-hall is a large sombre chamber, hung with dark oil paintings of dead immortal worthies, such as Huyghens, Newton, and Priestley. At the farther end sits the President on an antique high-backed chair, with a secretary on either side, and the great mace of King Charles lying in state before his desk. The ordinary Fellows sit on benches across the body of the hall.

A grave and impressive dignity presides over the assembly. If it is trying for a new member of Parliament to address the House, it is almost equally trying for a young Fellow to take part in a discussion here. The papers are on subjects which would be a sealed book to the original members of the Society; their very names would sound like Cherokee to Evelyn and Mr. Powle, supposing the latter to have returned from the country. They are even unintelligible to all except those Fellows who are specialists in the particular science they belong to. For example, there may be a mathematical paper "On the Invariants and Covariants of Quantities," or an electrical one "On the Determination of Magnetic Susceptivity." A renowned palæontologist (the very man who is popularly supposed to build the skeleton of an extinct animal from its tooth) will perhaps discourse on some new "missing link," to wit, the Thylacolea, or flesh-eating marsupial of New South Wales; or a well-known geologist will communicate a paper by somebody else "On the Occurrence of Pterygotis and a Limuloid in certain Flagstones." If the lay visitor escapes the seductive subject of vortex-rings, and the dissipation of energy, he may consider himself lucky; and will probably not regret the mysteries of "orthagonal and isothermal surfaces," or the "forces experienced by inductively ferro-magnetised or dia-magnetised non-crystalline substances." Science has taken such gigantic strides of late years that it has almost coined a language of its own.

There are two annual soirées, or conversaziones, of the Royal Society, one being known familiarly as the "ladies' night." These gatherings are attended by the Fellows and their friends, together with a sprinkling of distinguished guests, such as foreign *savants*—a Helmholtz or a Pasteur—ambassadors from other Powers, a few presidents of other societies, a famous general or two, and occasionally a royal personage.

The guests are received by the President, and disperse themselves about the halls of the Society, which are brilliantly illuminated for the occasion by some new system of electric lighting. Numerous tables are covered with scientific apparatus illustrating recent inventions, the telephone, the microphone, the photophone, or something newer still. Nor are the exhibits confined to physical instruments, but extend over the whole range of science. Novelty, of course, is a desideratum, and especially some novelty of the year which has just elapsed. Illuminated microscopes stand ready to reveal their splendid secrets; some rare orchid from the tropical forest hangs its alien blossoms in the heated air; meteoric stones from Russia, and even corroded jewels from the site of Troy, may perhaps be seen there, along with fossil scorpions from the Silurian rocks, or tiny crystals of a new element, and microbes from the snows of Norway.

There is a little licence as regards the range of exhibits; and perhaps it is as well, for some of the experiments might lack interest to other visitors than men of science. As it is, the soirées are in general most successful gatherings, and form a relaxation in the scientific year.

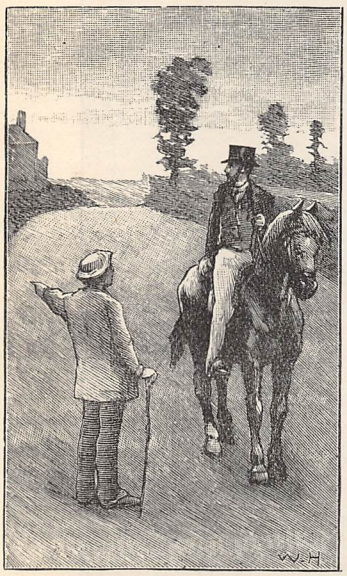
MR. HEMPHILL'S LOVE-STORY.

A PAGE FROM THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.

BY LUCY FARMER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AN ENGAGEMENT.



MY husband and I remained on Mr. Cardewe's Dorsetshire property for more than a year, and after that Mr. Cardewe wrote to Charley to come up again to the Manor, as he wished to have him to look after the young plantations which were being formed. We had not very far to go. Mrs. Cardewe wrote to me, explaining the change; she said she was sure the Manor property would be found a better place for baby, and she had had the little house on the cliff-slope newly furnished for us. So you may be sure we gladly accepted her kindness. I was always fond of the Manor, for there Charley and I had met first, though we had had that quarrel about that Mrs. Alleyne's business; and Charley liked the sea and the fishing, game-keeper though he was.

The first news that greeted us was that Mr. Hemphill, who had always been kind to us, was as good as engaged to be married to Miss Anderson, whose parents lived near Bournemouth. She was a very lovely girl; and every one was pleased to think that Mr. Hemphill and she had made it up together, after all. There was a little story connected with this young lady. She was something of an heiress, it was known, and many people had made offers for her to her parents. Captain Martyn Henry, who had been at the Manor, and who was again expected this same summer, had, I knew, been one of her admirers. But although everything seemed satisfactory, the impending rumoured engagement was ended. Captain Henry went abroad in a hurry, and people said very unkind things concerning him. But Miss Anderson was evidently fond of him.

However, after awhile she appeared as pretty and cheerful as ever. She had a high spirit, and never let any one see how she felt his absence any more than she had regretted Mr. Elliott, an elderly friend of her father, who had offered to marry her, and to settle the Chapminster property on her. She was lively, and rode to hounds in the New Forest country, and even with the Blackmore Vale, which they tell me is stiff, too.

Mr. Hemphill on his part seemed quite happy. Miss Anderson rode to the hounds to the very middle of April, and he wanted to marry her in June. Everything was preparing. Her father and mother often came over, and she came sometimes. She was certainly a fine girl. Such eyes!—bold black ones. Such lovely hair, and a figure which was, in her riding-habit, perfection. Her manner was quiet and shy at first, but they told me she "improved" wonderfully after awhile; and there was no daring or almost reckless thing she would not do if she were defied to it. That is not my idea of improvement, but being only a dressmaker, I hardly know.

However, she came and stayed with the Cardewes; and Mr. Hemphill rode over day after day. One day it was very thundery and stormy, and just as the rain was beginning, into our little house the young pair came for shelter. When the thunder stopped rolling they went into the porch; and the day being hot and sultry, though only May, the house-door was open. I was washing things, and could hear their voices, and sometimes even what they said, without minding.

I declare now, after all these years, I can scarcely believe it was all true. The tones in which Miss Gladys contradicted poor Mr. Hemphill, and the mild, submissive way in which he put up with it all, astonished me. That any man would behave as he did I couldn't have believed! I'd like to see Charley put up with such 'tantrums' as Miss Anderson's! Now, I said to myself, I see the reason of Captain Henry's and Mr. Elliott's sudden "crying off." They could not put up with her temper, of course; and I wonder Mr. Hemphill did. He seemed *afraid* to contradict her.

The shower passed. The sandy soil licked up the drops, and everything remained as parched and dry as possible. A single match dropped in the underwood would have set the whole plantation and all the gorse in a blaze. The keepers were particularly desired to be on the watch for smokers, who might in a moment, by accident or for "fun," set fire to the whole of the furze, and burn us up too.

Mr. Hemphill and Miss Anderson were discussing this when Doctor Joliffe rode past, and stopped suddenly. He was a special friend of the Andersons, and often visited them, dined, and even slept there at times. Mr. Hemphill greeted him at once, but Miss Gladys looked sullen when he came up.

"I wish I had seen that fire," Miss Anderson was saying; "I would give anything to see a good fire. Some day we will have another."

"Have another!" cried Mr. Hemphill; "you can't mean that, Gladys!"

"I *do* mean it. I hope we *shall!*" she replied. "What business is it of yours if I like a fire?"

"My dear young lady," interrupted Doctor Joliffe, "it is time we returned home. I will accompany you, and tell you all the news. Never mind discussing the fire," continued the loquacious doctor. "Have you seen Captain Martyn Henry, Mr. Hemphill?"

"No; has he returned?" inquired Mr. Hemphill. But a look at Miss Anderson's face made him pause. She was as pale as death, and was staring at Doctor Joliffe as if distraught.

"Is there anything the matter, Gladys?" asked Mr. Hemphill. "You are ill; it is the weather. We have walked too far, dear. Let me support you."

"No, thank you," she said coldly; "I can do very well alone. I was merely a little faint. Dr. Joliffe, you will come back to the Manor with us?"

"'I *DO* MEAN IT, I HOPE WE *SHALL!*'

"With pleasure, unless I shall be in the way. A third party sometimes is, you know, when young people are together—ha! ha!"

"I wish you would come; *tête-à-tête* is sometimes monotonous."

Mr. Hemphill looked hurt, as well he might, and then the three walked away, Miss Anderson talking to the doctor, and Mr. Hemphill as quiet and silent as

you please. When Charley came in he was in a terrible hurry.

"Let's have tea, Lucy," he said almost before he was well in the house. "I must go out at once and keep an eye round the plantations. There has been some "trippers" across to-day, and I doubt they'll have left something after them, and the place is all as dry as tinder. A spark would burn us in our beds."

"So Mr. Hemphill was saying. Miss Gladys wanted to see a gorse-fire."

"Did she?" said Charley ironically. "Then if she does she won't want long. Any day now the sun may do the trick. I'm rather nervous myself, Lucy. Here's Simmons. Hallo, Sam!"

"How are you, Mr. Farmer? I've come with a message from the mistress. She wants your good lady to go up to the Manor if she can, and see about some dress-work this evening. Can you come at once, Mrs. Farmer?"

"I think I can. I'll be sure to be back. Do you think the girl can mind little Charley?"

"No, take him with you. It's not far. He won't hurt this evening. The girl is all very well when one of us is in the house, but I don't trust 'em, Sam—not very far," replied Charley.

"Then, Mr. Simmons, will you say I'll come up at six o'clock, please?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sam; and so when we had had tea I dressed baby, and leaving Ann in charge, went up to the house. Oh! I *am* thankful I took the child."

Mrs. Cardewe made me stay and take tea with Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, and she sent two of the boys to find Charley, and tell him to come back to the Manor when his work was over, and fetch me and baby. Then Mrs. Jones and I seated ourselves for a nice long chat, not that I care much for gossip, as a rule, but when with friends a little exchange of sentiments is pleasant.

"So the captain is back," I said, as I buttered the toast and put it on the table.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jones, "so I hear. I wonder what will Miss Anderson do now?"

"Why, marry Mr. Hemphill, I suppose," I said. "She's engaged, isn't she?"

"Well, not formal. It's understood; but I dare say the captain will not see her. They were very fond of each other, and every one said it was nearly settled."

"Then whyever didn't they get married?" I asked. "The captain must have had a reason for leaving—eh?"

"Ah!" responded Mrs. Jones, sighing; "I'm afraid he didn't behave as he ought to have done. There was a talk about some debts; and things were said which I won't repeat, for bygones are bygones, Lucy, and we had best leave well alone."

"Then you think Miss Anderson will not marry Mr. Hemphill, after all? Poor Mr. Hemphill!"

"Oh, I don't say that! It's a good match. The captain isn't, I should say. But that's nothing when the young lady is in love—listen! who's that?"

"It's Bill; what a fuss he's in! What's the matter, Bill Swain?"

"Oh, mum!—awful, mum! Mr. Farmer he has sent me for help. The gorse is a-fire, and the plantation's in danger. It's bad, that it *is!*"

I jumped up and called the girl Emily.

"Here, Emily; hold baby till I come back. The gorse is a-fire, and Mr. Farmer is there. Quick!"

I put on my things; and by the time I was ready the men and helpers were hurrying away to the place where the fire was. The smoke was already curling over the tree-tops; and as we knew the whole place was as dry as tinder, the fire would spread rapidly.

As I came out I saw Miss Anderson and Mr. Hemphill. He was trying to dissuade her.

"Gladys, my dearest——"

"Mr. Hemphill, please do not interfere. You have no right to prevent me. I *will* go to this fire. I particularly want to see it. You need not come unless you please."

He looked at her almost with tears in his eyes. But he was patient with her, and said—

"Very well, dear, as you like."

She drew herself up haughtily. I could have boxed her ears had she been my girl. He was too gentle with her. Some women don't value a man unless he is pretty hard with them, and poor Mr. Hemphill wasn't hard enough for Miss Gladys.

She set off by herself, and he followed her; the doctor and all the stable-men had already gone. Bill Swain came with me. Round in the farm-yard the men were calling out for help; and the country was up.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE GORSE-FIRE.

HELP! There was no want of help. All the men turned out—servants, grooms, boys, labourers. All hurried off towards the plantation, where, beyond the fir-wood, the flames, stirred by a westerly wind, were already advancing in their fiery progress. I left the baby with Emily, and hurried off with the rest. We had not got clear of the high road before we could perceive the flames high in the air, and great rolling curls and puffs of smoke rising over the tree-tops. Men with branches of trees, and spades and forks, were running along the road, and then up the lane towards the furze common, which was well alight. The young trees were standing out dark in front of the fire. It was a grand sight, and one I shall not easily forget. A fine sight, indeed, but terrible!

Beyond the belt of flame, in front of it, a number of men were endeavouring to cut away the trees and gorse so as to deprive the fire of its fuel. Close behind the flames, and at the sides, were men with branches of trees beating the fire out as well as they could. But more than once they had to retreat, as the tongues of fire darted suddenly at them, and licked up the grass and gorse almost under their feet. Three parties of men were converging towards an old decayed tree—a hollow dry trunk, as dry as touch-wood.

In a few minutes that tree would be in the very heart of the fire ; nothing could save it.

Some animal—perhaps a pony or a calf—was running about there. We could not distinguish for the smoke ; it might have been a poor sheep. There was something white-looking, and then we heard a cry ! Volumes of smoke ascended into the air, which was alive with sparks. The west wind was carrying the fire towards our house, and I was thankful baby was safe at the Manor. The girl could easily escape, I believed. In various spots new lights were breaking out as the burning fragments fell around. I thought of my servant-girl, and hoped she had not caused this fire by any inadvertence.

Then the wind suddenly changed, and we saw the fire spread. We waited, and watched the great towering flames. Mr. Hemphill, the doctor, and other gentlemen came rushing up, darting hither and thither, beating, calling, directing. Mr. Cardewe, at the head of the labourers, was equally active. The fire was increasing. The old solitary oak was doomed ! Nothing could save it. Poor old tree ! Every one was sorry. It had been a landmark for years and years, and was called the " Ladies' Tree." There was some tradition, some old prophecy, about it, as it marked Mr. Anderson's property where it was divided from Mr. Hemphill's.

I knew the legend well. It was to the effect that when the tree was dead the Hemphills would be childless—

> " When passes away the Ladies' Tree,
> No Babes in Hemphill's hall shall be."

The verse came into my mind, and I said to the ladies'-maid, who had run out with the rest to see the sight—

" A poor look-out for Miss Gladys ! "

But we had no time to talk much. The men, whether they believed in the legend or not, were doing all they could to prevent the fire from reaching the tree. They did not succeed. The flames seemed to rush round, and even to spring from the tree itself. We cried out, " Save the tree ! " but no one could get near it, until the flames had united round the trunk and utterly concealed it, so fierce was this famous " bush-fire."

" My gracious me, Eliza, what's that ? Look ! There is something in the tree ! " I exclaimed. " There is something alive ! "

" Sure enough, it looks like it," cried Eliza. " See, it comes out ! *It's a woman !* "

A cry of alarm and horror rent the air—a groan of anguish from all. The figure was now plainly seen —the woman was standing upon one of the lower branches, waving her hand wildly !

It was Miss Anderson herself ! She was calling for help. Help, indeed ! But it looked as if no help could ever reach her. I heard her voice plainly now ; and—you will scarcely believe me—she was laughing, a queer, wild laugh.

" Save her ! Save her ! " screamed men and women.

But no one would venture. The flames formed a barrier impassable. Death—a cruel death—awaited any one who crossed the terrible belt of fire, which roared and crackled like the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar.

Mr. Anderson spurred his horse recklessly toward the belt of fire. The animal reared and nearly threw him. Miss Anderson had, as we supposed, got into the tree thinking herself safe, but a sudden shift of wind had carried the flames towards her, and she seemed doomed.

" Five hundred pounds to the man who will make the effort ! Five hundred apiece to any of you ! "

One man had not waited. A man with his nose and mouth tied up in a wetted handkerchief rushed through the smoke. It was Mr. Hemphill, true to the last. But his courage was of no avail. He nearly reached the foot of the tree, but fell. Three men rushed in, but only two reached him ; the third, black and scorched, came out again staggering, blinded, burnt. The others did succeed in reaching him, and at the peril of their lives dragged Mr. Hemphill to the windward side of the flames, which were still roaring to leeward, as Charley said.

We were all silent and horrified, when suddenly a loud shout came over the fields. A man, riding a beautiful black horse, leaped the hedge, and dashed, spurring hard, across the common land. The horse was blindfolded, and rushed recklessly on. The rider scattered the workers and spectators. They paused for a moment, and then, with a cheer, the horseman plunged into the flame and smoke, which were passing away from the tree now at the base, but the tree itself was burning. In another moment the rider was off his horse, which rushed away blindly by itself. The gentleman swung himself into the smouldering tree with desperate courage, tore Miss Anderson from her place between the branches, where she sat, half-insensible, and lowered her to the ground. She fell in a heap, apparently dead.

The gentleman dropped down, and lifted her up. By this time some labourers had summoned up courage too, and rushed in as the fire abated. Between them they lifted and carried off Miss Anderson, who was borne to our little house, quite insensible. I hurried after them, and met them at the door. There I came face to face with Captain Martyn Henry ! He had saved Miss Anderson, then ! Poor Mr. Hemphill !

She remained insensible for some time, but we got her round by degrees ; and in our house she remained for three weeks. Mr. Hemphill called every day, and more than once a day, and at last was permitted to see her. She was sitting up then, and gave him her hand. You can imagine his greeting ; but she was very quiet, and scarcely spoke. At length, after a while, she said (I heard her ; I couldn't help it, as I was in the next room)—

" Arthur, you have been very kind and brave. I hear you risked your life to save mine. How can I thank you ? You have suffered, too, I see. And for me ! "

"WHEN THOU DIDST WHISPER TO MY SOUL THOSE FIRST SWEET WORDS FROM HIM."

"*ST. VALENTINE'S DAY*" (*p.* 151).

"My darling, there is one way in which you can make me supremely happy. If you will become my wife—soon—dearest——"

"Oh, don't, don't, please! I cannot! Oh, Arthur—Mr. Hemphill—I cannot speak of that!"

"Well, not just now perhaps, Gladys, darling. But when you have quite recovered—when I am more presentable, then we will arrange it all."

She murmured something, and then she said, aloud, as if she had nerved herself to speak out—

"Arthur, would you think me *very* wicked if I said I cannot—I would rather not—marry you? Oh, forgive me! I can't marry you; indeed I can't!"

Poor Mr. Hemphill's scarred face became white. I peeped out, and saw him kneel down and take her hand.

"You do not love me, Gladys! Is that the reason? I have fancied so when you were so harsh towards me. But I never thought that you would have consented to even a semblance of engagement unless——"

"No," she interrupted; "I didn't know—all. But now I do. I—cannot marry—you—because——"

She blushed, hung her head, and he finished the sentence for her.

"Because you love some one else. Is that so, Gladys?"

She merely bowed her head. Then he rose, and continued in such a manly, yet tender voice—

"Gladys, my dearest, my hope in this world has been to call you my wife. You have flattered me with the idea that you would be mine. But I have seen my error. Perhaps, had I rescued you, you might have loved me."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Miss Anderson. "Indeed, I always liked you, but when I consented to try and love you my heart had already gone. I told you that."

"Yes, you did; and this man Martyn Henry is my rival still. Oh, my darling, must I give you up? Give me one word of hope. What, not a word? Not one? Oh, Gladys, Gladys! I have worshipped you. My whole heart is yours, and you deny me even a crumb of comfort. All is over. Is it really true?—really true?"

The tears were running down her cheeks. His eyes were dry, but so mild and sad, as he turned away.

"Good-bye, Gladys. Our first meeting for three weeks, and our last for ever! God bless you, and—forgive you!"

He kissed her and went out, leaving her in a torrent of tears. I believe she cared more for him at that minute than she ever had done before. I know she declined even to see the captain when he called with her father. Poor Mr. Hemphill!"

He went away almost immediately. Miss Anderson soon got about, and became really engaged to Captain Martyn Henry again, and will marry him in the autumn, as all has been made up, "they" say! I wonder why he went away! I will find out some day. But here is the end of Mr. Hemphill's love-story.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

OH, page so old and dim,
With worn and fading rim,
How did my cup of gladness, in the long ago, o'erbrim,
When thou didst whisper to my soul those first sweet words from him!
Thou message from the past!
The years have vanished fast
Since on thine early beauty was my hidden face down cast.

Till then I never knew
That *he*, so strong and true,
Unto my beating, trembling heart in love and yearning drew—
Oh, blessed morn that held the dawn of glory to my view!
Oh, tender snowdrop-tide,
That brought us side by side,
And smiled upon immortal lives for ever satisfied.

Day of St. Valentine!
Still do the valleys shine
With snowdrops and with violets, and wakening buds entwine
To crown thy forest-altars, as they crowned that spring of mine:
But, oh! the hand so dear
That traced the message here
Is seen no more, save only where the sinless ones appear.

Now waits my widowed heart
Until the portals part,
Wherein is balm beyond all thought for every aching smart—
Where God shall gently wipe away the trembling tears that start;
A love so vast as ours
Looks up from earthly bowers
To spring's eternal victory and everlasting flowers.

And as the young ones round
In happiness abound,
Betraying by their blushes bright the visions newly found,
I whisper, whilst I seem to hear the angel-anthems sound—
"God make your dreams complete,
And grant you love as sweet
As that which lists in Paradise the nearing of my feet!"

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

THE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

TOO many of us make so much account of the cultivation of summer flowers only—flowers, we mean, that are to blow throughout the summer, that we are apt to pass over any thought of the short-lived, but not the less beautiful, spring flowers, unless it be some such old friends as the crocus and snowdrop, which as often as not we allow to take care of themselves.

On the other hand, what more beautiful object can there be at the end of a long and dreary winter than to have in this and next month a gay collection of early spring flowers? In this busy greenhouse month, then, let us notice first those cinerarias, whose brilliant variety and gaiety of colour amply repay us for the trouble we bestow on them. Their name of cineraria would seem to be derived from the grey and *ash-coloured* appearance of their foliage; but if this have a mournful sound, what shall be said of the brilliancy of their florescence of every shade of blue, lilac, purple, and crimson?

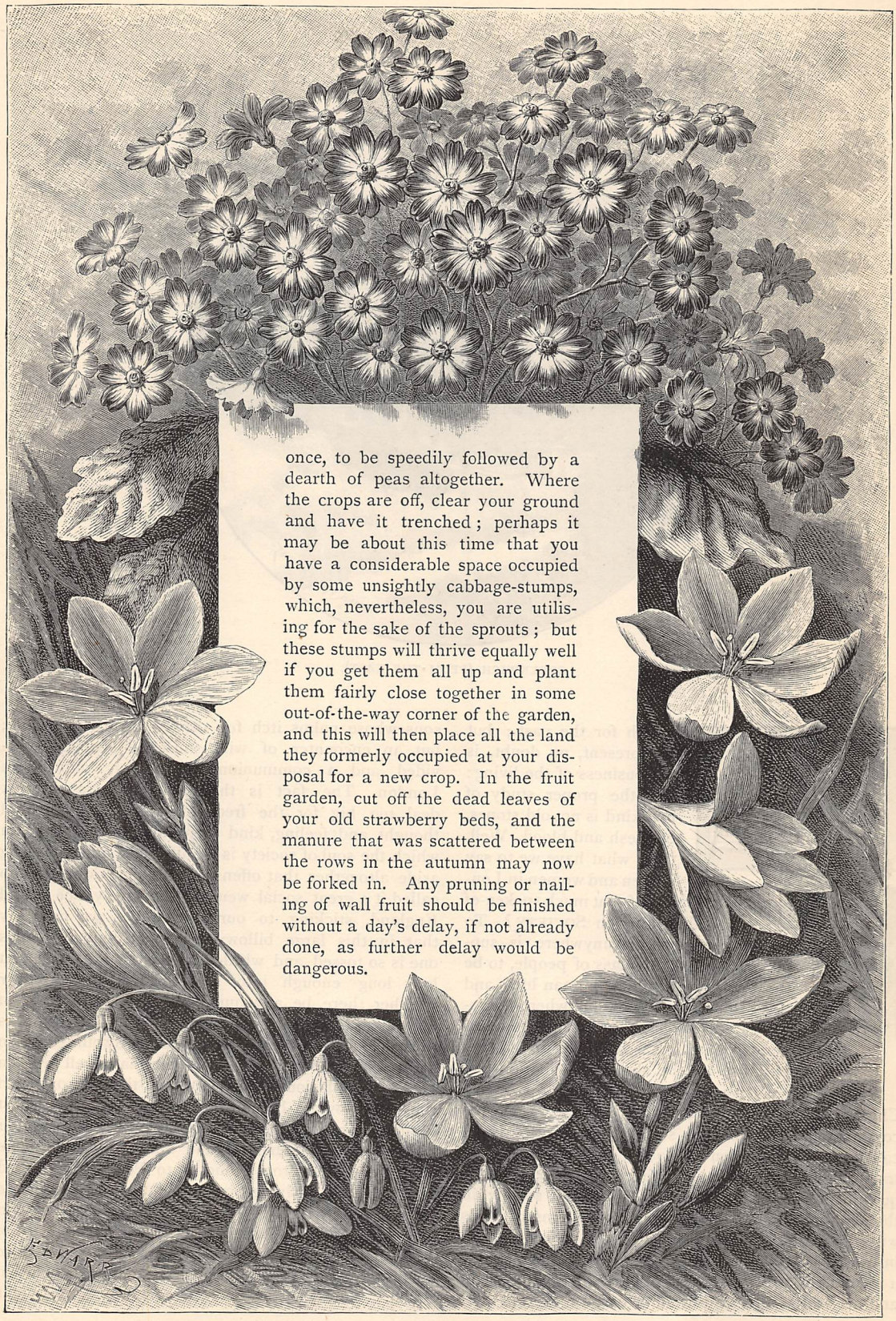
And, first, then, as to the soil best suited for the cineraria: equal proportions of loam, peat, and thoroughly well-decomposed manure, making up a light porous soil, are, perhaps, best adapted for its growth. Make a sowing of the seed in May in any shallow pans, and keep them fairly moist. When they are well up, place them for awhile in a frame, or, at all events, where they can have some shade when necessary. When your young seedlings have sent out some half-a-dozen little leaves, pot them off singly into sixty-sized pots, and, of course, in the same sort of compost that we have already named.

Now, unhappily, that terrible nuisance, the green fly, appears to have a wonderful partiality to the cineraria tribe, so that syringing and fumigation are perhaps more necessary where many of these flowers are reared. Once potted off, they can be either ranged in a frame, where you can get well at them for this purpose, or, as in the month of June your greenhouse is emptied out of all your bedding-out stock, you might stand your seedling cinerarias on an empty shelf in it. Or, lastly, if you cannot spare room for them in your house, they will take no possible harm out of doors provided only your pots stand on a dry and hard substance, such as slate, or on a plank, where they will have plenty of ventilation, and not be in any mouldy and unused corner of the garden. Early in September you must have your collection brought into the greenhouse, which probably by that time will again be pretty full, and a good fumigation, therefore, very desirable. And then in this early spring month of February you will begin to have your reward of flowers, and very shortly afterwards—that is to say, as your flowers come into bloom—you will be able to judge which of your seedling plants are worth preserving for propagation, and which are poor and of little merit.

Some cineraria cuttings can easily be raised in the following manner. When your plants have done blowing, cut down the stems of them, stir up the surface of the soil in the pot, and throw it away, filling up, however, with fresh, but precisely similar compost; the pots can then stand for awhile either in a frame or in a dry and sheltered spot in your open garden; in a few weeks time you will notice some side shoots have struck out; take off those that have no root to them, and, removing the few bottom leaves, strike them in pots of similar compost, with the addition of a little sand, and under a bell glass, pressing your glass gently into the sandy surface to exclude air until your young cuttings have struck; water them, but remember good drainage is essential.

A few words now about our open flower garden. Wall-flowers, Sweet-Williams, Canterbury-bells, or any thoroughly hardy herbaceous plants may be moved into the spots in the garden in which you intend them afterwards to blow; only, in disturbing your borders, take care not to damage underneath by cutting or bruising any of your bulb collection. And as for those bulbs themselves, the hyacinth for example, and others, as soon as their green spike is above the ground, carefully stir the surface of the soil between the bulbs. These will also, probably, and more especially after a mild winter, need some protection from the early spring frosts and winds which are often the more severe; cover over, then, your tulip and hyacinth bulbs, that have made an early start, with any long litter, peas-haulm, or rough broken straw. Pansies, too, will benefit by a similar protection; should the roots of your pansy beds get disturbed by the action of the frost, or indeed by any other cause, gently press your plants more into the soil, and add a little top-dressing of leaf-mould; keep, too, a careful look-out here for slugs, which love to harbour in the short foliage, and soon make havoc of your collection.

Though in the kitchen garden March is the month for sowing the majority of our crops, yet a sowing of peas may be made this month. Indeed, it is with them, as with some other things, a far better plan to have from about this time and quite through the summer a small sowing of peas, made regularly at intervals of two or three weeks, rather than to have a large stock coming on ready for use all at



once, to be speedily followed by a dearth of peas altogether. Where the crops are off, clear your ground and have it trenched; perhaps it may be about this time that you have a considerable space occupied by some unsightly cabbage-stumps, which, nevertheless, you are utilising for the sake of the sprouts; but these stumps will thrive equally well if you get them all up and plant them fairly close together in some out-of-the-way corner of the garden, and this will then place all the land they formerly occupied at your disposal for a new crop. In the fruit garden, cut off the dead leaves of your old strawberry beds, and the manure that was scattered between the rows in the autumn may now be forked in. Any pruning or nailing of wall fruit should be finished without a day's delay, if not already done, as further delay would be dangerous.

LONDON FOR LONDONERS.

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE. IN THREE PAPERS.—THIRD PAPER.

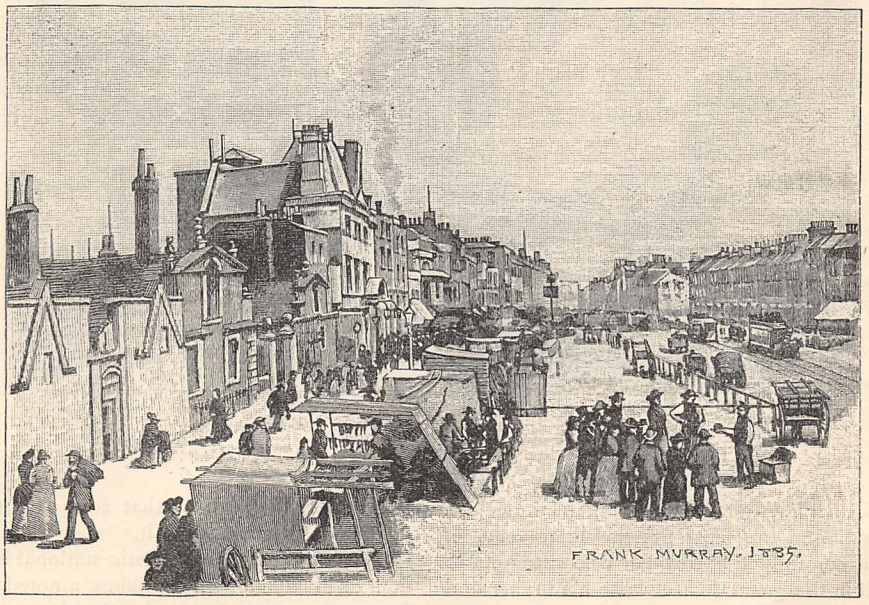
GREENWICH (FROM THE EAST).

SO much for the past; but the present, no doubt, is the business of the living: and the proper study of mankind is not old stones, but flesh and blood. Well, then, what have we to say of men and women in London, and what of that much spoken-of thing called London SOCIETY? To be "in society" anywhere is supposed, by a certain class of people, to be the *summum bonum* of human life; and to be in society in London, where everything is Titanic, magnificent, and imperial, must be as near to an earthly paradise as the social imagination can conceive. What is society? As the Church in our creed has been defined to be the communion of saints, so society may most fitly be called the communion of souls; and if this be the true definition of it—as I think there can be little question—I am afraid that those who seek society in that multitudinous vortex of four millions of souls will discover that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to find it there. A rubbing of shoulders, a meeting of faces, a shaking of hands, is easy enough, and may satisfy the desires of a certain class of persons whose palms itch for society falsely so called; but an encounter of wits must be specially provided, and a communion of souls is difficult in London. The fact is that the place is a great deal too big for the frequent easy interchange of thought and feeling, kind word and fruitful deed, in which the soul of society is manifested; and, throwing aside altogether that offensive simile of Cobbett, who called it a great social wen on the lovely face of old England, sticking to our own simile, we may say that in this large billowy vortex of human beings one is so tossed and whirled about, that no face can look long enough into another face to discover whether there be any human soul behind worthy of entering into spiritual communion with. The distances in that monstrous aggregate of human dwellings are so great, and the occupations of those that dwell in them are so multifarious and so urgent, that persons with the most loving human hearts and with the most kindred sympathies cannot manage to see one another more than once a month, and that not easily. One shall go sooner from London to Peterborough, and return by the "Flying Scotsman," than pay a visit to many a dear friend in the great metropolis. And in this way London, I have heard it said, is the death of friendship; society here, to borrow a phrase from Shakespeare, "grown to a pleurisy, dies of its own too much." Social parties take more or less the character

of public exhibitions ; in a crowded reception you are received into the apartments, scarcely into the presence, not at all into the intimacy of the entertainer. Men and women are certainly there in great numbers ; but they buzz about you like fire-flies, or flap you in passing like the branches of a poplar-tree in a breeze. You only know that you have been there, and you may be vain enough to wish to say that you have been there ; but you have nothing human to report of the whole affair, except that the lady entertainer stood at the door of the reception-room, like Patience on a monument, and with a bouquet of artificially arranged flowers in her hand as big as her head ; and that you had been introduced to a celebrated poet, or philosopher, or fool there ; and that you were much disappointed in finding that the poet had red hair, and red eyes, and a snub nose, and nothing at all of the fine type of feature and style of manner which you had expected to find in a person of so great genius.

This witness is true : and yet, with all the faithlessness to the true genius of society which such a state of things implies, it is a necessary evil, which, like other evils, brings a certain good along with it, that we must know how to appropriate. It is something even to have seen for two minutes, and to have exchanged two sentences with a great literary character with red hair and a snub nose ; in spite of his disappointing aspect, he may have dropped a word worth remembering. If he is a cynic—as cynics are said to be not rare in London—he will scarcely fail to have treated you with some pungent prettiness against what other men generally think worthy of reverence. If he is a wise man—and there are many such in that forest of human beings—a single shake of the tree may have brought down a golden apple.

Seriously, the stranger who visits London must in the main content himself with this : if he could be in no worse place for forming intimate friendships, he could be in no better for taking note of a great array of human notabilities ; and—what is no small matter—one great use of London is to shake provincial notions and local self-conceits out of a man, by teaching him what a small part his native village plays in the big world. Whether it be at a crowded "At Home," or at an interesting debate, or during what is called "a scene" in the House of Commons, a man accustomed to study human nature may learn more of the character of the men who guide the fates of this great empire in a few hours, or even in a few minutes, in London, than he could from hours of reading in books or newspaper reports. The man whom we see on an interesting public occasion, or it may be only in a chance social rub, is part of ourselves, as much as the country through which we have travelled, and which we had known previously only through a geography book. Three months spent in London during the season, if consumed in nothing else than in coming face to face with the eminent politicians, statesmen, thinkers, poets, and artists of the day, even though it involved a considerable amount of superficial dissipation, would be anything but lost time, especially to a young man not above thirty ; while to him who is old and wise enough not to be careful about studying in high places with how much or how little wisdom the world is governed, there is open in big London a large array of special little Londons, which he may select according to his inclination, and confine the human outgoings of his heart to them. As students in the Universities wisely avoid the evil of promiscuous reading by restricting themselves to the mastery of a



WHITECHAPEL.

single great author, so strangers in London, anxious to carry off some permanent good from the rich concurrence of humanising influences by which they are surrounded, may confine themselves to one of those many little worlds of social energy into which London has so liberally outbranched.

Such suburbs as Kensington, Hampstead, and Clapham readily form themselves into little worlds, where friends may see friends with as little trouble as in small towns, like York or Newcastle, Edinburgh or Aberdeen; and the residenters in such places, while *in* London, for some purposes, are socially not *of* London, and may be compared to anglers who habitually confine their piscatory operations in the trouting line to the small tributary streams, which flow into the great river of the neighbourhood. The sport may be less majestic there, but for limited capacities it is more attractive and more sure.

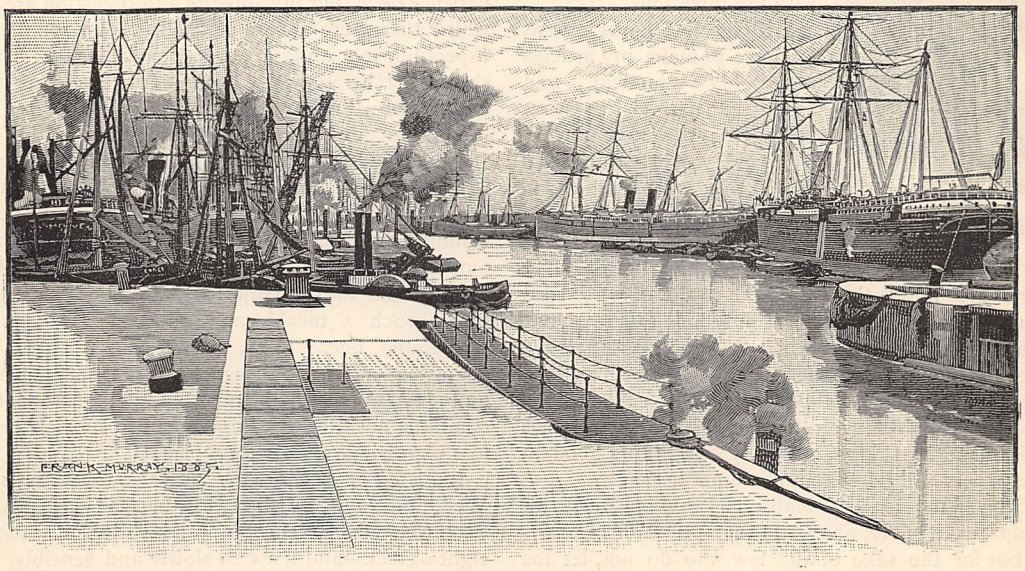
In conclusion, on the exhibitions, places of amusement and public entertainments of London, a single word will here suffice. In as far as these are not peculiar to London, but may be found, with little variety of type, in Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, or any great European metropolis, they are no matter of note for the intelligent traveller, and certainly can find no place in a paper intended to set forth briefly a few of the most salient points of interest in this wonderful aggregation of busy human beings. "See only what is characteristic," was an advice given to a young traveller, when setting out on his Continental tour, by Sir Henry Holland—perhaps the widest, and the wisest, and the most systematic traveller of his day; and certainly the traveller who attempts to do more will in the general case waste his brains and confuse his memory. In this view the great exhibitions which it has lately become the fashion to present every year to the crowds of visitors and residents in the great metropolis, ever open to the stimulus of a gigantic novelty—whether they are called Fish Exhibitions, or Health Exhibitions, or by whatever other name it may be found convenient and attractive to baptise them—possess no interest for the thoughtful traveller: they are, in fact, to be regarded rather as general advertising halls and gigantic extemporised European bazaars for all things, and a few others, than as a special product of the place called London. The only thing characteristic about them, in fact, is their magnitude, their magnificence, and the expense with which they are got up, a certain taste of the gigantic and Titanic, which every public exhibition in London must possess to be in harmony with the scale of the over-grown metropolis into which it is meant to fit; and no doubt in this aspect they ought to be looked at, if not assiduously sought out as one of the distinctive features of the place.

Far more interesting to the intelligent stranger than dramas or concerts, or—what everybody will talk about—the Academy Exhibition of Paintings, is the Gallery of National Portraits. This British Walhalla, though of recent origin, dating only from the year 1856, and owing its foundation to Prince Albert and Earl Stanhope, forms already, along with Westminster Hall and St. Paul's, a great national school of heroism, without a familiarity with which the best mathematical education at Cambridge and the best classical at Oxford would leave the mind of the young Englishman specially bare of that sort of furniture which most specially belongs to it.

FACTORIES ON THE LEA, BOW BRIDGE.

The two most characteristic national shows in London, or in which London takes a noted part, are the Derby Day and the Park. In the annual madness which takes possession of most Londoners on the

Derby Day, from the noble lord who has nothing to do in the House of Lords, and the committee-men in the House of Commons, who have too much to do, down to the costermonger, who sells ginger-beer at the outgoings of Billingsgate for a penny a bottle, and the little pale-faced boy who vends "evening paper!" for a halfpenny—in this grand stream of a multitudinous company of most rich and most ragged dissimilitude the stranger will mark two things, the most significant types of the great English people: the one is the delight in energetic action, and that action intensified by hot competition; the other is the instinctive ease with which the motley congregation submits itself, without any military display, to the guidance of law, in the shape of a small body of extremely peaceful and inoffensive-looking policemen. No doubt, the comparison of the Greek Olympian games, which lies so near, will suggest itself to some: and a mind familiar with the lofty odes of Pindar, in which the gymnastic feats of Jove-born kings are gracefully mingled with the praise of their far-reaching pedigrees, will be apt to think that honourable and right honourable gentlemen would be more nobly employed in riding on their own horses than in betting blindly or cunningly on horses ridden by others; but all men do not read Greek. In the Park and in the equestrian procession of aristocratic and plutocratic notabilities which moves in long lines of ordered splendour, the severest philosophy will find no field for reprehension. There the lover of human beings will find the poetry of London. "*Wahrlich es ist ein aristocratisches Volk!*—Truly a noble people!" said a thoughtful German to me, on beholding this streaming fulness of high-conditioned human life. The people that understand horsemanship were never base. It implies health, and strength, and fine tact, and fearless daring: and that is a grand thing in the education of a great people, though the inspectors of schools and manipulators of red tape in the School Boards may take little note of it. Especially in the woman this habit of bracing equestrianising is of infinite value. Our "Amazons," whom the French so greatly admire, are trained in this school. The queenly port, the fine features, the rosy hue, the well-rounded limbs, the agile step, and graceful gait of our English ladies, are the natural outcome of the bracing habits of their maiden life; and along with the open-air sports, from cricket to deer-stalking, of the other sex, are not the least important factors in the production of a race of men in which the masculine vigour of the Roman is harmoniously combined with the physical beauty of the Greek. Such a race, inoculated, as it is, largely with the highest conception of character in the ideal of Christian ethics, may reasonably hope to reach heights of social advance undreamt of by the most hopeful of the ancients, if they can only keep clear of the three great idolatries which are so apt to beset them: the worship of rank, which is servility; the worship of wealth, which is glitter; and the worship of power, which is faction.



THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS.

FOOD, IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I. THE ACT OF DIGESTION.—A WORD ABOUT THE MEALS OF THE DAY.

IN a short series of papers like that which I now commence, any lengthened dissertation on the physiology of digestion would not be consonant with my intentions.

And my intentions are as follows: to make my articles thoroughly practical and easily understood, so that "they who run may read;" to avoid technicalities as much as possible, and everything that savours of mere theory; and to be useful as well as truthful, keeping ever before my mind the belief that those who read them wish to be informed, not only how to eat to live, but how, and what, and when to eat in order to live healthfully.

On the other hand, unless the reader possesses some fundamental knowledge concerning the process or act of digestion, anything I may say concerning food in these papers will fall flat and be unprofitable.

Many of my readers doubtless know as much, or perhaps even more, about the subject than I do myself, but for the sake of the few who do not, let me observe—

I.—That the primary act of digestion takes place in the mouth. A simple statement, certainly, but one more important than it may at first sight appear. For in the mouth the food is, or ought to be, slowly and properly masticated. This not only renders it more fit to be speedily acted upon by the juices of the stomach (gastric), but enables it to be well mingled with the secretions of the salivary and parotid glands. And what do these secretions do? The answer is this: The saliva contains a fermentive agent, to which chemists have given the name of "diastase." The property of this diastase is that it changes the starch of the food into sugar, or "dextrine," which is soluble, the former not being so. A portion of this is actually absorbed into the blood from the mouth.

Again, this diastase is only active in an alkaline *versus* an acid medium—another reason why it should be mingled with the food in the mouth, and not in the stomach.

Slow mastication, then, is of the greatest importance if we would live in health and avoid the horrors of indigestion, with the thousand and one ills, physical and mental, that follow in its train.

Take time to eat if you would be happy. Take time to eat if you would be well. Teach your children to do so, and explain to them the reason why. A word or two spoken to a child in a quiet and reasoning strain, will often make a very deep and lasting impression.

I have a letter before me, from which I will make an extract.

"I am 77 years of age," says the writer, "and have very few teeth, but my appetite and digestion are good, which I attribute to careful feeding. I have found by experience that all kinds of food, whether dry or moist, should not be allowed to pass until reduced to a pulp and mixed with the saliva."

Let me draw the reader's attention to the words "whether dry or moist." The aged but healthful writer does not allow even moist food to pass at once into the stomach. He is right. But is it not the common practice to bolt such food? Take, for example, a supper of porridge and milk, or well-boiled hominy and milk. How long do most people take to eat such a meal?—and mind this: it is a most wholesome one. Why, about five minutes. Can they wonder that it disagrees, that it creates acidity and eructations, flatulence, and all sorts of discomforts, not the least disagreeable of which are restless nights and nightmare dreams?

I am often told that solids for supper agree best. Well, take solids by all means, but still, methinks that Scotch porridge, if taken early in the evening—say eight o'clock—and if eaten slowly and sensibly, would be sufficiently digested before bed-time to permit of a lunch-biscuit being eaten just before retiring.

Parenthetically, and lest I should forget to mention it, when there is some heat of skin before going to bed, with slight thirst, sleep will very likely be troubled. The best nightcap in a case of this kind is a bottle of good (so much of it is *bad*) soda-water in which fifteen grains of bi-carbonate of soda has been mixed.

II.—The food, having been well masticated and perfectly mingled with the saliva, passes downwards into the stomach. This is a muscular organ. The muscles in it are placed in almost every direction, so that it is capable, not only of squeezing the food, but of thoroughly churning it, or mixing it completely, so that every portion of the food is not only reduced to pulp, but exposed to the surface of the stomach, thereby receiving its juices, by the action of which, indeed, the reduction is chiefly made.

It is obviously unfair to expect the stomach to perform the duties of the teeth. But many do. Would such people be offended if I advised them to swallow stones, as the ostrich does, or bits of gravel, as do the birds? Even then they would need gizzards instead of stomachs.

The older one gets the more need has he or she to be careful in seeing that those processes of digestion under one's own control are properly performed. I cannot myself yet lay claim to the reverence and

respect due to old men, but I am in the constant habit of talking with the aged, and I do not at this moment remember either an old man or woman who is not, and who has not been, careful in "feeding" since he or she was of the age of forty.

Dyspepsia is a frightful affliction. It renders a person wretched in himself, physically and mentally feeble, and it renders him entirely unfit—through his peevishness and moroseness—to mingle in healthy society. I say that dyspepsia can always be prevented, and in most cases cured, but never by medicine alone.

III.—In due time—from two to three hours—the food leaves the stomach through the pyloric opening, after which—it is to be hoped in most cases—that important organ has a rest. It really ought to go to sleep and awaken hungry. The pulp that leaves the stomach is called chyme ; after it receives the secretions from the liver and pancreas, it is changed into chyle, or is taken up by the absorbents in the form of chyle. These unite at last to form the thoracic duct, or great chyle canal, which runs upwards alongside and protected by the spine, till it empties itself at last into one of the largest and most important veins in the body.

IV.—We need follow it no farther, merely adding that the chyle is mingled with the blood, and is received into the general circulation.

In my next paper I propose to consider with some degree of minuteness the elements of food, as they are called—fat, sugar, and the albuminoids, or nitrogenous foods — and their relation to the animal economy.

Let me conclude this paper by a few remarks on some of the principal meals of the day.

To begin with, they ought both in quantity and in quality to accord with the work one has to do, or the duties he has to perform, and these may either be mental or physical.

The first meal of the day, or breakfast, is in this country—with those in health, at all events—a fairly substantial one, although some people try—but, thank goodness, try in vain—to assimilate French and English customs in regard to breakfast. France and its folks are different from England, with its solid men and women ; its climate is different from ours ; its notions as regards eating and drinking can never be engrafted on British bone and muscle.

Yes, breakfast ought to be a hearty one, eaten early in the morning, and eaten slowly, so as to preclude the possibility of eating too heavily, which would materially interfere with the business of the day.

A man or a woman who is no breakfast-eater must either be a heavy—over-heavy—supper-eater, or be in a bad state of health. A person who requires the stimulus of a cup of tea, or any other stimulus or stimulant whatever, before partaking of solid food, is not in the hey-day of health. I like to see a man have his breakfast first, and then feel round for his cup of coffee, tea, or chocolate. I have known the strongest and healthiest of men positively forget all about the liquid portion of the breakfast, and leave the table without it. I have known men who scarcely ever touched a drop of liquid of any kind from one week's end to another, and who, nevertheless, were in ruddy and robust health.

What a person eats for breakfast often gives me a clue to the state of his health. One example: if while sojourning at an hotel I see a man come down to breakfast between ten and eleven, and sit down to devilled kidneys with plenty of sauce (piquant), and perhaps one poor puny egg to follow, I would be willing to aver that he carries a white tongue, and that his liver sadly needs seeing to.

Ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, or a beef-steak or underdone chop, with boiled eggs to follow, and *then* a cup of nice tea, is a sensible breakfast for a man who is going away out into the fresh air to walk, or ride, or work till noon ; but not for a person who has to sit all day in the same position at *manual* labour. I emphasise the word *manual* because intellectual or mental work conduces to appetite. An author hard at his desk, if his ideas be flowing freely, if he be happy at his work, and time flying swiftly with him, soon gets hungry, which only proves that we must support the body well when there is a strain upon the mind, so that no extra expenditure of tissue may lead to debility.

Cheerful conversation insures the easy digestion of a good breakfast. It is a pity that in this country the custom of inviting friends to the matutinal meal is not more prevalent. It may seem a strange thing to say, but I would ten times sooner go out to breakfast than to dinner. One is, or ought to be, freshest in the morning; he then needs no artificial stimulus to make him feel bright, witty, happy, as he too often does after the duties of the day are over.

The mid-day meal, or luncheon to those who dine in the evening, and who have work to do in the afternoon, should be a light one. I am not sure that I do not quite approve of the City "snack." It puts one past, it sustains nature, it leaves the mind free to think and to do its duty, and, above all, it enables the stomach to have a rest before the principal meal of the day.

Now, about this meal: I have to say that, if partaken of alone by one's self, it ought to be an abstemious one. Even in company it need not be a heavy one. No matter how many courses there are, there is not the slightest necessity for making too free with them.

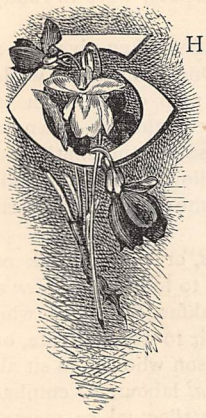
But it is a fact, which every one must have felt, that even a moderately heavy meal is quickly and easily digested, if accompanied with and followed by witty or intellectual and suggestive conversation.

"I'm a dyspeptic; I must not dine out," I have heard a gentleman more than once remark.

Well, my impression is that it does dyspeptics a deal of good to dine out, if they can eat in moderation and judiciously, never being tempted to call in the aid of artificial stimulus to enable them to do as men of more robust physique are doing around them.

As to suppers : I shall have more to say anon about these. The question of supper is one on which no one can give individual advice in a magazine, and on which it is very hard to generalise. But—I mean to try.

THE NATIONAL HYMNS OF EUROPE.



THE words "national hymn" are generally used to designate the song which is performed in honour of the reigning sovereign, or in commemoration of some political event in a country's history. The term "hymn" is not a strictly appropriate one, as applied to some of the European national tunes; neither is the use of the word "anthem," in connection with our own air, justifiable, from a musical point of view. Both terms have, however, been so widely adopted, that it would be pedantic not to use them, and in heading our article we have selected the one most generally chosen, our "God Save the Queen" being the only national tune called by the name of "anthem."

Of all the airs which deserve to be termed national, that of the French "Marseillaise" is, without doubt, the most lively and exciting. "The sound of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." Even in times of peace and quietness, it is impossible to listen to its animating strains without experiencing a certain thrill, and its effects on an impetuous people in the troublous times of the past may be easily imagined. Such was its power upon the French that it was at one time forbidden to be played or sung, and the prohibition extended until 1879, when the Minister of War issued a circular authorising bands to play the tune at reviews and official ceremonies.

Considering the extraordinary part which the "Marseillaise" has played in the affairs of France, we might not unreasonably expect that the words and air had emanated from some genius who had bestowed much labour and care on their production. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were written in one night, without any previous sketching out or after-elaboration. The author and composer was Rouget de Lisle, an officer of engineers, who had formerly been a teacher of music. He was greatly admired among his acquaintances for his poetical and musical gifts, and was especially intimate with Baron Dietrich, the Mayor of Strasburg. One evening during the spring of 1792, De Lisle was the guest at the table of this family. The baron's resources had been so greatly reduced by the necessities and calamities of war, that nothing better than garrison bread and a few slices of ham could be provided for dinner. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and, lamenting the scantiness of his fare, declared that he would bring forth the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if he thought it would help to inspire De Lisle in the composition of a patriotic song. The ladies signified their approval, and sent for the last bottle of wine the house could boast of. After dinner De Lisle returned to his solitary chamber, and in a fit of enthusiasm (with which the wine must have had little enough to do) composed the words and music of the song which has immortalised his name. The following morning he hastened with it to his friend Dietrich, in whose house it was sung for the first time, exciting great enthusiasm. A few days afterwards it was publicly performed in Strasburg, and on June 25th it was sung at a banquet at Marseilles with so much effect, that it was printed at once and distributed among the troops just starting for Paris. They entered the capital singing their new hymn, which they had called "Chant des Marseillais," and soon the tune was known throughout every part of France.

De Lisle's claim to the authorship was at one time disputed, but the truth of the story which we have given regarding the origin of the air has long since been proved beyond a doubt. It should be mentioned that the French have another national tune, "Partant pour la Syrie," which is, however, not very popular and not very meritorious. All that we need say of it is that it was composed by Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.

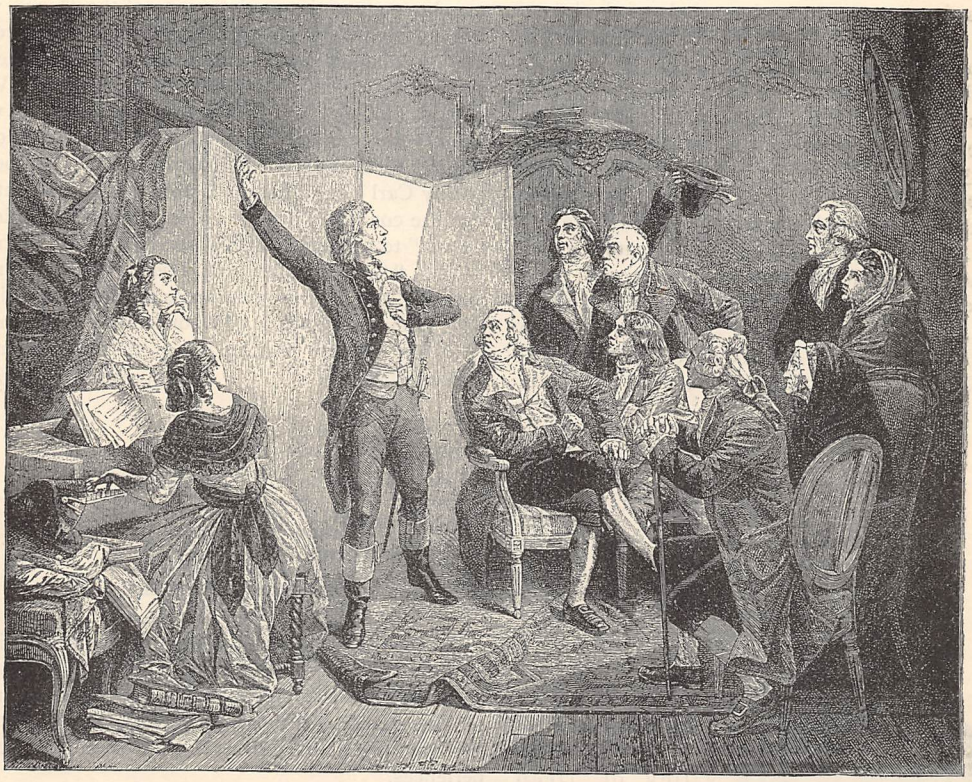
Mild indeed, and in keeping with the more even and peaceable course of events which has marked public affairs in England for over two centuries past, is the tune which does duty with us for a national hymn. Whatever may be its defects, we never had a better, and probably never will have. In a popular magazine article like the present, we have some hesitation in introducing the subject of the origin of "God Save the Queen," so much has the question been debated, and with such unsatisfactory results. We have, on the one hand, the positive statement that in 1794 a gentleman named Townsend was able to report that, in 1740, his father, when present at a banquet in celebration of the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, heard Henry Carey—the composer of "Sally in our Alley"—sing "God Save the King," as a song of his own writing and composition. This is supported by the evidence of Dr. Harrington, the famous physician of Bath, who affirms that Carey wrote both the words and music of our National Anthem, but that at his (Dr. Harrington's) request, the bass was re-written by J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis. On the other hand, in the "Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors," the claims of Ben Jonson to have written the words, and Dr. John Bull to have composed the music, are tersely and temperately stated; and the tune is said to have been first sung before the Merchant Taylors, when King James I. and the Prince of Wales dined in their hall. Into the much-debated question as between Carey and Bull it would be unwise to enter here. Suffice it to say that, while it is now impossible to decide the matter with perfect certainty, the balance of testimony is greatly in favour of Carey.

In 1745 "God Save the King" became publicly known by being sung at public entertainments, as a

"loyal song or anthem," during the Scottish Rebellion. James III.—the Pretender—was proclaimed at Edinburgh on September 16th, and the first public hearing of what has now become our National Anthem was at Drury Lane twelve days later.

The tune of "God Save the King" was a favourite with several of the great composers. Weber introduced it in one or two of his works, and Beethoven, besides writing seven variations on it for piano, used it in his Battle Symphony, *à propos* of which he said in one of his letters, "I must show the English what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King.'"

But still more important was its influence upon Haydn. During his visits to London, the composer of the "Creation" had many opportunities of witnessing the effect of the English National Anthem, and the war with France having heightened his desire to provide the people with a fitting expression of their loyalty to the throne, he resolved, after his return to Vienna, to write a similar composition for Austria. Hence arose "God Preserve the Emperor," the most popular of all his songs, and which is now generally known as the Austrian National Hymn. Haydn's most influential patron, Baron Swieten, suggested the idea to the Prime Minister, Count Saurau, and the poet Leopold Hauschka was commissioned to write the words. Haydn at once set about composing the music, and the hymn was sung for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz, on the 12th February, 1797. Subsequently, in the reign of the Emperor Ferdinand, a fresh set of words by Baron Zedlitz was substituted for Hauschka's version. The beautiful air at once found an immediate and ready acceptance in the hearts of the people for whom it had been composed. Simple in form, and full of devotional feeling, it has for many years been used as a hymn-tune. It was the favourite work of its composer, and towards the close of his life he frequently consoled himself by playing it with much expression.



ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE "MARSEILLAISE" FOR THE FIRST TIME.
(*From a Painting in the possession of the French Minister of the Interior.*)

The Russian National Hymn, a simple but noble strain, well known in England, was composed by General Alexis Lwoff. The melody, without possessing any of the characteristics peculiar to Russian popular music, is eminently fitted for its purpose, and has, like the Austrian National Air, been frequently used as a hymn-tune. In his "Memoirs," General Lwoff thus relates the history of its composition :—

"In 1833 I accompanied the Emperor Nicholas to Prussia and Austria. On our return to Russia, I was informed by Count de Benkendorff that our sovereign, regretting that we Russians had no national hymn, re-

quested me to try and write such a composition. The problem struck me as extremely difficult and serious. Recollecting the imposing British hymn, "God Save the King;" the French hymn, so full of originality; and the Austrian hymn, with its touching music, I felt and comprehended the necessity of producing something vigorous, grand, moving, and national, fit to be heard in a church, in the ranks of the army, or in the midst of a popular gathering, and within the reach of every one, from the scholar to the person of no education at all. One evening, on returning home very late, I composed and wrote down the melody of the hymn. The next day I called on Jouvosky to ask him for the words, but he was not a musician, and could not adapt them to the *finale* in the minor key of the first cadence of the melody. I informed Benkendorff that the hymn was ready. The emperor said he would hear it, and on the 23rd November, 1833, came to the Chapel of the Imperial Choristers. I had summoned the whole body of the latter, and backed them up with two full bands. The Emperor had the hymn repeated several times, then sung without accompaniment, and then performed by all the executants combined. He said to me in French, 'It is superb!' and there and then ordered the Minister of War to have the hymn adopted for the whole army. The decree was promulgated on the 4th December, and the hymn was heard publicly for the first time on the 11th December, 1833, at Moscow."

The emperor presented the composer with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, as a testimony of his satisfaction, and ordered that the words, "God Protect the Czar," should be introduced in the armorial bearings of the Lwoff family. Lwoff died in 1870, having suffered for many years from a very distressing affliction of his organs of hearing.

The remaining national hymns of Europe are not of such importance as to call for detailed notice. Mention may be made of the patriotic song of the Danes, which was composed by Hartmann, a German, who resided at Copenhagen, where he died in 1791. The first verse commemorates the bravery of Christian IV., the favourite king of the Danes, and the following verses tell of the heroic deeds of other Danes who distinguished themselves in naval battles. As pointed out by Carl Engel, the air is not of particular interest, and the composer has too closely imitated "Rule, Britannia" to produce a work distinguished by originality.

The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," though not a national tune in the same sense as those of which we have been speaking, is a favourite air with the people. It is well known in England from its frequent use as a hymn-tune.

JAMES C. HADDEN.

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE VISIT TO DEEP DEANE.

THE rambling old farm-house in the moorland valley of Deep Deane, to which Mildred and her governess had been invited that afternoon, was a perfect paradise to children. There was so much to be seen: the horses in their stables; the stall-fed cattle in their long feeding-sheds, looking sleek and sleepy as they waited for their next meal or meditated over the last; the piggeries, with little pigs and big pigs, ugly, but delightfully amusing; the fields that were being meadowed and the fields that were being cut; and the large water-meadow in the heart of the valley, where the little herd of Alderneys, General Mackenzie's pride and pleasure, looked up at you gravely out of their deer-like eyes.

All this was familiar to Milly. On the delightful afternoon when her dear Colonel Lyndon had begged a holiday for her, she tasted a new pleasure in seeing her paradise through the eyes of Letty, who, on her side, was as pleased as a child with her new experiences.

All the kind people at the farm made much of her. Janet led the way, showing her everything, and the general pulled them up now and then to listen to his explanations; and Colonel Lyndon, who looked as genuinely happy as any of them, brought up the rear with Milly and Veronica, making various ignorant suggestions about new methods of farming—suggestions that provoked the general's deep-chested laughter, and soon Letty's blue eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks had grown rosy again.

Rapidly did the hours of the afternoon and the long tranquil evening slip away.

Tea was sent at half-past four into the meadow, and supper was spread out in the verandah at eight, when kind Mrs. Mackenzie, who took a motherly interest in Letty, made her sit by her side, and asked her one or two questions about herself: asked them so kindly and tenderly, that the young girl had no difficulty in answering.

It was certainly perverse of the colonel. Veronica Browne on one side of him, and General Mackenzie

on the other, were doing their best to be entertaining, and, as a general rule, the task of amusing him was easy enough. It was not so now. He neglected twice to answer questions addressed to him by Miss Browne, and when he was told by the general of his breach of good manners, he was deeply apologetic ; but in a few moments his thoughts would be wandering off again—"to the clouds," his friends said, which made the honest old soldier blush, for he knew it was not so far as the clouds that his thoughts had gone. He was listening, in spite of himself, to the low-toned talk across the table, and his great kind heart was so full of compassion and sympathy as to be completely unable, for the moment, to take in anything else.

Supper was nearly over. The general, indeed, who ate largely and slowly, when he thought it worth his while to eat at all, had not finished his second plate of strawberries and cream ; but Milly had begged permission to get up from the table, and Janet had followed her out, and Mrs. Mackenzie and Letty were still deep in talk.

Suddenly Veronica, who had long finished eating, got up, and asked Colonel Lyndon to go with her as far as a little group of trees above the lawn. There was a good view of the house to be had from there.

"It will take us five minutes to go, and five minutes to come back," she said, when he demurred on the plea of time, "and your trap cannot be put to in less time than that." She spoke with a slightly imperious manner, for she had not been accustomed to contradiction. It was only in this occasional imperiousness that Veronica showed herself the rich and much-indulged woman whom all the world was envying.

Her object in drawing Colonel Lyndon aside was to speak to him about Letty, in whom, as she had not failed to see, he took a warm interest ; but when, in obedience to her request, he set off to walk with her to her favourite point of view, she felt a difficulty in entering upon the subject, which was altogether new to her.

He opened the conversation by making a simple remark about the beauty of the valley. Veronica answered him absently, for a little conflict was going on in her mind. She might befriend Letty without asking Colonel Lyndon's advice. Did she really wish for his advice, or was it only that she desired to recommend herself in his eyes? It was the first time the proud Veronica had ever wished to recommend herself particularly to any one, and she could not altogether understand her own feelings.

"Colonel Lyndon," she said abruptly, "I want to speak to you—to ask your advice. The fact is"—so far as she could judge of his expression, he looked surprised—"I can't get that poor little thing, Letty Morrison, out of my head. I want to help her. How is it to be done?"

A curious feeling of annoyance swept over the colonel's mind as Veronica asked him this question. Not being able to answer it after the off-hand manner in which it was put—a fashion which was the result of embarrassment, and not, as he might have thought, of want of feeling—he was silent, and she went on hurriedly, "I am rich, and I should like to use my riches in making other people happy. She is a dear, modest little creature, and she has interested me——"

"But I don't know," interrupted the colonel, "that Miss Morrison wants anything done for her at present."

The colour flamed to Veronica's face ; she wished she had left Letty and her affairs alone ; but, being so far engaged, she was bound to go on.

"Oh! I know she is comfortable with the Winstanleys," she said hotly, "but there may be changes even amongst them, and they will not want a governess for ever. What I should like would be to make the poor child's future secure. I could do it so easily—settle some money upon her, or something of the sort. A few thousands are nothing to me."

It was far from Veronica's intention to boast of her wealth; she only wished the colonel to understand that she was sincere in her offer of assistance, and that what might seem fantastic in another was perfectly simple in her. The colonel read her differently, and he answered with an irresponsiveness that cut her to the quick. He did not see, he said, how any such proposal could be made to Miss Morrison. She was proud, and justly proud, of her position, and he felt convinced that she would not wish to give it up. If there should later be any change in her life, and if then Miss Browne cared to help her, he felt no doubt that she would have little difficulty in finding some suitable way of doing so. He hoped, however—here his voice changed curiously—that if there was any change it would be for the better.

After that Veronica refrained from any further questions.

She was unusually silent that evening, and they asked her if she felt tired, and then she became feverishly gay, and talked so fast and so wildly that mild-natured Janet was amazed.

"What is it, Veronica?" she asked. "One would think the air of the moors had got into your head."

They were alone together in Veronica's pretty sleeping-room, to which her friend had accompanied her to bid her good night.

To Janet's amazement her light question was answered seriously. "Perhaps it is the moors," said Veronica, "or perhaps it is a new experience. I have found out that it is possible for a rich woman, and"—her full voice broke—"one who wishes to use her riches well, to be disliked—despised."

"A rich woman! You! So generous and good as you are—despised! My dear Vera," said Janet, looking anxiously into her friend's face, "are you sure you feel quite well to-night?"

"My wits are not wandering, if that is what you think, Janet—I believe not, at least. My dear, I have been spoiled ; you all spoil me, every one of you. Tell me a few wholesome truths. Let me know that money and cleverness can't do everything in this world ; allow me to sit in sackcloth and ashes for a little time, and repent, and perhaps *then* I may be worthy of sympathy."

"My dear Veronica, you are raving."

"No, Janet, I am only defeated, and, as it is my first defeat, I don't seem to enjoy it. Good night, dear."

"But, Veronica——"

"But, Janet, I will tell you nothing; there is nothing to tell; leave me alone, and I shall soon get accustomed to my new character. Who knows that I may not like myself better in it than I have ever liked myself before?"

Feeling helpless and perplexed, Janet bade her friend good night, and Veronica, left alone, paced her room to and fro, and set her proud lips together, and a few tears, the bitterest she had ever shed in her life, forced their way from under her eyelids.

It was a new pain from which she was suffering, and she could not submit to it. Her spirit was up in arms; her whole nature rebelled.

Suffer! Why should she suffer—she who, only a few days before, had been as free as the wind? If there was any reason—if she had been bereaved, insulted, calumniated, wronged, if she had even been bodily ill—she might have set herself to endure as others endured: she might have counted herself a coward if she had complained.

But there was no reason, none. Her pain had come she knew not whence; it was a new pain, a humiliating pain, and she would not tolerate it.

Putting force upon herself, she tried to analyse her feelings. Never in all her life before had she cared in any earnest way for the opinion of any one. Those she loved had loved her: a perfectly natural course of things, in Veronica's estimation. Of the others she had said, in her light-heartedness, "What does it matter? they may be pleased with me or not, as it suits themselves. To me it makes no difference whatever."

She had often, in the days that had gone by, made a boast of her independence. She had counselled her more sensitive friends to follow her example.

"So long as you care for the opinion of any one, you will always be in hot water," she had said.

And now—strange and sorrowful Nemesis! she had begun to care herself. She, the proud Veronica, who had been ready to challenge the whole world, sought humbly for the favourable judgment of one whom she had only known a few days; nay, not only so, but trembled and wept when she read disapproval in his eyes. Could anything be more foolish, more humiliating? It would not bear to be thought of, she said to herself, impatiently. Yet she thought and thought, and could not sleep, and tossed to and fro upon her bed, and went over in imagination the scenes of the day, and, though she was alone in the darkness, felt her cheeks flame with burning red as she remembered her awkwardness and the mistakes she had made. Oh! she cried out in her heart, if the old Veronica, who was free of spirit and independent in bearing, would only return!

Vain wish, and fruitless as vain! The old, old woe of humanity had touched her, and not all her high spirit, nor her friends, nor the flatteries that were poured out before her continually, nor her wealth, had she heaped it up round her like a fortress, could have power to draw the sting from her heart.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

CONFIDENCES.

UP the valley and over the moor, with the glories of the sunset dying out before them, and a pale half-moon clearly defined against the lilac of the eastern sky, rising up over the level plain behind, drove the little party from Ettrick at the end of that delightful day. Colonel Lyndon was driving; Letty sat beside him, and Milly, whose eyes were heavy with sleep, curled herself up on the rug at Letty's feet, and gazed up at the sky. Before they had gone a mile her eyes were fast closed, and then Letty drew her up into her arms, and made her rest her head against her shoulder.

It was natural that, under circumstances such as these, in the deep silence of the evening, with her young pupil asleep in her arms, Letty should be moved to speak of her trouble to the friend by her side. She was sensitive and clinging to an unusual degree. Earnestly desirous to be and do the very best that was possible, she was given to a distrust of herself which was at times almost morbid. Alone, she felt astray, like a creature lost and wandering. More especially was this the case now, when her terror lest for her own comfort and ease she should be sacrificing the higher interests of one so dear to her as her little pupil was shaking her gentle soul to its depths.

In the quiet of that long drive across the moor, Letty, led on by a few kind and wise questions, let the full story of her troubles escape her.

It was easy to speak of them to Colonel Lyndon, for he did not put her off as others had done, upon similar occasions, by any vague talk about over-sensitiveness. He heard her to the end, and then began, as he would have said, to talk it out. When, by his statement of her difficulties, he had made several of them lose their character, giving, in particular, most excellent reasons for his belief that she was the right governess for Milly, Letty felt wonderfully relieved.

It did not occur to her to ask how the colonel could have arrived at his intimate knowledge of the nature and requirements of a girl of Milly's age. It was enough for her that he was wise and good, that he spoke with a sincerity that was above suspicion, and that he was Lady Flora's friend.

"Oh!" she said, looking up at him with dewy eyes, "I am so glad you think I am doing right. I shall go on much more happily now. Are you sure I have not troubled you by telling you all this nonsense?"

The tremulousness of her tone went straight to the poor colonel's heart, which began to beat in a curiously irregular fashion. "My dear little girl," he said earnestly, "I like to be confided in. It's a sort of weakness of mine. I am never so happy as when somebody is making a *confidant* of me. You will remember that, will you not? When you are in difficulties, you will say to yourself: 'There's an old friend not far away, who may be able to help me. I will speak to him."

"Thank you, thank you," murmured the young girl. "I know you say it because you are kind, but I can't say no. I have never had a friend in my life—that sort of friend, I mean. I love Lady Flora, of

course, and my dear, sweet little Milly, and every one at school was good to me. But when I speak to any one as I have spoken to you, they tell me that I am morbid and over-conscientious. Can one be over-conscientious, do you think?"

"That is not a very easy question," said the colonel, smiling. It was rather amusing to him to find himself lifted so promptly into the position of a young girl's conscience-keeper. "I should feel inclined to say both 'Yes' and 'No' to it," he went on. "One cannot wish too much to do one's duty; but one may think too much about what one's duty is. I look at these things, you know, from a soldier's point of view. If we were always thinking, we should never fight a battle. We must often make a dash, and we have to risk something."

"I suppose we can never be quite certain about anything," said Letty, in a low voice.

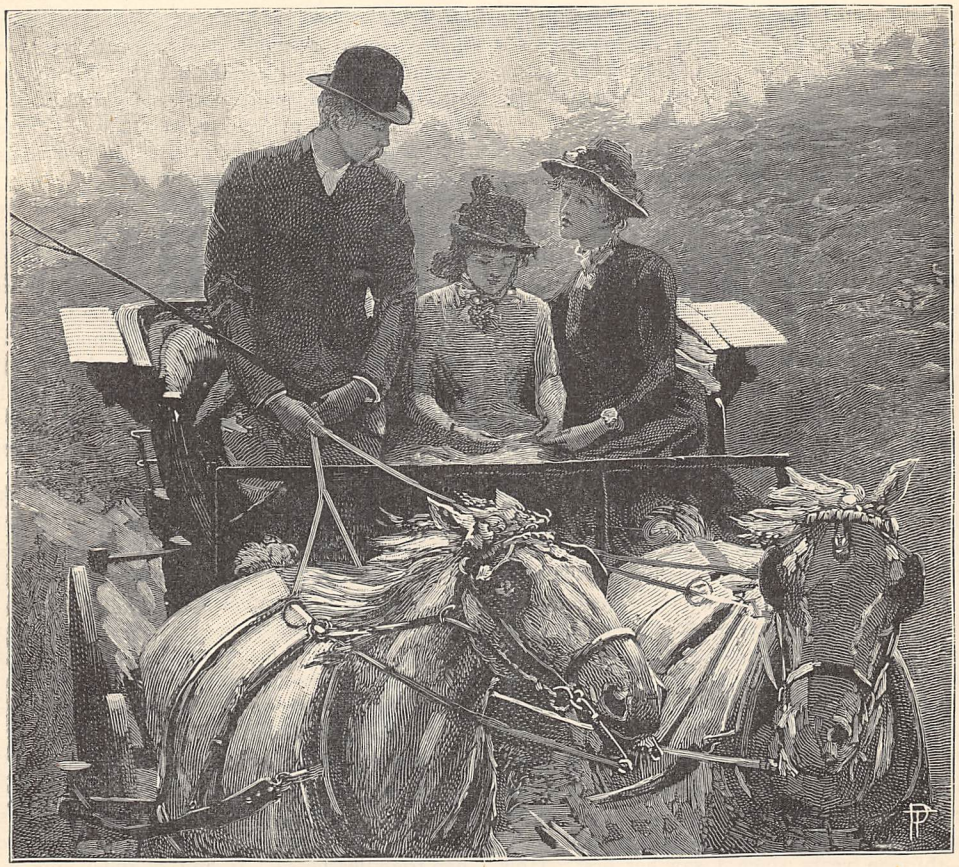
"Except that if we honestly wish to do right we shall not be allowed to go far wrong."

"You mean that God will show us the right way," said Letty reverently.

"Yes, that is what I meant. I believe it is old-fashioned to speak so now; but there is a comfort in the old thoughts which we do not find in the new. That, at least, is my experience," said the colonel, smiling. "Have I lectured you enough?"

"You have not lectured me at all; or if that is lecturing, I should like to be lectured very often," said Letty.

"Why, so you may," answered the colonel, looking with an interest that grew deeper every moment at the sweet blue eyes uplifted to his.



"THEN THEY TALKED OF OTHER AND LESS SERIOUS MATTERS, TILL THE HAPPY DRIVE WAS OVER."

And then they talked of other and less serious matters, till the happy drive was over, when Milly and Letty, worn out but cheerful, bade their elders good night, and went off to the bright room in one of the turrets of the castle, which they shared together.

For several hours of that evening Lady Flora Winstanley and Colonel Lyndon sat together, deep in talk, on the terrace that overlooked the moorland and the hills. Mr. Winstanley had gone off with his son to Edinburgh, and they had the house to themselves. Though the colonel was almost feverishly anxious to hear the story which had been promised to him earlier, he managed to listen with patience while Lady Flora,

no little uplifted by the curious series of accidents that had brought her son and one of the richest women in England together, poured out her confidences. She thought—a common error: we are too fond of fancying ourselves specially favoured by Providence—that coincidences of so significant a character pointed plainly to a happy termination of her brilliant scheme. "It is so evident," she said, "that Percy was never born to be a poor man. I have said so from the beginning. But I did not think he would actually fall in love with a rich woman. He *is* in love."

"I am sure he is," returned the complacent colonel. "It was a case of love at first sight on his part. If Miss Browne had nothing, it would be just the same. I believe it is only her money that has prevented him from throwing himself at her feet already."

"Poor boy! How like him!" murmured the proud mother. "He was always disinterested from a child. But you must talk him out of his little shyness, Colonel Lyndon. I am rather afraid of saying too much myself. It is a delicate matter. But it would be a thousand pities if they were kept apart by any foolish over-sensitiveness on his side. I am certain she admires him."

"They seem to get on very well together," said the colonel.

"Oh, yes; and then, how much she likes this house! How interested she seems in us all, even in you, Colonel Lyndon," said Lady Flora, with a smile. "I told her what a friend you had been to Percy, and she would have your whole history; who you were, and where you came from, and all about High Cliffe, and your life in the army. It was really amusing."

"Very amusing!" echoed the colonel absently. It is to be feared that he scarcely so much as heard what Lady Flora said. He was thinking of Letty Morrison, to whom, by an adroit reminder of the promise made to him earlier in the day, he presently brought round the conversation.

"Ah!" said Lady Flora amiably. "Letty—I promised to tell you her story—a simple story, Colonel Lyndon; but I think it will interest you. It is—let me see—how long ago? Letty is nineteen now, she was six then—thirteen years since I saw her first. How the time flies! It seems almost incredible. I was giving a dinner-party in our London house, and one of my guests was a well-known physician. As I was leaving the table with the ladies, I was told that a messenger had come for him; this annoyed me a little, for the doctor was my liveliest guest, and I had been relying upon him for after dinner. I went out to question the messenger, and find out if anything serious was wrong. She was brought to me in the hall, and I shall never forget what I felt when I saw her—a child, a mere baby, with tiny white face, set like a woman's, and large blue eyes brimful of tears. The poor little thing was trembling; I suppose the lights, and the servants, and my fine evening dress alarmed her. I spoke to her kindly, and then she burst into tears. I took her up in my arms, and held her close to me until the doctor came out and went off with her to her father, who, she said, was worse.

"The child was Letty Morrison, and that was the beginning of my interest in her. I asked about her the next day, and heard a very sad story. Her mother was dead, and her father, who had made a little success in literature during her life-time, had taken some kind of wrong turn. Either his intellect, or his imagination, or his will had failed him. His short success was followed by continual failure. He was dying of poverty, care, and bitter disappointment.

"As it happened, my heart was very soft at that time. A few months before, my whole nursery—two dear little boys and a baby-girl—had been swept away by scarlet-fever. Milly was not born, and Percy and my eldest girl were at school. "And so it came about that I began to take an interest in poor little Letty, the baby-messenger, who, for her father's sake, had braved the fine people and the fine house on the night he was taken worse.

"I visited poor Morrison, and before he died I promised to befriend Letty, and not lose sight of her until she was of an age to look after herself. When he died I took her into my house, and as soon as I thought her old enough, I sent her to school. There, except for a holiday or two, she has remained ever since. It was always my idea that she should be Milly's governess, and that is one reason why I did not have her here oftener. We thought she would take up her position better if she came to it as a comparative stranger."

She paused, and the colonel, who had been listening with the deepest attention, said in a moved voice—

"You have been very good and generous, Lady Flora. And now you are reaping your reward."

"Oh, yes, I am satisfied: for Milly, that is to say. She has never been so happy as she is now, but sometimes, I confess, I feel troubled about Letty's future. Milly will not want a governess always."

"Miss Morrison may have a home of her own some day," said the colonel.

"She may marry, you mean? That is possible, and I intend, of course, to give her every advantage. But what chance has a girl in her position? She is pretty: oh, yes, I grant you that. But think of her poverty—her friendlessness! If any of the young men who come visiting here were to fall in love with her, and wish to marry her, there would be a fine outcry. My dear colonel, I am sorry to seem cynical in your eyes, but, unfortunately, I know what the world is; besides, the poor child herself is so sensitive—so clinging. Unless she was loved for herself, and received in a friendly manner by the family of the man who loved her, she would be wretched. I am afraid you will think me sentimental about Letty," said the artful lady, with a smile.

"Oh! no, no: I understand how you feel; your feelings do you honour," said Colonel Lyndon.

"And perhaps," returned Lady Flora, who had been thinking with a little remorse of the incident of the morning, "you will understand also that one must not let her be too sensitive. Hardness is necessary sometimes."

"Not if——" the colonel stopped abruptly. "I was

going to say something foolish," he said, with an awkward laugh.

It was Lady Flora's turn to hesitate now. After a few moments' pause, she said deliberately, "Are you so very sure it was foolish, Colonel Lyndon?"

At these words, simple in themselves, but capable of several curious interpretations, a wave of emotion, that surprised himself by its intensity, swept over the colonel's heart, and an answer such as he had never intended to make leapt to his lips: "I wonder," he said, "if you are serious, Lady Flora?"

"Why should I be anything else?" she asked quietly; then, in a lower voice, "Tell me your foolish saying, Colonel Lyndon. I am very much interested in your happiness."

There was no mistaking her now. It was certain that she, the friend of his boyhood, had read into his heart. It was certain too that she did not consider the dream—which he himself had scarcely ventured to give a place to in his mind, so lovely and strange it was—altogether unworthy of being seriously thought of. And so, in a few moments the colonel found that his dream was more than a dream, that it had shaped itself into a tremulous possibility of happiness.

"I have been interested in that sweet girl since I saw her first," he said; "even so lately as this morning I thought of her as a child, and wished that she belonged to me, that I might have the right of caring for her; now I am more than interested in her: I have talked to her, and entered into her feelings, and made her, I hope, a little happier by a few of my clumsy words. She has trusted me, and I love her. Laugh at me, my friend, for this is my folly; the child has become a woman to me, and has stolen into my heart. I would give my dearest possession—my life itself—to gain happiness for her; but the happiness I wish to make for her I should like to share. Now, what do you say to me?"

"I say that there is no one in all the world to whom I would sooner confide my little Letty's future," said Lady Flora, in a deeply moved voice.

"Thank you! thank you!" answered the colonel earnestly, and after a few moments' hesitation he went on: "This is your feeling, but how will others think? Consider the difference of age."

"A mere nothing, I assure you; a difference on the right side."

"But I am not young for my years."

"Are you not?" said Lady Flora, with a charming smile. "You will pardon me if I disagree with you. In my humble opinion you are the very youngest man I know. I venture to prophesy that you never will be old."

A boyish colour, which fully justified Lady Flora's opinion, overspread the colonel's face at this testimony to his youthfulness. He did not venture on any protest, for, as a fact, he did feel ridiculously young that evening. He listened while his friend gave him various wise advices: to do nothing in haste; to let the young girl he loved become accustomed to him as a friend before he spoke to her of any warmer feeling; to be guided in everything by Lady Flora, who had large experience in these matters, and to stay on quietly at Castle Ettrick until his suit was won; and he promised to be obedient and patient, and when, the hour being late, Lady Flora bade him good night, he walked off with a long swinging stride through the grounds and over the moor.

How happy he was! what pleasant thoughts accompanied him! How the visionary element of youth, that measureless reaching forth into an unknown of beauty and wonder, coloured his whole being! Young! He might have been a boy, he was as strong, as fresh, as full of ardent feeling, as if all those long years of camp-life in India, with their myriad strange experiences, had never been. And with it all there was in his heart a tenderness of feeling which is seldom known by the young. He thought of himself—it was impossible it could have been otherwise—how new and charming interests would be given to his life, how his distant home—High Cliffe—which his mother had loved, and to which she had hoped he would one day bring a mistress, would be beautified and endeared by the gentle presence of the sweet woman who had won his heart. But of her he thought far more than of himself.

Poor, timid, shrinking child! Little wandering bird that had never had a home! What a home he would make her! If it was in the power of one human being to make another happy—and the colonel thought it might be—Letty should be the happiest woman upon earth.

So thinking and dreaming, his great heart full of tenderness, the old soldier wandered on, until the twilight that had lingered all night upon the hills brightened, and in the solemn east "God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

BETWEEN CASTLE ETTRICK AND DEEP DEANE.

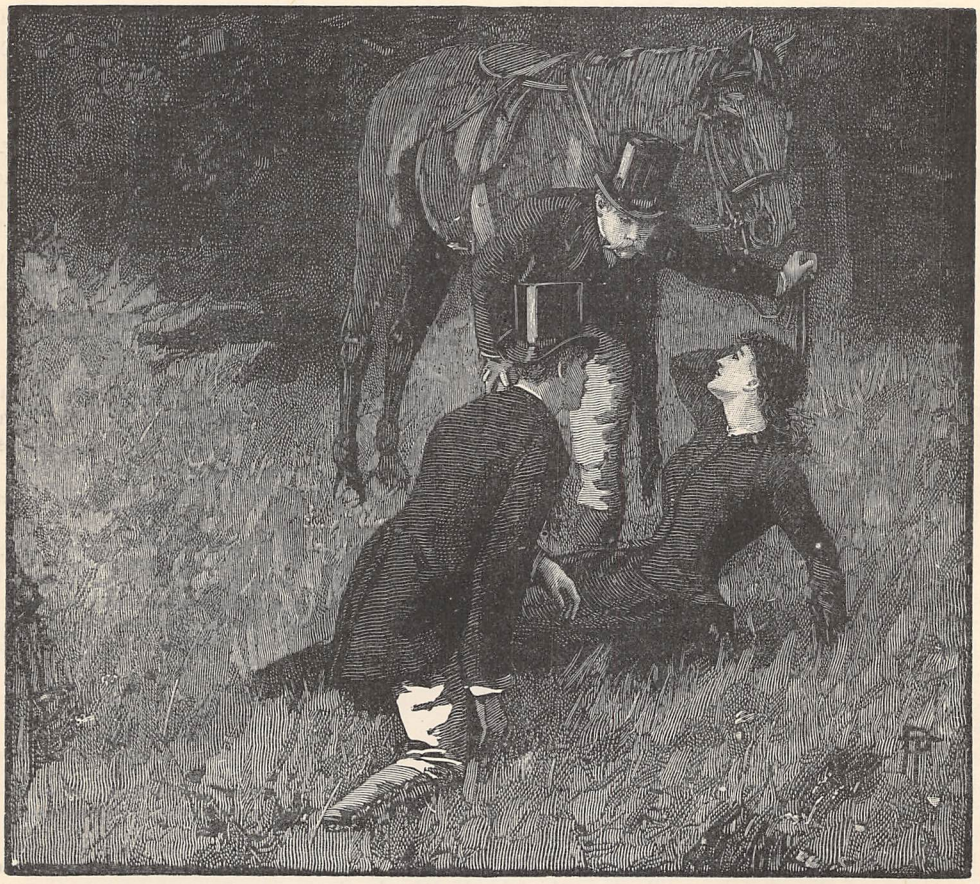
MR. WINSTANLEY came back the next day, bringing with him news that gave the greatest pleasure to every one at Castle Ettrick. Percy had obtained his exchange. The regiment to which he was now attached had its head-quarters, for the moment, at Edinburgh. He had joined at once, and there could be no reasonable doubt that he would soon obtain further leave.

For the few days of Percy's absence—a circumstance which naturally strengthened Lady Flora's view about the true point of attraction at Castle Ettrick—there was less intercourse between the Castle and farm than there had been. Both houses were busy preparing for the company of shooting visitors, who were to arrive on the twelfth, and this, no doubt, was one reason for the change. But Janet, who rode over alone one afternoon, to take a message from her father to Mr. Winstanley, told Lady Flora that Veronica did not seem so well or so bright as usual. "We are a little puzzled about her," she said. "Mother thinks the air may be too strong for her. But I can't believe it is that."

"Oh! no: not at all likely. When did the air of the moors ever do harm to any one? and you are sheltered at Deep Deane," said Lady Flora. "Persuade Miss

Browne to come over to me, and we will cheer her up." Janet did not answer that it was precisely to Castle Ettrick that Veronica refused to come. She thanked Lady Flora, and promised to take her message.

When she reached home, she found that Veronica's depression had gone, and that she had made up her mind to ride over to Castle Ettrick on Brown Bess the following day.



"VERONICA HAD BY THIS TIME BEGUN TO RECOVER HERSELF" (*p.* 170).

"I met the school-room party out on the moor," she said: "Milly I mean, and her pretty governess; and your gallant old soldier, Colonel Lyndon, was strolling about with them, and they all pressed me so warmly to go over that I could not resist. Will you come, Janet? I think the colonel may ride out to meet us."

"Oh! in that case I will stay at home. We have about as much as we can get through before the twelfth," said Janet.

She was surprised by the change in Veronica, whom she began to think capricious; but she thought it wiser to make no remarks.

Percy was due at Castle Ettrick on the following afternoon, and we shall imagine how pleased Lady Flora was with her good colonel and her dear Letty when she heard that they had persuaded Miss Browne to ride over.

"We must do our best to keep her until Percy comes," she said artfully. "It would never do for him to feel the house dull after having sacrificed so much to stay with us a little longer. Colonel Lyndon, I shall depend upon you."

"We shall all exert ourselves," said the colonel cheerfully. "What do you say, Miss Morrison? will you do your part?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I will," said Letty.

"Veronica loves Letty," cried Milly: "she said so to me. I believe she would like to take her away from us."

"But there is no danger of any one taking me away from you, Milly," answered Letty with an affectionate smile at her little pupil.

"We shall see! we shall see!" said Lady Flora.

As for the colonel, he pulled his long moustache and said nothing. Letty continued to be friendly and confidential towards him; but he had not ventured yet to cross, by the minutest point, the boundary that separates friend from lover. In spite of all Lady Flora

could say to re-assure him, he felt keenly the difference between them, and he feared to do or say anything that might prevent her from looking upon him as a friend.

On the following day he rode out to Deep Deane early in the forenoon, and found Miss Browne looking marvellously handsome and capable, in her close riding-dress, going over the farm on horseback with General Mackenzie.

The colonel was well mounted; but his horse was not so swift as Brown Bess, and once or twice, as they rode back to the Castle over the springy ground, she shot on in front of him, and before, by coaxing and gentle handling, Veronica could bring her back into line, he had time to admire the girl's seat, her courage, and the easy way in which she managed her horse.

They had a delightful ride together. The colonel, who felt amiably disposed towards all the world, and who was sufficiently interested in Lady Flora's designs to wish to make the day at Castle Ettrick pleasant to Miss Browne, played his part well.

She saw that he admired her horsemanship, felt his friendliness of manner, and hoped that he had forgotten her foolish mistake of a few days before.

Throughout that day Veronica was amiable and expansive, full of bright spirits, which gushed out occasionally in little sallies of harmless fun, and more interested than ever—so, at least, Lady Flora thought—in Castle Ettrick and its inhabitants.

No one had any difficulty in persuading her to prolong her visit until after Percy's arrival. He came sooner than he was expected, to the great rapture of the expectant house. Veronica was in the drawing-room, listening to some old mother's stories about Percy's precocity as a child and amiability as a man, when he rushed in, radiant with health and recovered energy, to report himself to Lady Flora.

They had purposely refrained from telling him that Miss Browne was in the house, and it seemed like a good omen to him to see her sitting there, looking very much at home, as was her custom under every set of circumstances.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, shaking hands with her.

"Not to me," answered Veronica frankly.

"Then you knew I was coming?"

"Knew you were coming! How could I have helped it?" said Veronica mischievously. "When I rode over this morning the very windows seemed to blaze with the news."

"You must excuse us," said Lady Flora, looking with tenderness at her darling. "It is foolish to make such a fuss over him. And he does not deserve it in the least. But I am afraid we can't help it."

In her heart she thought the weakness excusable, and believed that Veronica thought the same. Who that was unprejudiced could have felt differently? To see him standing there—so bright, and handsome, and gay, a smile on his lips, and the light of happiness in his eyes—even to see him was to love him. He was born to be loved; he was born to be happy; he was born to make difficulties give way before him. So thought Lady Flora on that summer day when she welcomed her son home after his brief absence.

Poor Lady Flora! And she was said to be one of the most capable and far-seeing women in London. "I would depend on my wife's judgment in an emergency sooner than on my own," her husband said, and there were many who agreed with him. Her judgment! Ah! how Love blinds us! and how sweet it is to close wide-awake eyes, and have them tenderly bound up by his subtle hand! Lady Flora had no judgment where Percy was concerned, nor did she desire to have any.

As for Veronica, she was touched and charmed by the happiness she witnessed. Percy did not look ridiculous, as so many do when they are put on pedestals by their partial friends. He was the kindest, as well as the handsomest, of young princes. If he had not been so young, and if another feeling had not taken possession of her heart, Veronica might have fallen in love with him that day. She had never seen him—no one, perhaps, had ever seen him—at greater advantage. He had no little airs of superiority with his friends; he accepted their kind speeches and the many small services that were showered upon him with a most charming grace. No one, not even Milly, who hovered about him like a bee round a favourite flower, was told to let him alone and not make a fuss. Then he was perfectly frank about himself, concealing from none of them his boyish delight at finding himself at home again. Veronica, as she watched him and Milly together, thought that it would be one of the pleasantest things in the world to have a brother like Percy Winstanley.

She had two cavaliers to escort her across the moors that evening, for in spite of her protest, Percy, who declared that he was longing for a gallop, would persist in accompanying them to Deep Deane. All the way over, his spirits were at their highest, and when, at the gates of the farm—further than which Veronica refused to take them—he and the colonel bade her good evening, it was with urgent entreaties that she would come over again soon.

Veronica promised readily. "Oh, yes; you will see me again," she said. "I am not tired of Scotland yet, and I delight in Castle Ettrick. But go home; go home. I promised Lady Flora not to keep you late."

She turned from them, waved her hand, and put Brown Bess into a canter; and the colonel and Percy, seeing that she would not take them further, went back through the farm-gate, and up the valley.

Silence had fallen upon them both. Percy was exhausted by the high spirits of the day, and was in a mood to be confidential, though he scarcely knew how to begin. The colonel was thinking of him, and thinking of himself, and wondering, with a vague sense of uneasiness, whether everything would come right in the end.

Further and further they went up the valley, pacing slowly, and still in perfect silence. They were out in the open now, and they stopped to look round them. The colours had faded from the west; in the "miraculous vault" overhead star after star came tremulously

forth; the silvery grey of twilight rested still upon the hills, and the yellow harvest moon, rising slowly over the level plain to the east, touched with pale gold the light clouds that lay sleeping in the silent heavens.

The deep pathos—the unspeakable mystery of the scene—touched the hearts of the two men. They were neither of them poets; they were men of action, to whom the ecstasy of silent meditation was unknown; but Love, the magician, had laid his hand upon their lives, and, for once, they felt as poets feel the magic of the world.

"Colonel," said Percy, when they set out again, "doesn't it make you feel rather queer?"

"What, Percy?" said the colonel, with a smile.

"Why—everything. It does me. But perhaps I am in a peculiar state of mind."

"That is uncommonly likely, I should say," returned the colonel.

"Then you have guessed?"

"My dear fellow, no one could look at you without knowing that you are in love. I have seen a good many in your condition," said the colonel, with a laugh, "but, upon my word, you are the most transparent sort of lover I ever met."

"I have been behaving like a fool—a merry Andrew!" said Percy hotly. "Say so at once, Colonel Lyndon! Say that I have no more self-control than an infant! It would be the truth——"

All at once he stopped, pulled up his horse, and stood listening.

"What is it?" said the colonel.

"Did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. What did you hear?"

"I fancied——Ah! there it is again!"

In a moment—before Colonel Lyndon understood what had happened—Percy had set spurs to his horse, and was tearing down into the valley again.

"Poor boy! he is off his head—quite off his head," said the colonel to himself, as he followed him.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

AN ACCIDENT.

THIS, in the meantime, was what had been happening at Deep Deane. Veronica, as we know, had been left by her friends inside the gate of the farm. She had only to go on up the avenue, and turn into the stable-yard, where General Mackenzie's head groom, a person who was always at his post when he was wanted, would be waiting to receive the horse. The evening, however, was so fine, and she felt so little fatigued by her ride, that, instead of going into the yard, she turned aside to a road that led out of the valley at the back of the farm buildings.

Brown Bess, who had a temper and a will of her own, was naturally a little irritated by this capricious proceeding on the part of her rider, and when they came to the turning, she verged round swiftly, and tried to make a dash for the stable. Such rebellion Veronica could not, of course, submit to, for she knew that if she gave in to Brown Bess now, her power over her would be completely gone. A little battle ensued. Not allowed to go her own way, Brown Bess began to go round and round in a circle. Veronica, however, kept her seat, and kept her temper, while Brown Bess was gradually exhausting and bewildering herself. In a very few minutes victory would have declared itself for Veronica; she began, in fact, to feel, with a pleasant sense of triumph, that Brown Bess was giving way, when, unfortunately, the son of the head groom, a poor, half-witted creature, who was only kept on the place by General Mackenzie's kindness, happened to pass.

Veronica had spoken kindly once or twice to the poor boy, and he had attached himself to her with the dog-like fidelity which these unhappy beings sometimes show towards particular people. When he saw her alone, struggling with the biggest horse in the master's stables, and, as he thought, in great danger, he shrieked aloud, and flung himself in front of the horse. Horrified, Veronica reined back Brown Bess. Her fore-feet, as she believed, struck the poor boy, who had clutched at her bridle rein; but she knew very little more, for in less time than it takes to tell she was flying back, at a terrific pace, through the long avenue. The gate was closed—Brown Bess took it at a single bound. They flew up the valley, Veronica keeping her balance, and not losing her senses for a single moment. She managed to free her feet from the stirrups, so that if she fell she might fall away from the horse. But she would not fall if she could help it.

Alas! Brown Bess was terrified, reckless. The shriek and the clutch at her bridle, when she was already in an irritated temper, had maddened her. She was rushing on blindly.

If they had only been on the open moor! But they were not. They were still in the valley. Veronica looked out before her. There was light enough to see that they were making straight for a little thicket. Brown Bess might pass through without hurting herself. Her rider would be certainly dashed to pieces by the lower branches of the trees. There was nothing for it but to make a spring. That was Veronica's last thought before her senses deserted her.

She was told that she cried out—cried out twice; but she had no remembrance of it. When she opened her eyes she was lying on the grass, and some one was bending over her, and asking her anxiously how she was.

She half raised herself. Her senses were still a little scattered by the shock she had gone through. "Oh! Colonel Lyndon," she said, "I am so glad you have come back! I thought—— Where am I?"

"You have had an accident, dear Miss Browne—not a serious one, I hope and trust," said Percy Winstanley earnestly. "I heard you cry out. The colonel is coming up. Ah! here he is."

In an instant the colonel leapt from his horse, tethered it, and bent over Veronica, who had by this time begun to recover herself. "I am all right," she said. "Pray don't look at me so anxiously. I could get up, only——Ah! my foot. I am afraid I have hurt it."

"I could carry you back to the house," said Percy eagerly.

She laughed at him through her pain, which was beginning to be severe. "You carry me? I am sure you are not strong enough," she said.

"What if we lifted you on to my horse?" said Colonel Lyndon.

She looked at him in her frank, fearless way, said she believed he was strong enough, apologised for the trouble she was giving, and, although the pain of being moved made her set her teeth together, uttered not a single complaint as, Percy supporting the injured foot, and the colonel guiding the two horses, they led her back slowly to the farm.

At the gate, the general and Janet, and a whole army of stablemen and labourers, met them; for the poor boy's shriek had been heard, and he had been found in the avenue, terrified, but unhurt, and so much had been got out of him, as to make them understand that Brown Bess had been frightened, and that Veronica was very likely hurt.

Before Colonel Lyndon and Percy Winstanley went back to Castle Ettrick, a doctor had seen Veronica. Her ankle, he said, was severely sprained, and she had undergone a shock, the effects of which might last for some time. There was nothing serious, however. Complete rest and quiet, with proper treatment of the wounded limb, was all she required.

From that day the centre of the life of Percy Winstanley, and, as a natural consequence, of the lives of his friends, shifted from Castle Ettrick to Deep Deane. It was fortunate for the peace of the two houses that the general was, on these days, fully occupied with his newly-arrived guests: that, in fact, he did not know how his house was inundated every day by the people from Castle Ettrick. As for Janet and Mrs. Mackenzie, they had been completely won over by Percy, and were watching, with womanly interest, the progress of what they looked upon as a very pretty love-story.

Every day he rode over. Sometimes the colonel was with him; sometimes he was alone. He made himself so useful and agreeable, that Mrs. Mackenzie frequently wished that he had been a son of her own. "My boys do not take so much trouble about us," she said to Veronica, who answered, with the amused smile which either the sight of Percy Winstanley or the mention of his name always brought to her face, that he was a delightful young fellow, and that she did not wonder everybody liked him. "I believe it is a real pleasure to him to be useful," she said.

Acting on this view of his character, she did not hesitate, now she was tied to her couch, to ask him to do a number of little services for her. He rode almost daily to the nearest town to order books for her, or to match her wools, or else to take notes and messages to the houses of those whose croquet or lawn-tennis parties she had promised, before her accident, to attend. When she seemed to suffer more than ordinarily from the confinement to the house, he consulted with Mrs. Mackenzie and Janet to devise amusements for her. Once or twice he drove over his sister and his sister's governess, and left them at Deep Deane for the whole day; and Veronica was so delighted with their society that Mrs. Mackenzie, hearing how full Castle Ettrick was, sent an entreaty to Lady Flora that the young girls might stay with her for a few days.

The request was granted, of course. Lady Flora would have refused nothing to her dear Mrs. Mackenzie in those days. Colonel Lyndon, as the least fully-occupied person in the house—he did not seem to care for shooting—was asked to escort Miss Morrison and her pupil across the moor; and late on one of the beautiful August afternoons they were received in the pretty hop-covered verandah, where, when the weather was fine, Veronica's couch was generally drawn.

They were met with the warmest of welcomes. "This is what I have been longing for," said Veronica, holding out one hand to Milly, and the other to Letty, "to have you two all to myself. Colonel Lyndon, we have to thank you for it."

"Oh! no, no," answered the colonel. "'Honour where honour is due!' It was Captain Winstanley's doing throughout."

"Ah, well!" said Veronica; "you must thank him from me, and Lady Flora too. We are not to have any lessons, you know, while they are here—only fun. What do you say, Milly?"

"I say fun," said the child gaily.

"Very well. But Colonel Lyndon must come soon, and see how we manage our fun," said Janet.

"Oh! yes, yes. Ask him, Letty. He will do anything for you," cried Milly.

"Milly! Milly!" said Letty reprovingly.

"But it's true; isn't it?" she persisted, looking at the colonel.

"I am afraid I am a lady's man, Milly," he answered. "I must say so, you know, for I am in a terrible minority here. One—two—three—four—five ladies, and only one poor unfortunate man."

"But very well able to hold his own," said Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mackenzie," said the colonel. "You are an old friend, and partial. But I think I must run away while my reputation lasts."

Veronica begged that he would come again soon. She spoke much less readily than usual, and a pink flush tinged her face, which bore traces of the pain through which she had recently passed. There was something about her that touched the colonel, awakening the sympathetic chords of his nature, and he answered gently that if it would be any pleasure to her he would certainly ride over on the following day.

That night, in the smoking-room of Castle Ettrick, after Mr. Winstanley and his guests had gone to bed, Percy poured out his heart to Colonel Lyndon.

"I must do something," he said, "or I shall go crazed. I can't stand it any longer."

"But why should you?" asked the colonel. "If I were you——"

"If you were I, and I you, the case would be dif-

ferent. Look here, colonel: I've said to myself over and over again that I am ridiculous. I know how she looks upon me. I am a boy in her eyes. She lets me do things for her because she is good-natured. I amuse her sometimes, and she is grateful to me for it. But anything further—oh, no. I don't deceive myself."

"I think you are a little over-sure, Percy," said the colonel.

"You think? I wonder if you have any reason for it. They say outsiders see most of the game. If I thought—can't you see my difficulty?" he broke off hurriedly. "I love her for herself—because—because I can't help it. But I might be misunderstood. *She* might mistake me. She might class me with the heaps upon heaps of fellows who have asked her, and will ask her, for her money. If she did," said poor Percy, with something like a sob in his throat, "I believe I should go mad!"

So poor Percy raved, and the colonel, who believed that he was tormenting himself in vain, listened with a kindly gleam in his grey eyes, and, when the tale was told, gave him an abundance of kind encouragement.

"I will tell you what we must do," he said finally. "Ride over with me to-morrow. Janet is on your side, I know, and so is Letty—Miss Morrison, I mean. I will give them a hint, and we will try to arrange to have you left alone with Miss Browne for a few moments. Then, if you don't plead your own cause——"

"I'm afraid I have no cause to plead. I can only throw myself on her compassion," said Percy dejectedly.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE ART OF TIDYING.

ONE of the few anecdotes intended to prove a warning to my heedless youth, which I can now remember, related to the homely subject of tidying up. It was to this effect, and was short and sour. Miss Smith had long been engaged to be married to Mr. Jones. That gentleman was invited to sleep a night at Mr. Smith's house, and coming down to breakfast he passed his intended wife's bed-room, from which she had gone down, leaving the door wide open. There he saw such a scene of confusion that he felt sure his home would not be a comfortable one under Miss Smith's management, and so he broke off the match.

"Mean man!" all you girls cry in chorus; and I am not the least commending Mr. Jones's behaviour; I am merely telling you what effect on his conduct the sight of that untidy bed-room had.

My own view of untidiness is that it is an indication of a very inferior mind—a mind lacking in imagination, lacking in the sense of the appropriate, lacking in will-power.

For you will agree with me that as nature's greatest marvels of beautiful form and *finish* (as we term finely detailed loveliness) are lavished on the unseen parts of the centres of flowers, the lining of shells, and the tails of insects: so the exquisite handling and arrangement of the details of our own brief lives, mark us as either soulless machines or finely-organised intelligences. An inferior mind will live in the present only, being lacking in imagination. It sees that the armchair cannot be used to sit on because a skirt lies across it; the floor cannot conveniently be trodden on because a wrap would trip up the feet; the sunshade must be removed before the smaller chair can be taken from the wall; and the children may catch their heedless little heads against the corners of the open drawers. But the inferior mind does not think that it may require hastily both chairs and floor for their proper uses; it says, "Oh, no one will go in there; what does it matter how I leave the room?" and it is content to defer to the future the clearing up, which will surely have to be done sooner or later, unless the key is turned for ever in the lock.

By acting thus the untidy girl shows herself lacking in the sense of the appropriate. I strongly suspect she is the kind of girl I meet with a fur cape on her shoulders in July, and thin summer shoes on her feet in December. In common language, she never knows "what's what." She does not see that "everything in its place," as well as "a place for everything," is at all to be desired. She sees nothing inappropriate in the busy servant having to spend ten minutes in clearing odds and ends off her bed, and hanging up the scattered garments left on her chairs, when settling her room in the evening, whilst she, the unemployed girl, literally "made work" for one who needed leisure. An untidy girl is certainly one who fails to show common consideration for, and courtesy to others.

Then, lastly, she shows her inferior mind by being lacking in will-power; she quite meant to tidy up, only she changed her mind and ran down the street to see the Horse Guards pass. She quite meant to hang her skirt up, only she forgot to make room for it in her wardrobe. She did intend to shut those drawers, which were tiresome enough to catch the lace in her evening dress and tear it, only the post came in and she thought she might as well read her letter first.

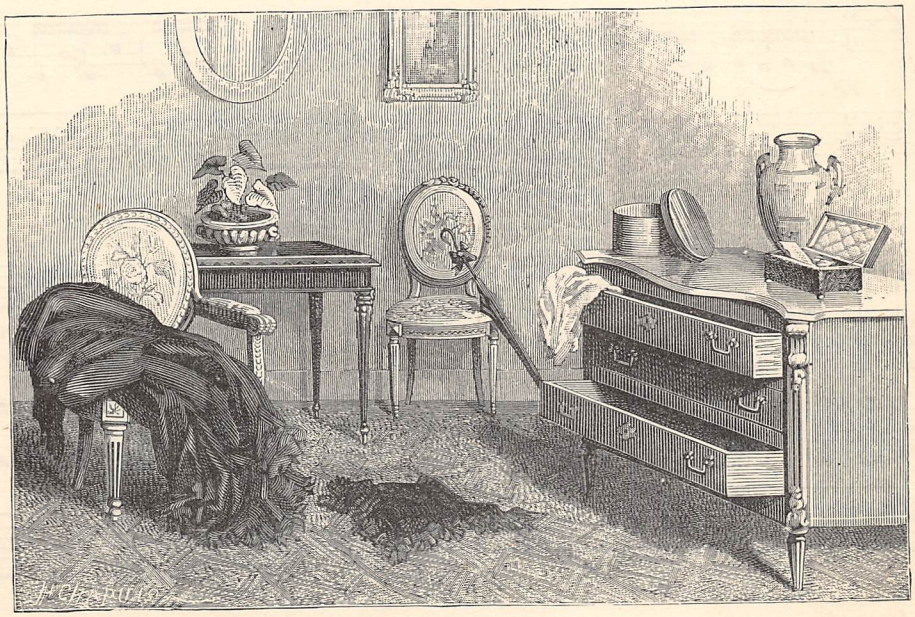
Now, if her will-power had been reasonably strong, she would not have let a new impulse have its gratification before her first resolutions were carried out.

Certainly tidying up is a profitable employment; but

a more profitable use of time is to put everything at once where it has to remain, and this shows a capacity for organisation and rule which could never be argued from the conduct of the girl who strews her path with objects out of place.

Let it be every woman's ambition to lead a perfectly beautiful life, and to do that she must try to cultivate a very beautiful mind; for surely we know that the outward is only the picture of the inward, and that a little drop of water can contain a miniature picture of the world; therefore all great results can be accomplished in a very small space, and every little life, in any humble sphere, be so exquisitely lived that it would be a fit subject for a poet's verse, a painter's picture of home-life, or a heart-refreshing biography from the pen of a loving friend.

HELEN POWER.



A ROOM THAT NEEDS TIDYING.

TRUST.

I CRIED to my soul's belovèd,
As he lay on my breast to die,
To send me one word from heaven—
But he answered not, save with a sigh,
A sigh that passed over my spirit
As the death-bell's solemn tone.
Then I knew that my love was in heaven,
And I—on the earth, *alone!*

Alone, in the gloom and silence
I watched through the dreary night,
But no voice came to soothe my sorrow
Till the dawn of morning light.
I saw the chill mist ascending,
And the blue smoke curling high,
All, as incense, went up to heaven,
Light only came down from the sky.

The noon-day flouted my anguish
With its glare and its life and noise,
But there came to my weary spirit
No sound of my loved one's voice.
No sound, but of sin and of sorrow,
Of earth with its strife and care;
Ah! how could a breath from heaven
Come down through that troubled air?

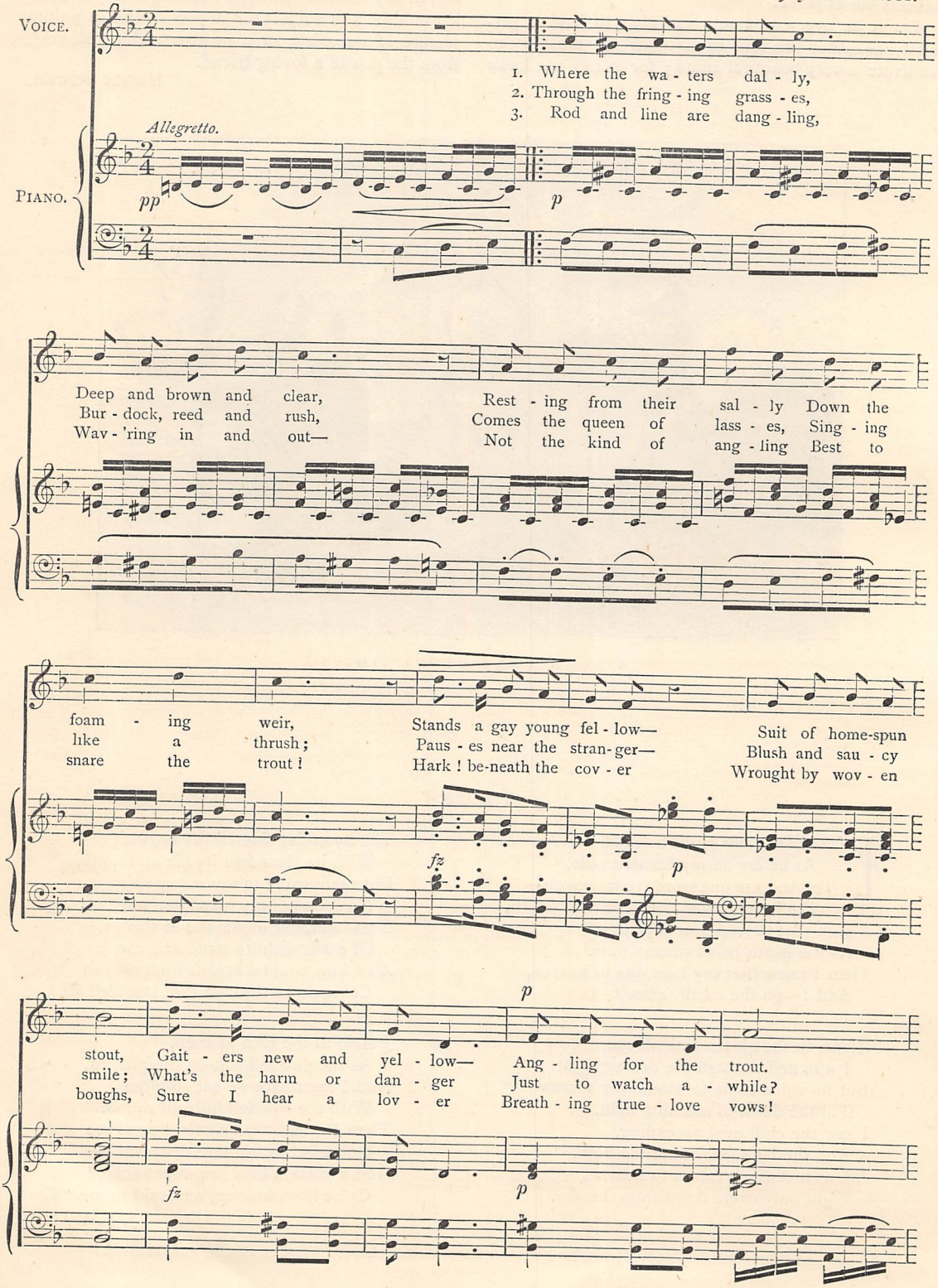
I stole to the glen at even,
As the dew fell soft on the ground,
And I lay where we sat so often
With the wooded hills all round.
Then I cried, "O belovèd! send me
One word in my sore distrust!"—
And a voice, like a low sweet echo,*
Came from heaven, and said to me, "*Trust!*"

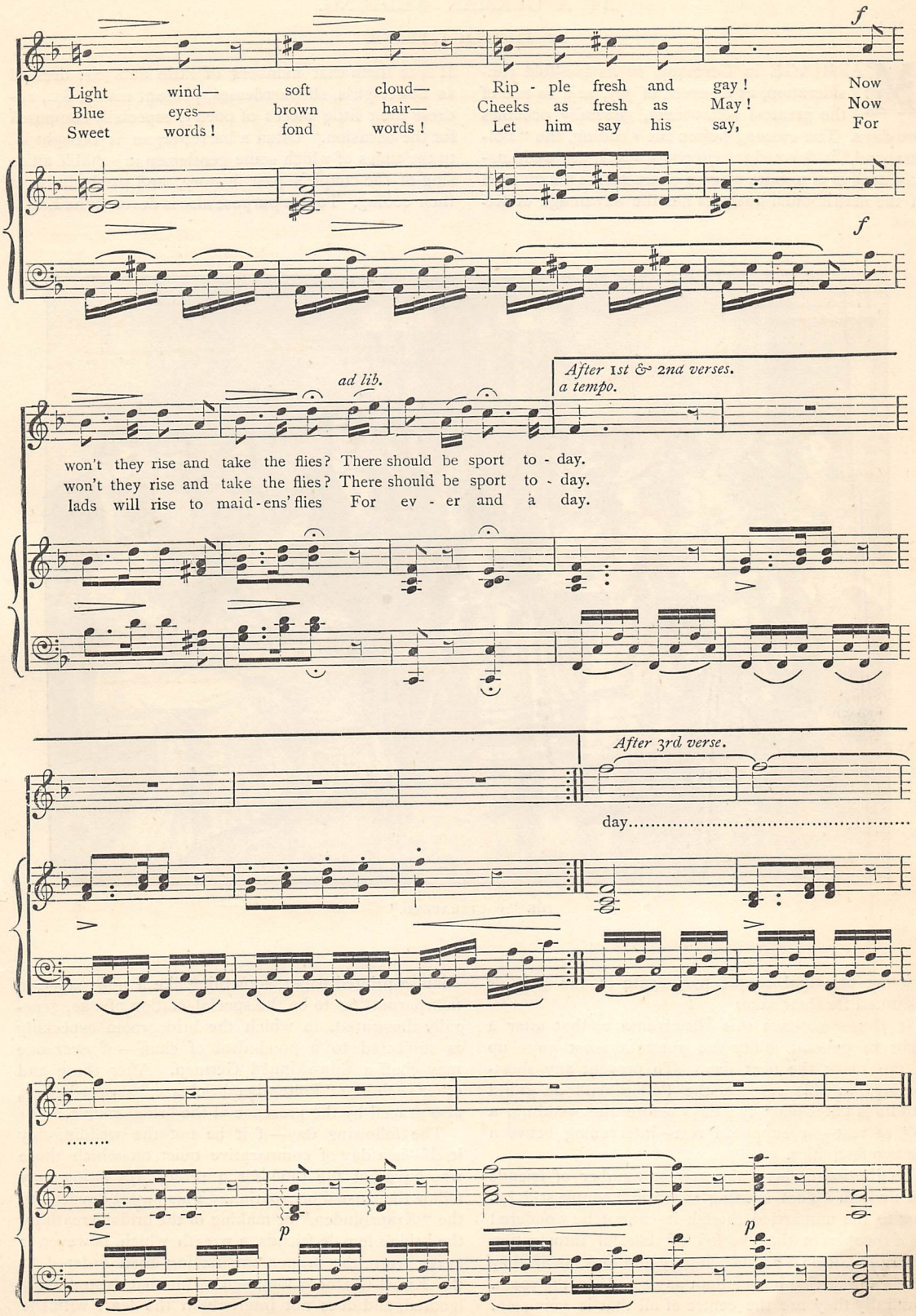
J. F. WALLER.

* There is a common but beautiful superstition that echoes are the voices of the dead communing with the living.

Angling.

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.




f
Light wind— soft cloud— Rip - ple fresh and gay ! Now
Blue eyes— brown hair— Cheeks as fresh as May ! Now
Sweet words ! fond words ! Let him say his say, For
f
ad lib.
After 1st & 2nd verses.
a tempo.
won't they rise and take the flies? There should be sport to - day.
won't they rise and take the flies? There should be sport to - day.
lads will rise to maid - ens' flies For ev - er and a day.
After 3rd verse.
day.....
.....
p
p

AT A GERMAN WEDDING.

BY WILHELM F. BRAND.

MARRIAGE in Germany, in its two-fold consideration, as an event of joy, and as one of the greatest seriousness, generally occupies two days. The evening before the wedding, the "Polterabend," is devoted to rejoicings, whilst the wedding-day itself is of a more solemn character. This division of the matrimonial business has the advantage of letting the principal couple participate in the gaieties instituted for their sake.

THE "POLTERABEND."

It has sometimes this disadvantage, that after a night of general jollity the guests are not quite up to the mark the next day. To prevent any shortcomings in this respect, the Polterabend at grand weddings takes place two days before the wedding, a day of rest—or supposed rest—intervening between the two festivities.

To the Polterabend the greater number of friends are invited. That evening the bridal couple still belong to the unmarried, though it cannot be wondered at if people in that period of blissful intoxication generally put on a demure dignity and look as if they had been married longer than any couple in the room. Naturally they are the centre of all that is going on. It is to them that numbers of little damsels, dressed as flower-girls, shepherdesses, peasant maids, &c., address their little pieces of poetry, especially composed for the occasion. Often a barrel-organ is brought in, to the tunes of which some gentlemen in suitable attire sing of the couple's past history, and particularly of their cooing. To this purpose also is devoted the Extra-Blätt, a printed paper, something like a newspaper, in fact purporting to be the special edition of one, generally illustrated, in which the bridegroom especially is subjected to a good deal of chaff — if ever one may chaff a thin-skinned German. After these and other such-like "Polterabend Scherze," supper begins, also graced by the presence of the bridal couple.

The following day—if it be not the wedding-day itself—is a day of comparative quiet, on which those who have not the time for a three days' fêting may follow their usual occupation. This day is devoted to the "Kranzbinden," or making of the bridal wreath by the bride's female friends, a wreath which, however, is never worn, the proper one having been ordered at the Kunst-Gärtner's long ago. But that is studiously ignored, and does not interfere in the least with the

ceremony of making the other one. Though often the Polterabend (as well as the wedding festivities) takes place at an hotel, this cannot always be done, especially in the country. As, however, a three days' fêting and feasting would be rather a heavy tax on the nerves of the hosts, as well as on the culinary resources of the bridal home, the Kranzbinden invariably takes place at the house of the bride's best friend. Already at school girls who have become particularly intimate will often vow to each other that whoever marries first will have her Kranzbinden festivity given at the other's house, provided no local or other obstacles interfere.

prepared for them, not the least prepared being the young ladies themselves. Probably the mertiment will begin again, and instead of being a day of rest, the Kranzbinden day sometimes is only a repetition of the Polterabend, only the bridal couple leave the young folks to-day at an early hour in dignified anticipation of their great morrow.

The wedding, as far as the really binding ceremony is concerned, takes place before noon in a very unostentatious manner, in the presence of a very few witnesses, at the office of the Registrar, or "Standes-Beamte." Marriage being considered a matter of an

A GERMAN WEDDING.

Only the bride's maiden friends are invited to the Kranzbinden, no man being admitted to the sacred ceremony. The bridal wreath in Germany is made, not of orange-blossoms, but of myrtle, the flower of love, sacred to Aphrodite, the goddess of love. The bride's friends having assembled in the afternoon, each of them binds a sprig or two to the wreath, adding at the same time silently some good wish for the wearer, or supposed wearer. Then the bridal couple are admitted, and with some formalities the wreath is placed on the bride's head. This ceremony being over, towards evening somehow or other the young men who were at the Polterabend find their way into the house where the Kranzbinden took place. Though uninvited they find everything

essentially civil character, its performance, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was, after the French fashion, handed over to the State authorities, who have previously had publicly to proclaim the intended marriage by advertising it in the principal places where the contracting parties may have lived during a few years previously. Thus if any one is residing in London, and about to be married in Germany, the "Standes-Amt" has to advertise in the *Times*, and many an Englishman may have been puzzled by the long, winding legal German appearing sometimes amongst the legal notices in this paper, and referring to an intended marriage. The object of all this is of course the same as in England, that of publishing the banns of marriage, these being also in Germany proclaimed

at church in those cases where a marriage in church follows the civil ceremony.

There is one other point in regard to which marriages in Germany are not such an easy matter as in England. Ladies may marry any one they like if they are of age. Not so men. They require their parents' permission until they are twenty-five. However, in case of refusal on their part, the sons may demand their reason, and place this before the authorities, who, if they do not see sufficient cause for the refusal, will declare it invalid, and the marriage will proceed. This formality may somewhat interfere with the freedom of men who might be supposed to know their own mind. But we daily see that they often do not in this matter; and this slight prohibitive power, which is exercised only in case of necessity, has saved many a young man—and woman, too—from life-long misery.

The church ceremony, though optional, and of no statutory importance, almost invariably follows the obligatory, and really legal one, before the Registrar. It takes place in the early part of the afternoon, mostly about three o'clock, thus giving the bride, who in the morning wore an ordinary walking-dress, sufficient time to put on her bridal apparel. This differs very little from those in vogue in England, except with regard to the flowers worn, whilst the rest of the bridal party looks very different from an English one. Far from wearing bonnets, the ladies in fact are in evening dress; and the gentlemen don their evening dress, which, however, it must be borne in mind, abroad is not generally in use for every little dinner party, much less on ordinary occasions at home, but are considered the garb for more festive occasions, greater parties, ceremonious assemblies, and even very formal visits, without regard to what time of the day any of them may take place.

Before the altar, not only the bride receives a wedding-ring from the bridegroom, but the latter is presented by the bride with this symbol of being chained in wedlock also; both wearing it, in the north of Germany on the right, in the south on the left hand. The guests on this occasion not being quite so numerous as on the Polterabend, the wedding party is more or less a great family gathering, with a number of the more intimate friends of the bridal couple intermingled. The wedding dinner takes place in the latter part of the afternoon, of course there being no lack of speechifying; but whilst these matters in England are so well—almost too well—regulated, so that one may almost foresee what this or that person is about to say, there prevails the greatest licence in this respect in Germany. We may carefully have prepared a subject, but just when on the point of making our glass resound—the usual sign of somebody wishing to make himself heard—somebody else may rise and give our very toast. This may happen a second and a third time, and ultimately perhaps the company may have to go without our toast altogether!

After a dinner often merrymaking goes cheerily on; but on the whole it is of a quieter character, and terminates earlier, than the festivities on the Polterabend, the bridal couple having slipped away as unobservedly as possible, without taking leave of anybody, except perhaps of the bride's mother.

It has to be observed, however, that in latter years, in the very best families, especially in large towns, this two or three days' fêting has sometimes been abolished in favour of having the whole festivity come off in one day, doing away with Polterabend as well as Kranzbinden. But this is a fashion by no means frequent yet, and, many hope, only a passing one.

THE BOSTON LAWYER.

BY AN AMERICAN.

TO speak of New England is usually to think of Boston, which represents to Massachusetts the centre of life and learning; in fact, as they call it, the "Hub." One is often reminded, while listening to a Bostonian, of the French saying, "Paris is France, and France is the world." Boston is certainly the most provincial, as New York is the most cosmopolitan, of American cities. By that I mean that the note of locality is most strongly marked in Bostonians, and whereas the New Yorker will adapt himself to any place and circumstances, the Bostonian thinks his home ways and circumstances are models for the imitation of others.

He sees no beauty in any city but his own, and wonders, nay, is even hurt, if travellers do not see a superiority in Boston over all other places which they have visited. Central Park is beautiful. Yes; but, my friend, you should see the historic Boston Common. "Remember," he would say to you, "that bigness is not greatness." All of which may be perfectly true, and is only mentioned here to show that the state of feeling which inspires its utterance is essentially a Boston feeling, of which the Boston lawyer has more than his share.

Imagine him a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular figure, with high cheek-bones, bright keen eyes, and strongly marked features, which are not concealed by much whisker. He is pompous, dogmatic, and impatient of a weak argument, of puns, prolixity, or idle contradiction. He thinks his name gives prestige to a case, and crushes the young opposing counsel as often by his dignity as by his speech. At times he even thinks that he knows more law than the judge. The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer that one day,

after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage, and started to walk off.

"Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the Court?" asked the judge sternly.

"No, sir," was the reply, "I am trying to conceal it."

I ought, perhaps, to explain here that in America lawyers are not divided, as in England, into special solicitors and barristers. A lawyer here not only writes up a case, but pleads it as well in court. The tendency of the times is, however, to divide into special branches all the professions, and already we have, of course, criminal lawyers, real estate lawyers, notaries, political lawyers, &c.; lowest of all, a class known as "shyster lawyers."

Each division would require an article by itself, so I confine myself to a broad, general sketch of a certain well-accentuated type—the successful Boston lawyer.

His Yankee shrewdness particularly fits him for the profession of the law, and it is true that, in spite of all the legal lights in New York, a client from that city will often seek a Boston lawyer to defend him in a New York court. Some of the most eminent men at the American bar to-day are to be found in the city of Boston, and such names as Daniel Webster, Choate, Adams, &c., shine on the records of her fame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has spoken of the "Brahmin Caste of New England." It is from this class that our typical lawyer springs. Blest with a rich inheritance of Puritan blood, he has perseverance and pluck for his bone and sinew, and a rare vigour of mental, moral, and physical powers.

He has the clear moral vision and the keen intellect of New England, lightened by the usual admixture of shrewdness and wit. Add to this an education at Harvard, where for generations honours will run in families, and you can excuse, perhaps, his pride of birth.

It is a quiet, unobtrusive sort of pride, and if it makes him exclusive in his friendships, it is nevertheless certain that no one is a stauncher friend, no one more appreciative—nay, worshipful—of genius and talent, and no one capable of a finer hospitality. He entertains simply, for he does all things in moderation, and his house is plain, comfortable, and imposing, with a quiet elegance which bespeaks the refinement of its owner. He himself, however unsocial and frigid when travelling, is at home distinguished by an old-fashioned politeness that is exquisitely marked towards all women. His board is stocked with silver in antique shapes, and his furniture, you are told, came over on the *Mayflower*. He is apt to forget, indeed, that history did not begin when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, as the Mohammedans date from the flight of Mohammed into Medina.

Our friend thinks Boston a new Athens, and takes an honest pride in Emerson and Longfellow, whose works he reads on principle, as he does the *Andover Review*. What a magazine reader he is, to be sure! and how little interest, comparatively speaking, he must take in journalism, to be satisfied with the daily newspapers of his city!

In politics he was once a fiery Abolitionist, but is now Conservative. He is a regular church-goer, and takes his family twice on Sunday to the old King's Chapel, where his voice is loud in the hymns and responses.

He overshadows his family, but it may be safely inferred that his wife and daughters are noble, cultivated women. They dress simply in black silk and sober colours, and their lace and jewellery, like their culture, are always real.

With his sons the father is often somewhat too strict. Times have changed since he was a boy, and tastes also. It is hard for the young men to be trained into a certain groove, and it is a sorrow to the parent that he sometimes fails utterly in his difficult task.

I question if the generations to come can give us anything better than this severe but majestic figure of to-day, who, like his ancestors of two hundred years ago, is ready to fight the Indians, the witches, or fiery serpents, if necessary; but whom all the kingdoms of the earth could not tempt to a mean thought or deed.

His motto, as one said to me some years ago, is "Command first all men's respect, and let love, friendship, and fame come after if they will."

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

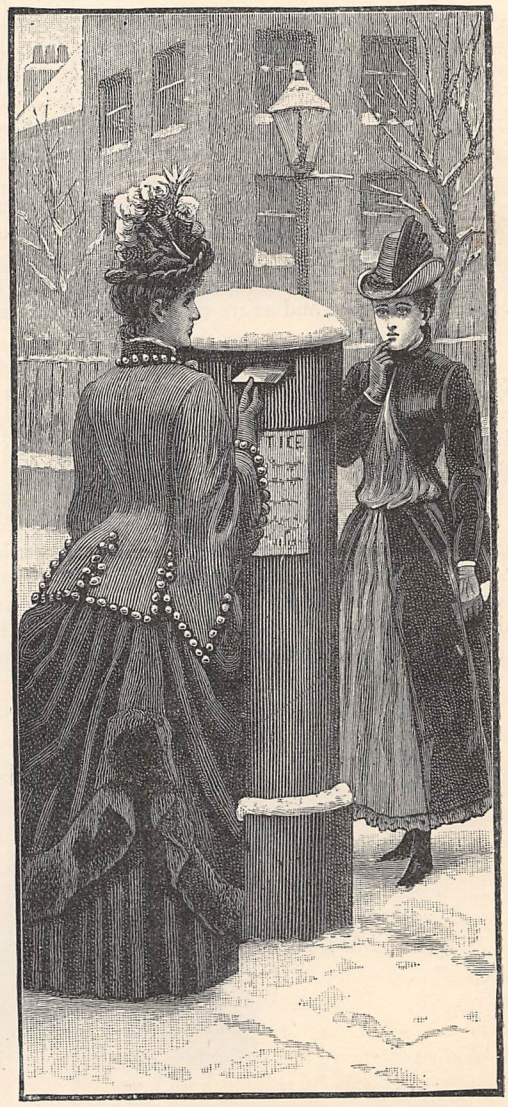
BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

FEBRUARY comes round year by year all too quickly: the month of valentines, when the tender spring begins to assert itself ever so little, and winter receives a gentle intimation to quit.

It is an admirable time in which to select a new bonnet, and the choice is a large one. As the short days lengthen and the dark days brighten, the winter ones begin to show signs of wear, and nothing smartens up the whole toilette so much as a new one. But be very careful in your choice, and study your own physiognomy, and see what really suits not only the form of the face, but the expression.

Nothing denotes the kind of woman so much as the choice of the head-gear. There is plenty of scope now for individual selection, for all kinds are worn, large and small, plain and simple. Fur trimmings need not be discarded even now. Nothing is so well worn as beaver or otter for brim and border, with muff to match, and often in addition waistcoat and collar. Fur looks exceedingly well on new wood and Suède kid bonnets. In our search for novelty we have recourse to new materials, and one of the English tailors is making a tiger's head and claws serve for bonnet and trimming. An animal's head surmounting the human face divine is, it would seem, a feature in fashions, whether it be that of a deerhound, a beaver, or a sable. We still keep to the extravagant fashion of a special bonnet for each costume, for children as well as adults. It is rather an economical plan for a black bonnet to have, in lieu of the ordinary strings, a loop on each side, through which any coloured ribbon might be passed and tied in a bow. This, of course, can be frequently changed, as also can the feathers or flowers, thereby securing variety.

A new idea is a crown the exact form of a heart bordered with a slight indentation. Another kind is arched and sunk. Some are like wheels, some graduate towards the top like a comb. And there are just as many varieties in brims. Some of these are crimped, forming a sort of ruche round the face; others have a hard line of beads, or are hidden by folds of velvet, resting close to the head, while others again (a style prevailing in Paris) are pointed like a thatched roof. Some of the best-dressed Frenchwomen just now are wearing the casque shape, with a bunch of upstanding feathers in front, and no strings—a fashion rather too suggestive of a troop of Amazons. Englishwomen will be wearing these next year; but they have not disdained to adopt more rapidly the ridiculous French fashion of donkey's ears. In the Parisian capital they wear them of grey felt, as like the real thing as possible; here we modify them, making them of red plush; and, placed at the side of the bonnet, they look merely like a bow of velvet. The embroidery in millinery becomes more and more elaborate, and stones resembling gems are blended with the gold thread and coloured silks.



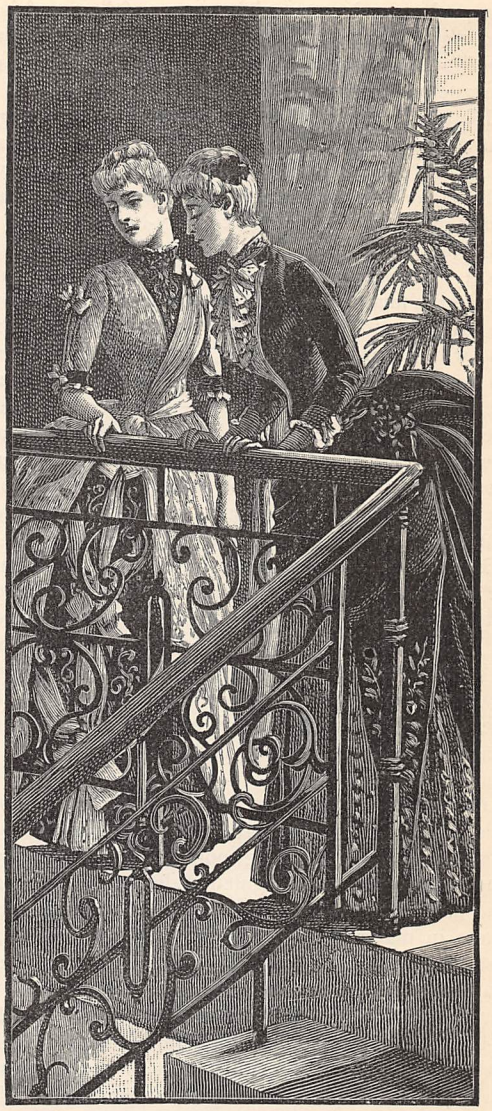
A VALENTINE.

There are several distinctive styles in hats; many well-dressed people still wear the toques, and in these there is nothing specially novel. The most decidedly new are the very high-crowned hats with narrow brims, generally bordered with velvet, plush, or silk astrakhan, and in front it is hardly possible to put too many birds, stiff wings, or single quills; women are wearing a perfect aviary on their heads; poor little birds are sadly sacrificed to this folly of fashion. Occasionally, however, feathers are made of felt and velvet, intermixed with beads; and some very pretty little birds at ridiculously low prices are a combination of small fluffy silk balls and tinselled heads and wings. Otter and beaver fur border many of the high-crowned shapes, and some of the prettiest English girls have been wearing astrakhan Hussar caps with the military cord and aigrette. Many women, however, still glory in the large artistic hats so becoming to some faces.

There are one or two items in evening dresses about which I wish to tell you; many of them are made with slightly pointed waists, a sash being placed carelessly round and tied in front with one loop and two ends. A favourite mode of trimming low and low-square bodices is with a full front of thin material simply gathered down to the point: a suggestion worth a thought for those who lack breadth of figure. Nothing could be more studied than is each detail of dress, even the most minute, yet the one aim of our present attire would seem to be an apparent carelessness of arrangement. No two sides of any skirt are alike, and bodices are beginning to follow in the same lines with one revers or a drapery on one side and not on the other. A famous house in Paris is trying to introduce stockings of different colour, and even gloves. We have long since ceased to wear pairs of bracelets, and, if rumour be right, we are no longer to wear a pair of earrings. Do not think, however, that this will enable you to turn to account any odd ones you may happen to have by you, for though those now worn are not alike, they correspond in some way or other. We are not to be allowed to buy single ones; for example, a diamond may be in one ear, and a sapphire in the other, but the settings will correspond.

Low bodices made in plain velvet and satin have simple draperies forming a sort of festoon of gauze or tulle at the top, the same arranged as an epaulette either above the sleeve or in place of any sleeve at all, and on this drapery appear many quaint and curious brooches, not seldom in diamonds.

High bodies and short sleeves are a fashion which periodically comes to the front, but it seems to have taken a more permanent hold on us this winter. To my mind it looks best when the materials are thin, made up over a low lining, as, for example, a jetted bodice over silk, with no apparent fastening, the beaded net falling into straight folds on either side over a black velvet stomacher, cut low but forming a distinct point at the top. The bodice ends at the back of the neck in a velvet and beaded collarette, wired and terminating in two points bent backwards.



"WHO IS IT?"

The short beaded sleeve is finished off with a band of velvet, and large bows with long ends of black velvet carry out the same idea on the skirt. Some of the bodices are crossed by a belt of velvet or silk from the right shoulder to beneath the left arm, an idea evidently borrowed from uniforms.

The Peasant skirt is a name given to a dress for young ladies, which is made in any soft material, trimmed with a frill of lace round the hem, headed by bands of insertion; a broad sash is tied round the waist in a large baby bow, and the body is simply made full. This looks well in book muslin and in soft washing silk.

A very comfortable novelty is a tea jacket, which is intended to be slipped on with any skirt when the wearer returns from the afternoon walk or drive, preparatory to dressing for dinner. It is made in the Louis XV. style, with large sleeves and revers, cuffs,

flap pockets and cut steel buttons, a full vest of lace, and more lace on the basque and sleeves. It defines the figure and is perfectly loose; it can be made in old brocade or black merveilleux.

Flannel has been a great deal worn by young people this winter in the country; the style of these gowns is so simple that, I think, if I describe it to you, you will be able to carry it out at home; and they have found great favour in large country-house parties. A full plain skirt, quite three yards wide, and positively short—I mean by that, short enough to be worn in comfort in muddy lanes without detriment. They should be striped, and bright in colour; blue and white, red and white, orange and black, white and brown, have all found favour; over these is a draped tunic of black, or some solid colour to match—red, brown, or blue; there is a jacket bodice of the same with revers, and the waistcoat to match the petticoat. If the wearer is stout, the petticoat should be made with a deep yoke-piece over the hips, and sometimes the tunic is faced at the side with a revers of the stripe.

Draped tabliers are still worn, only each side must be different, and to bring this about, a box-plait is often laid on one side. The skirts are still distended by mattresses and steels; whether crinoline is to come in positively again, remains to be proved. A Parisian maker is trying to bring in the side hoops, but they are so preposterously absurd, and so inconvenient, I am glad to think he has had few followers in the matter.

Generally anything introduced by a good house finds favour in the long run; next year possibly we may be wearing the long pointed hanging sleeves, reaching to the ankle, which Edward III. affected, and now to be seen on some of the new Paris mantles, made in material quite distinct from the rest of the garment. Certainly anything bizarre is liked. A new way of trimming woollen garments is to draw the threads and so form a pattern, lining it with a colour—brown with red, and so on. Bands of piece velvet let through straps of material cut in the skirt itself form panels; corners of tunics are turned up both in the back and front, and it is quite impossible to lay down any fixed law as to what may or may not be worn. The newest waistcoats are made to resemble as closely as possible the shape of the front displayed in a man's evening dress.

Coloured linen collars and cuffs are coming in again, and nothing is so well suited to tailor-made gowns.

Opera mantles are now made principally of plush, quite short, with sling sleeves; and women are to have opera hats like men, the only difference being in the shape; those intended for the fair sex are collapsible, with springs cleverly arranged not to crush the trimmings; they are sensible in that they are likely to prevent the wearer catching cold by protecting the head while she is leaving a building.

Some very comfortable felt over-boots have been brought out, bordered with fur, well covering the calf of the leg, and large enough in the foot not to crush the bows and trimmings on the shoes.

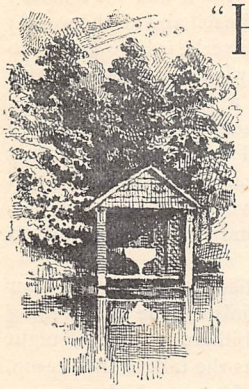
Should any of you be starting for the Continent, as many do at this season, be careful not to be beguiled by any delusive ideas with regard to warm weather; there is no month more trying than February; you should start armed with all the fur you possess: a fur-lined cloak which can be easily slipped on and off, fur-lined boots, and one of the fashionable boas will be found exceedingly comfortable for long night or day journeys. Just now fur is rather cheap, and they are applying squirrel and rabbit as linings to a variety of garments.

Our chapter opens with a seasonable scene, which illustrates some features in fashions. The lady posting her valentine in the still snow-laden pillar-box, wears a useful cloth mantle, bordered with wooden beads; her woollen gown is trimmed with plush. The high-brimmed hat has an osprey aigrette, interspersed with several ostrich plumes; if she were caught in the snow the curl would quickly disappear; that is why the heads and wings of other birds have found more favour this year. The young girl facing her wears, you notice, a stiff wing on the side of the silk-beaver hat, with its tapering crown; the brim is turned up on one side, and shallow on the other. Her dress is a mixture of brown velveteen and stone-coloured wool, the latter being applied as a vest to the Figaro jacket, which falls in graceful folds. The two ladies who await the arrival of their friends at the top of the staircase are more elaborately dressed, the first wearing a home dinner gown of embroidered velvet and soft printed silk. The bodice is high, with a straight collar and vest of the embroidered velvet, and shows no fastening; the silk falling in a diagonal fold from beneath the right arm to the left shoulder, with a bow of ribbon at each point. The sleeves are cut in a new fashion, with four kilt-plaits on the outside of the arm, and bows of ribbon, ending at the elbow in a band of velvet. The skirt is of a walking length, and opens at the left side to show an under-skirt of the velvet, divided down the centre by plaits of the silk, two-looped bows of velvet across, a very graceful style. Her neighbour wears a rich black silk trimmed with jet, worn over a diagonal serge, also beaded; a white silk waistcoat embroidered in jet, and finished off with a bow and cravat of lace, makes it trim and dressy-looking. The back of the bodice and the skirt are cut in one, the drapery at the side being secured by an ornament of jet, and a handsome jet galon edging the basque. The sleeves are somewhat shorter than heretofore, giving space for the bracelets to be seen. Either of these gowns would be suitable for all but a very large dinner-party; this winter specially, many people wear high bodices on these occasions.

The hair is still dressed, brushed up from the nape of the neck, and in loops and coils at the top; the only innovation being that very often it is turned up over a cushion in front, so that the short curls still rest on the forehead. Very little is worn besides; a simple rosette suffices, as in our illustration; but with low dresses this is sometimes replaced by a feather aigrette.

JUST LIKE ARGENTINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. TWIGGIT'S MINT SAUCE," ETC. ETC.



"HEROINES are always gliding and hiding," Nelly Fairfield thought, laying down the three volumes of "A Dead Mystery." She had read "Lady Dampstick's Doom," and "Lurid Lightnings," and "Green-Grey Eyes," and "The One-Legged Witch," three volumes each, of the most blood-curdling description that the village library could supply.

Nell's taste in romance was not of the highest. She liked to have her blood curdled. And as the four weeks of her country visit had been incessantly wet, she had trotted her young friend and hostess, Mary Marsh, in the pony-trap every second day to the cottage library in search of the weird and mysterious. At the end of her month's visit to Darkleigh Court, Nelly's fair and curly little head was bewildered by three puzzling discoveries — that Hubert Marsh, Mary's obliging brother, and the heir of this grand old place, was desperately in love with her insignificant little self; that the country was a compound of grey sky, rain, and mud, whatever the poets said to the contrary; and that heroines—especially Argentina, the last heroine—could cry without spoiling their violet eyes and their pretty little noses, and that they had a habit of gliding and hiding. Argentina often did; and Nelly was beginning to feel just like Argentina since the heir of Darkleigh Court had begun to do her chivalrous service from morning till night to win a word or a smile.

"Hubert is like Lord Lockwood in 'A Dead Mystery,'" she told Mary Marsh, as they went down arm-in-arm, ready to see a new guest at dinner—a great event in a weather-bound country house.

"He has black hair and eyebrows, and there the likeness ends," said demure Miss Mary, with a smile. "We don't want Hubert to be a forger, or a highwayman, or a corsair, or whatever it was—not like Lord Lockwood—thank you!"

"But I do like a man to have something mysterious—something grand—as if he were able to——"

"To slay somebody!" hinted Mary. "That would be romantic and out of the common."

"Oh, no," said Nelly helplessly; "but I can't explain. Hubert looks adventurous. He might have been a courtier in the old times, and helped in secret councils, and——"

"Planned the smothering of princes, and all that," laughed Mary. "Poor Hubert! I did not know what a bad opinion you had of him, Nelly."

Nelly drew away her arm, and tried desperately to explain, but they had reached the last step of the stairs, and the new guest was taking off his coat in the hall.

He was a big-eyed, big-moustached, burly man, with a sort of cousinly likeness to a bull-dog. He was afterwards introduced as "our friend Mr. Gobblecock, who has come from London to spend a day or two with Hubert."

There was also at dinner that day a neighbour of Darkleigh Court—a handsome young fellow, Sir Harry Clive—who took the world easily. His chief pastime was twirling the ends of his moustache, and his only troubles in life were laying foundation-stones and gracing the platform at public meetings. His occupations ranged from lawn-tennis in summer to sleighing in winter, and driving a four-in-hand. He called Miss Marsh "Mary," and she called him "Harry"; they had known each other since he painted new complexions on her dolls in his Eton holidays, and since her baby hands stitched the calico that sailed his ship. Now, when boys and girls begin as playmates, they often end only as friends; new faces and new ways have some day a mysterious attraction that the too well known face had not. Sir Harry Clive stood by the window that night curling his moustache on his finger, and enjoying Nelly's chatter with little Robin Marsh, on her theory of Bluebeard having possibly been the "wicked uncle" mentioned in the "Babes in the Wood."

"He couldn't have been their uncle," said the small boy, "because there were never any babes in reality; and it's all a story."

"Oh, yes, there were babes—there were; it is a positive fact," said Nelly, truly enough. The little boy looked bewildered, and Sir Harry burst into a laugh, and watched the pretty girl as steadily as little Robin did.

Hubert Marsh disappeared from the group at the window. He was afterwards seen in the garden, kicking the gravel and smoking a cigar. Poor fellow! There are big boys that sulk in this upside-down world of ours.

"You daring little mite! You don't believe in Bluebeard, either. Wait till you meet him some day!" said Mary, demure and diligent, looking round from her lace-work.

Master Robin looked straight across the room at big Mr. Gobblecock. It was a look of inquiry; he had his doubts.

Luckily the friend from London was not turned that way. He had made a thousand apologies, saying he would not ask such a favour except in an old friend's house, and they had all clamoured excuse and assent; and he had begged for a little table to himself in an out-of-the-way corner of the drawing-room, and spreading newspapers there and a large book—all out of his black leather bag—he had set to work studiously, firing remarks all the while like stray shots

into the conversation, and paying attention to what every one was saying.

"I would do it in another room if you would let me go," he said; "but as you will not exile me—you are too good—I shall be free and at your service in one half-hour."

Mr. Marsh carried on the talk about stories from the point where his daughter had left it.

"Ah!" said that merry little man, the kindly host, "my Robin is not what I was long ago. I set beans to grow a stalk like the famous Jack; and even now, if I *will* read a story I like to believe it. Once in the six months, maybe, I get hold of one worth reading, and then all the men and women I have met in it live for evermore. What's the good of a story that a fellow feels is a hoax and a yarn? Now, there's that book that every one is talking of, 'Brightley Court': that girl Ruth Moss is somewhere in the world; she is living like a violet in a wood, and the air is better for her presence—happier—and that's all one knows. 'Let us love much because life is short; let us *do* much because we love much!' That girl is alive for me now almost as much as Nelly there and my Mary. She marries no one in the novel; why, there isn't a fellow I ever met fit to put his hand under her foot to send her up to the saddle. I beg your pardon, Harry, but you won't mind. I don't think you *are* good enough for Ruth either."

"All right, sir! Shan't break my heart for that," said Sir Harry. "I'd rather have a real live girl than a dream, though that is a very true character—very real—very! In fact, Ruth Moss reminded me of *somebody I have met.* Have you read 'Brightley Court,' Miss Fairfield?"

Nelly had not; Mary had suggested it, and she had rejected it as too unromantic.

"Ah! you should read that!" cried both the men in duet—Mary's father and Sir Harry Clive.

"Who is it by?" said the voice of Mr. Gobblecock.

"Hyacinth Grey."

Mr. Gobblecock, with a grunt, returned to his papers.

"A lady, I should think," said the young baronet.

"Ah! I'm sure of it. Who else could have told us about Ruth's dresses and the colour of her hair? Yet there's an amazing amount of knowledge of horses in that book, and of barrack life," said Mr. Marsh; "and Hyacinth Grey has one novel about London city life, and another about yachting."

The voice of Gobblecock interrupted. "In my time at school Hyacinthus was a Greek boy, but these ladies that write novels don't trouble their heads about classical accuracy."

Soon he wrote a long letter, sent it to the post, folded his newspapers into the black bag, and came with a thousand more apologies, and made up for his absence by talking with the volubility of a dozen. His stories made everybody laugh; his gentleness with the girls made up for his lack of good looks; his talk of foreign cities made them wonder how (as our friends beyond the Channel would say) he was most at home when he was abroad. In a word, Gobblecock was a pleasant man, good company—a success. Even Hubert came back, heart-aches and all, and joined the circle. And then the candles gleamed round the drawing-room, and Nelly looked her prettiest, and Mary Marsh was her sweetest, and Robin was his noisiest. Harry Clive was pleased with himself and all the world; Hubert was only heard once (overheard by Nelly) to murmur to his sister that he wished Harry was "far enough"; Mr. Marsh made a happy paterfamilias, and felt like a boy again when he detected Harry Clive waiting on Nelly, and poor Hubert getting angry. In short, it was a pleasant family circle, and Gobblecock had become a favourite with everybody, except little Robin, whose mind had been disturbed about Bluebeard.

At Darkleigh Court the ladies had always an hour to themselves, while the men finished the late evening in the smoking-room or at the billiard-table. To-night Nelly took up the book that was the talk of the season, and read a few chapters while Mary worked.

Presently Mr. Marsh came in. "So glad you are reading that, Nelly! It is beauty and poetry from cover to cover, no matter what it talks about—the hunting-field, or the camp, or the barrack-yard, or anything."

Mary did not look up from her work, but she said gently, "Hyacinth Grey's books are all delightful. He must be a man with a noble mind."

Mr. Marsh paced up and down the room thinking; his thoughts had darted off to a subject nearer his heart.

"I wonder what that boy of mine has on *his* mind?" he said. "He stumps about over my head, up and down, up and down, till two and three in the morning. I wish you could find out what is troubling him, Mary. Poor Hubert! It worries me to think he may have some trouble and won't tell me. Find out, if you can."

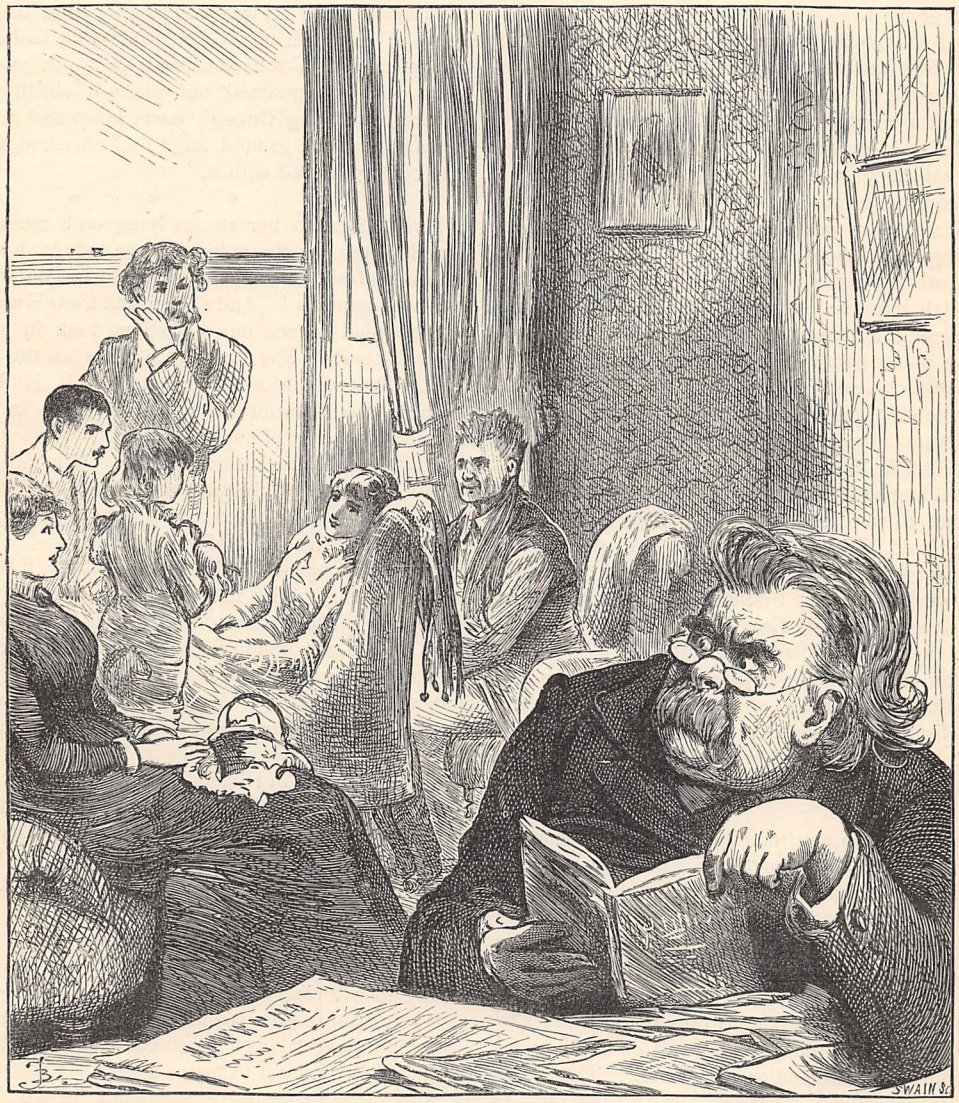
"He has a little sitting-room too in the west tower, has not he?" Nelly asked, when Mr. Marsh was gone. "The light is burning there till one every night. I have looked out and seen the bright window, and wondered."

"My father is afraid he is in debt, I can see," said Mary, smiling; "but I am sure Hubert has no embarrassment of that kind, though you must know, Nelly"—with an earnest look that made it a personal remark, and set Nelly blushing—"Hubert is anything but rich, and whoever he marries will marry a poor man. My father has barely enough to keep this old place going. Hubert may have much more than we have some day, though. There is old Colonel Scamberly, his godfather, who sent him in Harry Clive's time to Eton too. *He* is rich, and some people think he has willed everything to Hubert, though there was some talk a little time ago about another will being made out, giving it all away to some institution. The colonel is very eccentric. But Hubert is never extravagant, and he does not count on a farthing of that."

The light burned in the upper window of the west tower that night till the clock struck one. Afterwards Hubert walked up and down in the room over his father's till half-past three.

"He must have some great trouble on his mind," thought Nelly, peeping from under the corner of her window-blind and seeing the lonely light.

"He is like the Polar bear in the Zoological Gardens!" thought his sleepless father, listening to the footsteps for half the night.



"FIRING REMARKS ALL THE WHILE LIKE STRAY SHOTS INTO THE CONVERSATION" (*p.* 184).

On the next evening Hubert had carried off "Brightley Court" to that snug little sitting-room of his in the tower. Mary Marsh asked Nelly to run up for it, as her brother, and her father, and the great Mr. Gobblecock were all far away at billiards.

Nelly, in Hubert's own dominions, delayed to look round her before she took the open volume from the table. All at once footsteps, and Hubert's voice, and the voice of the dread Gobblecock were close outside the door. Seized by a silly fear of being found, she thought of Argentina in the last romance; and, resolved to be a heroine for once in her life, she did just as Argentina would have done under such circumstances. She slipped behind a Japanese folding screen, and stood in shadow among its painted and gilded flowers and birds.

She had expected that they were only coming in for a few moments, and would go away directly. Instead of that, they sat down at the table, and strong whiffs of smoke began to come over the folding screen. Nelly had never imagined the terror of being in concealment. She was ready to faint. Once in, how

could she come out? True, she might have stepped out at once bravely and made a joke of it; but by hesitation that chance was lost. Should she faint, or should she cough, for the smoke was choking her? She stopped her ears with a pair of fingers, and stood there in an agony of fear.

When she took her fingers out of her ears to hear if they were going away, Hubert was saying—

"It is absolutely necessary to put the baronet out of the way. My idea was poison."

Nelly shuddered and turned cold.

"No, not a murder—not a murder, if it can possibly be avoided. I have shrunk from that for years—always," said Gobblecock.

Nelly could not put her fingers into her ears again. Should she scream out loud? Should she fall down with a bang on the floor?

"It is rather a horrid idea," said Hubert, reflecting. "But I shall have no horrors! It shall be poisoning—or drowning, if I could manage taking him abroad and doing some boating; perhaps he might be lured into a Mediterranean *falucco*."

"Very good," said the other.

"That man is a monster!" thought Nelly. "Hubert is excited, but he is cold. He is goading Hubert on, and pretending to think ill of it."

"I mean to put some money in my pocket, I can tell you!" said Hubert. "I want you to put me up to the legal formalities of arranging the will. Forgery is rather worked out, but I don't see anything else."

"If I were you," said Gobblecock, "I should send the old man to a lunatic asylum, and——"

More and more Nelly was like Argentina. She had tried gliding and hiding, and had stepped into the middle of an entanglement of crime and mystery. She knelt down, wringing her hands.

"I shall make him a lunatic at large," said Hubert.

"Very well; then stop at that. Over-excitement—piling on the agony—is altogether a mistake. I don't like the idea of murder, but I shall gladly provide you with all the information about the will. To avoid horrors, I should get rid of the old man into a lunatic asylum. I am not sanguine, but I wish you luck, my lad; and plots of this kind have succeeded before now, though I tell you it is not to my taste."

There was a pause of smoking and of choking for Nelly, who had sunk upon the floor. Then that horrible monster Gobblecock said, "And the girl—is it to be Nelly?"—she could hear the laugh in his voice, as if he had made a shrewd guess. "What is to become of her?"

Hubert hesitated. "Ought she ever to know who the murderer is?"

By this time the poor heroine, who was just like Argentina, felt as if the human heart—that Argentina had not—were being smashed by a blow and torn in two. Hubert, the man whom she had begun to love and trust, was loaded with guilty secrets—a villain of the deepest dye. It was Gobblecock that had ruined him—of course, it was Gobblecock that had done all the mischief! Gobblecock was an unmitigated monster! Nelly screamed out loud—a shrill, piercing scream, that rang through every lamp and glass, and echoed as if the ground itself had shrieked, till walls and ceiling thrilled with it.

* * * * * *

Nelly came to her senses lying on a couch in the drawing-room, surrounded by the whole household. She was afraid of Gobblecock, who was gently fanning her—the monster! And she shrank from Hubert, who was so glad to see one conscious look in her eyes. Poor Hubert! She burst into tears at the sight of him. That villain of the deepest dye! Had he not brought "our friend from London" to be a conspirator, a plotter of dark deeds?

Nelly wanted to speak to Mary. The others were all sent away; and to Mary she told all the escapade: how she had slipped into a thrilling situation just like Argentina in "A Dead Mystery," and——

Mary interrupted her by saying quietly, "Hubert is writing a story. His friend is a writer from London. You dear little goose, *they were only planning the book!* Hubert's friend is correspondent for a foreign paper. You saw him at his letter last night. And he has written stories. 'Brightley Court' is his. He put our home in that—and even poor little me. You need not make your eyes bigger, Nelly."

"Oh, Mary! will Hubert ever forgive me?"

"Poor 'villain of the deepest dye.' He will ask you never to be the heroine of a dead mystery again."

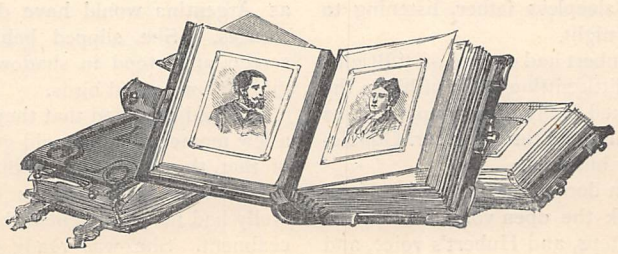
"But, Mary, did you say that—that—that big man—wrote 'Brightley Court?' You are Ruth!—I know it—you are Ruth!"

"He imagines so. He is Hyacinth Grey. But you look frightened."

"Ruth will marry Hyacinth Grey!" Nelly gasped.

"I do admire him—from my heart," said this calculating heroine; "but I must show you my little pearl ring. Harry gave it to me to-night."

Alas! let Shakespeare say what he will, there *is* something in a name. Not even Juliet's love would have sufficed if she had lived in these days, and if Romeo's name had been Gobblecock.

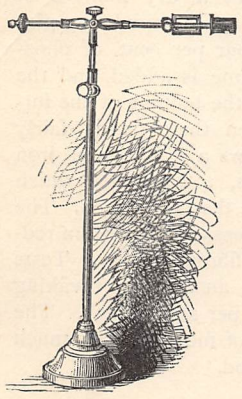


THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

The Physiograph.

The physiograph is an instrument which enables a draughtsman to see at the same time on the paper the object to be drawn and the pencil. It replaces the ordinary camera lucida, and is much less expensive. The apparatus is represented in the accompanying illustration, and consists of three pieces—a foot-piece, a vertical rod, in which slides another thinner rod, terminating in a T-piece; and a horizontal rod carrying a button at one end, and an optical instrument protected by a capsule at the other. All these parts are in nickelled tin. The instrument is placed before the draughtsman on a table or drawing-board, and the horizontal rod turned until the eye-hole in it is over the paper. The observer then looks through this to the paper, and he will see reproduced on the latter the landscape or any other object he desires to copy, and he can then follow its outlines with the pencil. By lengthening the vertical rod the size of the drawing may be regulated. Smoked glass is added to the physiograph to reduce the light in certain cases, and enable the eye to see the pencil.



A Train Communicator.

A new means of communication between the passengers of a train and the guard has been brought out. Fixed to the roof of each carriage is an iron box with a hinged lid containing a powerful detonating signal and a red disc. The detonator is exploded, and the disc raised to a conspicuous position by pulling a cord extending from end to end of the carriage. This cord is always taut, and out of the way of the passengers under ordinary circumstances. The detonator is exploded by a hammer, and the red disc being at the same time liberated, springs up and shows itself to the guard above the roof of the carriage. The inventor, Mr. Hall, also combines with this a powerful red light, which is produced by chemical means, from a composition contained in a tube secured to the signal disc.

A Safety Bracelet.

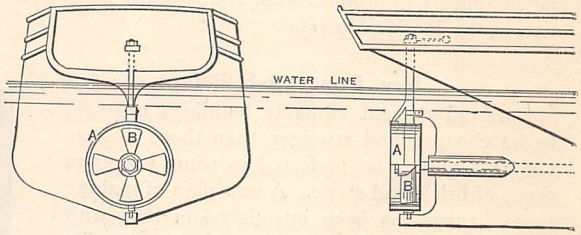
Great annoyance has frequently been caused by the loss of a bracelet, owing to its clasp having been accidentally opened. Wherever the clasp is such that the two edges of the bracelet are widely separated, this must often occur, but a new mode of fastening has recently been patented, by which the risk of loss from accidental unfastening is entirely removed. In this new fastener the clasp is extended in the form of a flexible telescopic band, which slides round the inner edge of the bracelet, and thus provides that, even when the bracelet is opened to its fullest extent, there shall be a metal band all round the wrist. Under these circumstances it is impossible for the bracelet to slip off except by passing over the hand of the wearer, who must certainly notice it.

Peat Fuel for Locomotives.

Peat is now used for fuel in the locomotives of the Northern Railway in Russia. The saving over coal is estimated at one-half. The peat is cut by hand machines which go eight feet deep, and by steam cutters which penetrate twenty feet. These machines turn out no less than 35,000 to 40,000 bricks of peat a day. The Moscow district is at present the chief seat of this industry. A horse cutting machine is, it is stated, a desideratum, to take a place between hand and steam cutters.

A Steering Propeller.

A plan has been devised for steering large and small vessels without a rudder, and by means of a drum or cylinder open at the ends, and encircling the screw propeller in a vertical plane. The cylinder (A in the figure) is attached to an upright shaft or helm, which carries a tiller at the top. It encircles the propeller B as shown, and can be turned through any angle for steering purposes. Recent experiments at Barrow-in-Furness on a steam launch demonstrated the practical success of the invention.

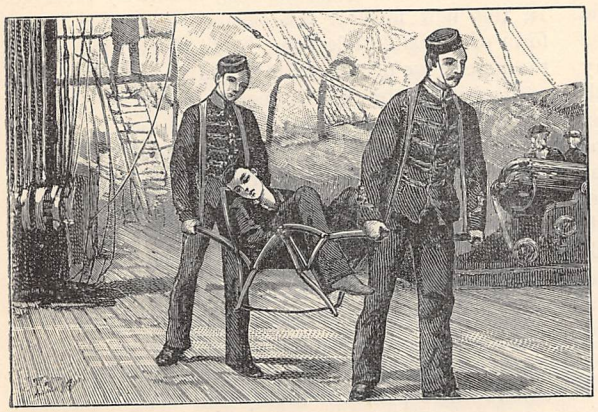


END ELEVATION. SIDE ELEVATION.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur, the famous French investigator, has succeeded in curing persons bitten by rabid dogs. His first patient was a boy from Alsace, who seemed certain to become hydrophobic and die in any case, so M. Pasteur resolved to treat him. The treatment consisted of a series of inoculations with virus prepared

according to a system invented by M. Pasteur, and previously tried on dogs. It was found to be successful; at all events, the boy is now at home and well. Several other persons have been under treatment since; and while there are one or two who, perhaps, entertain doubts of the efficacy of the process, public and scientific confidence in M. Pasteur is so great, that there are good grounds for hoping he has found a remedy and preventative for this alarming disease.



A SHIP AMBULANCE.—FIG. 1.

A Ship Ambulance.

A new chair for ambulance purposes on board ship is shown in our engraving, and has been in use on board H.M.S. *Inflexible*. It consists of a light, strong iron frame supporting tanned canvas, which forms a comfortable seat or lounge. Straps are attached for supporting wounded limbs, and a breast-band to hold the patient in if required. Carrying-straps and tackle for hoisting the chair are also provided. The ambulance appears to promise well, and is under consideration at the Haslar Hospital.

New Concrete Buildings.

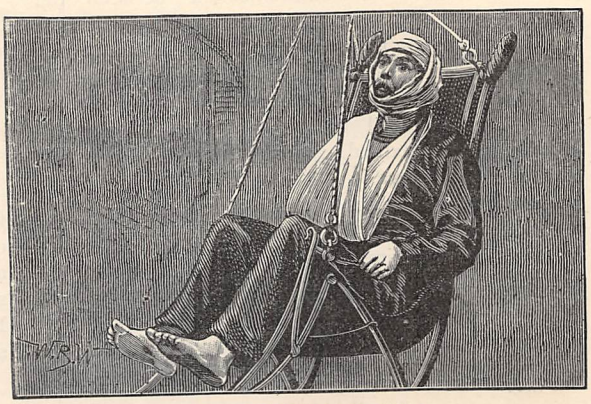
Portland cement concrete buildings are said to be cheaper and stronger than those of lime concrete, and to be preferred in some places to those of brick and stone. A new plan of making these houses has been introduced of late, with the advantage that no wooden casings or moulds are required to pour the concrete into until it becomes hard. Moreover, the face of the wall is of finer material than formerly, and composed of Portland cement and sand. The plan consists in substituting for the wood-casings, concrete slabs which dovetail and fit into each other by means of grooves and niches. The filling of concrete is poured in between the facing slabs, and forms a solid wall when it sets. The system offers scope for considerable ornamentation, and also for the ventilation and sanitation of buildings.

A New Dephosphorising Process.

A process of producing superior metal from common cinder iron in the puddling furnace has been recently brought out. It consists in employing a mixture of "bull-dog" cinder and ordinary rich ore of the kind known as "blue billy." These are ground and mixed with a little hydrochloric acid and hot water, which is allowed to act on the mass for a few days. Ground lime and salt are then added; the lime being proportioned to the phosphorus in the iron to be puddled, and ranging from twenty to thirty per cent. The whole is then blended into a paste with water and plastered over the lumps of ore or "bull-dog" usually placed in the furnace. Over this are thrown some shovelfuls of a dry mixture of ground ore and hammer slag. For puddling pig-iron, containing two to four per cent. of phosphorus, neither salt nor lime is added, and the paste is simply spread on the bottom of the furnace. In all cases, when the iron is fairly melted, the puddler throws a quantity of iron rust on the molten mass, a substance which plays an important part in the purification. The bars produced by this process are free from red-shortness, and of a very fibrous quality. Tests for tensile strength show an average breaking strain of twenty-four tons per square inch. The cost of producing a ton of metal is also much less than by the old method.

New Distance Measurers.

A new apparatus for estimating the distance of an observer from an object, or that between two distant objects, was recently tried on the Thames Embankment, and is said to be under the consideration of the War Department, as it is likely to be useful in military operations, if not also in exploring and preliminary surveying. The action of the instrument is based on trigonometrical equations, and it consists of two telescopes placed apart on a tripod stand. Both of these are brought to bear accurately on the distant object or objects, and a scale on the instrument gives a reading which, on being referred to a printed table, gives in turn the approximate distance of the object. By means of a sheet of paper and a drawing board, dis-



A SHIP AMBULANCE.—FIG. 2.

tances obtained in this way can be plotted down, and a rough plan of the country sketched out. Another distance measurer has been brought out by Lieut. von Ehrenberg, an officer in the Baden artillery, and improved upon by Major Montaudon. Its action depends on the time taken by sound to traverse a given distance, and it is chiefly intended to be used in military operations, where the flash of a cannon is seen by the eye before the report is heard by the ear. The instrument consists of a stop-watch, not too large for the pocket. By pressing a stud the moment the observer perceives the flash of a cannon or rifle, the hand of the watch begins to move; a second touch of the stud when the report is heard indicates the distance to within twenty-five metres. A third touch brings the hand back to zero, to be ready for use again. Sound, as is well known, travels at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, and light at a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, so that any practical error of the method will lie rather in the senses and movements than the theory. During recent experiments at Thun, the practical error in using the instrument was found, in calm weather, not to exceed fifty metres; and it is stated that Herr Krupp is so well satisfied with it that he has ordered a number of the telemeters to be made.

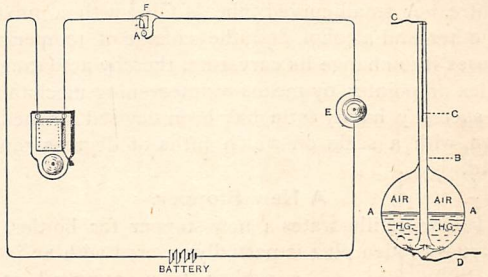
One-Hundred-Copy Ink.

A new copying ink has recently been brought out by a well-known London firm, for which its inventors claim that it will give from any writing made in it one hundred or more readable copies in an ordinary press. A special kind of copying paper for use with this ink has also been produced, which is much stouter than the ordinary "flimsy," though the latter works quite well with the new ink.

A Miner's Gas Detector.

A new detector for gases accumulating in mines is shown in the figure. An oil lamp or gas burner is secured to the bottom of a cylinder of wire netting, provided at its upper end with pins diametrically opposite and carried by angular pivoted levers, I I, which are connected in circuit with a battery and alarm bell. The upper ends of the lever where the wires are attached, are pulled together by springs, but the lower ends are united by a cord or highly fusible wire. The cylinder is held above a vessel containing water, and the gas passing through the netting is ignited by the flame, burns the cord or fusible plug, liberates the levers and allows the contact pins to come together, thereby closing the circuit and ringing the alarm bell. The wire netting confines the explosion within the cylinder.

While upon the subject, we may mention the following modification of a well-known alarm, which has been sent to us by a correspondent, Mr. J. W. Smith.



A is a bulb of very thin copper into which is inserted a narrow tube of the same metal, B, nearly touching the bottom of the bulb, which is half filled with mercury. In this tube is placed an insulated wire, C; another, D, being in metallic connection with A. This arrangement may be connected to the ordinary electric bell-wires of a house, making a loop or "shunt-circuit" with them, as at E, F, the current traversing the loop when the fire closes the circuit, and the bell when the button is pressed. When a fire breaks out, the heat expands the air in the bulb A and forces the mercury up the tube until contact is made with the wire C, thus completing the alarm circuit between C and D.

A Combined Knife, Saw, and Mincer.

An ingenious article has recently been patented, which combines in itself a knife, saw, and mincer. In appearance it resembles an ordinary chopper, with this difference, that while the bottom edge is still to be employed for mincing, the sides are also utilised. One of the latter is cut into teeth for the purpose of sawing bones and the like. The other side is specially ground into a sharp edge, and is intended to be used more particularly for cutting meat, suet, &c. This appliance is a well-finished article of the best Sheffield make, and we doubt not that cook would find it a handy addition to her kitchen plant.

Unmagnetisable Steel.

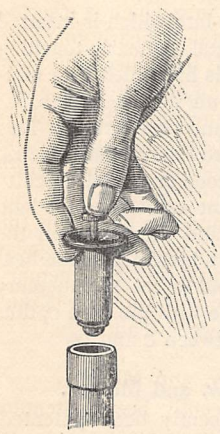
A piece of steel made at Sheffield, and containing fifteen per cent. of manganese, has been found by Mr. J. T. Bottomley to be proof against magnetisation. The steel is very hard, and has a tensile strength of forty-five tons per square inch. The bar was first experimented upon in the ordinary way by steel magnets, but these had no effect on it. It was then placed between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet excited by forty large Daniell cells, but no magnetism could be perceived in it. When put, however, under the test of a very delicate magnetometer, it showed a slight trace of magnetism. The magnetic power per gramme of the steel was found to be only ·013 units of the centimetre-gramme system, whereas some pieces of steel take a magnetisation of 50 to 100 units per gramme.

A Pocket Thermometer.

An ingenious thermometer, resembling a metal sovereign purse, has been brought out, and can be worn in the pocket or at the watch-chain. It consists of a silver case, having on one side a dial-face divided into degrees, and provided with a finger pivoted in the centre. A small curved tube is filled with a mixture of ether and alcohol, and the change of temperature causes it to change its curvature, thereby actuating an index or pointer by means of intervening mechanism. A specially handy form has been devised for medical men, with a scale on which fifths of degrees can be read.

A New Stopper.

The figure illustrates a new stopper for bottles. A narrow wooden plug is partially covered with an india-rubber tube, attached at its lower end to the bottom of the plug, and at its upper to a wooden disc. The plug moves through the disc, which, when the stopper is fixed, rests on the lip of the bottle. To insert the stopper, the disc is taken as shown, and on pressing the plug the rubber is stretched and becomes narrower. It is then inserted into the neck of the bottle, and the plug being released, the rubber fills the neck tightly. The stopper is removed in the same way.



Depositing Aluminium.

Aluminium is becoming more useful now, and it is satisfactory to know that a process for depositing it by electricity has been found. The liquid of the bath consists of a saturated solution of sulphate of aluminium in presence of a solution of chloride of sodium (common salt); the two liquids being separated from each other by a porous cup. A current of four amperes and six to seven volts electromotive force is employed to decompose it, and set free aluminium on the object forming the cathode, that is to say, the object connected to the negative pole of the battery employed. A plate of aluminium forms the anode connected to the positive pole of the battery.

Electric Light Wires and Thunder.

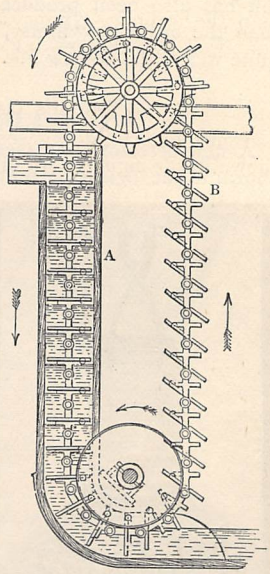
A somewhat alarming occurrence took place some time ago at St. Cuthbert's, the residence of Mr. Bedford Elwel, of Albrighton. St. Cuthbert's is connected by telephone wire with Wolverhampton, and has also a lightning-rod some twenty-five years old, which was very improperly used as the telephone earth connection. We say improperly, because if anything went wrong with the earth connection of the lightning-rod, it might be dangerous. During a thunder-storm, the telephone bell was heard to ring at every lightning-flash, and suddenly a report as of a rifle was heard, and an electric lamp burning in the dining-room flashed up and went out. It was found on examination that the lightning currents had got into the electric light wires from the telephone wires, which were found to be fused. The occurrence shows how careful electric light and telephone engineers ought to be in fitting up their apparatus in households. If due attention is paid to the matter there need be no cause for alarm, but carelessness in electrical matters is sure to be visited with retribution of some kind. A separate "earth" should have been provided for the telephone wires, and this has now been done at St. Cuthbert's. The lightning had burnt up the fine carbon filament of the electric lamp, but did no serious damage to the electric light system.

Eucalyptus in Boilers.

It is stated that the leaves of the Australian gum tree, or eucalyptus, have the property of removing scale from the interior of boilers. A few of the leaves put into the water of the boiler are said to prevent the scale from forming, and to speedily remove it if already formed. Electricity and chemicals have been tried for this purpose, but the leaves of the eucalyptus, if really effective, are perhaps the simplest remedy of all. The same remedy ought to clean kettles of their "fur."

A New Water-Motor.

The illustration represents a novel and ingenious float water-motor invented by Mr. Sealy Allin. It consists of a chain carrying round a number of rectangular floats which descend through a gate and rise again, passing at top and bottom over two pitched wheels. The floats are pivoted at each end to brackets projecting from the chain, the brackets supporting the floats in their working position. The floats descend in a horizontal position through the water, which thus exerts all its propulsive force upon them, as shown at A; and they ascend through the air in an inclined position, thus opposing least resistance to their motion, as shown at B. The arrows indicate the direction of motion of the water, and the wheels which receive their motion from it. Trials of this motor show that an expenditure of water equal to 7⅝ per cent. of the whole capacity of the machine is sufficient to run the motor unloaded at a speed of 150 feet a minute; and that the remaining 92⅜ per cent. is available for outside work and the extra friction which would result from loading the machine. The motor is declared to have real merits, and to do effective service at a moderate first cost.

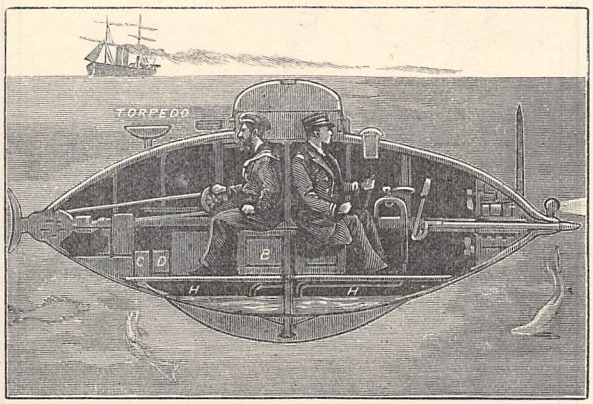


The Smallest Steam-Engine.

A curiosity of engineering, in the form of a tiny steam-engine, has been made by an ingenious clock-maker. It weighs only about fifteen grains, and is entirely covered by an ordinary thimble. The stroke of the piston is about two millimetres, or one-twelfth inch, and its diameter less than one and a half millimetres. The engine is built up of 140 distinct pieces, fastened together by fifty-two screws, and three drops of water suffice to fill the boiler and set the toy in motion.

Goubet's Submarine Boat.

The Goubet Submarine Boat, which we illustrate, has been adopted by the Russian Government. The torpedo is placed in the position shown, and attached to an electric wire wound on a drum, by which it can be fired when left in position. The interior of the boat contains the apparatus for propelling and steering, as well as the electric battery. A reservoir of compressed air, B, serves as a seat for the men; the boat is propelled by means of electric accumulators and a dynamo. When the boat has to rise, a pump, C, is employed to remove water from the reservoirs, H H; and the vitiated air is extracted by an air-pump, D. The reservoirs H H are divided into compartments, and thus preserve the water from surging backwards and forwards. The boat is first put in line with the hostile vessel, then submerged and propelled towards her. On reaching her the torpedo is placed against her, and the boat withdraws, paying out wire. When she has got away far enough the torpedo is exploded.



GOUBET'S SUBMARINE BOAT.

A Slag Pavement.

A new kind of pavement is now being tried at the corner of Catherine Street, Strand, London. It is composed of crushed furnace slag and granite, with Portland cement formed into a paste by an alkaline solution. The mass is laid down two or three inches thick on a substratum of rough ballast. It sets rapidly, and is ready for foot traffic in twelve hours or so. The stone is fire-proof as well as water-proof, and very resisting to pressure, it having successfully withstood a compression of twenty tons per square inch. Owing to the vitrified particles of slag in the mass the surface is not slippery, and can be made of various degrees of roughness. Several of the leading railway companies have adopted it for stables and station platforms, and it has been adopted in some provincial towns, notably Lowestoft, for paving purposes. Pavings of the stone are also to be seen in Paddington Street and Jermyn Street.

Electricity in Dentistry.

An American dentist of Chicago has employed the electric current successfully for bleaching discoloured teeth by the liberation of nascent oxygen from acidulated water placed in the cavity of the tooth. His plan is to insert a fine platinum needle into the cavity, while holding another in contact with an out-of-the-way edge of the cavity. The needles are connected respectively to the positive and negative poles of a small battery, and the current passing through the acidulated water, with which the tooth is flooded, decomposes it, liberating oxygen, which attacks the colouring matter of the tooth and bleaches it. Aromatised acid is used because it has been found not to destroy the structure of the tooth. This dentist also employs the same means to disinfect the cavities of devitalised teeth by the production of nascent oxygen. The electric current is now further utilised in dentistry for making copper casts of the mouth by electrotyping. These casts are afterwards backed with plaster and serve as moulds for gelatinoid palates. Gold palates a little tarnished are also brought to a bright colour by coating them electrically with a layer of pure gold.

The Deepest Bore-Hole.

The deepest bore-hole believed to have yet been made is one at the village of Schladebach, near the railway between Leipsig and Corbetha. It was pierced with diamond drills for the purpose of ascertaining if there was coal below. The depth is 4,560 ft., and some 3½ years have been occupied in boring it. The cost of the work, which was instituted by the Prussian Government, has been £5,000. The temperature at the bottom of the bore is 48° C., a fact which tends to confirm the observation that the temperature rises as we descend into the earth.

Steel-Toothed Belting.

A novelty in the way of belting for transmitting power by means of pulleys was shown at the International Inventions Exhibition by a firm of engineers. It consists of steel belting of a corrugated cross-section; and to insure a grip between the belt and

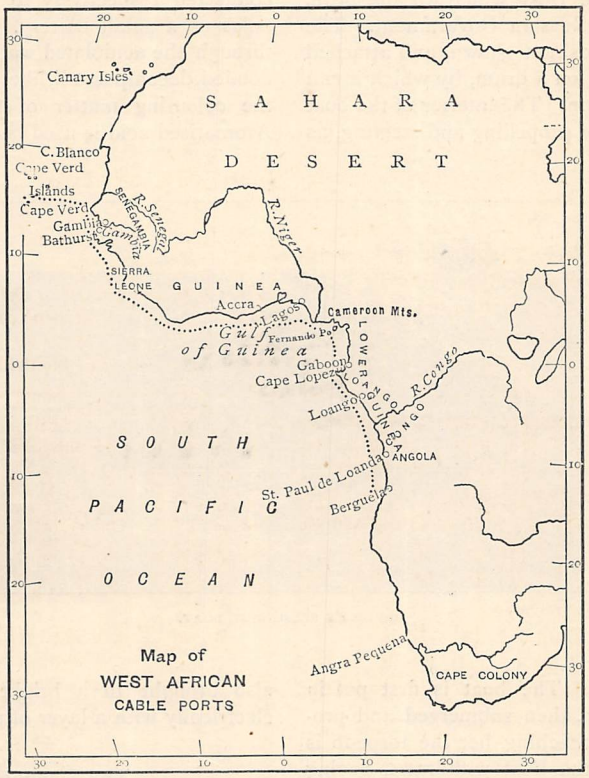
pulley a ring of the corrugated steel is fastened round the driving surface of the pulley. There is said to be less slackness and slipping of the belt by the new plan, which was shown in connection with a Pilsen dynamo and a Griffin gas-engine; but it is applicable to a variety of apparatus, including foot-lathes, sewing machines, and so on.

Transmission of Power by Electricity.

A very important trial in transmitting mechanical power by the electric current has recently been made by M. Marcel Deprez, between Paris and Creil, over a distance of no less than 56 kilometres (about 30 miles). The machinery consisted of a generating dynamo, stationed at Creil, and a receiving dynamo, also stationed there for convenience, the wire connecting the two running all the way to Paris and back, a distance of 122 kilometres, and conveying the current all that distance from the generating to the receiving machine, which it set in motion. The mere fact that both machines were together has nothing to do with the success of the experiment, because one might just as well have been at Creil and the other at Paris, only for the sake of making the necessary measurement it was found easiest to have both machines together. The wire was a copper strand equivalent to a single copper wire of five millimetres in diameter, and it had a resistance of 100 ohms at a temperature of 150° Centigrade. The generating dynamo had two armatures revolving in two distinct magnetic fields, each armature having an external diameter of 0·78 metres, and a resistance of 16½ ohms. The receiving dynamo was of similar make, each armature having an external diameter of 0·58 metres, and a resistance of 18 ohms. It turned out that the proportion of mechanical power transmitted by wire was from 47·7 to 53·4 per cent., or roughly one-half, so that half the steam or water power supplied at Creil might have been available for working machinery at Paris. There was little or no heating of the machines, and the experiment may be regarded as very satisfactory.

New Communications with West Africa.

Before the end of the present year the coast of Western Africa will be well served by the electric cable, which will then—if all the proposed schemes be carried out—extend completely round the Dark Continent. The first important step in the new undertaking has been taken at the Cape Verd Islands, where the cable from Europe is already in working order. There is also a line viâ Cadiz to Senegal, north of Cape Verd. The new schemes include the project of uniting the Cape Verd Islands with the Senegal cable, and continuing the latter down the coast. As will be perceived from the accompanying sketch-map, this extension is a very important one. The cable will be available at Sierra Leone, Accra, Lagos, Niger, Gaboon, Loanda, and the Congo. Besides these chief stations, the French settlements near Sierra Leone will be united with Europe by telegraph, as well as the Cameroons and Fernando Po. From St. Paul de Loanda it is also in contemplation to continue the line farther south; and the Cape Government intend to unite the Colony with the Portuguese West African possessions at Benguela. So an electric girdle will surround Africa, a most desirable chain for all the settlements, and particularly for our Cape Colonies, which will be in communication with the mother country quite independently of Egypt, her disturbances and complications. In about sixteen months the West African lines will, it is believed, be completed.



NEW COMMUNICATIONS WITH WEST AFRICA.

A New Hygrometer.

A dew-point hygrometer has recently been devised, which depends on the observation that a coloured halo, like that sometimes seen round the moon, is noticeable on a plate-glass held between the eye and a light when the dew condenses on the plate. The apparatus consists of a tube closed by panes of glass, and the observer looks through the glass at a source of light. A thermometer records the temperature at which the halo forms.

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

BRINGS A WOOER TO ST. CLAIR'S.

MR. RICHARD DRAYTON'S two days at St. Clair's lengthened under hospitable pressure into a week, and in that time it naturally fell out that he saw something of what Mr. Vaughan designated his "lay-vicars."

"A multitude of small works mostly go to the women of such homes as mine, Drayton," said the grey-haired rector to his quondam pupil, the morning after the gathering at Oakleigh Place; "and I give them over to those two you talked with yesterday. They can help a man of my years, you know, without being suspected of wanting to marry him! That Sydney Alwyn's adaptability is most amazing; give her anything to do for any one she likes, and she draws to the task like a needle to a magnet. And the other is an invaluable girl—well, not girl exactly, for she is ten years Sydney's senior——"

"And how old may *she* be?" interposed Mr. Drayton.

"Twenty or thereabouts. So I'm rarely fortunate to have such assistants." (The last thing to enter the rector's head would have been any explanation of how his own deeds had earned him these willing services. That, Mr. Drayton might find out!) "But mind you, every man hasn't such luck, and recollect when you map out your home, Drayton, you're not so fond of letter-lore as your old tutor, so furnish yourself with something that will brighten all your evening-tides."

"Meaning a wife?"

"Right. And when you're determined to take one, come here——"

"To find her!" Mr. Drayton's brown face reddened.

"No!"—laughing—"but to hear the rest of a bachelor's homily on married life! Who's there?"—a soft tap sounding on the study door—"Come in. What, you!" as Sydney Alwyn, leaving a basket of strawberries outside, entered, her sunshade in one hand, a bunch of honeysuckle in the other. "Surely now you are not come up in this heat just to bring me those!"

"Not that alone," Sydney answered, setting down her freight to shake hands with Mr. Drayton, "for I promised Harry and Ben to come and help them with their Euclid. At least," blushing, "to do it with them. They expected to be at lessons again to-day."

"Instead of which I've stopped their industry," said Mr. Drayton—"a drone in the hive, I ought to be off."

"Nonsense!" cried the rector, "they are a pair of lazy little rascals. I set them their work hours ago. They ought to have stuck to it without me. But I suppose," to Sydney, "they haven't?"

In honesty she had to shake her head.

"Playing!" with a groan, "as if there were no examination coming on in September." Scholarships for these two orphan lads lay heavy on the rector's mind just then, and he looked vexed. Sydney as little liked to see him troubled as to see the lads, her very good comrades of four years, in disgrace, so she hastened to bespeak their pardon with a lurking smile.

"Harry has been the soul of industry," she said, "in—drawing cats! He's sketched the tortoiseshell in fifty attitudes; Ben has written a poetical pendant to the picture, praising pussy's extraordinary mouse-catching powers!"

Hereat her hearers broke out laughing, and Sydney went bravely on.

"So they are to be forgiven, please. They are to make up for lost time next week. And as Mr. Drayton will be here, and of course you must be with him, may I come down and be with the boys each morning? They say they want me."

The rector gave a covert glance at his friend. ("Just a device of that deep young person's to set me free," he explained afterwards; "the lads work like Trojans if she's present!") "Oh, come by all means," he agreed, "and I'll luxuriate in gossip with this man. But stay"—as with this permission Sydney would have left—"are you going by the Dacies'? Then will you take these club papers?" (It was a poor folks' club, mainly kept afoot from the rector's pocket, one of the few certain props of the doctor's lessening income.) "They've come to me in a muddle, but I'll look in on Monday and set them straight."

"That's how you are going to luxuriate, is it?" laughed Sydney. Then setting the honeysuckle in a plump brown jug, always ready for the flowers she so often brought, and bidding him be sure and eat his strawberries—for he had a great trick of forgetting his food or giving it away—she was renewing her good-byes when Mr. Drayton was seized with politeness, and insisted on carrying the account books as far as the Gate House; he had seen Dr. Dacie once, and promised to call to-day, so off the two went together.

The gentleman opened the conversation quite cleverly as soon as the Rectory door was closed.

"Mr. Vaughan," said he, "seems to find plenty to occupy him even in this sleepy little place;" and

Sydney, her lips easily unlocked on such a theme, waxed eloquent over the wide labours of their mutual friend: telling of his goodness to the lads under his roof, and to herself, with an animated warmth which was —so Richard Drayton thought—extremely girlish and extremely pretty. He brought her to a check, though, by saying Mr. Vaughan had boasted of having her to help him.

"Me!" cried Sydney, with a strong suspicion she was being made fun of—her home experience had ingrained in her nature mistrust of her own powers—"Me, indeed! I am afraid," furtively eyeing this middle-aged flatterer, "you are joking!"

"Not at all," Mr. Drayton hastened to answer her. "I have been hearing of your good offices in countless ways—yours and Miss Dacie's."

"Ah! Mary's now," said Sydney, instantly acquiescent. "She *is* worth something! Why, Mary Dacie is right hand to father and mother, and rector, and I don't know whom besides, and," blazoning out her friend's perfections with a triumph that lighted and yet softened all her own features, "she is not like any one else I know; she is a heroine!"

"Have Miss Dacie's lines lain much out of the common, then, to earn her such a title?" asked Mr. Drayton, vastly enjoying his companion's enthusiasm, and quite ready for more of it.

Sydney turned to him her whole earnest face. "She has just lived through all her girl-years without the least share of such pleasures as most girls have. And all through she has been just what I told you, without ever flagging. They had a great trouble, you know, once, when Dr. Dacie was so hurt. Now, I'm afraid they have a great many cares. Perhaps I ought not to talk of them though. But whatever comes, Mary is always bright, always brave, always patient. That's why I call her a heroine."

"Always patient, always brave!" repeated Mr. Drayton. "Ah, I suppose that combination does make a heroine—or hero." And astride that phrase his thoughts seemed silently to travel for some seconds, whither, strangely enough, Sydney followed unerringly.

"You are thinking of that—was it school-fellow of yours?—you told me of yesterday."

"Yes. How did you find that out, Miss Alwyn?"

"Because I had been thinking of him too, this morning. Perhaps—" hesitating, for she was on totally unknown ground—"whatever his losses are, they may turn him into a hero. He may be glad some day he had them."

"H—m!"—Mr. Drayton smiled grimly—"I can't imagine the dawn of that day yet. I'm afraid it's easier for such as he to be brave than to be patient. And he's lost——"

"His money? All of it?" Sydney questioned; even her knowledge of life told her how often that was the base of mankind's woes.

"Not money alone. Worse."

"*Not*," she felt impelled to ask on, "not some one—or—no, not the only person he—loved?"

Such an innocent lighting up of her own heart's depths was here, Richard Drayton could have smiled at this revelation, so purely womanly. But he answered gravely—

"No, no, it is not that."

"Then," said Sydney simply, with much relief, "he can't be hopeless!" with which dogma they turned in at the Dacies' gate, and Mary, watching their approach, thought the girl had caught some new charm even since yesterday, and wondered if this Mr. Drayton, looking down upon her, saw it too. Then her own reflection, very visibly thirty, in a much-worn dress, gleamed upon her from a mirror, and she turned away with a rising pang. Compared with Sydney, oh, how old, how plain she looked! For once she determined, with unusual shrinking, she would not go to meet her girl friend and—the stranger. They could do without her! But, alas! for her plan, the next moment her father called. Here were club papers she must take care of, all to be examined before the rector came on Monday; so, with her most rare qualm of jealousy quelled by Sydney's kiss, she shook hands with Mr. Drayton, and while Dr. Dacie hunted out his leader in the newspaper, explained pleasantly how "Miss Alwyn spoils papa by reading to him every day at noon because his sight is rather bad, and I have not always time," and then slipped unobtrusively away to lure back her cheerfulness among household cares, leaving the caller, by special permission of the doctor and Sydney, listening to the morning news.

That noontime reading—one of Sydney's grateful new ways to pay her old debts to the Dacies—must have been to Mr. Drayton's taste. On three successive days in the next week he appeared at the Gate House by Sydney's side, the two always, as Mary Dacie, with a faint aching not to be stifled, used to notice, in lively conversation, and on the last day he even took his leave with her, claiming her company from the doctor's house to the very gate of the Dale, and they grew in a manner confidential.

"Mr. Vaughan," he told her as they went along, "wants to put an end to my going abroad again. Old roving habits pull hard, Miss Alwyn. Yet his counsel is always wise. Which shall I do? Go or stay?"

"Stay, certainly," returned Sydney. "There's no place like home."

"But suppose I haven't a home? Only a house?"

"Make haste and find whatever you want to—improve it."

"And you think"—with a side-glance as if on her answer much hung—"you think I might—by-and-by—when I've turned myself round at Granfylde, find what I want to that end?"

"I really do."

"Then," said Richard Drayton, a sort of shy pleasure beaming over his honest sunburnt face, "yours be the casting vote, I'll abide by it. When I've looked Granfylde over and know how I stand, I shall be paying St. Clair's another visit."

"And I'll promise you one welcome," said Sydney, a speech he answered with such a farewell handshake as left her fingers tingling for ten minutes. Certainly they understood each other extremely well.

From her boudoir window Mrs. Alwyn could see, on the other side of the laurel hedge, a masculine felt accompanying Sydney's wide summer straw. With a disfavouring frown she watched the retreating shoulders of her daughter's escort, asking, as Sydney entered irradiated with some bit of pleasant thought—

"Is that singular friend of Mr. Vaughan's never going to leave? He fastens his society on you in a very persistent manner; one might say 'ill-bred,' as he is a perfect stranger."

"He never feels that with me, mamma," apologised Sydney, prompt in defence, "being both Mr. Vaughan's friends we seem quite used to each other. The boys say he is a capital fellow, and I think they are right."

Leonora looked scandalised; Mrs. Alwyn, affronted.

"I consider, Sydney, that your mother's opinion should certainly outweigh that of a couple of raw boys! *I* look on this Mr. Drayton as inquisitive and ill-mannered. Pray, did he investigate the different parts of England you have lived in, as he did with me on Friday?" (a stretch of imagination justified under Mrs. Alwyn's private code of the permissible).

"No, indeed, mamma, he did not. We have only talked of St. Clair's and—well, just the people we both knew here. Nothing else. And Mr. Drayton leaves to-day, so he won't annoy you any more."

That last intelligence was welcome; a wafting away of uneasy mists invisible to other eyes than Mrs. Alwyn's. So Sydney got lightly off for her misdemeanours, and her mother resumed the grand suavity which became her so well before the after-luncheon hour was disturbed by a visitor.

This was Mr. Edward Duvesne, bearer of the expected inquiries as to Miss Villiers' health, and of a message from the countess, over which Mrs. Alwyn silently sang pæans.

"Could she with her daughters spend an hour or two at Oakleigh Place on Saturday? She had had no time to see through the gardens properly last week. Lady Comyngham so much hoped they would pay her a second visit while the place looked well."

Here was a flattering discrimination, an appreciative calling to come forth from the common herd of last week's visitors, and be honoured by reception into the inner family circle, that rejoiced every ambitious nerve in Mrs. Alwyn's system. Of course she would go. No imaginable engagement would have kept her away. But instant acceptance would have been *infra dig.* So the eye-glass went up to mask too evident satisfaction: a well-simulated uncertainty compelled a hunt through the dainty morocco "engagement" book, and at last the "Thanks, I think we are free on Saturday. We shall be very happy," was delivered with the best assumption of just moderate gratification Mrs. Alwyn could master. "Nothing at least," she amended her acceptance, "to deter my elder daughter and myself. Miss Alwyn *must* remain at home unfortunately. We positively"—with an expressive glance at Leonora—"could not take Sydney away. Rupert would think it strange—a son, Mr. Duvesne, of the Major Villiers who was at Oakleigh with us. By marriage my nephew, but no relation to my younger daughter—er—at present. Lady Comyngham will kindly excuse her, I am sure."

And as the young lady was not there to speak for herself, being up-stairs construing Cæsar for her classmates' edification, that was the reply Mr. Duvesne bore away some half-hour later, bearing also, as Phillips opening the hall door observed with a secret snigger, a "Madame d'Arblay" carnation worn by Miss Leonora at luncheon. ("Hadn't the countess that shade? Then would he take it to her?") And Mrs. Alwyn announced to Sydney, "Leonora and I go to Oakleigh Place on Saturday, so I must depute you to receive Mr. Villiers. He writes asking for a peep of the country. I don't fancy he is very robust, so I hope he may enjoy the change, poor fellow."

Accordingly on the day fixed Mrs. Alwyn drove off with her elder daughter, Leonora, a most artistic study in cool draperies, a bunch of innocent-eyed jasmine on her bosom; and Sydney, the road paved to possible liking by pre-secured pity, was left to meet the guest whose coming concerned her so much more closely than she yet divined.

Highly contented as the major had gone back to town, he had wisely refrained from over-praise of Sydney in any form. A hint or two that might come in useful as to her disposition, he had given—"Docile in reality, I'm positive, but not common-place 'yea, nay,' you know. Drive her with the snaffle and not with the curb, my lad! her mother uses that too much"—but her personal charms he passed over with "You'll see her soon, and I needn't describe her:" so the appearance of his young hostess took Mr. Rupert as an agreeable surprise.

As the Hedyngham cab turned in at the leafy sweep of the Dale grounds, she came to meet him from under the drooping lime-boughs, the gracefulness of ready greeting in her slender summer-clad figure, the slight embarrassment that flushed her cheeks and darkened her serious eyes melting quickly as she fancied she detected in the new-comer that delicacy which her mother had foreshadowed.

Handsome after the type of his cousin Leonora, whom he immensely admired, she might not be, but well-bred to the most careless observer, with "points that gain upon a fellow every time he looks at her, you know!" Ah! it took very few seconds for Mr. Rupert to decide this quarry was worth pursuit and, with the pleasant pendant of "six thousand," should be his in due time.

So he made the most of the mood in which she met him. "*Was* awfully tired. Town with the thermometer at ninety was slow suicide, but labourers couldn't choose localities!" And after he had disposed of travelling-dust he re-appeared under the lime and took his tea with a wearied-out sort of enjoyment in the restful hour, that gave no hint of others neither so early nor so healthy, that had emptied his pockets and paled his complexion of late.

Apologies for Mrs. Alwyn's absence were received with great equanimity. "It's best to take one's pleasures by degrees," said Mr. Villiers, "and one's relations too, though I'm not clear if I may claim you

in that list. What *is* the etiquette of step-cousinship? Does it allow me to say 'Sydney,' for instance?"

"I don't think you called me 'Miss Alwyn' four years ago," she answered, amused at this point of ceremony. "Speak to me as you do to Leonora. Treat us alike."

"Then it will be 'Sydney.' Thank you. I can treat you both alike, so far. But as to four years ago being any precedent, why, four years are a gulf at your age. You have grown out of knowledge since then."

"In the same time most girls would have done the same thing," she answered calmly, letting a rather fervid glance shoot harmless by as she gave him another cup of tea.

"Ah! but you've done more than grow. May I, without hopelessly putting my foot in it, say how you've improved?"

"No, you may not," said Sydney, "for you haven't been here long enough to know whether I deserve the compliment. Please make something besides personal remarks, or else perhaps we shall quarrel."

"Which fate forbid!" returned the gentleman; "the last thing on earth I want is either to begin with a quarrel or," very pointedly, "to end with one."

But that shaft, too, glanced unnoted by its aim, and Mr. Villiers was driven to make himself agreeable for the next hour on entirely new lines, with a companion not to be "fetched" by any art of flirtation, a baby at coquetry, though out of her teens, the like of whom in all his London life he had never encountered before.

Determined on approval, however, he found no fault with this specimen of a new class. On the contrary, he liked the change from every-day womankind, and flattered himself that, keeping well in sight a certain girlish dignity which Sydney, at her frankest, always wore, he made capital "running" in the time that elapsed between their meeting and Mrs. Alwyn's return.

From Oakleigh Place the ladies came back in a state of honied sweetness. The countess had been charming. Leonora had sung to her. Mr. Edward Duvesne had turned the pages. Some one had compared her voice to Patti's. And now here at home Rupert and Sydney were getting on admirably. Every plan seemed prosperous. For a whole evening Mrs. Alwyn was superbly serene, and only once, when she was showing her nephew the little conservatory where he might be permitted a cigar, was the express object of his visit touched upon.

"Leonora is handsomer than ever, Aunt Helen," said Mr. Villiers, "and 'little Sydney,' as we used to call her——"

"Yes, Rupert. About her—what do you think—altogether?"

"That she's quite delightful. Developed every way—beautified amazingly!"

This was warmer praise than Leonora's—more than Mrs. Alwyn could stand.

"I am relieved that you like her—at first," she said, her mouth drooping ominously at the corners; "you will find out her best and worst characteristics by degrees. You may have to be careful, Sydney is so decided—what some would call wilful."

"So much the better," laughed Mr. Villiers, "if she takes wilfully in my favour. I must try and make her."

Then they said good night, and no more conversation on the subject was exchanged for long.

But given a mother and suitor playing judiciously into each other's hands, the game went on with every prospect of success. Though Leonora and her mother performed their devotions at Oakleigh Church next day, Mr. Villiers elected to walk with Sydney to St. Clair's, gravely informing his companion that he thought people should always attend their parish church, though he would have been sorely puzzled to tell where or what his was! And, coached by the cunning major, he fearlessly attacked his aunt's prejudices on feminine occupations, pronounced gardening a most invigorating exercise, and only wished he could shake off office drudgery any day and come and help his "cousins" at the work.

"But I shall be down again soon," he informed Sydney on the Monday morning when his first visit ended, and she, at the request of her mother, whose head did so ache if she rose too early, attended their guest's seven o'clock breakfast. "I feel no end better for this splendid air. I shall soon repeat the dose if I don't outstep my welcome."

"There is no risk of that," returned Sydney, pleased at this tribute to St. Clair's curative powers, "as mamma said last night, you must come soon and come often if it does you good." And of this invitation the young man took full advantage.

The Comynghams had all left Oakleigh in September. A scare as to the water supply at the House dispersed them till the spring.

"It's awfully provoking, especially for me," said the Honourable Edward, quite sentimentally, taking leave at the Dale, "for I wanted to hurry on those builders at my new Rectory. The place ought to be done by the spring. I hope Miss Villiers will show an interest in it then, and tell me how it ought to be arranged."

That speech was food for hope through long winter weeks, when Oakleigh Church was supplied by a *locum tenens*, and saw little of Mrs. Alwyn or her daughter. It might be well, too, the elder lady consoled herself with thinking, that this break had occurred. Sydney's affair could now be adjusted at reasonable leisure. Her marriage-day might be decided on by when the Comynghams came back; and they would be without her through the next summer's campaign, destined, the mother fondly hoped, to bring the bridegroom of her desire to Leonora's feet.

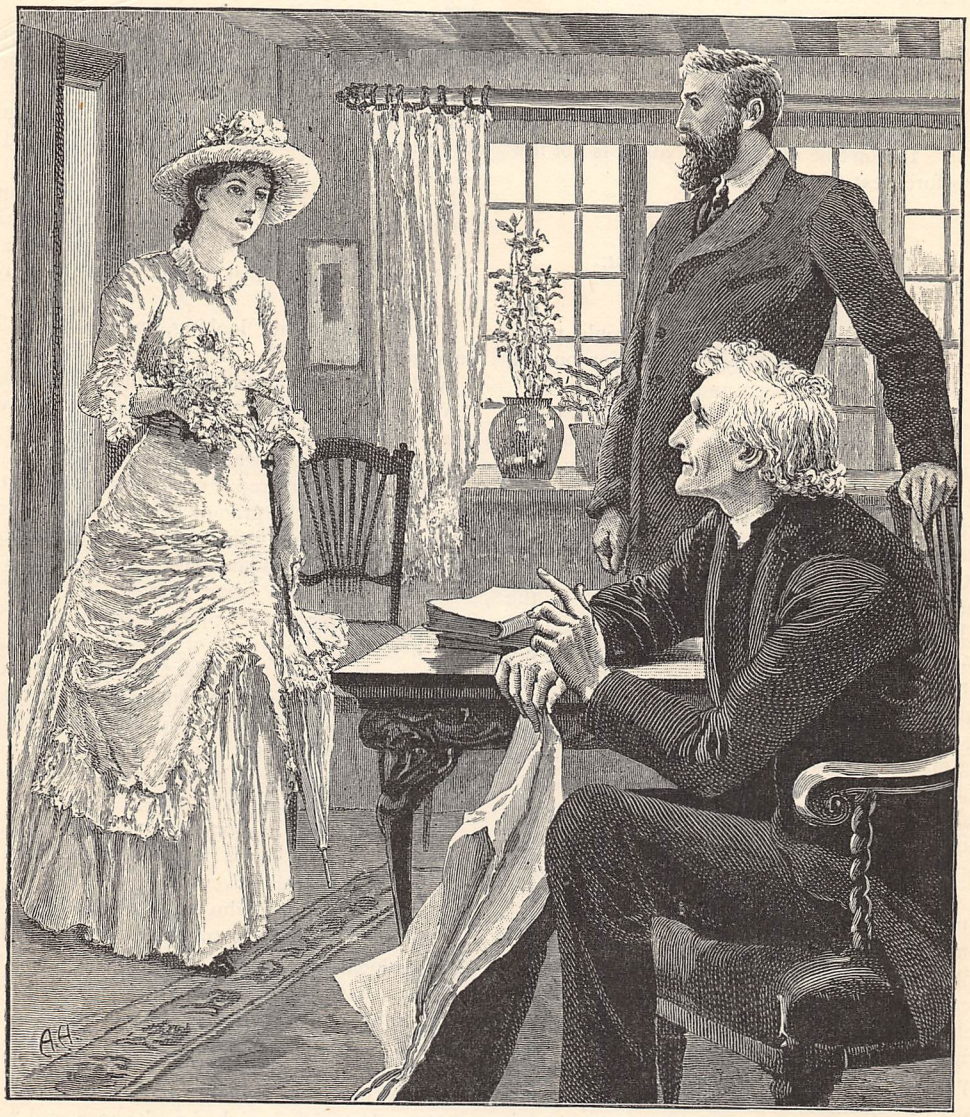
Thus through his flying visits Mr. Rupert's courtship was well seconded by his Aunt Helen, and—without much difficulty—the hours of his presence were made brighter to Sydney than those of his absence.

With some tact he watched her likings and turned them to his own use. A question of winter gifts was raised before him. Sydney, disappointed, had to give up most she desired to make. When Mr. Villiers next presented himself he was bewrapped in blanket-

like rugs purchased, he declared, at Hedyngham to protect him from the east wind driving to St. Clair's, but no more use to him, so would Sydney dispose of them as she chose? Did he hear books mentioned, wished for, by some fortuitous chance he was sure

Sydney, overjoyed at her prize, buried herself in its fascinating pages, and at the evening's end thanked the giver most expressively.

"You must read it yourself, Mr. Villiers, to know what I have been enjoying," she said.



"'WHAT, YOU!' AS SYDNEY ALWYN ENTERED" (*p.* 193).

either to have such "at home" (meaning at a particular bookshop off Oxford Street) or could borrow them for her easily; and as weeks slipped by this prudent siege seemed likely to take effect.

A charming work on plant-lore had of late appeared. Knowing it of the very kind Sydney would delight in, Mr. Rupert brought it down, a Christmas gift, with—not to be too marked—bangles for Leonora, pheasants for his aunt.

"I! Why, I know as much of the subject as of the Homeric bards! Plainly, nothing!"

"Oh! but it makes you like it if you will but begin."

"Then will you teach me?"

Gravely—"Yes, if you wish."

"*Then* I am sure to like it."

"Precisely what I say."

"With a difference," said Mr. Rupert in lowered voice, "which some time I must explain to you."

"But not now," replied Sydney, most unsuspicious still, "for I have read myself sleepy. Good night. And I don't know when I've enjoyed a Christmas evening so much. I have to thank you for it." And she bestowed on Mr. Rupert a full beam of gratitude as he held the door open for her.

Leonora had gone to bed an hour before. Watching another girl's love-affair was very stupid work. Mrs. Alwyn alone was left to mark the words and smile.

"Well?" she said, questioning her nephew with a glance as he came back to the hearth-rug.

"Well, Aunt Helen," he said, "I feel very much your debtor. It won't be my fault if Sydney is not my wife long before next Christmas time."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

A GRAND DISCOVERY.

HAVING come to this stage, Mr. Villiers would probably have pressed his suit rapidly to conclusion but for sundry interruptions unforeseen and unavoidable.

First came a month of snows and storms, that made country roads all but impassable even for journeys of profit, and utterly tabooed the notion of traversing them on journeys of pleasure. At least so Mrs. Alwyn wrote to her nephew, opining perhaps that an obstacle at this precise juncture might make him more ardent on his next visits. Then a political embroilment with a cantankerous foreign Power brought clouds of war on the nation's horizon, agitated the War Department, and gave Mr. Rupert a *bonâ fide* dose of long hours. And with March came graver delay.

One of what Mrs. Alwyn called Sydney's "pretty warbling choir," a worthy little twelve-year-old Suffolk dumpling of the female sex named Patty Peggs, was "took ailin'," and after vapouring through a prelude, suspected of chicken-pox, ague, or measles, developed by the end of a week a fine case of malignant typhoid. Miss Patty being the eldest of eight (the family including two sets of twins, which, as the poor mother said, 'du tell up so!") it may be inferred without much imagination that her share of daily bread was not superabundant, to say nothing of the food illness needed.

Fearless of disease, Sydney at first went to the child with such supplies as Dr. Dacie recommended and her own narrow purse could furnish; but when the malady was duly declared, Mrs. Alwyn promptly forbade these ministrations. Leonora, alarmed at all fever, was infinitely terrified by a second and third case, resolutely refused to go out of doors or taste a breath of the air which blew between the infected village and "their nobility," and so nearly alarmed herself into illness of some sort, that her mother decided on flight as the lesser of two evils, sent the servants away on very close board wages, shut up the Dale, and carried her daughters off to the fresh breezes of a southern watering-place.

Sydney pleaded dolefully to be left at home or with the Dacies. She might help them or Mr. Vaughan if illness spread. But her mother quickly negatived the petition. "People would say I had more regard for Leonora's health than yours," she said. "Nothing should induce me to leave you here."

So as an example of well-balanced affection Sydney was carried off, and had to leave what the cottage neighbours called her "poor little singin' mawther" to struggle through her phases of suffering without further help from her than could be trusted in the shape of shillings to Mary Dacie.

A clean bill of health was reported in April, and Mrs. Alwyn desiring to spend a week at her brother's in Hampshire with Leonora (three would be inconvenient again!) Sydney was permitted to return and stay with the Dacies before they all re-united at the Dale.

Nowhere had the girl been more missed than at the Gate House, where she shone always at her brightest, paying them in every coin she could conceive for the kindness to her earlier girlhood. Now Mary received her joyfully with—

"How well you are looking, and how glad I am to have got you back!"

And the traveller, with a hug and a kiss, answered, "Also, how glad I am to be back, but how well you are *not* looking! What's the matter, Mary? Has anything gone amiss while I was away?"

"No," Mary declared, "nothing so very particular," but bit by bit, in the privacy of up-stairs unpacking, it it came out how her father was less equal to work than ever that spring; his lameness gained on him so, and "mother," who had never flagged, but kept such a willing shoulder to the wheel so many years, was not like herself. The strain of all her middle age was telling on her now. And the "boys," long since men, two married, one in Canada, were getting less able, between growing families and uncertain business, to give their small aids to the old home, and so, confessed poor Mary Dacie—permitting herself the extraordinary luxury of five minutes' collapse—

"It seems as if we are all on the downhill road together, Sydney dear; and sometimes I'm such a goose I get miserable over it."

To which Sydney, who had long dreaded this state of things, could only return the comfort of caresses. The outlook was gloomy, she knew, so uninviting that she must have been glad to quit its contemplation, for, after some minutes' diligent unpacking, she changed the subject by asking, most irrelevantly, if Mr. Drayton had been to St. Clair's while she was away.

It was not often Sydney showed such lack of sympathy. Mary Dacie sighed as she answered "No," and she sighed again as she smoothed her ruffled brown hair, and stroked out of sight a few obtrusive silver threads. What a foil she looked to that girl in the sweet bloom of her twenty years! But she mustn't grow curmudgeonly. Admirers! Lovers! These must be pleasant pastures for young minds to stray along. She wouldn't grudge them to Sydney, even—with a sensation as of a rising sob firmly subdued—even in the shape of—Mr. Drayton, or Mr. Rupert Villiers.

This latter gentleman, though debarred from prosecuting his plans in person through the spring, had not allowed himself to be forgotten. Early in the year

each note to his Aunt Helen had contained some special message for Sydney, unfailingly delivered. About that date in February when feathered monogamists select their spouses for the coming spring, a florist of Petersham (a stroke to please the major, that!) packed off a splendid mass of sweet-scented lilies of the valley, and the address "Miss Alwyn, The Dale, St. Clair's," was in Mr. Rupert's handwriting. Reviews to her liking, magazines many, found their way similarly to the young lady at Bournemouth, in company with society papers for her mother and sister. And now, definite desire and intention of success strengthened by the propitious Christmas visit, Mr. Villiers felt no hesitation in assuring his anxious father that, spite of postponement, everything was going on as right as a trivet, and the paternal purse would probably be drawn upon for wedding garments shortly after Midsummer.

Meanwhile, as the season was gay, and likely to be his last, free entirely from petticoat control, the young man took licence to treat his good resolutions for the future pretty freely.

The singer who had once enthralled him was far away now, enchanting dollars by thousands from the rich citizens of another continent, but her pedestal was not long vacant. Small pink tickets for the Opéra Comique, and large long bills for suppers connected with the same: companion documents to Mr. Tufter's original one, and a run of late hours over a green table much best left alone; these, to say nothing of more legitimate indulgences, swelled a debit account of considerable proportions as weeks went by, and relied for their settlement mainly on Sydney's fortune. Since, "Hang it, you know," thought Mr. Rupert, "five thousand, or four perhaps, will be plenty to tie up. She'll like to do something towards starting the domestic mill, that'll be only fair. The rest we'll leave loose as a sort of general fund."

And over the manipulation of that general fund Mr. Rupert's fingers itched prospectively, after a fashion that boded ill for its long existence, while for his first visit to the Dale in May he began to look impatiently as for a serious crisis in his fate. But this crisis was yet to be put off by doings we must halt to explain.

Amongst the elements of uneasiness underlying Sydney Alwyn's young life was one extremely common to mankind—want of money. Endowed with a quick eye for other people's needs, a ready hand to help them, it was no light bond to feel herself always scantily provided with means to this end, and in nothing was the contrast of her nature to her mother's and sister's more clearly shown than in this matter of £ s. d.

Mrs. Alwyn would nail down the charges of a laundress to the lowest farthing, and travel miles, metaphorically, to save a mite; Leonora invariably had headaches on offertory Sundays at St. Clair's, and, as Phillips would grimly say, was never known to give away so much as her cast-off frilling, and neither lady grudged any domestic screwing which would supply means of external display; while Sydney's economies, contrariwise, began and ended with herself. All she could garner up went in channels she was not in the habit of talking about, and many a rueful hour it cost her to think that these savings were so provokingly small.

Mrs. Alwyn, however, took good care that only a very small portion of her income should be wasted through Sydney's proclivities, and so it came to pass that the girl had to tax her native ingenuity to make the most of the little she possessed.

She was making, one May morning, an after-breakfast inspection of last winter's garments, pondering over what could be spared to robe the convalescent Patty Peggs, and two or three junior sisters, lamenting secretly that she must not venture on slicing up a suggestively useful serge, for fear her mother might not see fit to replace it before cold weather came again, when Phillips entered, and explaining, "The bag was late this morning, miss. Mistress sent this up here," laid a letter on the table.

Sydney's postal communications were few, and a glance at the old-fashioned business envelope told her from whom this came—Jacob Cheene. Glad to receive it alone, since Mrs. Alwyn never saw the clerkly superscription without annoyed comment, she opened this missive of her father's old friend, and prepared to read it undisturbed.

But the first sight of its news almost took away her breath.

She always wrote to him simply and freely, more freely perhaps than she could ever speak to any one at St. Clair's, and in her last letter she had dwelt rather dolefully on the poor famished home of her choir invalid, wishing she could have given the little pale-cheeked mortal a taste of sea-breezes; though, as she had ended, wishes were, alas! vain—the surplus of her allowance would go such a little way.

Now, in Jacob's letter, came this remarkable response:—

"It is like your own father's child, Miss Sydney, to be looking after the poor about you. He was as free as the day as long as ever he was able, and I will make bold to say you will copy him when you take your own money. Your birthday comes next month, I know. I remember when you were born as well as yesterday. I wish I were not too old a man to travel over the country and bring some trifles you, and you only, would value. But they shall get to you somehow, though I may never live to shake hands again with my dear master's daughter. And please to remember on June the 8th that nobody prays more fervently for prosperity to your six thousand pounds, and for a long life for you to do good with it, than

"Your very true and dutiful Friend,

"Jacob Cheene."

Six thousand pounds! *Her* six thousand pounds! Whatever did the old clerk mean?

Sydney flushed up and all her pulses started off full gallop at the thought of such wealth in her own hands. Patty Peggs was clothed in blue serge instanter. The damp, ill-drained domicile which the entire family of

Peggs inhabited was deserted: they were transferred by magic, high and dry, to a six-roomed house. The rector had his blanket club endowed, so he hadn't to go begging every winter. The Dacies—oh!—with a laid by now, and you know full well, ma'am, how we've bore up again our troubles from beginnin' to end, we humbly ask a trifle now and—" "Sydney!" Mrs. Alwyn broke off, her face, in common parlance, as black

"TO HIM SHE CONFIDED THE TROUBLE" (*p.* 204).

great joyful inspiration—*if* it were true! But not a moment could she wait without hearing if this extraordinary fortune were really so near at hand. Letter held tight, away she went through her mother's boudoir, where she heard voices.

The inner door was slightly ajar. Mrs. Alwyn, reading aloud to Leonora something the post had brought, heard nothing of the light approaching step. Sydney could not avoid catching the last sentence.

"We mean no offence, but seein' one of us is wholly as a thunder-cloud—"Why did you not knock? Never—never should you enter a room in that manner when people are reading letters!"

"I beg your pardon, mamma. I didn't mean to interrupt you. Is yours a troublesome one?"

"Ye—es—no—oh, no! That is, nothing particular. Merely a begging letter. Is yours more important?"

The girl's bearing was so wonderfully bright, for a moment Mrs. Alwyn thought Mr. Villiers had proposed in writing and was certainly to be accepted.

"It seems so to me, mamma. But if you, for once, will read what Mr. Cheene says, you can best tell me if it really is." And she laid the open epistle down for perusal.

A suspicion of its contents came over Mrs. Alwyn, but she read it slowly through without a word, her face lowering at every line. Then she folded and almost flung it back to the owner.

"Your true and dutiful friend is a most meddlesome old man!" she said briefly.

"Then it *is* true!" cried Sydney, her delight in the news not to be quenched even by this reception of it: "Where, oh, where does the money come from, mamma?"

"From me. That is, if you will kindly have patience and listen"—for Sydney uttered a bewildered ejaculation—"from the sum secured to me by marriage settlement. You would have heard all in due time if this ridiculous interference had not forestalled the proper explanation. Mercifully, your father put away a few thousands for any family he might have, but until any child or children came of age, the interest was mine exclusively. I explained part of this to you once before. Now when your birthday arrives next month you are at liberty to assume control of the money, six thousand pounds. I presume you will expect to lay the interest out yourself instead of leaving me to do so."

Sydney looked almost aghast at the prospect, after her very meagre allowance. She felt such a person of property!

"Why, however much will it be, mamma?" she all but gasped.

"Between two and three hundred, *but*"—as Sydney barely restrained a delighted note—"you must of course pay properly for your share of this home, while you stay in it."

"But that will leave me rich!" cried Sydney, "if you take half, or even more. Oh, mamma," venturing to let a hand drop on Mrs. Alwyn's shoulder, "I can't help being very glad. I hope it doesn't vex you."

"Vex me! Oh, dear no," so drawing up her handsome figure as to rid herself of contact with that warm, eager young touch; "but naturally I don't exult as you do. In a certain way, remember, your gain is my loss. Now," with just the glimmer of a sneer, "of course you want to carry your news to those Dacies. Be sure and say it was merely antedated by that garrulous old man. And—Sydney," as the girl turned away, chilled, subdued—somehow she and her mother could never either rejoice or mourn together—"as you pass the post office, bring me half-a-crown's worth of stamps." Thus did Mrs. Alwyn merge these wondrous tidings in the current of the commonplace, effectually damping her daughter's pleasure for the hour. But it renewed itself before long, and during the May days that followed many and many a superb castle did Miss Sydney rear on the solid foundation of those six thousands.

It was while the full glamour of this brilliant promise was upon her that Mr. Villiers came down again, and felt himself fairly checked by the frank innocence with which his surprise and congratulations were claimed.

"I have such a piece of news to tell you," said Sydney, the first minute she was with him alone. "Something I really think you will like to hear. In quite a very small way I am actually a little bit of an heiress, Mr. Villiers. Value six thousand pounds!"

Love would have made no stumbling-block of that speech, but it put interest into a quandary. Guiltily conscious of having been very much indeed aware of the grand fact all the way through, Mr. Rupert expressed his satisfaction awkwardly and in guarded phrase (at which Sydney was sorry, having counted on his sharing her gratification more warmly; she did so want some one to be very glad at it), and the great question he had been determining to ask her somehow stuck in his throat.

Holding conference with his aunt that evening, "Upon my honour," he said, with a sheepishness that was about the most creditable trait yet recorded of him, "when a girl has just told you she is worth so much, a fellow can't decently make a dash at it all in a moment. It would have been better now if I'd spoken at Christmas. As I didn't, I'll stake my luck on my next coming. I can get my holiday just about the birthday week, Aunt Helen, and bring everything to the right end then."

And as a man cannot be forced into proposing against his will, Mrs. Alwyn could only acquiesce.

She bestowed, though, anything but benedictions on Mr. Cheene for his share in this further procrastination!

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Verily, during the next two or three weeks any one would have found a difficulty in impressing upon Sydney Alwyn that money is the root of all evil.

On the contrary, it seemed the root whence flowers of delight and comfortable fruits innumerable must surely spring forth. At any rate, her share of this earthly pelf was destined to a joyful career, and as if determined to lose no time in starting her income on a happy mission, Sydney actually went boldly to her mother the day after Rupert Villiers left, and begged the loan of twenty pounds, to be repaid out of the very first of those mighty quarterly receipts she was anticipating.

This singular request arose out of an hour at the Gate House that noon,

There, Mrs. Dacie, instead of being as usual actually at work or waiting on her good doctor husband, was reported invisible: actually and confessedly not well enough to be down-stairs, and the sunny sitting-room looked sadly empty, the master grievously hipped and lonely without her cheery presence.

"She was not really ill. Oh dear, no!" Mary said with anxious effort to believe her own words, "only tired: with the heat, perhaps." And Dr. Dacie tapped his thermometer, grumbling over the glorious weather, very ready and desirous to persuade himself that ten degrees less warmth would quite restore his good wife, deluding himself by any fiction, rather than

confess that the labour of making both ends meet through many years was revenging itself now on mind and body.

But Sydney could well read between these poorly deceptive lines, and began casting about how her new power could amend the situation.

"If the mother had taken a holiday in the spring," fidgeted the doctor, dense as men so often are to the possibilities of the family purse, "she might have been set up for the summer," and lo, here was the rich young woman's opportunity.

"Why shouldn't she go now, Dr. Dacie?"

"I want her to, my dear. Her sisters in Warwickshire would have her any day, but——"

"But mamma couldn't go so far," broke in Mary hastily, the colour mounting over the lines on her fair kind face; "I don't mean"—as her father began, "Pshaw!"—"I don't mean that she is too ill—but——"

And Sydney comprehended those "buts" as well as possible. The doctor had not got all last Christmas's payments in yet, few though they were. An active young man from Edinburgh had settled at Oakleigh and was diminishing the scanty list of patients every quarter. There was no hoard laid by for holidays, no fund to furnish change for the house-mistress. "Why," thought Sydney, hiding the sparkle of her swift design behind the outspread newspaper, "it seems as if I were made rich on purpose for this!" And not an hour had she lost in securing from Mrs. Alwyn that advance which was to speed Mrs. Dacie on her health-seeking journey.

That Mrs. Alwyn demurred at the loan, goes without saying. But Sydney in the strength of her new position was irrepressible. Between entreaty and persuasion, backed by usurious offer, she carried her point.

"If you lend me the money, mamma," she promised when refusal seemed imminent, "I'll give you that mirror from the Hedyngham china shop, with yellow roses round it, for interest. Now!" And then, pretending to joke at the bribe she had every intention of accepting, Mrs. Alwyn yielded. Off went Sydney, triumphant, to Mary Dacie, and the upshot of a very April interview was preparation for Mrs. Dacie to have a whole fortnight's rest with her sisters at Chaddeley, and the arch conspirator's only regret was that nothing could induce her friends to use more than half the sum she brought them.

"If we want more we will ask for it," Mary promised; so the solitary note went into hiding against possible requirements, and Sydney in most infectiously high spirits haunted the Gate House till its mistress, with Mary to drive her to the nearest station, was fairly started for what St. Clair's folk called "the sheers."

"Good luck for all of us go with you, Moll," cried the doctor as Punch trotted off.

"And better still come back!" cried Sydney (how often she remembered that valediction later on!) And then she hovered as blithe as a bee about the doctor, beguiling him into tales of when he and his Moll were young, and what a pretty woman she was, till by-and-by Mary came smiling back, reporting her mother gone off looking better already, and an eloquent clasp of Sydney's fingers sent the girl away so brimful of contentment, she could almost have cried for gratitude over her golden thousands.

An evil! Nay, that was downright slander. Money was delicious. Delicious! If this poor fraction had sent such circles of relief rippling over one whole household, what might the rest do? It coloured with a rosy hue even the dull neutral tints of her home. If her mother could smile over a china-framed mirror, she should often have cause to smile!

A great joyful perspective that "Open, Sesame" of wondrous coin disclosed, and the vanishing point was —Love! Surely she could now do so much for so many, and that should be her payment. Such a *Jubilate* stirred within her as she passed the church, as made the glitter of its windows seem an invitation opportune and not to be refused. A sacrilegious little male Peggs, playing surreptitious leap-frog among the tombstones, was captured and set to work at the back of the organ for the sum of twopence, and seated before the keys Sydney herself, tears in her eyes and her heart in her voice, sang forth her gladness in a quaint psalm of Bach's setting, found (incongruous enough there) among her father's few possessions.

Again and again the happy harmony rang out: "Rejoice and be thankful! Rejoice and be thankful!" And perhaps in all the centuries that the wide-winged oak-carved angels had looked gravely down from the timber roof, no truer votive notes had risen from below than these of Sydney Alwyn's unselfish exultation.

"Are you as happy as you sound?" said some one close by as she ceased singing, and she discovered the rector, unseen, had been her audience.

"Well, I do believe I am," she answered, blinking the tell-tale moisture from her long lashes as she closed the organ and released the curly-headed Peggs. "You don't think me utterly childish for it, do you?"

"Nay," he answered very kindly, knowing, though not from her, something of the Gate House doings. "You have every right to revel in the present and what it is bringing you. Only, take an old man's counsel. Don't set your heart on it too much. Riches sometimes make themselves wings and fly away."

"Ah, but," she answered, "mine shall not. I mean to be a penurious old lynx and never exceed my income."

"Good!" laughed Mr. Vaughan, "long may this wisdom last! But," lapsing into seriousness, "if ever this money of yours eludes your vigilance, if it melts away, let the record of its use leave a pleasant memory behind. For," half soliloquising, bachelor fashion, "to have done your best, with all you had, so long as you were able, there's always comfort in that. Though," as Sydney's features reflected his grave mood, "I ought not to dose my pupil with truisms to-day. I had been writing to that friend Drayton, and I spoke of and fell quoting my attempts at consolation. Now for something cheerfuller. Will and Ben" (the boys had got their scholarships and were away at school) "are doing famously. The impudent lads send word they'll coach you when they come home in July!"

"So they shall," said Sydney gladly, though the dim by-flitting of that other sorrow-tried life had made her nerves vibrate sadly for a minute, "and they shall both have Genevas with backs that won't bend and crystals that won't break, for their pains. Tell them so, please."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, penurious Miss Alwyn," returned the rector, "for fear you should change your mind."

"I change my mind!" reproachfully. "But, Mr. Vaughan," stopping short in the church porch, "is—is—Mr. Drayton ever coming to see you again?"

"He promised he would, but writes that this property of his is in confusion. He may turn out worth much less or much more than he expected. I suppose he is busy over that."

"I wish he would come," said Sydney, and the rector looked puzzled.

"What, even now?" he asked.

"More now than ever," said Sydney, and then went off, leaving her old friend wondering what this wish for Richard Drayton betokened, and whether it sounded auspicious for that dark-moustached young man so often at the Dale, at whom his "even now" had pointed—a hint, perhaps, too indefinite to evoke response.

But, taking licence from the innuendoes sowed by Mrs. Alwyn as part of her tactics, other tongues were more outspoken, and speeches at first bewildering, clearer later on, greeted Sydney even as she went home that day.

"I'm wholly fearful we'll be a losin' of ye now, miss," said old Mrs. Hills, her father's last attendant, to whom, in passing, she mostly stayed and spoke. "'Taint likely you'll be long here now."

"Why not?" asked Sydney unsuspiciously. Some absurd version of her coming fortune must have reached the old dame, she supposed. "Why should I go away? I don't want to."

"Ay, ay," chuckled the old body, "that's on'y like the lady should say, but there's them that won't fall in with it. 'A thief'—askin' pardon for the sayin'—'don't leave his sack behind,' now do he?" And then Mrs. Hills, who was afflicted with asthma, fell into such a fit of mirthful choking that in simple charity her visitor nodded good-bye and departed—only, however, to encounter equally mysterious words before she had gone fifty yards farther. For round the corner of the village street swept Lady Comyngham's low phaeton, herself, with the cockaded groom behind, driving the handsome cream cobs, which, much against their will, were reined in at sight of Miss Alwyn.

"I have been at the Dale," said the countess, leaning forward most amiably, "and was so sorry to miss seeing you. But allow me to congratulate you now. I hope this event will bring you much happiness."

It was curious, thought Sydney, for her mother, who all too evidently grudged this division of income, to speak of it to strangers, but so she must have done! And taking this as omen of pleasanter feeling between them, the girl thanked Lady Comyngham with warmth, and hoped she might use the change so that no one would have to repent it.

"Very, very becomingly said," approved the countess, giving Sydney's shoulders a coax with her whip. "I trust you'll prosper, I'm sure, though these matters are dreadful lotteries, as I've told my girls."

"When the earl came into his fortune, I suppose," thought Sydney, answering with such an air of unshakable security, "I hope there's not much of the lottery in my case!" that the countess, for all her fifty years' ups and downs, would not dishearten her with any more wisdom of experience.

"Oh, well, well," she said ("Stand still, Spitfire!") "I presume this has been looked forward to so long by all parties that you feel safe of each other and sure of everything going right. Make my felicitations to—oh," as the cobs took violent umbrage at an approaching wheelbarrow, "these creatures won't let a woman speak! Good-bye, Miss Alwyn," as the pair curvetted off, "Come to Oakleigh some Saturday—both of you."

"Leonora too," mused Sydney, and fell wondering whether success would attend that lofty scheme of her mother's, which by now she understood, though no confidence on the subject was extended to her.

On that point Mrs. Alwyn's hopes were now in the zenith of hopefulness, for Mr. Duvesne had been among the first callers after their return. Ostensibly he came to thank her for certain weekly doles supplied from the Dale to an old couple in his parish—Mrs. Alwyn's smallest light never wasted a ray for want of being set on a candlestick—but the delighted mother marked how he reported progress of his Rectory, and lamented to Leonora that it was not half what he wished "for a lady." Would she look it through some day, with Mrs. Alwyn and her sister? Would she tell him how it could be improved? "Of course," gazing about the handsome Dale drawing-room, "it was nothing like this. The old building and Miss Villiers' perfect taste"—Mrs. Alwyn credited Leonora with every suitable shape and shade on the premises—"had made this unmatchable. Honestly, the Dale ought to be part of the Oakleigh estate, but he supposed the absent owner would say 'no' to that."

Hereupon his hostess had returned that she *in propriâ persona* was proprietor of the Dale now; she had completed the purchase of her brother. And she hoped never to part from it except to her elder daughter. So, unluckily, the place must be burdened with her Leonora.

"And a great improvement the burden will be," said Mr. Duvesne gallantly. "Pray don't imagine I had any intention of robbing these parts when I made my selfish suggestion just now."

With which the young clericus had glided from the topic Mrs. Alwyn fondly hoped he was approaching, into information of a recent domestic event interesting, of course, to intimates only. His sister, Lady Avena Massey, was the happy mother of a little son, successor to four sisters, the first grandson of the family, a young man who had caused as much stir at Oakleigh Place as in his native Staffordshire home.

"My mother," said the Honourable Edward, laughing, "has been fussing over silver mugs, and the girls

have been stitching at some white garment long enough for a grown-up ghost, and the people at Barnes have been sending up gifts most glaringly useless to a fortnight-old baby——"

"And why," exclaimed Mrs. Alwyn to Leonora, as soon as their informer was gone, "why should not I send something that *will* be useful? At such a time it must be accepted as a compliment. A son is all very well. Even a small squire like Mr. Massey wishes for one, I suppose. But they will have to save money for him to spend by-and-by, and they'll value money's worth now all the more."

The consequence of which happy inspiration was the packing off to Barnes of the deep-pointed breadth of costly *guipure* that long ago had raised many a grand dame's envy when displayed upon some velvet-fronted dinner dress, and with it went a cleverly worded note, making the offering to the "new, most precious boy," in terms that quite affected that unconscious little person's mother, drawing from her a tremulously pencilled acknowledgment of this gorgeous christening robe.

The immediate result of this little manœuvre was precisely what Mrs. Alwyn had calculated on. The countess had called and been most affable. Then had Mrs. Alwyn let fall those somewhat premature words concerning her younger child which she intended to turn to more accounts than one. Ten days afterwards a luncheon had followed at Oakleigh Place. Quite a family affair. No other strangers than Leonora and her mother, Sydney (for once to Mrs. Alwyn's complete approval) being tied to an engagement in the parish; and Lady Comyngham had commented on Leonora's pink and white colouring, "apple blossom," she called it, adding "it was the very complexion gentlemen admired. Her son Edward had spoken of it. He fancied he had particular reason to think it beautiful. Some day Mrs. Alwyn would see if he was right!"

In expectation of that day Mrs. Alwyn had to wait, hiding intense excitement under outward calm. But she drove her pair of plans along the daily course with the skill of a cool head and a firm hand. It was desirable—best—kindest—that Sydney should be detached from the Dale. This she never lost sight of for a moment. And the sooner the better. Then, if this other business lagged she could invoke the aid of little diplomatic shifts, shadows of shams that the younger daughter's honest-eyed presence made difficult. Therefore, though the girl in her new-born elation was difficult to depress, Mrs. Alwyn took pains to make her feel that she considered the partition of property a fresh partition of interests, pleasures, affections, and let her distinctly foresee the Sydney of the future would be more isolated in her home than the Sydney of the past.

So counter ran all this to the semi-heiress's deepest desires—she who had so yearned for love that she even wanted to buy it!—that there is small wonder if it drove her straight on to the result intended, and if when Mr. Rupert Villiers came down armed—for this was to be his grand attack!—with the very rose she had been longing for, and the very most attractive manner he could don, she received him as readily as thirsty leaves a shower!

And well the young man played the last round in his hand. Marriage, or some means of clearing up with his creditors, was imperative. That remembrance filled him with keenly nervous energy. By now those often-repeated insinuations were unfolding their meaning to Sydney.

What did they mean to her? Was she glad, or sorry? As yet she could tell nothing. She was dazzled: bewildered. But the new mood touched her with such peculiar grace that Mr. Villiers' pre-arranged attentions came very easy to him, and made the moment that should end this Act the First seem very alluring.

Beyond his second day with them the moment surely would not have been delayed, delightful as was the dallying on the verge of confident conquest; but once again accident played him an unkind trick.

A line from the Gate House called Sydney there, and sent her back in distress.

Mr. Villiers was on the lawn, watching for her, she felt, as she returned, and to him she confided the trouble.

"Mrs. Dacie went out for a holiday that was to do her so much good; now she is ill and longing to get home. But her sisters write that it is impossible for her to travel alone, and ask if Mary can go for her. But of course she cannot, for Dr. Dacie is just helpless without her. Oh, Mr. Villiers, I am so fond of Mrs. Dacie and so sorry about it all! And I do so want to ask mamma to let me go for her, but—I dare not!"

And the beautiful eyes looking up under their black fringe said, "Ask for me!"—a petition that Mr. Villiers, seeing in it occasion out of which he could make capital, answered promptly—

"Let me be your envoy to my aunt and make it smooth with her. I'll soon get her to say 'yes.'"

And this, by what seemed legerdemain to Sydney, he actually achieved, and noon saw her off on the hasty Samaritan journey.

Mr. Villiers drove her to Hedyngham; Hills *vis-à-vis* tabooing all but commonplace talk. But when Sydney was ensconced in the stuffy luxury of a first-class, her charioteer leaned on the window, reminding her—

"You will be sure and return for Friday?"

"Before then, most likely," blushing at his anxious expression.

"For I've something most particular I want to give you then."

"I shall be home."

"And I shall want to ask you something, too!"

"Yes?" nervous, and deeply crimsoning again.

"Do you think I deserve anything for helping to send you away when I—wanted you at the Dale?"

"You deserve a great deal for getting me leave to go to poor Mrs. Dacie."

"A great deal? Then you are grateful to me?" The train was moving off, but he paced by it, looking under the brim of her brown hat at her downcast eyes.

"Grateful? Yes, very."

"Then, Sydney, when you come back I shall ask for my reward!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"WILL IT RAIN TO-MORROW?"

"I RECKON we'll have to stop hay-carting to-morrow," said a labourer to me, one splendid cloudless July day.

"Why?"

"'Cause I heerd one o' them old woodpeckers hallerin' fit to bust hisself while I was a gettin' my dinner."

Next morning the daily paper spoke of settled fine weather, but the rustic was right—it rained heavily. Here was a man utterly uneducated, who, without reference to any scientific instrument, could forecast the morrow's weather with accuracy, when the Meteorological Office, with all its appliances, was at fault. "Hinery" was only a specimen of hundreds of his fellows who can predict to-morrow's (and often longer) weather with unerring accuracy, merely from noticing common details of natural phenomena open to every one. The newspaper forecasts are generally correct as applying to large areas, several hundred miles square; but, as a rule, at fault with respect to localities. Take, for instance, to-day's newspaper forecast, "N.W. winds, moderate or fresh." "Fair as a whole." The direction of the wind is correct, but it is now, and has been since midnight, raining heavily and continuously. Any observant countryman could have foretold by three o'clock yesterday there was not the faintest prospect of "fair" weather. To ninety-nine in every hundred the barometer is of but little value. Its proper use requires long and careful training—merely noting the fall and rise being comparatively valueless. But, with a little practice, any one living inland can, from the following signs, correctly prognosticate for his own neighbourhood.

The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed. On the other hand, if the sky be a dull grey, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapours, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a grey watery haze, it will probably be a rainy night.

The sunset is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper-colour)—this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo round the sun at setting occurs in long-continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of downfall at hand.

Rainbows are unreliable, except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sun-dogs, and fragments of prismatic colours during the day, show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling metallic lustre on foliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

Huge piled-up masses of white cloud in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low-hanging, pale brown, smoke-like clouds are floating about. Red-tinged clouds, high up, at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain.

Mists at evening over low-lying ground, or near a river, precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher, it will be fine; but if it settles down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand. No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain; and a heavy dew in the evening by a fine day. Rain follows two or three consecutive hoar frosts. A shower of hail in the daytime is usually followed by frost at night. If, after rain, drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs, and to window-frames, the rain will return; but if they fall, and the woodwork dries, fine weather is at hand.

Stones turn damp before wet; at the same time it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain, for they will do so occasionally before heat.

Smoke descending heavily to the ground is a sign of very doubtful weather.

Objects at great distances, which are generally indistinctly seen, or even not seen at all, sometimes loom out clear and distinct. When this happens, bad weather or change of wind ensues. A well-known instance of this is the Isle of Wight, as seen from Southsea. If the opposite shore is clearly seen, there is rain about. If, at night, after being blown out and exposed to the outer air, the wick of a candle continues to smoulder a long time, the next day will be fine. Green-coloured sky betokens unsettled bad weather, often long continued.

If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rises in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

The howling of the wind indicates, in most houses, but not invariably, that downfall is near. In some houses, owing to their construction, the wind always moans. Wherever the wind is at the time of the vernal equinox (March 21, and thereabouts), that will be the *prevailing* wind throughout the next three months.

If the stars appear unusually numerous, and the "milky way" very clearly defined, with the surrounding sky dark, or if there be a misty appearance over the stars, rain is coming; while if there be but few stars, and those very bright and sparkling, in a pale steely sky, it will be fine.

Swine, before rain, are unusually noisy and restless. Swallows in fine weather will fly high, and at the approach of rain, close to the ground; but the latter does not apply if the day is cold, in which case they hawk very low.

Common sparrows washing vigorously in a puddle on the road, or at the edge of running water, is a sure sign of rain. A baker, who kept a parrot in the dry atmosphere of the bake-offices, noticed that a few hours before rain the bird took an imaginary bath, fluttering, as if splashing water, and preening her feathers.

The woodpecker before rain becomes uneasy, uttering its cry, "Yoo, yoo—yoo, yoo, yoo," although at other times the most silent of birds. Rain generally follows within the twenty-four hours, often very soon. This may be accepted as an infallible sign. On no occasion, except in the dry summer of 1884, did I ever hear the woodpecker call without downfall following. Then one called on two separate occasions, and no rain followed, although in a few hours threatening clouds rose from the west, but dispersed without rain; still in that year heavy rains fell in one parish, while the adjoining one was left dry, so that after all there may have been rain within a very short distance. If domestic fowls keep out feeding in rain, it will continue; but if they run under shelter directly it comes on, there will probably be only a shower. Rooks, before stormy weather or gales, tumble and pitch in the air, and if they croak as they fly, "Kerk, ke-rack, kerk," instead of their usually long-drawn "Karr-r," stormy weather is coming.

If flocks of fieldfare and redwing suddenly appear on the ploughed land, sharp, hard weather follows. Robins singing at night on the topmost branches of trees, or on the tops of tall buildings, is a pretty sure sign of a fine day on the morrow. If they keep low, the contrary may be expected.

Before rain or thunder, flies are unusually troublesome in stinging. Sometimes on a summer day, without warning, all the cock-pheasants in a wood will start crowing—very often because *they* hear thunder too far distant to be perceptible to the bystander.

Should moles, after dry weather, commence throwing up their mounds and working briskly, rain will follow. In a frost, this foretells a thaw.

Gnats flying in columns in the setting sun portends a fine morrow; but sometimes the winter gnat will do so if the rain only ceases for an hour or two.

The opening of the pimpernel has been given as a sign of a fine day, and its keeping closed the reverse. No reliance can be placed on it. Sunshine causes it to open, while in cloudy weather it keeps closed, even if it be dry.

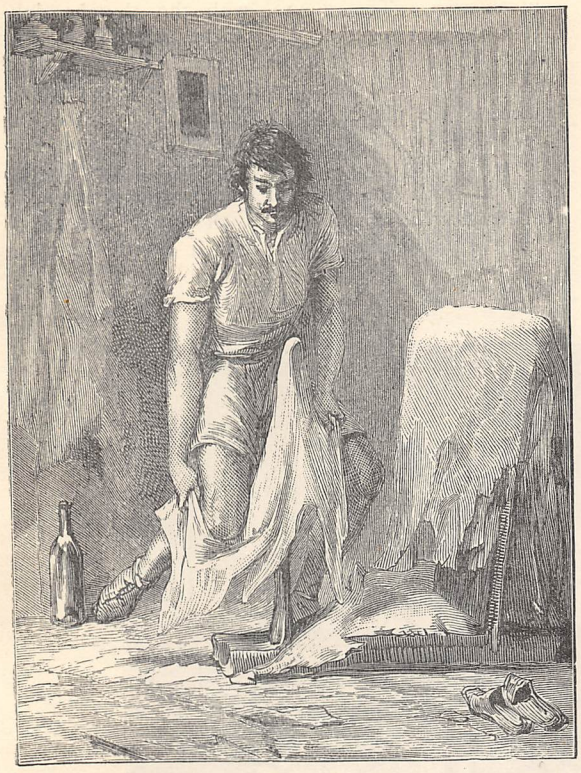
Besides the foregoing, there are numerous weather signs; but among those mentioned will always be found one or more by which a coming change can be predicted.

HOW KID GLOVES ARE MADE.

AT what period of the world's history people began to clothe their hands in gloves, is a question difficult to answer; but probably the earliest mention of such articles of attire is that in Genesis, where the mother of Jacob covered the boy's hands with the hairy skin of the goat in order that he might deceive his father. At a later date Homer sings about them, and mention of them often occurs in Shakspeare. Gloves have been made, and indeed are now made, of many materials to suit the caprices of fashion; but kid gloves have for many years been most in favour, and—at least for some time to come—are not likely to be superseded.

The manufactories of these articles are to be found chiefly in France, being located at Paris, Grenoble, and Chaumont. Kid gloves are made, to a smaller extent, in England and Germany, but those of best quality are usually manufactured in France. How manifold are the operations which are necessary to produce the kid covering of the hand, few people have any idea. In all there are 219 separate processes before the raw skin is converted into the kid glove.

The first thing to do is, of course, to remove the hair from the raw skins, and for this purpose lime is used, they being immersed from a fortnight to three weeks in pits containing water and lime. The skins are constantly turned and shifted about by workmen armed with long iron tongs, and when taken out it is found that the lime has loosened the cuticle of the skin, thus rendering the removal of the hair a more easy matter. From the lime-pits the skins are taken to the unhairing room, where they are stretched on a sort of wooden block, and are scraped with a blunt two-handled knife. This removes the hair. They are now taken in hand by



SOFTENING THE SKINS.

the "flesher," who cuts off the tail, the head-piece, and such portions of adipose matter as may still adhere to the skin. This waste is useful for the manufacture of glue and gelatine, the hair removed by the former process being used for mortar and for felt-making.

The skins now pass on to the "scudder," who removes any hair that may have hitherto escaped the knives of the previous operators. They are next left to soak in clear water, to remove all traces of the lime, and from thence they undergo a process of artificial fermentation, called by the French "*mise en confit*"—that is to say, they are placed in a mixture of warm water and bran, which not only removes any fleshy impurity from the skins, but also renders them soft and supple. Kid skins are not tanned like ordinary leather, such as is used for making boots or harness, by means of oak-bark, but are immersed in a large revolving "drum," which contains a mixture composed of yolk of eggs, wheaten flour, alum, and salt; and so enormous is the consumption of the former ingredients that at one factory in Chaumont no fewer than 4,000 eggs are needed every day. The skins are allowed to remain in this costly paste for rather more than an hour, the drum being kept revolving by means of machinery.

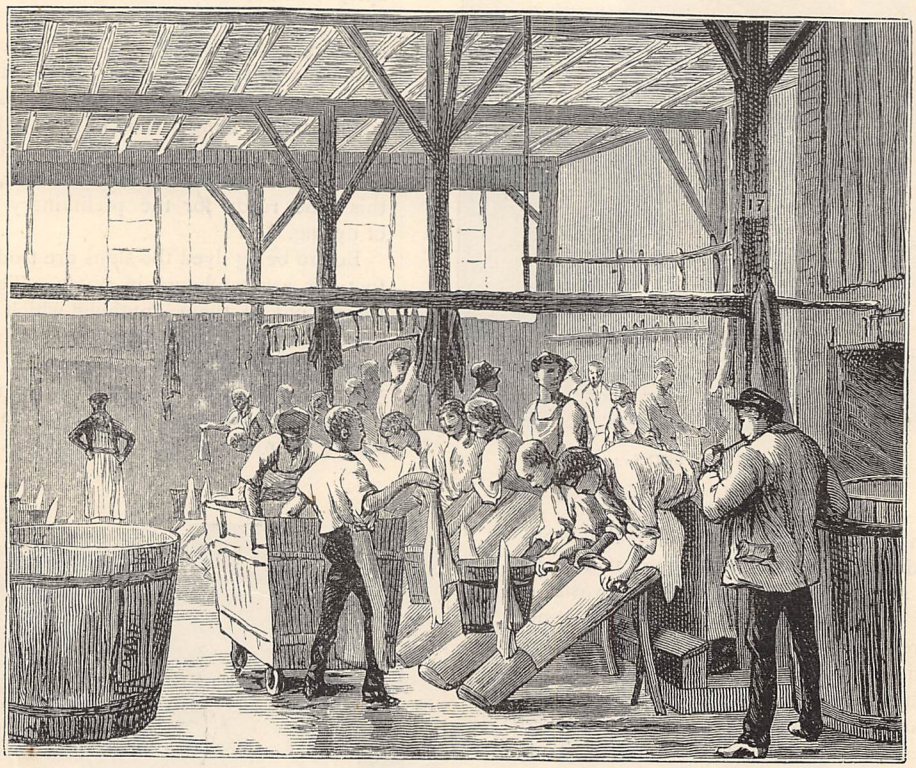
They are next taken out, and removed to the cellars for the night, and from thence are conveyed on the following day to the drying room, where they are subjected to a temperature varying from 140 to 160 degrees. The attendants in this room are clad in a garb similar to that of the peasantry of India, so intense is the heat; but they manage, nevertheless, to enjoy good health, and sometimes even to increase in weight. Each skin is hung separately on hooks, and thus they dry very quickly. This process leaves them somewhat hard, and they are next "seasoned" or "sammied" with cold water, and then stretched backwards and forwards over an upright knife, shaped like a half-moon. After being wetted again, they are "shaved," a process requiring great dexterity. This is accomplished by means of specially-constructed knives, which remove the under-flesh. The skins are now coated with a composition of flour, oil, and yolk of egg, which makes them soft and pliable. They are then conveyed to the dye-house, being by this time ready for the preliminary operations of dyeing.

Before being dyed the skins are trodden under foot for several hours in water. This process throws out of them anything which would be opposed to the action of the dye. Having been rinsed, the skins are now moistened with more yolk of eggs, and are allowed to rest a day before they are dyed by the workmen, who, taking a brush dipped in ammonia, spread it

THE LIME-PIT.

over the skin, and then apply several coatings of the dye. For skins that are dyed on both sides, of course, another process is employed. The workmen place the skins in a large vat, and while treading them down pour in the colouring liquid. Those that are intended for black gloves show, after their first dip in the dye, a bluish tinge, but this is worked off until the skins present a brilliant and perfect black. This process is called "lustring," and is done by passing a sponge over the skins, which have been dipped in a mixture of oil and soap. They are then stretched over rolls of flannel until quite dry.

The skins, having been dried and dyed, are now subjected to a process known as "grounding," the object of which is to remove all roughness, and render them thinner and more supple. They are next sorted according to their quality and size, and are passed on to the cutters, who cut them into the several detached parts of gloves. This operation may seem to the unskilled very easy, but it requires great judgment, for the workman has to allow for the natural "stretch" of the skin. The finished skins having been selected and mapped out by the sorters, and pieced out by the cutters, are put over a frame looking like a deformed glove. These frames are so made that they represent the whole glove laid out unsewn. The gloves, with the thumbs duly fitted and put together, are placed in a press, after which they are sent to be punched by means of machinery. The cuttings left by the punching machine are picked up with scissors by girls who are called *raffileuses*, while those who are employed making the *fourchettes*, or side-pieces for the fingers, which are also cut out by the punch, are called *fourchettières*. It is of course necessary that the *fourchettes* should match exactly with the other parts, and for this purpose "sorters" are employed to choose them. The edges of the gloves are refolded by machinery, and are then ready for sewing. In France the work of stitching is done chiefly by hand, although there are some very ingenious machines invented to perform this operation. One firm alone employs no fewer than 4,500 women and girls for this branch.



SHAVING THE SKINS.

The fastenings are now attached by means of rivets, which are hammered on by girls called *riveuses*. The glove has now been sewn, and furnished with buttons. It only remains to straighten it by placing it on a glove-stick. They are then arranged in dozens, and being enveloped in paper bands, are packed in card boxes ready to be despatched from the factory.

IN ROTHA CHESTER'S HONEYMOON.*

"ONE moment, if you please." A movement of Mr. Freston's hand detained his elderly cashier as he turned to leave the inner office.

"I suppose young Chester's marriage takes place to-morrow. Do you know anything of the connection that he is forming?"

"Only good, sir. The bride, Miss Glyn, is a daughter of my oldest friends. A truer-hearted girl than Rotha never lived; and the praise, or blame, of Chester's introduction to her rests with me."

"That should indicate," said Mr. Freston, smiling, "that you estimate his character highly."

"I have every reason for doing so."

"Thank you, Mr. Gascoygne. Kindly tell Chester that I wish to see him."

Rodney Chester, being junior cashier to Messrs. Finch and Freston, bankers, seldom entered their private office. Therefore it was with quickened pulses he obeyed Mr. Freston's summons. That gentleman greeted him pleasantly, albeit he sighed half-enviously, as he contrasted his own grey hairs, and declining vigour, with the stalwart proportions and handsome features of the honest-eyed young fellow awaiting his commands, every fibre of whose being was tense with fulness of life, power, and joyous anticipation.

"So you propose visiting the Riviera," Mr. Freston said, concluding a few words of congratulation and inquiry. "Is Nice included in your route?"

"Probably we may see it; but Cannes is our destination, a relative resident there having offered us his villa while absent on a yachting cruise."

"Then will you execute a small commission for the firm? My request may seem somewhat unreasonable at such a time, but it can only be entrusted to a confidential agent. Several years ago a man named Warren became, under peculiar circumstances, our debtor for a considerable sum, thereupon disappearing. Quite recently we have learnt he now resides at Monaco, under the alias of Duval. To recover that loan will be your object. This paper," handing to Rodney an envelope, "contains all necessary directions, a sum for extra expenses, and a cheque of which Mr. Finch and I beg your acceptance, with our good wishes for happiness in your new estate."

So ended a momentous interview.

But as he recalled it during his homeward walk, Rodney Chester's whole demeanour underwent a change. The pleasure-flush faded from cheek and brow, introspective thought filmed his eyes, the glad anticipation of marital dignity dropped from him like a mantle.

Why should the name of Monaco, a place he had never visited, ring in his ears such a warning knell, and chill his veins with a terror vaguely apprehended? Why? Because, as at the invocation of Endor's witch the semblance of a dead Prophet rose from vacuity, so the ghost of a past believed by Rodney to be dead indeed, rising at an unexpected word, confronted him in the guise of a living possibility.

When Rodney entered Finch and Freston's bank in Eastenbury, his parents, fondly solicitous for his preservation from the dissipation of city life, placed him with a widow who boarded a small, but select, number of youths. These she termed "her boys," and laboured under the delusion that she so surrounded them with home attractions, influences, and refinements, as to erect an impalpable but adamantine barrier between them and coarser allurements. Deficient in judgment, and governed by impulse, both by and in her "boys" she was constantly deceived. One of them, several years Rodney's senior, Mark Eames by name, unscrupulous and unprincipled, was yet possessed of singularly attractive and persuasive power. His toils were spun with a spider's perseverance and success. Subtly he enmeshed Rodney, initiating him into the mysteries of billiards, betting, cards, and dice. Still, not easily. A country vicar's son, trained to a wholesome prejudice against games of chance, it needed nicely adjusted pressure, and much sarcastic ridicule, to accomplish his object.

A night came when Rodney staggered to his lodgings weighted with gambling debts amounting to what he deemed a small fortune, granted by Eames but a week's grace, and possessed of no possible means of payment.

Stay! was he not? Involuntarily his hand clutched an inner pocket of his coat, where, unremembered till now, lay by a strange coincidence the sum he required. It had been entrusted to him by an old parishioner of his father's for the purpose of depositing in the Eastenbury Bank. Even in that moment of supreme temptation, Rodney thanked God he *had* so forgotten it. He had just returned from a visit to his father, who was seriously ill. Eames met him at the station, and, seeing his despondency, under pretext of cheering his spirits, invited him to a restaurant dinner, supplemented by wine and cards. The results to Rodney we already know.

Again and again he repelled the devil-whispered suggestion to liberate himself from Eames' power with this money, and then labour unceasingly for its repayment. And he would have conquered had not Eames, following him to his room, seen the notes, which, in self-distrust, he was hastening to place in security, pounced on them like a hawk, and, rapidly

* To this story was awarded the Prize of Five Guineas recently offered for the best and most suitable short story.

counting them over, stuffed them into his pocket, while overwhelming Rodney with a torrent of opprobrious epithets. A fearful scuffle ensued, which alarmed the household without benefiting Rodney, who next day sought other rooms. Denouncing Eames involved inculpating himself, and incurring disgrace, dismissal, and a ruined career. Eames, however, made divers efforts at reconciliation, which, to his bitter resentment, Rodney utterly ignored.

After weeks of mental anguish deliverance came in the form of an unexpected legacy. The sharp recoil from shameful despair to hopeful freedom struck at first like a blow. Then, falling upon his knees, after pouring forth such a flood of confession, thanksgiving, cries for strength and aid, as had never before crossed his lips, or filled his heart, he registered a solemn vow that never again through life would he stake one farthing upon any game of chance.

This was the spectre which, confronting him upon his wedding-eve, whispering the name of Monte Carlo, pointed with cold, bony finger to a possible temptation. And once again upon his knees, looking up into the myriad golden eyes keeping watch over the sleeping city, Rodney Chester reiterated those pleadings for firmness and support, and with double earnestness renewed that unforgotten vow.

* * * * * *

Near the long, steep flight of steps leading up from the railway station to the terraced gardens of Monte Carlo stood a group of three, watching the stream of passengers ascending that ladder of the lost, from the afternoon train—a light-bearded Englishman, with a diminutive French wife, black-eyed and vivacious, and an angular Scot, whose gaunt visage was a study in tan of the delights of yachting. Lazily he surveyed the new-comers, occasionally uttering some shrewd criticism upon one or another. His companion, from under lids drooped in seeming indifference, shot swift analytic glances, keen as a steel-flash, at each passing face. Something of the sleuth-hound's tenacity, combined with foxy cunning, characterised his frigid eyes. Another sidelong glance, yet swifter, telegraphed the result of such inspections to the small woman at his side, who caught their meaning with indefinable *rapport*.

"Surely, yon's young Chester!" said MacPherson, surprise quickening somewhat his usually deliberate Scottish drawl. "Whatever brings *him* to this godless place—wi' the bit lassie, too!"

"Which? that yellow-headed girl? Much what set Adam and Eve meddling with sour apples, I should say," sneered the Englishman, with an obtrusive yawn disguising a start of recognition on his part also, as Rodney and Rotha came slowly forward, Rodney's face slightly grave, yet filled with interest, curiosity, and quiet admiration; his wife's brightly expressive of a young girl's vivid appreciation of unimagined beauty, and the excitement consequent upon a first presentation to a place whose evil reputation enveloped it in weird romance.

"It is like a vision!" Rotha exclaimed, with a catch in her breath, and a sympathetic pressure on her husband's arm, as a few steps upon the terrace spread the whole panoramic scene before them, outlined sharply as a cameo by the slanting evening sunbeams. Blue, blue sea, flecked with white and tawny sails—the quaint, walled, ancient Moorish town perched on its rocky, wave-washed promontory—a distant filmy mirage whispering of Corsica's snow mountains and fateful memories—palms waving great fans overhead, and parting dusky fronds to glimpses of sapphire sky, and showers of golden light. "Like a vision," Rotha said; and she was right. In its beauty—and deception—it was, and is, as a dream and—an awaking! Bitter enough to some is the lifting of that trance-like sleep.

From the palms, the sky, the amber glow, Rotha's winged fancy dropped suddenly into the reality of finding Rodney introducing to her a brawny Highlander, who was blending congratulations with discreet curiosity, in Caledonian fashion.

"The MacPherson"—as, being at the head of his clan, he, with pardonable vanity, affected to be styled—was a sandy-haired, elderly man, with kind blue eyes. His rather ponderous gallantries amused Rotha; but the unmistakable interest he displayed in her as his cousin's bride won upon her, as her bright face and manner attracted him. Strolling leisurely forward, he soon learnt the young couple's experiences and projects—Rodney's mission to Monaco—his belief, from information gathered, that the dinner-hour was the time most likely for finding Monsieur Duval at home; and Rotha's rejection of his that proposal she should remain at Nice, whither, if successful in his application to Duval, they intended returning that night.

"I wouldn't have missed coming for anything!" Rotha protested, flushing with pretty triumph—"Fancy being at Nice and not seeing Monte Carlo—dear, delightful, wicked place!"

"Aweel, then, while your gudemon's speirin' an pokin' for this Duval, we'll just tak a luik round—you an' me—at the beauties o' nature outside, an' the puir flutterin' moths o' fuil bodies within that spider's web o' the evil one's own spinnin'. An' ne'er fash yerself aboot the wee wifie, Rodney; we'll neither waste the bawbees, nor mak a munelicht flittin' to the *Bonnie Elaine*." So, with dry humour, spake The MacPherson.

It was a good arrangement, placing Rotha in safe keeping, yet leaving Rodney's movements free. He laughingly departed, though Rotha's wistful glances followed him with girlish transparency. Quickly, however, attention and imagination were both distracted and enchained. The gleaming marble palace rose before her like childhood's fairy tales embodied, uniting the strange silence of enchanted sleep with the magnificence, colouring, and radiant brilliancy of Aladdin's halls. The spells of the place held her forcibly. The oppressive stillness, broken only by ominous, fate-filled cries, the blankly apathetic faces, the social differences merged in the united purpose of the crowd, held her senses in the mute repression of concentrated intensity. Time seemed annihilated, space focussed, sensation condensed to a diamond point.

Once again in the open air, she drew her hand across her eyes, as though brushing from her brain some fever-image.

"It was dreadful!" she said, shuddering; "dreadful. But"—dreamily—"I understand *now* the fascination of which one hears and reads."

* * * * *

Meanwhile a little scene passed between the bearded Englishman and his small French wife.

Something in her husband's expression arrested Madame's attention as MacPherson followed the young couple.

"It is true, is it not, that you also know those two?" she questioned, with a flick of her finger towards the Chesters.

"*Him*," was the laconic answer, "and"—savagely—"hate him. Plague him, *how* I hate that fellow!"

"*Fi donc, mon ami!*" and Madame tapped his arm lightly with her daintily-gloved hand. "Oh, you English, how you are *drôle*, with your 'hate,' and your 'hate'—so coarse—*si bête*. *We* have more *politesse*. We say simply, we do not lofe."

"Then I, too, will 'not lofe,'" he returned impatiently. "Nay, I will 'lofe'"—mockingly—"dearly! closely! His wife shall be your bosom friend, Marie——"

"His wife, Mark?" interrogatively.

"Bah! yes. The marriage was in the *Times*. We will cherish—follow them devotedly! I, in shadow; you, openly; and it will go hard if——" but here ensued a whispered colloquy, to which subsequent events alone supplied the key.

* * * * *

Rodney returned too late for Monte Carlo to be quitted that night. He had found the lair, but not the wolf. Nor did several ensuing days bring him more success. Yet they were halcyon days to him and Rotha, filled with explorations of the queer old city, inland excursions, wanderings about that terraced, flower-freighted Paradise, with its gay crowds and gayer music, and, for Rotha—when she could induce The MacPherson to take her—the strange attraction of those silent halls, where veiled vice, open misery, doubtful triumph, and undoubted ruin shifted to and fro as in a ghastly kaleidoscope.

Daily the fascination grew upon her, exciting an influence whose power—inexplicable to herself—was incommunicable as invisible to others. Rodney, true to his self-distrustful resolution, fleeing the shadow of temptation, refused to enter the gaming saloons even as a spectator. For Rotha it seemed different. The scene amused her; and though to MacPherson it was old and stale enough, he found in studying her—young, fresh, and innocent—the charm she felt in watching others. Not to please her, or, far more, to save from destruction the *Bonnie Elaine*—his bride, his darling, his heart's core—would the canny Scotchman have staked a sixpence.

Another of Rotha's pleasures was the acquaintance of a Frenchwoman who, since her arrival at Monte Carlo, had regularly occupied the seat next Rotha at dinner, chatted with her in the drawing-room, and beguiled with friendly artifices the tedium of Rodney's involuntary absences. Who so unassumingly entertaining, helpful, kind, as Madame D'Armét? She, too, poor thing! waiting in lonely patience for the constantly delayed return of a husband detained in Paris by diplomacy's red-tapeism!

With such companionship, how could Rotha debar Rodney from the delight of spending an occasional hour aboard the *Bonnie Elaine?* Rotha was no sailor, and nothing short of necessity induced her to quit dry land.

"After that horrible Channel, too!" she said reproachfully, one day when Rodney, upon the principle "practice makes perfect," was trying to persuade her to accept MacPherson's proposal of a long day's cruising expedition. "No, Rodney; not even for you would I brave that lovely siren sea. But you she has bewitched—enchanted. Go, then; Madame D'Armét will take care of me. Only—only—come back soon!"

Should he go? Rodney debated, as he hurried towards Monaco for another effort at unearthing Duval. To the enticing charms of yachting, this expedition added that of glimpses at scenes and shores whose interest was, to him, very great. Rotha was willing, safe, content. It would be but a few hours' separation. Leaving Nice early in the morning, they would be back by nightfall. Well! chance should decide. If he found Duval, and succeeded in his embassy, he would go. Not otherwise.

He did succeed. Duval, this time, missed evading him by two minutes. Making a virtue of necessity, he paid the larger portion of his debt, and Rodney returned possessed of notes valuing £200.

What to do with them was now his puzzle. Business hours were over—banks closed. When they reopened in the morning he would be miles away on the sea. He would confide them to Rotha—she was a careful little woman. No one need know anything of the matter, and in her custody they would be perfectly safe.

"Suppose I lost them!" Rotha said, regarding the notes apprehensively. "Rodney, I wish you would lock them up somewhere. I have no idea where to put them."

"Nonsense!" he replied lightly. "Women are clever hiders—always. Don't they often tuck money away in their petticoats, or boots?"

"Certainly not," promptly. "Paper in petticoats would rustle—coin in boots equal pilgrims' peas. Your knowledge of feminine resources is evidently defective."

Nevertheless, after his departure she so far followed his suggestion as to fold the notes into a small packet, and fasten it securely inside her bodice.

But the charge worried her. An unexpected voice, or step, startled her, flushing her cheek, and involuntarily drawing her hand to the treasure's resting-place. All day she sat in her room, vaguely uneasy, longing for Rodney's return. Nor would she have left it had not Madame D'Armét penetrated to her retreat, and persisted in dragging her out of doors.

"Such a lofely evening—so gay—so bright! Only *la petite* anxious and pale—pale as the spirit that keep a secret watch."

Not pale now. Rotha's cheek was scarlet.

"*Voilà!* have I not reason? Your husband, he takes his pleasure. You—you stay to guard—what? Gold? Jewels? Papers? Bah! what is it you say—'care kills cats'? Pouf! blow it away. Come! it lives not with music and flowers."

Poor Rotha! Scarcely beyond childhood, and one of a large family who, in daily intercourse, practised little reticence, it was impossible but that Madame's pertinacity had wiled from her something of Rodney's difficulties with Duval. Intuition, supplemented by an espionage which had revealed, by aid of Rotha's mirror, the fastening of the package within her bosom, assured Madame of the debt's payment, and Rotha's possession of the money.

Presently, seated in an alcove, she turned the conversation upon play, mixing myth and reality in her storied successes, dazzling Rotha with tides of gold, and mountains of silver, laughing at her objections, scruples, and book-culled reminiscences of crime and ruin.

"*Voici!*"—picking up three pebbles, and laying one upon the little table—"there am I, myself. There," placing a second, "lies starvation. Had I but five francs," laying the third midway between the two, "I would risk the whole upon the game!"

Rotha looked at her wonderingly. The woman's earnestness impressed her with a kind of awe, as at an influence impelling her she knew not whither. She shivered.

"It is a power of which I know nothing," she said. "Neither, did I wish it, have I money so to risk."

"Then what is this?" playfully touching Rotha's breast, "this secret of Monsieur Ro-od-ney's we guard so jealously?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Rotha with involuntary betrayal, "that is not mine—not his—not——"

"*Ciel!* to lose such a chance! Me, had I but a fraction of that treasure, from what of misery might it not deliver!"

A little wringing of Madame's hands, a few tears, a voluble detailment of wrong, wrested advantage, poverty, oppression, and Rotha's heart, burning with indignation, throbbed to aid. With quick zeal she reviewed her resources. She had ten pounds, absolutely her own, in her dressing-case at the hotel. Were she, from Rodney's packet, to lend Madame that amount, she could replace it on her return. Surely Rodney would not blame her for using her own money as she pleased—for helping Madame too! Impulsively she drew forth the parcel, opened it, and offered Madame a note of the sum mentioned. The other drew back, her greedy eyes gloating over the prize revealed.

"Stay, *mignonne!*" and she waved the gift aside, "it is to the young luck comes; you shall stake it for me, and be my 'Dame of Good Fortune.'"

They entered the salon: Rotha in a fever of excitement, doubt, and fear; Madame cold, calm, self-possessed. She changed Rotha's note for gold—directed and suggested her play. How Rotha's fingers trembled as she placed her first stake, picked up her first winnings! Time after time she won. A small ocean of gold heaved under her hand. People turned, watched, muttered over her success. The fascination of the place, which had been growing upon her insensibly, suddenly leaping to gigantic power, overmastered will, morality, and judgment. "Courage! courage!" whispered the temptress beside her. "What? bid Fortune adieu with her favour at its flood?" And Rotha's hand drew from the packet another note. Then the tide turned—she lost. Reverse followed reverse. Dismayed, bewildered, with a fierce fear clutching her heart, she followed Madame's counsels, laying down notes and gold until all was gone.

As the croupier's rake gathered in the last pile she looked round with the wide-eyed, uncomprehending misery of a child. Then, as the hideous truth burst upon her brain, she threw up her arms with a despairing cry, and fled away. Where, she knew not. On, on, speeding along the flower-laden terraces, down slopes, and steps, and roads, like a hunted animal. Lights died, voices grew faint and far, palms ceased rustling, flowers-cents faded. The sea's salt breath, the plash of waves, rocks' uncertain footing took their place. A broad moon looked down upon her from a lonely sky, as she gazed out upon a lonely sea. She had wandered to the shore, but by what pathway, or for what purpose, she never could recall. A dumb agony of fright urged her on. Over sharp boulders, and scarped ridges, she stumbled forward till she reached the furthermost point of a projecting reef. There she cowered down, and waited—for what? Billows boomed around her—spray flew over and drenched her—night shadows mocked her with phantom images. The *Tête du Chien* frowned behind, the pitiless sea stretched in front. Somewhere bells were ringing. Were they tolling beneath the waves knells for drowning seamen, or pealing from village steeples happy bridal chimes? Surely they were her own wedding bells—how merrily they rang! And that was Rodney's voice. Ah, yes! they were throwing flowers; how sweet and pink was the mimosa bloom; how heavy the air with jasmine and seringa! It was the *bataille des fleurs*, of course! How gay and bright the people looked; how pleasant was life, wandering thus with Rodney by her side! Now they were hemmed in by geranium hedges, luxuriant, brilliant, dazzling walls of blossom. Oh! they were choking, scorching, killing her! Not geraniums at all, but forked tongues of fire—fire that changed from flame to ice, devouring and freezing her by turns. And Rodney had disappeared. She was all alone. "Rodney! Rodney!" she shrieked—and then blank darkness fell, oblivion, and silence.

That shriek saved her. Half demented at finding his young wife missing upon his return, and unable to gain tidings of her, Rodney had wandered to and fro in mental agony as great as Rotha's. What guided him to the shore he knew no more than she what prompted her flight to the rocks. Her cry discovered her hiding-

place. Very tenderly Rodney gathered her to his breast, and carried her back to shore, and into love's safe shelter.

* * * * *

When Rotha recovered from the illness which supervened upon exposure, exhaustion, and distress of mind, overwhelmed her. Rotha maintains that, had her moral courage and honesty been of tougher fibre, she would never have fallen into such a trap. On one point they are agreed—that no game played for money shall ever be countenanced in the pretty domicile into which they have lately moved.

"RODNEY AND ROTHA CAME SLOWLY FORWARD" (*p.* 210).

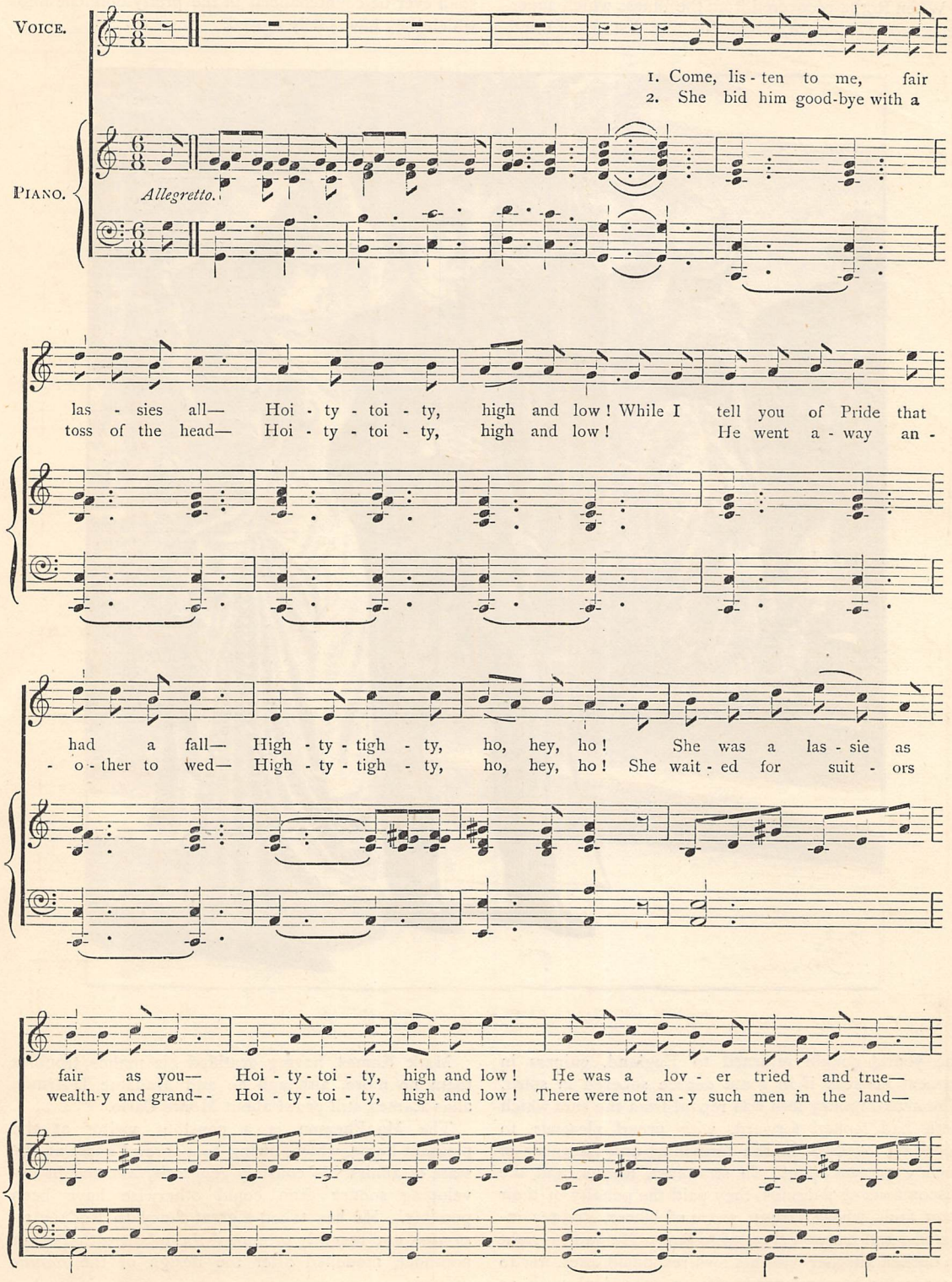
the young couple returned to England, gainers in earnest purpose if in some degree sobered in spirit. The actual money loss was repaid from the sum which both had looked forward, with proud pleasure, to spending together on the furnishing and adorning of their expected home. In straitened means, and the discomforts of lodgings, they paid the penalty of their joint fault, whose largest share of blame, Rodney insisted—and truly—belonged to him. He had no right to burden another with his own responsibilities, nor to expose his inexperienced wife to an ordeal such as

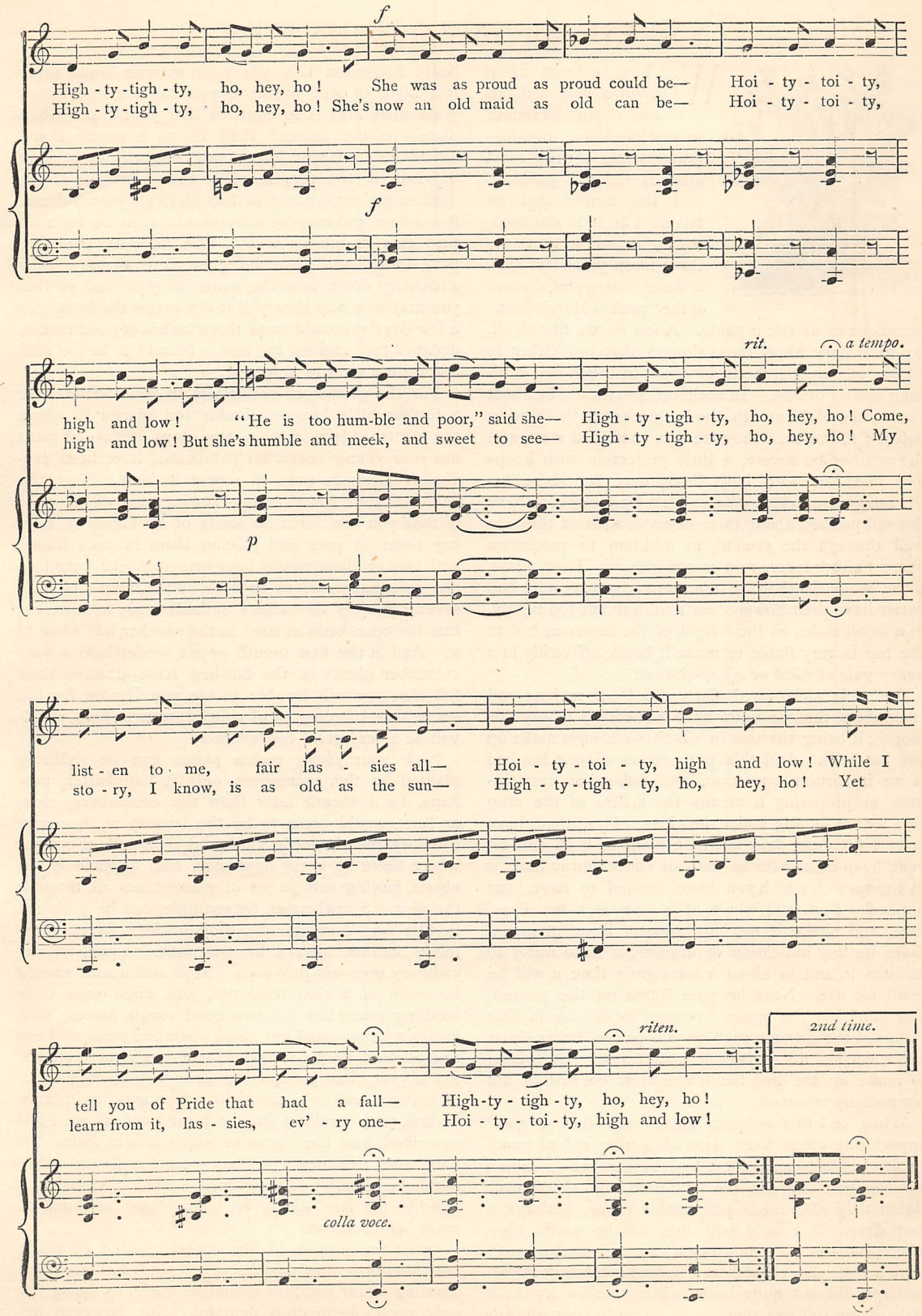
Mark Eames, having gratified his malice, troubles them no more, although he and Madame D'Armét, alias Eames, still prowl about Monte Carlo.

The MacPherson is a constant visitor at the pleasant home, which, owing to a shrewd guess at the state of affairs, his cousinly generosity assisted in developing sooner than could otherwise have been possible. He has taken a great fancy to Rodney *secundus*, and recently presented the infant with a silver pap-boat, modelled after the design of the *Bonnie Elaine*.

A Lesson for Lassies.

Words by G. WEATHERLY. *Music by* PROF. J. GORDON SAUNDERS, MUS.D.




f
High - ty - tigh - ty, ho, hey, ho! She was as proud as proud could be— Hoi - ty - toi - ty,
High - ty - tigh - ty, ho, hey, ho! She's now an old maid as old can be— Hoi - ty - toi - ty,
f
rit.
a tempo.
high and low! "He is too hum-ble and poor," said she— High - ty - tigh - ty, ho, hey, ho! Come,
high and low! But she's humble and meek, and sweet to see— High - ty - tigh - ty, ho, hey, ho! My
p
list - en to me, fair las - sies all— Hoi - ty - toi - ty, high and low! While I
sto - ry, I know, is as old as the sun— High - ty - tigh - ty, ho, hey, ho! Yet
riten.
2nd time.
tell you of Pride that had a fall— High - ty - tigh - ty, ho, hey, ho!
learn from it, las - sies, ev' - ry one— Hoi - ty - toi - ty, high and low!
colla voce.

AN IMPORTANT MONTH FOR GARDENING.

WE have entered again upon a very arduous and important month in our gardening annals—perhaps one of the most anxious for the gardener and the farmer that we have. For it is our seed-sowing month, so that anything like a persistent rain, and the consequent absence of the "peck of March dust," occasions us almost a panic. A few words, first of all, we must have about those flowers that are either in bloom in our open beds, or about to break out in all their spring beauty. In sheltered situations, by about the middle of the month, the hyacinths will be showing colour; if, however, they are in a backward state, and the weather be severe, a little protection with hoops and mats, or with light litter, may be advisable; the tulips also, which come a little later, ought to have the soil pressed about their stems as soon as they are well through the ground, in addition to protection against either severe rain or intense cold. Then, again, those hyacinths that are in a more advanced state had better have their flower-stem tied, but not too tightly, to a small stake, as the weight of the flower or bud at the top is very liable to make it break off easily in a heavy gale of wind or a hail-shower.

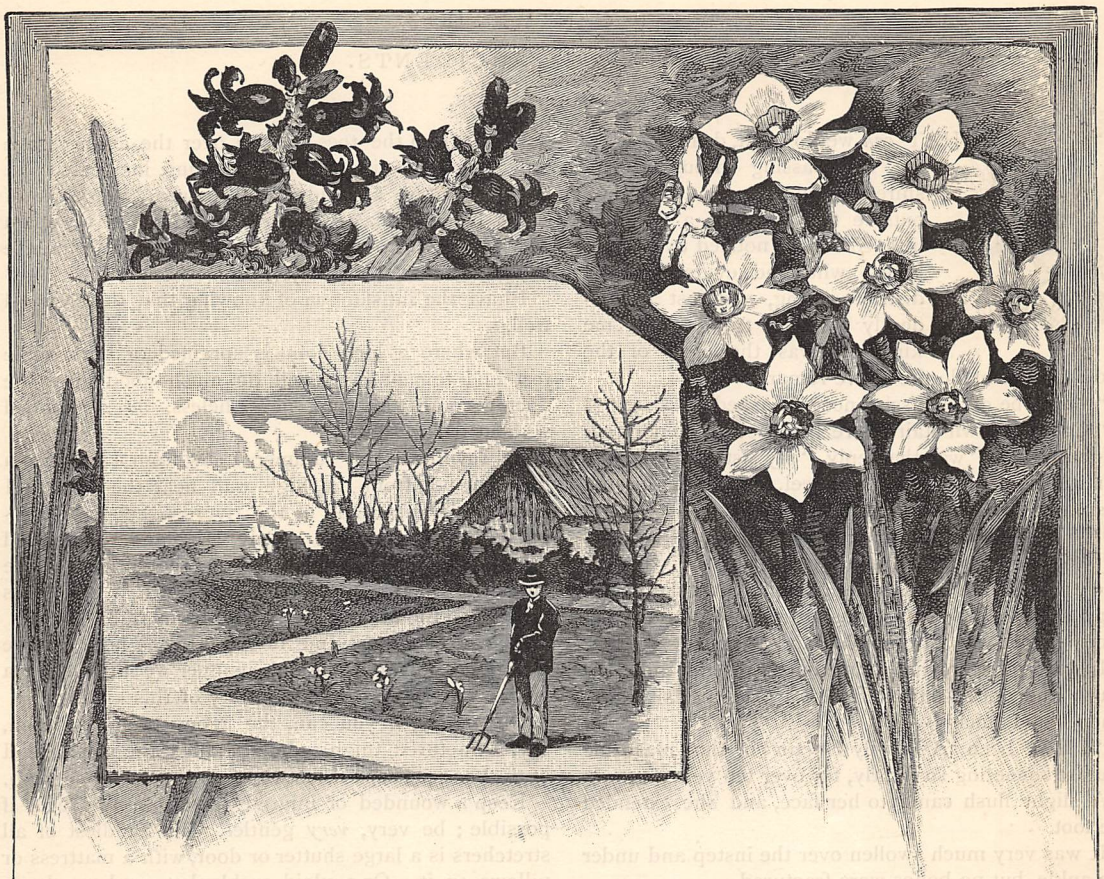
But it is more particularly about our melons and cucumbers that we must have something to say this month, it being the one in which we always make up our hot-beds. And this preparation of our hot-bed is an important operation, and failure or carelessness in preparing it means the failure of the crop that we are forcing under the glass. First, then, have your stable dung laid out in a heap to heat, and let your heap be as near as you can conveniently have it to the spot on which you have decided to have your hot-bed. Fork the whole of it over in a few days' time, and shake it out into another heap, giving, if there be any indication of dryness, a little water to moisten it, and in about a fortnight's time it will be ready for use. Next, lay your frame on the ground, and mark out the space you want by driving in four stakes at the corners, each of your stakes being about a foot outside the corners of your frame. Of course, to make up the bed the frame must be, first of all, temporarily removed.

While on this subject, let us say that a good opportunity offers itself here of getting rid of much garden rubbish and litter, and in this way:—Some persons first dig out the soil from the space over which they afterwards place their frame, perhaps a foot deep. Not only will this soil be useful elsewhere, but the hole thus made can be filled up with unsightly garden rubbish and lumber—*débris* that you, perhaps, did not quite know where to stow away; a little of the soil can then go back on to your rubbish heap, and upon this pile your manure some three feet high, or still higher if you can manage it. A good plan also is to contrive that your frame when placed on the manure shall be on a gentle slope, having its south side lower than the north, or back of it. Indeed, the very shape of the frame shows the wisdom and expediency of this device; your rubbish foundation and manure heap should then be built up with this design in view. This finished, place on your frame, and then its glass, and thrust a long stick deep down into the centre of your bed, so that you may now and then pull it out to test the heat. In a few days' time add some three inches of good mould, decayed turf making the best. Should it be too stiff, add a little sand to lighten it.

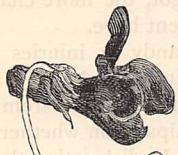
For the growth of cucumbers in your frame, have a further little heap of similar soil placed in about the centre. Into this, a few days later on, plant out your young cucumber plants that have been previously sown in pots, of course in heat. Now, the value of your frame at this sowing-time of the year is that you can force on seeds of all kinds by sowing them in pots and placing them in your frame, and two or three weeks later bringing your pots into the greenhouse, so as to have by the month of May several flowers or various annuals ready to turn out into the open beds as soon as the weather will allow of it. And in the first month or six weeks before your cucumber plants in the hot-bed have attained their full size, you will be able to use your frame for the successional forcing on of many flowers in pots, which will be a very great convenience.

Now your young melon plants can be similarly planted as the cucumbers, only it had better, perhaps, be a month later than the cucumbers: that, at least, would seem to be the custom in the more ordinary and domestic gardening; though, of course, where there is every appliance, and expense is no object, forcing can go on in many cases all through the year. Strawberries, for example, can be gathered in this way every month, though their flavour certainly cannot always be guaranteed equal to our ordinary open-air July ones. Your melon seed should be sown in a sixty-sized pot, and when your little seedling plant has got two good rough leaves, shift it into a larger-sized pot; and when two pairs of these rough leaves have developed themselves, pinch off the top of your plant pretty close down to the second pair of leaves; and in a fortnight afterwards, or it may be less, your seedling can be turned out, as we have described, into the frame in which it is to fruit. To their after-treatment we may occasionally in other numbers advert. The frames should always, as a rule, in the late spring be quite closed an hour or more before sunset.

Other heavy work in the kitchen garden demands our attention this month. First and foremost, the planting of our potatoes should be made, as being the only vegetable in daily demand. Not, however, be-



fore the middle of the month should they be got in, as there is always a risk, as a general rule, of having them cut off by some of our terrible spring frosts which a month or more later than this often make such havoc in our garden.



Asparagus beds may now be gently forked over, and top-dressed with manure. The fortnightly sowing of peas and beans should be made, while those that have attained any height should have their sticks put in as early as possible, if only because the pea-sticks are a protection certainly against any severe weather, and probably against the depredations of the birds as well. And then, by the end of February all the pruning of the gooseberries and currants should be completed. This and next month are trying ones for the greenhouse, as the whole stock is making a start; an occasional fumigation will keep down green-fly, and plenty of air should be given daily.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HAT *can* we do for it, dear?"

I was passing through Yorkshire last summer, and one day, outside the door of a humble little cottage, I noticed two young ladies, who had evidently been district visiting, and just as evidently were in trouble of some kind. It was the elder of the two who had made the above remark.

"Can *I* be of any assistance?" I asked.

"Coming down-stairs here from seeing a poor bedridden woman," was the reply, "my sister missed the last step and alighted on her heel, and I fear the foot is sprained or a bone is broken."

"May I look at the foot?"

"Are you a medical man, sir?" said the younger. She was as white as a sheet; in one hand she held a copy of a yellow-covered magazine so tightly in her agony that it was all crumpled and rumpled.

Instead of replying immediately, I ran into the house and got a chair. In this I made her sit down. Then I said quickly—

"I have been 'A Family Doctor' in that magazine you are squeezing so tightly, for over ten years."

A slight flush came to her face, and she extended the foot.

It was very much swollen over the instep and under the ankle, but no bones were fractured.

"Well, we must help you home, or, for that matter I could carry you," I said, smiling. "A quarter of a mile is not far."

She would not hear of the latter expedient. Yorkshire girls are very brave.

They were the daughters of a country clergyman.

"There are two ways," I said, when I got my patient on the sofa, "of treating a sprain of this kind—that by cold water or cold lotions, and that by hot applications. I prefer, in this case at all events, to use the latter. Let me have hot water, then, and some pieces of stout flannel to foment with. Have you any arnica? No. Well, brandy and a little laudanum?"

"We have both in the house."

"I have no very great faith in arnica," I added "because I have often found a brandy lotion do even more good."

I had the brandy mixed with a little water and warmed in a methylated spirit apparatus,* and added a dessert-spoonful of laudanum to it. After wringing out one of the flannels, and just before applying it each time, I poured a little of my homely lotion on, and the relief of all suffering was soon apparent. After continuing the fomentations for some time longer, I wrapped the foot in a flannel bandage, not too tightly, but right from the toes and up over the ankle; gave orders for a repetition of the fomenting, inculcated rest most strongly, and advised pressure by means of strips of soap plaster, after a time, when the pain went away. No rubbing or any other interference beyond this was necessary, I said.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that the case did well.

But where a large joint is sprained or hurt, while rest and fomentations will do much good until the doctor comes, let him, nevertheless, be summoned without delay.

At Inverness last summer, I saw from a distance a little boy fall from the high wall near the bridge—I being at the other side of the river—a height of probably fifteen feet. A sturdy Highlander marched round and shouldered him. From the shrieks of the lad thus roughly mounted, I felt sure a bone was broken, and found out afterwards I was right.

The accident puts me in mind to say here that we cannot be too careful in the manner we lift or carry a person who has received an injury of this kind.

Oh! fancy, if you can, the agony produced from, say, a fractured thigh rudely handled, the jagged end of the bone perhaps thrust through the quivering flesh.

Keep a wounded or injured person on the level if possible; be very, *very* gentle. The handiest of all stretchers is a large shutter or door, with a mattress or pillows on it. Or a plaid or blanket used as a hammock will do, or a net-hammock itself if one be handy.

While one party is carrying home, or to a chemist's shop, the injured person, some one must be sent to procure surgical assistance.

The sooner surgical aid is got, the more chance of a speedy recovery will the patient have.

Be careful not to give brandy in injuries to the head. You might commit a fatal error!

The best way to distinguish a fracture from a dislocation is to find out by manipulation whether there is motion in the injured part. In dislocation the bone is immovably fixed.

Many dislocations can be treated successfully on the spot by the sufferer's friends.

Just a word about street accidents. Somehow or other, in such cases, one of the crowd usually turns out to be a surgeon; but if not, let one be speedily fetched. Meanwhile, ask the crowd, with all the respect due to crowds in the latter end of the nineteenth century, to stand back and give the patient air. On a summer's day he may do better, for a time, out of doors than in a shop. I got a man on to a hand-cart once, and there he remained till the first shock of the accident was dispelled. But I kept the crowd at bay, and as quiet as possible. Nothing is more likely to make bad worse than a yelling crowd, crying, "Do this," or "Do that," round an injured man.

* How handy these spirit-lamp conjurers are in a family! Water can be boiled in many of them in five minutes or less.

"I can carry him to the orspital easily," said a burly shore-porter in Aberdare one day, "or any two on 'em."

"But," I answered, "it *isn't* a case of carrying simply, but conveying gently. Go and get a stretcher and another man to help you."

There are three kinds of fractures :—(1) The *simple* fracture, where there is simply a snapping of the bone in two without any wounding of the flesh or tissues that lie adjacent. (2) The *compound* or *open* fracture, where there is a wound of the flesh caused by a broken end of the bone being thrust out through flesh and skin. (3) The *comminuted* or *shattered* fracture, where the bone or bones have been broken into several pieces.

In all cases of fracture, surgical aid must be had recourse to ; the only thing justifiable by a layman, is to give the patient as much ease as possible before or after he has been placed on the stretcher. If a simple fracture, the limb may be gently extended. If a compound, the clothing over it should be ripped up the seam, and some attempt made to staunch the flow of blood by cold and pressure.

If the fracture be not an open one, but seems comminuted, here again gentle extension may be had recourse to, and the clothing over it removed or ripped up, especially if at all tight.

I cannot help smiling as I write when I think of old Kennie McLeod's case. I was only a medical student in charge of a ship, so I dare say was not so gentle as I am now. Old Kennie had come tumbling down from aloft, owing to the snapping of a rope which had been charred by fire.

I found that both bones were badly smashed below the knee, and it was almost impossible to get the big sea-boot off.

"A knife, lads!" I cried. "Quick—till I rip the boot open!"

Kennie opened his eyes. I thought he had fainted.

"Doctor, dear," he said, "you'll no do that ; you may cut the leg off, doctor, *but don't dare cut the boot.*"

While writing this paper, I have hitherto been thinking more about fractures of the lower limbs than those of any other bones. But now supposing it is the forearm or the humerus above the elbow that is broken, a stretcher here would be of less use than a cab or other horse-conveyance to take the patient home or to hospital.

He will be faint. Let him recline for a short time, giving support to the arm meanwhile. Let him have all the air possible ; sprinkle the face with water, and rub the chest with brandy.

Then see to the arm. Rip the sleeve if you cannot remove the coat most gently. What matters the best coat ever made, or Kennie's sea-boots, in the case of a bad fracture! Now get a splint of some kind, and any sort of bandage that comes handy. The splint may be made from the sides of an ordinary card box, or even some straw arranged lengthways and rolled in a handkerchief. Place it so as to give support, and put the bandage round it with a moderate degree of firmness, but not tightly. Then start for home.

When an injury to the chest occurs, with a suspicion of fracture of the ribs—or even collar-bone—you cannot be too careful how you lift and bear the sufferer away. Rough handling in such a case may result in the wounding of the lungs by the broken end of a rib, and this will lead on to inflammation, ending mayhap in death even.

Sometimes a fracture is of that kind called *impacted*, when one piece of bone is wedged or telescoped into another. There is also the longitudinal or splintered fracture, and various other kinds, including the green-stick fracture in children, when the bone is partly broken and partly bent.

In fracture there is always some change in the shape of the limb, such as swelling from extravasation of blood in the part, or flatness from a dragging out of place of the surrounding muscles. There is mobility also, differing from the sternly fixed condition of the dislocated joint. Also on moving the parts a grating sound can be heard by your ears, which is caused by the ends of the bones moving against each other.

But the chief duty of a sufferer's friend or friends is to see him safely and carefully borne home, and to send for the surgeon.

Meanwhile, especially in the case of a fracture of the leg or of ribs, the bed on which the unfortunate patient has to lie for weeks must be judiciously prepared. This will leave less for the doctor to do and think about when he comes, and will be beneficial to the sufferer also.

Well, about the bed. Common sense should tell any one that a feather-bed, for instance, would be out of place. Yes, because it soon sends the fractured limb out of place again, however well set.

A horse-hair mattress over an ordinary one—providing the one beneath be level—is the best, though the manufacture of mattresses has of recent years made great strides for the better, and there may be others that will do as well as horse-hair.

What you have to bear in mind, however, is that the mattress must be tolerably hard and firm, and level above all things.

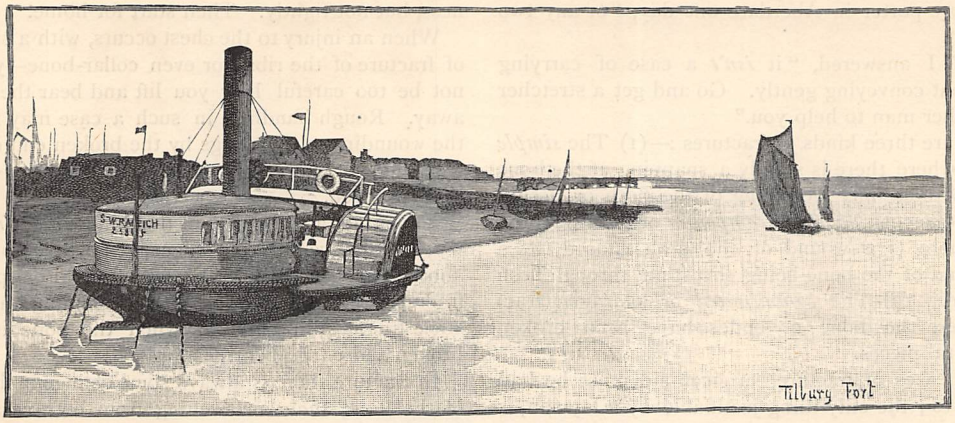
Probably a cradle will be necessary to support the recumbent weight of the bed-clothes.

Bed-clothes should be warm and light, even in winter, but in summer never so warm as to cause perspiration.

The eiderdown quilt is most invaluable. There are other down quilts that are good, but nothing is to be compared to eider.

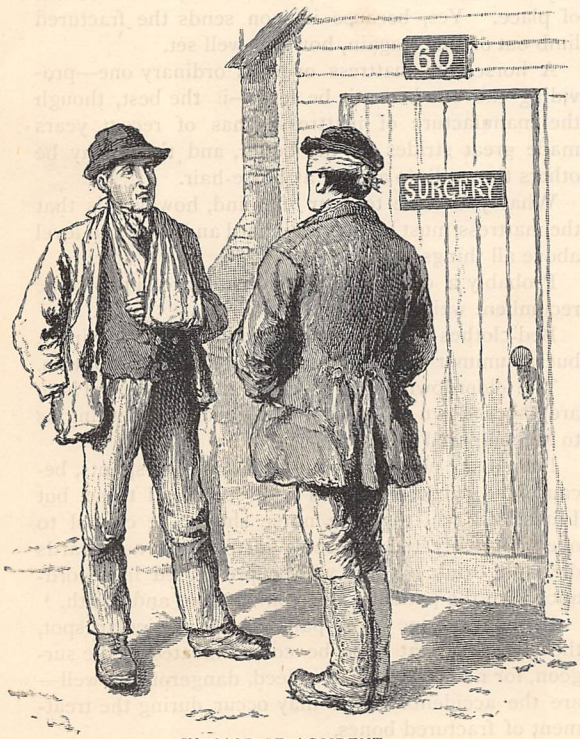
I need say nothing about bandaging or splints, because the surgeon himself will see to all these, but I must tell you that the nurse should be careful to obey implicitly the surgeon's instructions as regards diet and drink. These will be prescribed in accordance with the patient's age, constitution, and health.

If the bandage gives pain at any particular spot, the fact should at once be communicated to the surgeon, for numerous—and, indeed, dangerous as well—are the accidents which may occur during the treatment of fractured bones.



THE NEW DOCKS AT TILBURY.

AT Tilbury Fort the river Thames makes a great and rather sudden bend, and looks on the map like an arm bent at the elbow. In this elbow, on the north side of the water, nestles the low grey fortification of Tilbury, famous in old times as a resort of good Queen Bess, and now for ever associated with the great career and the good works of General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum. It is a far cry from Tilbury to Khartoum, from the Thames at Gravesend to the White Nile; but the heroic qualities which General Gordon showed in the beleaguered city of the desert were also shown in a quieter way during his work on the Thames defences. It was at Gravesend opposite that he collected the waifs and strays of the streets, and fed, clothed, and washed them with his own hands.



IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

When, therefore, one comes in sight of Tilbury, on the broad river, with its russet-sailed lighters, and the smoky towers of Gravesend, one naturally thinks of Gordon; but a great change is about to take place about the quiet Fort of Tilbury which he knew. It will soon be the busy scene of a great dock, with ships from all parts of the world lading and unlading, cranes rattling, electric lights gleaming, and constant railway traffic. In fact, it will soon become the nucleus of a thriving town.

This transformation will be wrought by the opening of the new Tilbury Docks of the East and West India Dock Company, which are now being completed by a well-known firm of contractors.

A short journey from Fenchurch Street by the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway, through a low, flat, pastoral country which very much resembles Holland, with its green polders and grazing cattle, its lazy dykes, and lines of willows, brings us to the west side of Tilbury Fort and the entrance to the new dock works in progress. Once within the confines of the works, a busy scene of labour presents itself: gangs of navvies at work on the railways and cuttings, piles of timber, puffing engines, wastes of stiff blue clay excavated from the basins in course of their construction, blazing fires and workshops, with here and there an engineer doing duty amongst the men. This tidal basin will have a water area of 19 acres and a depth of 26 feet at low-water spring tides, so that large steamers can enter or leave whatever be the state of the tide. The entrance to the main dock from this basin will be through a lock 700 feet long and 80 feet wide. The main dock is 1,600 feet long and 600 feet wide, and from it, on the northern side furthest from the river, sprout three branch docks, the central one being 300 feet wide, and

the other with an average width of 250 feet. The lines of quays along these docks are 13,000 feet in length, and capable of berthing thirty-two steam-vessels of the largest size, which can be loaded to their full draught alongside. Four large dry docks are also provided for repairing vessels.

The surface works, including the quay sheds and warehouses, and an extensive system of railway sidings, are well advanced. The quays will be provided with sixty hydraulic travelling cranes, and a floating derrick having a lifting capacity of fifty tons. The electric light will be installed permanently throughout the docks and offices, as well as in the hotel, and a steam laundry is to be established for washing purposes. In fact, the new docks will be provided with every convenience which experience has found to be desirable in such circumstances.

A word now as to the railway facilities for getting to and from the docks.

A liberal service of fast trains has been arranged for with the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company. These trains will run between the Fenchurch Street terminus and Tilbury in thirty-five minutes. The dock lines of railway and sidings will be in connection at the Bow, Bromley, and Barking Junctions with the whole of the trunk lines on the north side of the Thames; and for the Continental traffic the Dock Company will obtain easy access to the South-Eastern Company's Wharf and the London, Chatham, and Dover Company's new water-side premises on the south side of the river. A town depôt for warehousing goods and produce will be established in Whitechapel; and a service of lighters will be instituted between the docks and the City wharves. It will be seen that ample means of communication between the new basins and the neighbourhood have been provided.

A POINTSMAN.

It is expected that the docks will be opened this year, but the works cannot possibly be entirely completed then. Some 3,000 men are now busy on the task, which was begun on the 8th of July, 1882.

The progress of the works has been much assisted by the use of the electric light.

IN THE MAIN DOCK.

OUR CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING, AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE co-operative evening party which Mrs. Robertson had organised had, as may be remembered, very satisfactory results. Her two younger daughters had married the men of their choice. Lucy became Mrs. Faithfull; Georgie wedded her no longer "distant" cousin, Harry. But neither of the young couples was rich. Captain Faithfull, having obtained a Civil appointment, had retired from the army, but his resources were not large. He and his relatives often discussed "ways and means," but no solution of the difficulty of living cheaply presented itself for some time.

"We must live in London," he said to Lucy, one day. She had, he thought, grown prettier than ever. "You see, dear, this appointment obliges me to live in or near London, so somehow we *must* manage to get along here. It is rather expensive, though!"

"We must cut our habits in accordance with our cloth," remarked Lucy. "We are better off than 'Cousin Harry' and Georgie."

"Yes, but as your sister is such an excellent housekeeper—I mean no reflections on you, dear, of course—they go about quite as much as we do, though they have a 'pocket edition of Harry,' as Georgie calls the baby. They think of moving too."

"Oh, Fred, can't they come here?"

"To stay here! My dear Lucy——"

"No, I don't mean *that;* but that the house at the end of the road is vacant: it would just suit them—for I went over it the other day. Let us ask them to see it—for an idea has just occurred to me."

Captain Faithfull elevated his eyebrows in pretended astonishment. His wife shook her head at him, and continued—

"Let them take the house; it is close by. We shall not quarrel, and we will try co-operative housekeeping on a small scale. You remember our first co-operative party, Fred?"

"Yes, indeed I do. Am I likely to forget it, think you? It saddled—I mean blessed—me with a wife," he added, pretending to correct himself.

"We will co-operate with Georgie and Mrs. Ellice: she is not rich, I am sure. Then we can 'extend our connection,' as the tradespeople say. Freddie, I am *sure* it will answer."

"We may try, at all events. Write to Georgie and tell her. She has plenty of common sense, too. The plan is a good one, and may succeed. To borrow your sister's phrase, 'I don't see why it shouldn't.'"

Lucy wrote, and after a preliminary visit of inspection the house was put in order; and then, the drains being pronounced "fixed," the roof water-tight, and the cockroaches absent—for the season, at any rate—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Russell came to live in Beverley Park Gardens, with their family of one—the pocket edition afore-mentioned.

Mrs. Ellice gladly consented to throw in her lot with the sisters in the co-operative housekeeping, and a beginning was made. The first meeting to consider "ways and means" was held at Captain Faithfull's residence.

"The most important question to be decided," he said, as he rose and stood with his back to the fireplace, "is meat. Our butchers' bills are exceedingly high."

"Well, I propose," put in his wife, "to obtain our meat direct from the farmer. We often have fowls from the country, and even pork; why not beef and mutton?"

"There will be carriage to pay, of course. At any rate, we can have half a sheep at a time," said Georgie, "on trial."

"Half a sheep is better than no mutton," was the captain's commentary.

"Fred, don't be so silly," exhorted his wife. "Now let us decide that if Reynolds will not reduce his prices, and if Bennett also remains obdurate, we will go to the farmers."

"Agreed," said all present, with one voice. "To the farmer we appeal!"

"There will be difficulties," said the captain. "Who is to have 'shoulder,' who 'leg,' who 'neck?' Half a sheep has two legs——"

"No, it hasn't," interposed Georgie. "Only one, and one shoulder. We will arrange the joints, and take it in turns for choice."

"Let us interview the butchers first," said Cousin Harry. This suggestion was adopted.

But these tradespeople declined to supply meat under elevenpence and a shilling, or more, a pound. A farmer, who had begun to kill and sell his sheep, was written to, and he agreed to send up, at intervals, a half-sheep to Mrs. Faithfull, at sevenpence a pound all round. The carriage up cost eightpence per twenty-eight pounds. This is fact, mind.

The half-sheep was delivered by the railway carrier early one afternoon. The butchers saw it arrive, and Reynolds chuckled to himself. "They'll never cut it up," he muttered: "not they!"

Lucy seemed to have her misgivings too, for when the servant informed her that the "mutting 'ad come,"

she found the half-carcase neatly sewn in sacking in the basement, but what to do with it she did not know.

"Run to Mrs. Ellice, Sarah, and ask her to come in, please."

Mrs. Ellice appeared in a short time. "Oh, Mrs. Ellice," said Lucy, "the mutton has come; but it isn't jointed, and I can't ask the butcher to separate it. What are we to do?"

The elder lady paused, and then said, "Your husband, I suppose, wouldn't——"

"My dear Mrs. Ellice! No, of course not. Fancy Fred hacking a half-sheep in the yard! We must find a man or a boy to do it."

"My page Robert might do," mused Mrs. Ellice. "He is strong, and I think understands the trade. He once drove a butcher's cart, I know."

"Let us try him."

So the page came in; and, greatly to the gratification of the ladies, he managed to divide the half-sheep. The shoulder was carried off by Mrs. Ellice, Georgie had the leg sent to her, and Lucy's share was the loin, neck, and so on.

The cost of that half-sheep was under ninepence a pound to all concerned; and the local butchers were so informed by Captain Faithfull, whose business capacities were well known. Poultry, eggs, and fowls were also sent up from the country in considerable quantities. Three other neighbours requested permission to join in this "co-operative housekeeping." One gentleman, who was employed in the City, agreed to make an arrangement with a meat salesman as to a supply of beef direct; and he consented, for a commission of a penny a pound, to supply all the meat necessary, jointed, or to cater for the six families daily at the market rates, charging a penny a pound for the carriage to the houses. This commission paid him well, for two more families joined, and the cost of the meat supplied was considerably less than what had been previously paid. There certainly were some drawbacks, for the joints required were not always forthcoming of exactly the size ordered; but a few interviews set that right, and by the simple rule of "give and take" the great meat question was settled. Three of the co-operatives, who had families, saved a considerable sum: twopence halfpenny a pound, on the average, on all joints supplied.

The supply of country produce continued so far as poultry, eggs, and butter were concerned. But Mrs. Ellice, who had a genius for co-operation, did better for her friends than even the City gentleman had done. She obtained a few fowls from some friends, and a couple of sittings of eggs. A poultry-run was established. The garden was partly railed off for the use of the poultry. So eggs and chickens became a matter of profit to her and her neighbours, who, being generally benefited, did not complain of the chanticleers' early salutations to the morn, which at first somewhat disturbed their slumbers.

The next article to be lowered was bread. Mrs. Harry Russell, in the course of her investigations and "district visiting," became aware of a small bakery in a quiet street, where loaves were sold at fourpence halfpenny instead of fivepence.

"Have you a large custom?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; pretty fair. Jones, he gits most of it, and his bread is no better 'n mine is. You try it, miss."

"Miss" smiled, and carried home a loaf. She was not above carrying a parcel, you see. The loaf was submitted to a committee of taste, and approved. The "struggling artist in bread," as the captain called him, was adopted by the "Co-operatives," and threatened by the Bakers' Union.

"Then why didn't ye help me when I wanted help?" cried the man, when the delegate remonstrated with him. "Ye didn't interfere to save me from the 'Court,' and now I am doing a business ye threaten to picket my men. If ye do, I'll have the law of ye!"

Public opinion sided with the baker, and the larger man reduced his price a little. So a compromise was effected. By this time the arrangement had extended; many other families, particularly those in which young and growing children existed, united; and the district was enabled to set up its own butcher, baker, and grocer. A large establishment was opened, at which articles were advertised, and actually supplied, at "stores' prices." The Co-operatives—all middle-class people, to whom economy was an object—transferred their ready-money custom to these tradesmen.

The ladies went shopping themselves, and saved the "sending for orders." The butcher, therefore, had only one journey daily instead of two. A certain dairy sent an agent, and guaranteed to supply the purest milk, in sealed cans, direct "from the cow," at a penny halfpenny a quart less than any other milkman; and fresh eggs in plenty at three-halfpence and a penny a-piece, if a certain quantity was consumed. The local milkmen protested, but reduced their price (this is a *fact*), and all parties were pleased.

At length came the great victory of the campaign. In consideration for ready money, and weekly cash payments, the older-established butchers—finding that the inhabitants of Beverley Park Gardens had established a colony, and had combined together to resist high prices—gave in. They offered to supply best meat at only a reasonable profit—which they calculated at nearly twenty per cent.; this to include cartage and delivery of joints, with no excessive appendages in the shape of "trimmings" or bone.

The committee met and approved. The new butchers also approved, as the arrangement raised their prices a trifle.

"All we wanted," said Captain Faithfull to the tradesmen, "was fair play. I know the contract prices for meat supplied to soldiers and officers, for I have served in the Commissariat department. You all fancied we could not combine to resist you. We did. You will still make money—certain weekly sums instead of an uncertain sum monthly. You tried to make your honest customers pay for your negligent or defaulting customers. Well, we have expenses enough to meet without feeding our neighbours, as

well as educating your children by means of the rates; we resisted, and if others would do the same, namely, co-operate in housekeeping, form a committee, and pay ready money, society would be the gainer."

"A man must live," remarked Bennett, the butcher. "Eh, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Granted—so must we," said Cousin Harry; "you forget that. We do not refuse you reasonable and fair profit—far from it. I made you the offer, you declined it. We have now come to an understanding. Good day, Mr. Bennett."

"Well, dear," said Cousin Henry to Georgie, when autumn had arrived; "what have you saved in the year's housekeeping by our 'Co-operation'?"

"In all items, Harry, I think, as nearly as I can make out, we have saved forty pounds and a few shillings!"

"Then, my dear, we will leave nurse and baby with 'Grandmamma,' and go to Bellagio. Do you remember Lecco and your sprained ankle—that hot afternoon?"

"And how good you were to me, Harry! Oh, do let us go; and ask Lucy and Fred to come too."

So they did. They all went to Lucerne, and over the St. Gothard, into Italy. They walked and drove over the old familiar ground; and, as you may some day hear, managed a charming "Co-operative Holiday" with as great success as their Co-operative Housekeeping.

LIFE IN AN AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

AMERICANS have sometimes been said by foreigners to care little for home life; this opinion comes from the fact that so many married Americans live in boarding-houses.

Those who have hastily come to this conclusion have not studied the American character, or remembered that the true American has Anglo-Saxon taste, and that he is an intensely modern, commercial Englishman in heart and feeling; and no one has a greater love for home than the American.

The boarding-house as a home is rarely a matter of choice, but it is the best he can do to meet the difficulty of living in a country where the conditions of social life are less easy than elsewhere. The American boarding-house is actually, although not ostensibly, a co-operative enterprise, and the only one that seems to flourish on this side the water.

A young married couple with, say, an income of one thousand dollars (men who earn this are in about the same position as those who earn a hundred pounds in England) would find it very difficult to live in their own house in New York on that sum; the usual rent for which a small house can be obtained in this city is eight hundred dollars, and these houses are very few, and seldom to be found vacant in a fairly good locality. This rent, of course, is impossible out of an income of one thousand dollars. Within the last few years there is the alternative of "flats," which, however, have the drawback of having very tiny bedrooms; and in low-priced ones—such as let for five hundred to eight hundred dollars—the bed-rooms have usually only borrowed light, and the ventilation and sanitary arrangements are often very bad; and even with these evils excepted, the cheapest flat would leave little margin for comfortable living.

On the other hand, the boarding-house gives in luxury what it lacks in comfort, and the discomfort is of a kind that many young married people do not mind.

By the fact of some twenty or thirty persons living together, the proprietor is enabled to give her boarders the advantage of a large house, servants, and a better table than they could keep alone on a much larger sum. True, the class I have in mind can only have one room—a large, commodious bed-room, usually comfortably furnished with (more often than not) a closet or "pantry," as it is termed in this country, containing on one side a stationary washstand, with hot and cold water; on the other, a press, and drawers under it. In some houses there is a door at the back of this closet, going into the bath-room, but more often it communicates with another closet, which goes with the next room—the two closets forming the centre of each floor. Though most boarders during the day sit in their own rooms, they have the range of the house; and bath-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, or "parlor," as it is called here, belong to every one alike. And, as in all cases of privilege in America, the freedom is absolute, there are no petty restraints; the proprietress of the house keeps strictly to her own sphere as caterer, and never interferes with her guests, unless in the rare instances where the liberty is abused by one to the annoyance of others.

The "parlor" is generally as handsomely furnished as the proprietor's means allow, and there is always a piano. Here the ladies congregate in the morning after breakfast, while the servants are busy arranging their rooms, and if they choose to do so, they can remain all day. Where there are several congenial spirits in the house, the "parlor" forms a pleasant meeting-place for social amusement in the evening. It is also, of course, the room used for the reception of all visitors not intimate enough to be received in the private room.

Of course there are many degrees and kinds of

boarding-houses in New York, from the costly, luxurious Fifth Avenue house, to live in which one must be wealthy, to the cheap mechanic's boarding-house at the extreme east or west side of the city. But the class of houses I have described lie outside of the fashionable localities—which may be roughly described as lying one block west and two blocks east of Fifth Avenue, beginning at Tenth Street. The houses between Sixth and Ninth on the west side, and Fourth and Second on the east, rank in this city about as Bloomsbury does in London; more often than not the houses are handsome, large, highly respectable, but *not* fashionable.

MORNING IN A BOARDING-HOUSE PARLOUR.

In spite of the outcry against boarding-houses, and the jokes at their expense, I must confess the well-managed ones are usually better than could be expected for the money. The arrangements are generally liberal. It is very rarely that the food is not good in quality, and abundant. For breakfast there is usually a choice between steak, mutton chops, some kind of fish, or eggs, and either hot corn bread, griddle cakes, or biscuit (rolls), and potatoes, with coffee. The cooking is the weak point, and the boarding-house keeper who can keep a good plain cook (almost impossible to get, even for a private family) is certain of a successful house.

The dinner is roast or boiled beef, with roast mutton or lamb, and some other dish, chicken, pot pie, or turkey, according to the season and market prices; some houses always have soup, others only occasionally. The excellence of the table depends more on the kitchen management than on the expenditure. There is always dessert, as the sweet course is called in this country, consisting of two kinds of pie and cake or ice cream, followed by fruit, and tea or coffee. As men in business are usually away at lunch, that is a very light meal of cold meat and cake with tea.

The average rate for such board as I describe is ten dollars a week for each person, a single man or

woman getting only a small room, or giving higher rates; and it will, of course, be seen that most things, with the exception of meat, bread, butter, and coals, being very much dearer than in England, no one could live so well for the money in their own house or flat as in a boarding-house. But the question of service alone complicates matters so much in this country, that numbers of persons board, whose means are ample, simply to avoid the worry of housekeeping. These, of course, are the people who live in the expensive houses, and spend as much per annum as would support them handsomely in their own, some houses charging hotel rates, forty to fifty dollars a week for each person.

The London system of furnished apartments with attendance is unknown here. Many persons whose social position forbids, or think it forbids, them living in a humbler quarter, and without a servant, have in the boarding-house a share in the services of chambermaid, cook, waiter, and hall-porter, for less money than they could live on in the plainest way, and keep a general servant, in a very obscure locality.

But the boarding-house thus conducted loses in reputation from the many incapable women who rush into that business here, as others do, everywhere, into teaching. Women who have always found it impossible to manage one servant and their own house well, will, on being thrown on their own resources, calmly set up a boarding-house, as if the ability to do so came with the necessity. Of course such attempts fail, but not before several have tried and suffered, and then condemn the whole system. The well-managed house, well situated, is always certain of being well filled, and its owner generally makes money.

The objections to boarding are grave. The life and its absence of household duties is too often demoralising to young wives, the leisure and propinquity of many unemployed women leads to much gossip, and other, graver troubles are attributed to boarding-house life. The case is still worse when children are brought up in this way, and too often people, much against their judgment and will, can see no alternative; and, in truth, the problem of family life in New York for any above the working class is a difficult one: the only solution seems to be a house in the country with the daily journey of the bread-winner to the city. This the said bread-winner sometimes objects to, or his hours are such as to make it almost impossible; and the boarding-house, unless the family becomes too large, secures a better alternative than the flat without a servant, unless the mother is very much stronger than the average American woman.

Another objection, and the one most loudly expressed, is, that notwithstanding the generally good quality of the food, the sameness of the variety, if I may use a seeming paradox, tires, and also that the cooking is so poor. The cooking is poor in America everywhere, except in families able to pay for the services of a professed cook, or where the lady has a natural taste for cooking and does her own. Of course the cook who would be incompetent in a private family, is still more so where she has to prepare two or three joints and several vegetables. I have known, in many instances, part of the dinner to be cooked early and kept hot till the other is done, and this not from lack of conveniences, but from sheer inability to see the consequence.

What is true of New York is true, but not to the same extent, of other American cities, although they have not all the same excuse as this one; some have small, well-located houses, as Philadelphia and Boston, but neither has them so small or so cheap as are required. New York can only build sky-wards on the narrow strip of land between the two rivers, and to accommodate the increasing population, higher and still higher houses are being built for letting in flats; and as these are constantly improving (although the good ones, even with little ten by ten bed-rooms, range in price from fifteen hundred to four thousand dollars a year) perhaps the day will come when they will solve the difficulty now felt.

Competent domestic service will then be the only barrier to comfortable home-life in large cities, for the refined American family of small means. I do not know whether Americans themselves are as well aware of it, as one who has been an observer for some years, but the servants have so greatly improved in the last decade, that a similar improvement in the next will make life as easy in that respect here, if not as in Paris, at least as in London, for it must always be remembered that a great deal more is expected from servants here than in England. On account perhaps of the sleeping-room required, and oftener the high rate of wages, fewer servants are kept, and one is often required in a small family to be cook, laundress, waitress, and chambermaid. The general servant (usually Irish or German) readily undertakes all these duties without knowing one. Thus the life of the American housekeeper is a series of efforts to train inefficient, often indifferent girls, into satisfactory servants, and frequently the weary discouragement from much fruitless effort induces her to retain one, for the sake of a single good quality, and put up with her general incompetence. The remedy seems to lie in the hands of the ladies themselves. If they refused to pay the wages of a good servant to the untrained, and established a standard of efficiency by which the wages would be gauged, there would be some prize for the servant to work for, and some assurance to the mistress, that the girl she takes raw from her native bogs, knowing not even the names of the articles in common use, will feel the need of working up to better things, if she is engaged at low wages and sees high ones to be obtained, only on producing testimonials of her fitness.

At present the girl who can light the kitchen fire, and has learnt the names of the ordinary kitchen utensils (not how to use them, be it said), gets the wages of an experienced servant, if she only asks them and declares her ability. She may leave in a month, but she carries with her the month's good wages, and finds another place next day.

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," &c.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

VERONICA'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN the morning, when Colonel Lyndon's encouragements had taken due effect upon his mind, Percy was far more confident and hopeful. They rode over to Deep Deane immediately after the Castle Ettrick lunch. At the door of the house Mrs. Mackenzie, who looked mysterious, met them.

"Come this way," she said, leading the way to the dining-room. "They did not expect you so soon."

After they had chatted together for a few minutes, there came sounds of clapping of hands from outside.

"They are ready," said Mrs. Mackenzie; "follow me. You must excuse them," she added, turning to Colonel Lyndon. "It seems frivolous; but young people will be young people, and Veronica being an invalid, we are bound to do what we can to amuse her."

So saying, she opened the door of the drawing-room, and ushered her guests into a scene which, for a few moments, perplexed them considerably.

The room was darker than usual, a crimson curtain having been dropped over one of the windows. In front of this window, and forming the central object in the room, was a slender, stately figure, dressed in a flowing robe of dead white. The figure was slightly bent: golden hair fell in waving masses to the waist: the eyes were cast down: the sweet, tremulous lips were half parted, and the face wore an expression of trouble and perplexity pitiful to behold. A truer and more exquisite Marguerite had surely never been seen.

It was so beautiful—so true—that Percy, who was the first to enter the room, was completely taken by surprise. "Who is it?" he said, in a hurried whisper; then still lower, "What a lovely—lovely face! I did not think there was such a Marguerite in all the world."

This was delightful to the little audience. But one felt displeased, though why he was displeased he would have found it hard to explain. "Do you not see who it is?" he said impatiently.

"Oh! don't, Colonel Lyndon, don't!" cried Milly in an agony, while Janet and Veronica held up their fingers warningly.

"But who is it? who is it?" persisted Percy. "Miss Browne," crossing over to where Veronica lay upon her couch, enjoying the little mystery, "do tell me."

"Marguerite!" said Veronica.

The figure in white lifted its eyes from the ground, and blushing deeply, crossed to the couch.

"Miss Morrison!" said Percy, in great surprise.

"Yes, Letty—my Letty! and you didn't know her," cried Milly, clapping her hands triumphantly. "We have been having 'life' pictures, Percy; do you know what that is?"

"I think I have heard of them before," said Percy, smiling.

"Oh, well, I hadn't; but I think they're lovely. And Veronica says Letty does them splendidly. We had Sleeping Beauty just now, and I was the Prince; shall we try something else now? Veronica has heaps and heaps of dresses and things, and it's such fun."

"Oh, no, no!" said Letty, who had been curiously embarrassed by her last experiment. "I said it was only for ourselves, Milly; and I could not be anything else after Marguerite, I know. I will go away and get into myself again now, if everybody will excuse me."

"Do, darling," said Mrs. Mackenzie; "and then perhaps Captain Winstanley and the colonel will wheel out Miss Browne to the verandah, and Janet and I will tidy this room for visitors. I should be ashamed for it to be seen as it is."

Colonel Lyndon had given a hint of the state of the case to the good-natured lady, and this was her way of helping Percy to the realisation of his wish.

When the colonel had helped to wheel the couch into the verandah, he said that he would go and have a look at Brown Bess, and bring back word how she was. "Percy will amuse you until we come back," he said.

"Oh, yes; I am sure he will. Captain Winstanley is always amusing," said Veronica lightly.

In a very few moments her opinion of Percy was changed.

At first she could not—she would not—understand what he meant. He to talk to her of love! This kind, pleasant, amiable young fellow, whom she had looked upon as a brother, and from whom she had accepted a thousand kindnesses! It was too much. If she had liked him less she would have found it easier to bear. And that he should misunderstand her so: that they all should! For, with a burning sense of shame and indignation, Veronica had begun to realise why she had been left alone with Percy Winstanley. Oh, how cruel it was! Every one of them: Mrs. Mackenzie and Janet, who ought to have known better; Colonel Lyndon, too—for had he not aided and abetted them?—and the others, very likely, thought that Percy had a right to hope—thought that she had encouraged him.

Encouraged him! The colour flamed to poor

Veronica's face, and her eyes filled with angry tears. Did they think that she would have treated the man she loved *so*—that she would have laughed at him and with him—that she would have sent him backwards and forwards upon her errands? Ah! how little—how little any of them knew!

"You are dreaming," she said, when, after trying to put Percy off, she was driven, at last, to speak to him seriously. "It is quite impossible you can be in earnest."

"Why?" he cried, the colour starting to his face. "Do you think——"

"I think nothing. You have taken me by surprise. Do—do—unsay those foolish words. I liked you so much yesterday, and I like you still," said Veronica pitifully.

"But if you like me a little, you might come to like me more," faltered Percy.

"I shall never like you as you wish—never—never! Do, pray, understand me. It is impossible!"

"Impossible!" he repeated, his face turning very white. "Do you really mean that?"

"I do, I do. If you have any regard for me, say no more. I should like to keep you as a friend," said Veronica.

He bent low over her offered hand, and turned speechless away. If she had been any one else—any one but the richest woman in England—he might have gone on pleading with her. There was so much that he had intended to say, and he had said nothing. Poor young fellow! He knew, as he turned away, how those unspoken words would haunt him. He could not speak them. The thought of her riches weighed like lead upon his heart, and sealed up his lips. Already she would be classing him with those others—the "heaps upon heaps of fellows" who had pursued her or who would pursue her for her money. If he stayed, he might read her contempt of him in her eyes, and contempt from her would kill him.

So, at least, he said to himself, as, without waiting to see any one, or to consider what any one would think of him, he dashed headlong away from the house.

Colonel Lyndon met him at the door of the stables.

"I am going off," he said. "Say good-bye to Mrs. Mackenzie for me."

"Going off! Where?" cried the colonel, aghast.

"I don't know. Anywhere!" he shouted back.

The colonel followed him into the stable, where he was giving directions about his horse, and tried to draw him aside. But Percy resisted.

"Can't you let a fellow alone?" he said. "I—I—don't feel very well. They're too lively for me up there. Now then"—to the groom—"bring him out."

In another instant he was in the saddle and clattering up the avenue.

The record is kept at Castle Ettrick to this day of Percy's dare-devil ride that evening. His horse was strong, fresh, and full of corn, and he spared neither him nor himself. He was possessed by that impulse which comes to us all sometimes—the impulse to rush away from our trouble—to hide our humiliation from the eyes of the world by hiding ourselves.

An hour later one of the shooting party returning quietly to Castle Ettrick, after the sport of the day, saw against the sky the figure of a man on horseback, flying at what seemed to him a tremendous pace over the moor. He stood watching until it disappeared in the shadow of the hills.

"Either that horse or man is running away," he said to himself, as he turned to pursue his way.

When Colonel Lyndon returned to the Castle, Percy was still out. After what had passed between himself and Lady Flora, he felt bound to tell her that he had not left him at Deep Deane, and that there had been some little disturbance there.

"I know nothing for certain," he said; "but I believe Percy asked, and was refused. This is between ourselves, of course."

Lady Flora turned very pale.

"If it is so we shall soon find out," she answered. "I wonder where the poor boy is now?"

"That is more than I can tell you, Lady Flora. He left Deep Deane about an hour before I did."

"I hope—I hope—he has met with no accident. What was he riding?"

"Prince Charlie—the safest and strongest horse in Mr. Winstanley's stables. I am sure there is no fear of that. He is taking a longer ride than usual. We shall see him home before night," said the colonel re-assuringly.

Dinner came and passed. Mr. Winstanley, who himself made all his arrangements beforehand when the house was full of visitors, was considerably annoyed by Percy's empty place; and Lady Flora was in an agony of nervousness lest any ill-chance should have come to her darling, so that the dinner-hour, which at these seasons was generally the gayest of the day at Castle Ettrick, dragged miserably.

The ladies left the table early, and Lady Flora, who could bear the suspense no longer, made a sign to Colonel Lyndon to follow her.

"I must do something: I must send somewhere," she said, drawing him into the embrasure of a window.

"Percy may have come back," he said. "I will find out."

In a very few moments, as the poor lady sat trembling amongst her guests, she saw the colonel on the terrace, and, making an excuse to them, stepped out of one of the open windows and joined him.

"Good news!" she said breathlessly. "I read it in your face."

"I hope you will call it good news," he answered. "Your son has come back, and is in his own room."

"I will go to him," she said.

"If I might venture to advise you, Lady Flora, I should leave him to himself. He is naturally a little irritable."

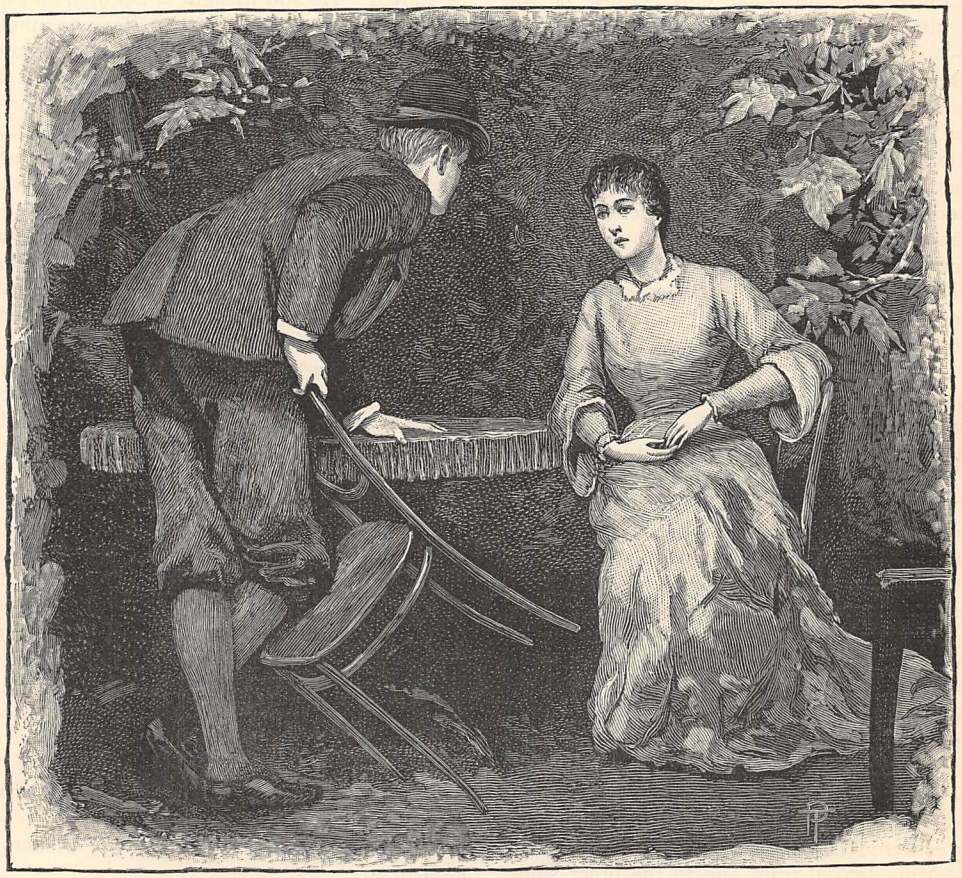
"Ah, well! you know best; but the thought of his trouble cuts me to the heart. Still, that he is safe is a grand thing. How could she—how could any one—be so cruel?" said poor Lady Flora.

It was certainly a mystery—and a mystery it was destined to remain for some considerable time. Percy did not rush off to the ends of the earth, as had been

his intention when he started on that wild ride. The ends of the earth are easy to talk of, but very difficult to find. He did not even re-join his regiment, which, under the circumstances, would have been as sensible a proceeding as he could have taken. He remained at home, hovering like a singed moth round the flame that threatened to devour him, and making every one, and especially his mother and his little sister, wretched by his moody temper and his wild projects.

bring up our darlings in an atmosphere of indulgence, if we teach them to believe that the world is made for them, and that others, save as they can minister to their comfort and pleasure, have no right there, what are we to expect when Nature, who has no favourites, takes them in hand? Surprise and indignation, as a first result, certainly. And these were what Percy felt.

His mother, who, while she could not help feeling very angry with Veronica for refusing him, felt a little



"'I AM READY TO LISTEN TO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO SAY'" (*p.* 231).

Indulged from his infancy, and accustomed to think himself of the greatest importance in the sum of things, Percy could not be tolerant of defeat. He was angry and impatient under it. His sunny temper and charming manners seemed, for the time, to have evaporated. He talked cynically, was wrapped in gloom, and ceased from that pleasant consideration of the feelings and wishes of others which had made his principal charm.

Lest Percy should lose altogether the sympathy of some who may have begun to take an interest in him, let me say, in passing, that there was nothing abnormal in the change that had come to him. Kind women all over the world are forming men after his type. If we

angry with herself for her blindness in thinking that he could not be refused, was wonderfully patient and gentle with him. It was only when, having gathered from Janet that his suit was hopeless, he began to talk wildly of leaving the English army, and engaging himself as a soldier in a foreign country, that she began to feel angry with him, and then there were one or two little contests between them, which had no result but to embitter Percy's feelings and her own.

Milly was the witness of one of these scenes, and she told Letty about it, weeping. The two had left Deep Deane by this time, and were hard at work on their lessons.

"Oh, Letty!" she cried, "what shall we do? Percy

is so unhappy. And poor mother cries every evening. And he is talking of going away now, and getting himself killed—away into Turkey or Russia, where, they say, there will be war soon. And if he does go mother will die, I know she will," sobbed poor little Milly.

Letty comforted her as well as she could. Her brother was talking wildly, she said. He did not know what he was saying. In a little time he would be himself again. But, calmly as she spoke, her gentle heart was burning with such an anger as she had never felt before. How could he—how could any one—make those who loved him miserable only because he was suffering himself? One's own happiness—one's own comfort—it was such a little thing to Letty, who, indeed, had not been brought up in the lap of indulgence, that she found it difficult to imagine how it could be chosen by any human being before the happiness and comfort of others. It had been this element in Percy's nature—his sunny temper, and his readiness to serve others—which, before his unhappiness, had made Letty admire him. That one disappointment should change him so was, she thought, very pitiful and sad. And then Letty, who was indulgent towards every one except herself, began to think that Percy did not know how unhappy he made his friends, and that some one ought to tell him.

She had no one to whom she could speak about these things, for Milly would not have looked at them as she did, and she could not have ventured to speak to Lady Flora of her son, and Colonel Lyndon had left Castle Ettrick for a few days. And so she brooded and brooded, looking on with a keenness of sympathy that, in its force, amounted to pain, upon the sorrow of her friends, until at last she could contain herself no longer. "If no one else will tell him, I must," she thought.

They were sitting at lunch in the dining-hall—she and Lady Flora, and Milly and Percy—no one else, for Mr. Winstanley and his visitors were out shooting, and the two or three ladies staying at the Castle had driven out in the waggonette to take the gentlemen their lunch. Percy, who was merely trifling with his knife and fork, looked unhappy and restless. Lady Flora's eyes were red, as if she had been weeping, and poor little Milly looked from one to the other sadly, making matters worse instead of better by her mute appeal. It was then that Letty made up her mind.

"It will be very hard to do; but I must do it. There is no one else," she said to herself, with decision.

But how to do it? That was the question. She thought over it all the afternoon, growing hot and cold by turns, and wishing, more than once, that the idea had never come to her at all. Before evening her resolution was taken. She believed she knew a means of carrying it into effect.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A LITTLE HOOP OF PEARLS.

BUSINESS had called Colonel Lyndon from Castle Ettrick. His solicitor, the head of a firm that had managed the High Cliffe property for many years, had written, requesting him, if at all possible, to meet him there. Business was more important to Colonel Lyndon than it had been, for he had, or, as he hoped and believed, he would soon have, the interests of another besides himself to consider. He saw Lady Flora, who begged him to return as soon as he was free, and travelled south.

It was partly the somewhat mysterious purport of the lawyer's letter, and partly a fear of being premature, that prevented him from speaking to Letty before he started. He still thought of her first, and he would not, for the mere sake of setting his own mind at rest, have risked the danger of losing her confidence. But her friendly way of bidding him farewell, with the frank pleasure which had shone in her sweet blue eyes when he told her that he would certainly return to Castle Ettrick in a few days, encouraged him to hope that, when the right moment came, she would say "Yes" to the entreaty that was trembling on his lips.

The business at High Cliffe was soon transacted. Colonel Lyndon took the opportunity of looking more closely into his affairs than he had previously done. He found that the value of his property was increasing, that he could afford to make good settlements on a wife, and that a little painting and re-decorating would make High Cliffe a delightful summer residence. These he set on foot at once, to the great satisfaction of his man of business, who had been fearing that he would never settle at home.

"Lyndon of High Cliffe is going to marry; you mark my words," he said to his wife that evening.

His suspicions would have been confirmed if he could have followed his client to London the next day.

The colonel had one intimate friend living there: she was the daughter of their nearest neighbour at High Cliffe, and she had married a man who was kept in London by his business the greater part of the year.

Immediately on his arrival he called at her house, and was shown into the drawing-room, where she was sitting over fancy-work.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I want you to put on your bonnet and come out with me. Will you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered. "Where do you want to go?"

"To a jeweller's: one who may be depended upon."

He smiled, and she shook her finger at him.

"At last," she said. "I prophesied it."

"Prophesied what?"

"That you would fall in love before the year was out."

They went out together. The colonel hailed a hansom-driver, who took them to a jeweller on whom his friend said he could depend, and they spent an hour at his counter. He made his choice at last—a small hoop of pearls, exquisite in form and colour, and a necklace of the same beautiful stones, enclosed in a casket lined with pale blue velvet. Should they be sent? the seller of the gems asked. No, he answered. He would pay for them at once, and take them away.

Outside the shop he thanked his friend for coming with him, and said good-bye to her.

"You will let me know?" she said, looking at him affectionately.

"If there is anything to tell," he answered, with a curious smile.

"The woman that you love, and that does not love you," said the lady, "would be——"

"Hush! hush!" said the colonel hurriedly—"Remember my age."

Without waiting for another word, he hastened off, made his final arrangements, and, with the little ring, of whose possession he was never for one moment unconscious, in his breast-pocket, took the night mail for Scotland. At Edinburgh he remained for an hour or two, Mr. Winstanley having requested him to see to some business of his in passing, and this brought him to Ettrick at about the same hour as on the former occasion, when Milly and Letty had been his travelling companions. Wishing to give a pleasant surprise to his friends, he sent round the carriage containing his traps by the back way, and walked up to the house.

It was a dark night for the time of year. The sky was covered with clouds, and occasionally there could be heard in the distance the low rumbling of thunder. The colonel saw no one in the grounds, but he heard voices which made him suppose that some of the party were out of doors. With a quick, swinging step he walked along the avenue, and ran up the steps that led to the terrace. Lady Flora, who was sitting alone in the drawing-room, saw him, and gave a little cry.

"Oh, colonel!" she said, "how glad I am to see you! We did not expect you so soon."

"I thought I might venture to steal a march on you," he said. "How are you all? It seems ages since I went away."

"It seems ages to me," said Lady Flora, with a sigh. "Everything is as it was."

"Letty—Miss Morrison, I mean——"

"I believe she is in the school-room. I will send my maid to tell her you have come."

The maid, who was rung for, went in search of Letty, and returned with the news that she was neither in the school-room nor with Miss Milly.

"Then she must have gone out. Foolish child—and the weather so threatening!" said Lady Flora. "If you are not too tired, colonel——"

"I will go in search of her with pleasure," he answered.

At this moment Mrs. Wilson, Lady Flora's daughter, and two or three other ladies came into the drawing-room, saying that the rain had begun. Colonel Lyndon, who stood in the shadow while they were in the light, made sure that Letty was not amongst them, and then hurried away to look for her.

* * * * *

After her little supper with Milly in the school-room that evening, Letty had stolen down into the garden. She was dressed in the dead-white robe that she had worn when she took, for a few moments, the character of Marguerite at Deep Deane, and that Veronica had insisted upon giving to her; her head was without covering of any kind, and as she walked slowly across the green sward, with her hands crossed in front of her and her eyes cast down, she looked in the failing light like a beautiful phantom. Meeting no one, she walked on to the summer-house—a little rustic lodge, which crowned a low hill beyond the shrubbery that bounded the lawn.

In the entrance to the summer-house she stopped and looked back. Her heart was beating much faster than usual, but her face was pale, and her feet and hands were as cold as ice. Seeing no one, she breathed a deep sigh, which was partly of relief and partly of trouble, and was about to retrace her steps towards the house, when a rustling sound amongst the shrubs to the right of the summer-house struck her ear, and she hesitated for a moment.

In the next moment she heard a familiar voice saying—

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Morrison, if it is really you——"

At the sound of the voice Letty trembled, and every particle of colour left her face. The moment she had been at once dreading and longing for had come then. She was bound to speak.

"Captain Winstanley," she said, in a low and tremulous voice, which had a most curious effect upon him, "I want to speak to you. Will you be angry with me if I say exactly what I think?"

"Angry with *you!*" he exclaimed.

She interrupted him hastily. "Oh! please—please, do not speak in that way. You would have every right to be angry—and—and—I know I have no right to say anything. But there is no one else," cried poor Letty piteously; "and I love them all so. And I thought if I told you—I, who have no interest in anything but seeing others happy—that—that——"

Poor child! she had undertaken a task that was almost too much for her strength.

"Sit down," said Percy, drawing her into the summer-house; "you are trembling. Ah! there is the thunder. We shall have a storm. And you have nothing on your head, nothing on your shoulders."

"Pray—pray—do not mind me," said Letty earnestly.

"But I do mind you. Who could help it? I mind you so much——" and there he broke short, awed, it might be, by the startled expression of her face. "I mean," he said seriously, "that I am ready to listen to whatever you have to say."

The poor child rewarded him with one of her sweetest smiles. "Thank you," she said: "that makes it easier for me to speak." And then she poured out what, for so many days, she had been hoarding up in her heart: told him, in so many words, that he was acting selfishly; begged him not to go into a foreign army; said that if he did so it would break his mother's heart, and ended by giving him in a few words her simple little creed. "We were not put into the world to live for ourselves. I am certain of it," said Letty. "If we live in that way, we are going against

our nature, and we must—we must—be unhappy. God wills us to have pleasure, but only so—oh ! I am sure of it—I am sure of it—only in making happiness and good for others. If it is for those we love," she cried, her sweet voice thrilling with a passion which she could not restrain, "then we may suffer—yes—suffer until we die, and yet count ourselves blest."

To all this what could Percy say? They were new thoughts to him. Letty had judged him rightly. It was no innate selfishness of character; it was thoughtlessness or inability—only too common, alas !—to enter into and understand the feelings of others, that had been the cause of his unconscious cruelty. Brought face to face with Letty's simple creed of life, he saw his own life as he had never seen it before.

When, after a brief pause, during which one of them could have heard the beating of the other's heart, Percy spoke, there was no trace in his manner of the airy gallantry that, had not Letty been the most innocent and simple being upon earth, might have alarmed her at the beginning. He was too deeply penetrated with respect and admiration to be able to speak to her lightly.

He merely thanked her for speaking to him with so much frankness, and said that he would consider what she had said. In the meantime, he hoped she would believe that he did not wish to make his mother and friends unhappy. Then—for the threatened storm had not come—he walked by her side as far as the terrace-steps, and bade her good night with the respect he might have shown to a queen.

* * * * *

When Colonel Lyndon left Lady Flora, he took the direction of the summer-house, which he knew to be one of Letty's favourite haunts.

The little hoop of pearls was in his pocket. He took it out of its case, and held it in the hollow of his hand. Would it, or would it not, be transferred presently to the little hand which was so dear to him? This was the question he was asking of himself as he walked slowly across the shadowed sward.

He approached the summer-house from the left. It was surrounded on both sides by trees, so that he was not seen. This was the moment when Letty was standing in the entrance of the summer-house, and when Percy, who had come up from the opposite direction, was looking at her.

It was usual in the evening for the summer-house to be lighted by a swinging lamp. This lamp swung over the entrance, and as Letty stood, its light shone full upon her. Both of the men, who, being each unconscious of the other's presence, had their attention fixed upon her, noticed the wistful eagerness of her face. One was on the point of speaking; the other, as we know, spoke. When Percy Winstanley's voice fell upon the silence, and when, with the air of one whose expectation is fulfilled, the young girl in the white dress went out to meet him, the second watcher turned away, breathing heavily for a moment like one in physical pain. He shot into a side path, and walked on aimlessly, until he reached the outer gate of the pleasure-ground. Then, remembering that the hour was growing late, he retraced his steps. He had not gone far before he knocked up against Percy Winstanley, who was strolling in the opposite direction. Percy had not heard of the colonel's arrival. He gave him an overflowing welcome, to which there was scarcely any response; and they walked on together towards the house in silence.

Presently he made the colonel start by saying, "You take an interest in Miss Morrison, don't you? I have just been seeing her in."

Colonel Lyndon made a vague remark about the weather being doubtful for evening rambles, and Percy further surprised him by saying—

"She braved the weather, poor little thing ! braved it, I believe, on purpose to speak to me. Colonel, I tell you the truth. I could not have believed it unless I had seen it with my own eyes. That timid girl has the heart of a hero. She puts my own people to the blush. My mother would not have spoken to me as she did !"

"Your mother !" said the colonel hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"I don't wonder in the least that you are astonished," said Percy. "I was, so much so, that at first—but it would be cruel to her even to mention what I thought." He laughed as he went on. "She gave me a regular sermon. I have never been so preached to in my life: told me I was selfish, begged me not to make my people unhappy, gave me one or two of her own opinions. Upon my soul !" cried Percy, carried away by his enthusiasm, "if a man was to follow them he would be a hero—a saint; the world would not be worthy of him."

He stopped, and for the space of five seconds the colonel was silent, then he said, in his ordinary tone of voice—

"And what did you say, Percy?"

"I scarcely remember. You see, I was a little taken aback. To be lectured by a young girl—and such a girl ! Have you found out that she is lovely—exquisitely lovely?" cried Percy.

"I always admired Miss Morrison," said the colonel. "But here we are at the house. Good night, Percy."

When the colonel went to his room that night, the little pearl hoop that he had taken out of its case was still in the hollow of his hand. He looked at it, pressed it to his lips, and sighing deeply, put it away in the bottom of his portmanteau.

"I must wait," he said to himself. "The time has not come yet."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

HOW THE CURE WORKED.

THE drawing-room party broke up early that night. Lady Flora seemed tired and out of sorts, and she was glad to escape from the task of entertaining, which, during these past days, had been a heavy burden to her.

Hoping to see something of Colonel Lyndon and Letty, she stood out on the terrace for a few minutes after her guests had gone; then, hearing and seeing nothing, she went to her own room.

She had not been there for more than a few moments

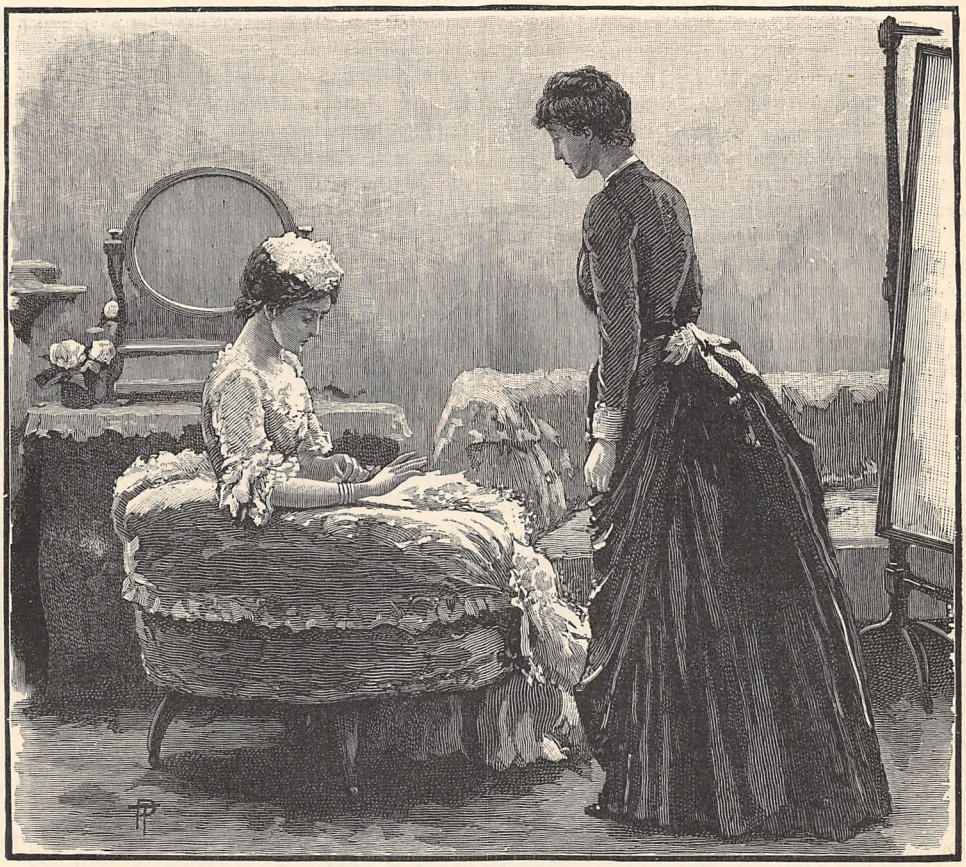
before there came a knock at her door. Guessing who the intruder was, she cried to her to come in, and a little white-robed figure, with a curiously rapturous expression in its eyes, stood before her.

Lady Flora smiled. "Ah! Letty, my darling!" she said, "I was expecting to see you. Here, you shall take down my hair, and bring me my dressing-gown, and then we can sit down together and have a talk."

nothing except—except—to see you all happy. Why do you look at me so, dear Lady Flora? I believe it is all right. I think he sees how foolish he has been. I do not think he will go to Turkey or Russia now."

"*He* will go—who will go?" asked Lady Flora, who was now as much perplexed as Letty.

"I mean Captain Winstanley," said Letty, blushing up to the roots of her hair.



"WITHOUT SO MUCH AS SITTING DOWN, THE GIRL SAID WHAT SHE HAD TO SAY" (*p.* 236).

Silently Letty obeyed. In a few moments Lady Flora was in her favourite arm-chair, and she was curled up on the rug at her feet.

"I have a confession to make," she said tremulously, taking one of Lady Flora's hands, and clasping it in both hers.

"I thought so," answered her friend, upon which Letty coloured and faltered, for how could Lady Flora know unless her son had told her?

"Then you are not angry with me?" she murmured.

"Angry! my dear child! how could I be angry? I knew, of course, that this would happen some day, and with my great interest in you——"

"But," broke in Letty, to whom all this was very perplexing, "it has nothing to do with me. I want

"Captain Winstanley!" cried Lady Flora, in great astonishment. "What have his affairs to do with you?" She had drawn herself up in her chair, and loosened the clasp of Letty's hands upon her own. "I do not understand," she said coldly. "There must be some mistake."

In a voice choked with sobs—for she began to fear that she had done something really unnatural and forward—Letty began to explain what had happened.

"I met Captain Winstanley in the garden," she said, "and it had been on my mind all day to tell him how cruel it was of him to make you unhappy because he was unhappy himself, and so——"

"And so you told him?"

"Yes, I told him."

"In those very words?"

Letty hung her head. "I am afraid I told him that he was selfish," she faltered.

To her surprise and relief Lady Flora began to smile.

"Well," she said, in a voice from which the sternness had gone, "and what did Captain Winstanley say to your sermon? Did he promise to be a good boy?"

"He said I was quite right, and promised to think over what I had said. Was I very impertinent?" said poor Letty.

"No, not impertinent, dear: impertinence is in the intention. A little foolish, perhaps. You meant well, so I will say no more about it. But another time you must consult me before you give way to your rather Quixotic impulses. Will you promise me this?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered Letty readily, and then Lady Flora kissed her, and bade her good night; but ever after Letty retained an uneasy feeling about her bold proceeding that evening.

There was still some interchange of courtesies between the Castle and Deep Deane, where Veronica remained, her foot not being sufficiently recovered to allow of her travelling; but Colonel Lyndon was now a more frequent visitor than Percy, and Lady Flora paid no more afternoon calls at the farm.

The little hoop of pearls was still where Colonel Lyndon had placed it on the night of his arrival. For he alone, of all those who were about the Castle, knew, or even guessed, whither things were tending.

Once Lady Flora ventured to hint at her surprise that he took no decided step, and then he told her gravely that they had both been mistaken. Yet he and Letty were constantly together, and he admired her more than ever, and she showed, in a hundred ways, her confidence in him and her regard for his opinion. "Men are perverse—wilfully perverse," said Lady Flora to herself. "There is no doing anything with them." All her people were disappointing her, and all her schemes were coming to nothing, and she felt, naturally, a little indignant with the world in general for not submitting itself to management.

Some of this irritability may have been apparent in her manner to Colonel Lyndon, or, possibly, he was over-sensitive. He came to feel presently that he had worn out his welcome, and that it was time he should leave Castle Ettrick.

On the day before his departure he made an opportunity for speaking to Letty alone. It was not to tell her he loved her, or to bid her an impassioned farewell. That was not the colonel's way. He left it, as he would have said, to boys and weaklings to blazon out their want of self-control to the universe. He was a man, and he was able to hold himself in check.

They met in the garden early in the afternoon. Milly was with them; but she ran off after the dogs, and for a few moments they were left alone.

"Do you remember," said the colonel, looking down at Letty with grave, kind eyes, "a talk we had one night coming home from Deep Deane?"

"Oh! yes, yes; you were so kind; you helped me so much by what you said," answered Letty very earnestly.

"Did I help you? I am very glad," said the colonel. "And you made me a promise. Do you remember that?"

"You asked me to look upon you as my friend."

"And I ask you again," he said gently. "I admire you—not as a young man would, of course. I am a man nearly old enough to be your father, Letty. And I—well! the fact is that I can't help being sorry sometimes, when I think of the loneliness of your position. It has come to me that if I had married at the age when men generally marry, I might have had a daughter like you, and that I might have died and left her alone, and that if, when I was dying, a comrade of mine had offered to be her friend, it would have been a comfort to me. I want you to look upon me just as if I were that—an old comrade of your father's who takes an interest in you. Will you?"

The tears sprang to Letty's eyes. He was very kind, and it was pleasant to think that she had a friend in the world—and such a friend! But why was he so sad? And why did her heart ache as he looked at her?

"Thank you! thank you!" she cried, holding out both her hands. "Indeed I will." And then—for the overflowing pity of her woman's heart would have a vent—"and I can't bear your going away," she said gently. "The place will seem so empty without you."

For the space of an instant he looked at her searchingly. Could it be that, after all, he was mistaken? Then, while he stood hesitating, feeling for the next word, there came through the trees a sound they both knew. It was nothing but the whistle with which Percy Winstanley was accustomed to summon his favourite dog—a beautiful old deer-hound—from the yard; but it made a diversion.

The call was repeated two or three times impatiently, and Letty became restless.

"I do believe they have tied poor old Beauty up," she said. "It is too bad. Shall we come and see, Colonel Lyndon?"

There was no further quiet talk between Letty and the colonel that day, and on the following morning he left the Castle before she was up.

Shortly after the colonel's departure, Veronica, who looked pale and worn after her recent illness, but who was on her feet again, called to pay her farewell visit at Castle Ettrick. Lady Flora had been prepared to receive her coldly; but being touched by the change in her appearance, she forgot the displeasure in motherly anxiety.

"Are you really fit to travel?" she said kindly. "Are you quite sure you will not be overtasking your strength?"

"Oh, no! And if I do, what matter? I shall have plenty of time for rest. You know I need never do anything else," said Veronica, with a forced smile.

Veronica's visit, and the change in her appearance and manner, made hope revive in Lady Flora's breast. Girls—especially rich girls—are whimsical. It might

be that Percy had not taken quite the right way with her. Or perhaps she expected him to persevere in the teeth of refusal. A sprained ankle, Lady Flora was convinced, could not have caused so great a change.

Percy, who had rejoined his regiment, was away from home when Miss Browne paid her farewell visit to the Castle. On his return for one of those brief leaves which he often took now, his mother spoke of it, hinting at her suspicion; but the contradictory young fellow did not take the hint kindly. "I have done with rich girls," he said: "they think too much of themselves. And I don't believe, under any circumstances, I should have cared to owe my fortune to a woman."

"But I thought there was no question of money," said Lady Flora. "I thought——"

He interrupted her: "Yes, mother, and so did I think; but we are all liable to error. I admire Miss Browne: I shall always admire her; but I shall never again ask her to be my wife. And you may be sure," he added, with a laugh, in which there was nothing forced, "that she would never have me."

Throughout that winter, which, for the sake of economy, Mr. Winstanley and Lady Flora had decided to spend in the country, Percy was constantly flying backwards and forwards between his regiment and his home. Ettrick seemed never to have been so delightful to him, and certainly he had never been more delightful to his family. Gentle, kind, considerate, full of fun, and ready to take a part in everything that was going on, his frequent visits made the life of the solitary country-house, when the sharp, bleak winter days frightened its other guests away. None of them knew—and least of all she who had wrought the miracle—to what influence this happy change was due. None of them could have suspected that his chief attraction to Castle Ettrick that winter was the slight, fair girl, with the heart of a lion, who had gone out of her way to reprove him for his selfishness.

As for Letty, it was natural that she should be interested in him. He did not mean it subtly, but if he had artfully calculated his conduct beforehand, he could not have adopted a course more certain to win her. And when his manner towards her began to be marked by a peculiar gentleness: when she saw in the eyes that on rare occasions sought hers a sunny brightness, for which nothing but the sympathy between their unspoken thoughts could account, a new feeling, and one which she did not try to understand, took possession of her. He became her hero. She set him up on a pedestal of her own, and her innocent girlish heart bowed down before him.

This was the condition of things when, one evening, early in December, after an unusually long absence, Captain Winstanley appeared suddenly at the Castle. He looked much paler than was ordinary with him, and there was an agitation in his manner which aroused his mother's anxiety.

After they had dined, she called him into her boudoir, and for more than an hour they were shut up together. It was a painful interview to both of them. When Lady Flora heard of her son's latest fancy: heard that his love had passed from a rich girl, who had all the world at her feet, to a poor little nobody, her indignation knew no bounds.

"It is impossible, Percy," she cried: "impossible! This is a mad freak. The girl——"

"Not a single word against her, mother, please!" he said angrily; "she is perfectly innocent of this She does not even know how I feel. For all I can tell, she may refuse me."

"That is very likely indeed!" said Lady Flora, satirically.

"I think it is," answered Percy; "I know she is too good for me, far."

Lady Flora laughed. In her anger and disappointment she was scarcely mistress of herself.

"If you take it in this way——" said Percy, rising.

"Oh! stay a moment, stay a moment!" she cried. "Have a little consideration for me, Percy!"

"If you will consider me, mother, I will consider you," said the young man. "You ought to treat me seriously—to treat me as a man. Do you think I would have come to you before any one else—even her—if it was not a very serious matter with me? Can't we speak of it quietly?"

"I will try," she answered; "but you must have patience with me."

There followed a long discussion. Lady Flora tried her hardest to dissuade her son from his purpose She pointed out what his exact position was. He had an allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year from his father. This, as he was well aware, had never covered his expenses in the army. That his father would increase his allowance on his marriage was unlikely. The property—this, perhaps, he had not known before—was heavily burdened, and improvements were urgently needed; they were often hard put to it to meet necessary expenses. Necessary expenses with Lady Flora included the season in town, a house full of visitors in the country, elaborate dinner-parties, hunters and carriage-horses; necessities they were, for how could she have done without them?

She was so determined to prevent him from allying himself with the pretty nobody whom she had imprudently thrown in his way, that she exaggerated their embarrassment. "You must see," she repeated, again and again, "how impossible it is."

But Percy could not, or would not, see any impossibility. "It is only my own affair. I shall not trouble either you or my father for anything," he said. "If I choose poverty, who is to blame me?"

"But you are our only son; you have the family to consider."

"And I do consider the family. If I bring the noblest and sweetest woman in the world into the family, every member of the family ought to be grateful to me," said Percy.

All Lady Flora could obtain from him, finally, was that he would not speak to Letty until his father had been consulted, and his mother had spoken to him again. So it was decided between the mother and son; but another besides themselves was to have a voice in it. Letty, though she did not know it, had

long been in love, and her love-history had reached a stage when a mere nothing—a breath, a whisper, the tone of a voice—brings revelation to the startled heart.

Percy kept his promise of not speaking to her. Lady Flora was equally prudent. But before the next day was out her resolution had been taken.

When Lady Flora was dressing for dinner that evening, she knocked at her door, and asked to speak to her. Permission was given, much more coldly than usual, and, without so much as sitting down, the girl said what she had to say.

"I must leave you," she said abruptly. Then, as Lady Flora looked at her like one petrified, "Please don't ask me why. It is hard enough as it is—I mean to leave you and my dear little Milly, and this house, where I have been so happy."

"Why should you leave?" said Lady Flora, her face assuming a stern expression, for she could only suppose that Percy had broken his engagement to her. "It is right that I should ask. Has any one——"

"No one has done anything," broke in Letty, with feverish haste: "no one has said a single word. Say I am capricious. Tell people so—Janet, and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Milly. Say I am tired of the country—anything—anything—only don't ask me questions."

In spite of herself, in spite of the anger that still burned within her, and her bitter disappointment, Lady Flora was touched. "My dear," she said, in a changed voice, and looking anywhere rather than into Letty's pale face, "this is very sudden. What do you intend to do? Have you any plans?"

"Oh, yes," answered the young girl. "I mean to try and be a governess somewhere else. If you would let me, I should like to start at once. I suppose I could not go earlier than to-morrow morning. Then perhaps you would tell me where to go at first. I have fifty pounds in the bank; that will keep me for some time. And then, if you are kind enough to say I am a tolerably good governess, I shall soon get another situation. I want to go a long, long distance away—to America or Russia."

A feeling of the deepest compassion came over Lady Flora's heart as she listened to those simple words. But for the dignity of the family—but for those necessary expenses which had to be met if the family was to hold its own in the world—she would have taken her little favourite to her heart, and bidden her remain at Castle Ettrick, and be her son's wife.

As it was, she could only sigh and consent. "Perhaps you are right, dear," she said, very sadly, "there are some situations which are only to be met by flight. I will make arrangements that you shall stay in London for the present."

"And I need not come down to-night?" said Letty tremulously.

"No, you may stay up-stairs. Milly shall stay with you. You had rather not? Then you shall stay alone. I will come up and see you after dinner."

Slowly and sadly Letty went up to her own room. She had done it for the best: because she would not give pain to those she loved: because, under this new and strange stress of feeling that had come to her, she could not trust herself; but no one knew, no one who had not once felt as she had felt could imagine, what the sacrifice of that evening meant to her. When, having locked the door, to shut out intruders, she threw herself upon her bed in the darkness, it seemed to her as if the rest were nothing. The leaving of her home, the separation from her friends, the looking forward to long years of loneliness, all this she could bear; but to go away without once looking into his face, without thanking him for his love to her, without telling him that though she must leave the place where she had the unspeakable happiness of seeing his face, she would never, never forget him—this was almost more than her gentle heart could endure.

She wept until her heavy eyelids fell. But she could not sleep long. Lady Flora was at the door of her room, and Milly, looking curious and anxious, was with her, and she had to shake off her languor, and prepare for her journey to London.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

"KILLED!"

"KILLED at——" What matters where?
He is dead, and that is enough!
"Killed!" It is written there
In letters that stare and stare!
What though the telling be rough?
He is dead, and that is enough!

"Died with his face to the foe,
Trying another to save!"
How else, how else should he die?
I could not have loved him so
If he had not been bravest of brave!

Dead, and no word of good-bye!
No whisper of love from afar!
O star! star! star!
I looked in your eyes last night,
And I saw *his* eyes in your light;
And I knew, I knew he would die,
For that was his last good-bye!

Get you gone! Get you gone from my sight!
Why do you stand and stare?
He is dead! It is written there!
And it's late—so late to-night!

There! there! forgive me, but go!
You mean to be kind, I know,
But leave me to God and to him!
"Killed, with his face to the foe!"
Leave me awhile! The light—
The light—is—getting—dim!—
Leave me—to God—and—to him!—

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"'KILLED, WITH HIS FACE TO THE FOE!'"

"*KILLED!*" (*p.* 236).

A NEW FIELD FOR ENTERPRISE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. H. M. STANLEY.—BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IT is impossible to gaze upon the bronzed features of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, without a vivid recollection of the famous picture of his first meeting with Livingstone in the depths of the Dark Continent. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" was the historic phrase in which the second greatest of African explorers greeted the greatest. One of the peculiarities of photography is that it adds stature; and I had pictured the founder of the Free State of the Congo as a tall, thin, wiry man, grizzled with hard work—with, in short, all the outward attributes of an old campaigner. But when there presently joined me in the cosy drawing-room in New Bond Street, a gentleman somewhat below the average height, with a thick-set frame indicative of great powers of endurance, the well-known short moustache, and a face deeply browned by tropical suns as they shone upon forests and plains where no other white man has ever set foot, there was no need for introduction. Mr. Stanley greeted me cordially, and settled himself down in an arm-chair as though, instead of having upon his shoulders the care of a State covering a million and a half square miles, he had nothing to do but to be interviewed. Upon the table lay a Belgian map of the Congo, showing the results of the explorations which have been made since Mr. Stanley's departure for Europe, and the new volume of the *Almanach de Gotha*, in which the Congo is for the first time included among sovereign States.

The world needs not to be told that Mr. Stanley is enthusiastic in his view of the rich capabilities and the splendid future of the Congo. But he has not the manner of an enthusiast. His speech is calm, thoughtful, based upon facts and figures. When he wishes to enforce a point, or to clinch an argument, he leans forward in his chair and speaks with the subdued earnestness and the quiet energy of conviction. One of the most salient impressions the interview left upon me was that of a man possessing a boundless store of reserved force; capable of taking great decisions in a moment of supreme crisis; a man of boundless energy, with whom danger and difficulty have been constantly present, and in whom natural coolness and fertility of resource have been developed into an instinct.

I began by asking Mr. Stanley what were his ideas regarding the Congo as a field for colonisation, and as an outlet for surplus European populations.

"It is too early to talk about that," was his reply; "the Congo is not ripe for settlement yet, and I have studiously avoided anything like an emigration propaganda. People do not clearly understand the difficulties of reaching the interior, difficulties which will of course largely disappear when the railway is made. The climate of the Lower Congo, say between Vivi and Leopoldville, the capital, is very trying to Europeans. The Upper Congo, beyond Stanley Pool, on the contrary, is as healthy as any country in Southern Europe. But caution is of course necessary. Unfortunately,

Yours sincerely
Henry M. Stanley

people will not give themselves the trouble to look at matters from a common-sense point of view, and take the precautions of which experience has shown the wisdom. On the Congo, in short, it is necessary to live like a philosopher."

"But," I asked, "when the Congo Railway is made, it will, I assume, ameliorate climatic conditions by shortening the journey from the coast to Leopoldville?"

"That is one of the chief blessings that will follow the construction of the line. Its influence will be enormous—greater, probably, than that of any railway which has been opened since the pioneer line was laid down in England. Like that which was the model line for the United Kingdom, ours will be the

model line for the entire continent of Africa. Railways alone can make Africa really useful and beneficial to civilisation. There is a wonderful continent with 15,000 miles of coast-line, and something over 13,000,000 square miles of superficies — nearly five times as large as Europe; and yet it remains torpid, inert, lifeless, simply because Europeans have a deadly horror of the climate. And unfortunately they will not use their common-sense to conquer the difficulty."

"You think, then, that cases of fatal illness on the Congo are due at least as much to neglect of precautions as to the climate?"

"Undoubtedly. I speak from experience, which I have bought dearly in my own person. I have had over 200 fevers in Africa, three-fourths of which were caught because in my ignorance I invited and put a premium upon them. I had no one to teach me the peculiarities of the climate: I had to learn them from the fevers; but the Europeans who go out to the Congo now are forewarned, and with prudence and good food they can keep perfectly well."

In answer to my question as to whether it was not the fact that many Europeans died on the Congo from the effects of, comparatively speaking, moderate drinking, Mr. Stanley gave me some appalling instances of promising young men being suddenly cut off in this way. A young engineer, hot and tired from his day's work, drank at dinner a large quantity of Portuguese wine. A severe attack of dysentery followed, and when convalescent, though still weak, he was sent to the coast on his way home, with the most solemn warnings not to touch strong drinks. Yet, while waiting for the steamer he sold his coat for a bottle of gin, and twelve hours later he was in his grave. Another engineer somehow obtained possession of a bottle of brandy at lunch, and was shortly afterwards found dead with the bottle under his head. "Strong drink on the Congo," added Mr. Stanley, "means death."

Leaving this melancholy phase of the subject, I asked, "What do you expect will be the immediate effect of the Congo Railway?"

"It will alter the entire aspect of everything," answered Mr. Stanley. "It will give new life to the State, and introduce civilisation into the heart of Africa very rapidly indeed. At present there are some thousands of native traders at Stanley Pool, and there are European traders at the head of the navigation of the Lower Congo, so close to the cataracts that they can hear their roar; yet the two cannot come together on account of these cataracts, which form a gap 235 miles long. This gap can only be bridged by the native carriers, who are all absorbed in the transport of some 1,200 tons of merchandise in a year. While this state of things lasts progress is impossible. These 1,200 tons now being transported on the heads and backs of the carriers would be a mere drop in the ocean, compared with the goodly trade that would be going up the Congo if the native traders could be supplied with a sufficient quantity of goods."

"This, then, is probably one reason of the excessive dearness of ivory, which threatens soon to become worth nearly its weight in gold?"

"It is the only reason. Ivory has almost disappeared from all the accessible areas of Africa; but the areas at present inaccessible are so vast that there is abundance of ivory, and also of rubber. The native traders are willing and eager to search for these precious articles; but if they all rushed up the affluents of the Congo to fetch goods they might be years in getting rid of them. Thus you may see how great an impetus commerce will receive from the construction of the railway. As soon as the natives have gathered all the ivory from their own resorts, they will be urged by the demand for more to proceed still further into the interior, taking with them the worth of their goods in the produce of English industry."

"Then you think, Mr. Stanley, that one of the earliest results to be expected from the railway would be the cheapening of ivory?"

"Yes; both ivory and rubber would be cheap and plentiful for at least fifty years to come; and in the meantime no doubt some other object of commerce will have been discovered on the Congo."

"Minerals—copper, for instance, of which I think you have an abundance?"

"Yes, we have plenty of copper; but at present the cost of transporting it to the coast is £45 a ton. When the railway is made, copper will pay for working, but not until then. It is this terrible cost of transport which paralyses us upon the Congo. The State, for instance, is compelled by reason of this great expense to confine itself to five stations on the Upper Congo, where the only Europeans are the agents of the State and the missionaries. This is a proof that if the railway could be taken only as far as Stanley Pool, the State would be a valuable customer to it; while the missionaries, with the advantage of supplies of good food and constant accessions of recruits, could spread the Gospel rapidly, since they then could make most of their journeys by steamer. At Stanley Falls there are some 3,000 Arabs, and between Stanley Falls and Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, there are about 15,000 more, all of whom have to be supplied once a year from Zanzibar—a journey of twelve months across Africa, in addition to the month's voyage from Europe. When the railway is made these Arabs could be supplied from England within a month. In addition to these important customers of the Congo Railway, there is the London Missionary Society established on Lake Tanganyika, where also there is a Government station, both of which would be customers. Then there are the Arabs of the Soudan scattered over the Niam-Niam, who would likewise be supplied by means of the railway; and, instead of the Soudan being, as now, blockaded, steamers, fed from the railway, could carry supplies right up to the frontier."

"Then there is the private native trade of the Congo, as distinguished from the requirements of the State and of semi-public bodies, which is as important, if not more so than all the rest put together?"

"There would constantly be an immense quantity of goods going up-country by rail. At present, on the Upper Congo, Europeans have to content themselves

with living in wattled huts or mud forts, roofed over with straw and grass, and there is of course great danger from fire. By means of the railway the State could at once transport about a dozen iron stations; and there would soon be erected houses, churches, and schools, all of iron. Then the native chiefs, seeing what the Europeans were doing, would build iron houses, and would likewise require iron warehouses for their goods. The Chief of Kintamo, for instance, already keeps all his goods in iron boxes; while the Chiefs of Old Calabar live in iron houses which have cost from £1,000 to £3,500 each. Then, again, there would be many steamers to be transported in sections, to be put together on the upper side of the cataracts. On the Upper Congo there are at present only seven steamers, mostly steam launches, but to carry on the enormous trade of the 7,000 miles of navigable water-way of the Upper Congo large and swift steamers will be required, capable of stowing cargo and carrying passengers in comfort. Again, there would be a large trade in timber, and saw-mills would be required to cut it up, which mills would have to be taken up-country by railway. Enormous quantities of powder, and large numbers of flint-lock guns, would also be in demand. All this is without counting the almost limitless trade to be done in cloth goods. I should say that within a reasonable number of years after the making of the railway, there would be a trade of about £10,000,000 annually with the natives of the Upper Congo—all in barter."

Pausing here, Mr. Stanley went on to say that there was a sentimental side to the whole question which was worthy of reflection. "We have been enabled," he continued, "with our own modest enterprise to secure something like 1,000 carriers a month to serve us in a country that, when I began work there, absolutely refused to have anything to do with us. Already we have some 400 native soldiers—all of which proves that the natives are friendly and willing to lend their services to the white man for his purposes. When the State can better afford it—which will be not long after the railway is finished—it will be able to enlist 3,000 or 4,000 native soldiers for the protection of the country against the slave-traders. Those stations which are to-day so modest and unoffending, and dare not take arms in their hands against the organised slave-traders, will, in a few months only after the opening of the railway, be in a position to take the offensive and absolutely prevent them from ever setting foot in the Congo State."

"That indeed would be worth working for," I remarked.

"It will be the death-blow of the slave-trade in all western equatorial Africa," said Mr. Stanley with animation. "The slave-trade put an end to throughout a region over 2,000,000 square miles in extent, and all done on a commercial basis and without a drop of blood being shed! No need for launching out into armaments, for employing guerilla warfare, or for putting into force the offensive powers vested in the riveraine Governments by the Berlin Conference. Indeed, the desire and the temptation to commit these atrocious deeds upon these quiet and unoffending tribes will have been taken away from the slave-traders by the constant increase of white men among them, each of whom will be a deadly enemy to the slave traffic. In place of the terror and dismay that I witnessed in December, 1883, along 140 miles of the Congo banks, will be seen the effects of the nobler and milder influence of those Christian missionaries who are to-day so bravely pressing on in the almost hopeless warfare against barbarism."

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS has been busy preparing a large variety of woollen fabrics, which, doubtless, will be brought out later at a much cheaper rate in England, losing, however, in their reproduction, some of their original perfection, both in the looms of Germany and of Great Britain. The new stuffs are characterised by brightness of tone and a novel and happy combination of colouring. The pentes, which erewhile were few and far between, now flood the market, and nearly every woollen stuff has been arranged with them. There are a few horizontal stripes, and some checks, formed by interwoven or rope cords, but pentes carry the day by ten to one. *Pentes*, in connection with dress, consist of horizontal stripes of a distinct kind from the ground, and of varying widths, set round the hem of the skirt, to the depth of half a yard or more, sometimes placed in front, sometimes at the sides, and now, in this season's goods, occasionally all round the skirt.

Canvas is the dominant idea in all the new woollens, only the varieties are so diverse, it would puzzle all but the caterers of fashion to decide why some of the stuffs are considered canvas at all. They are thin and thick, sometimes in diagonal lines, and sometimes brocaded, but their chief originality this season is in the pentes. Some of them are open-work, like a particular sort of curtain muslin used to be; and this is divided by stripes of irregular widths, either of plush or velvet. Biscuit and tones of brown carry all before them. When I was looking over these stuffs the other day, there appeared to be six tones of brown at least to one of every other colour.

One great comfort is that skirts will be made up at the cost of but little trouble, and no expense for trimmings—a remark which applies to another class of materials with interwoven border-

ings, chiefly of cashmerian designs and colours. The canvases are generally forty-eight inches in width, the pentes at least half a yard deep. I was particularly pleased with a coffee-brown, having six rows of stripes, each of a different shade: dark brown, red, green, terra-cotta, blue, stone. Mignonette and beige also blend well.

I dare say you have all, at one time or other, used corded muslin for petticoats; the idea has been greatly employed in the new materials which have rope stripes, viz., stripes formed of an intertwisted cord not coarser or wider than that in corded muslin. These congregated together in red and white on blue, say, or other mixtures of colour, form the fashionable pentes.

A Parisian leader of fashion has just ordered a diagonal canvas in string-colour, with stripes of red and green, and a helmet-shaped bonnet of the dominant tone in velvet, the green and red carried out in metallic wings and small birds placed on the front. Brown, blue, and green woollen stuffs are also being ordered, with the pentes of velvet of exactly the same tone. Frenchwomen always like the soft beiges, only made in neutral tints; plenty of early spring and travelling gowns are being ordered of them, with just a touch of colour in vest, cuffs, and collar, to make them more becoming. Tweeds for spring are half their usual thickness, and so metamorphosed, I was not inclined to admit the so-called article was really tweed at all. Some of them are brocaded, others are covered with close-set stripes having fluffy white flecks on the surface here and there, and also with the rope stripes, which stand up boldly. Some of these cords form checks all over, as if a sum, or the game of "tit tat toe," were to be played upon them.

"TUNING UP."

The cheviots are also striped and diagonal, and are exactly the sort of stuff to order for immediate wear—light and warm; these have, many of them, a speckled or marbled appearance; the colourings are decided and conspicuous.

More original than any of these, and better adapted to a later time in the year, is the Drap de Saxe, which is smooth, though woven with coarse threads, looking far more like linen than wool; it has mostly broad perpendicular stripes, brown on cream, and so on. Sometimes the stripes are bright in colouring, and cashmerian in design.

It is affirmed that many of the cottons which are brought out to the world as Parisian, first saw the light in English mills, and are taken to London *viâ* Paris. Anyway, there is a plethora of choice in the French capital. I will content myself with giving their leading characteristic; there is some time yet before they will be worn.

Satines are going out; the printed cottons on light blue, pink, and green grounds display designs of distinctly Japanese origin, save now and then, when they are floral and Pompadour; the colouring is excellent. Most of them look like silk, and few would be worth much after washing.

Cotton crape I can recommend as having a good appearance without much outlay; the puckered stripes are of two or three colours blended on a cream ground. These do wash well. French dressmakers are making them up over velvet, also with large conventional flowers in the cashmere shawl patterns, apparently darned. The new zephyrs have a cord check on white thrown upon them.

Then there is a large number of cottons with frisé and plush stripes, which give great substance and importance to the fabric, which requires to be handled to be sure it really is cotton; and, if it does not crease, it will maintain a good appearance.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Do you know that nowadays many of the best-dressed women in the world—Russian, American, and Hungarian—come to England for the fashions? So it is but fair that the readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

should be instructed as to what their own country-people have prepared for them as well as the Parisians.

For materials we seem to go first to Paris, and then, having seen what is there, to set our looms to work on something of the sort; but we no longer require the men and women milliners of the French capital to make all we wear. Some most beautiful dresses, after the Incroyable period, with the plain, full skirts, and smart double-breasted jackets with revers, have been arranged in London for full-dress occasions, the skirts a mass of embroidery, the bodices generally velvet, to match the most decided tint in the skirt.

Some of England's best-dressed women are wearing bodices of elastic silk, made with three box-plaits back and front, and a belt round the waist; they fit perfectly, they save a dressmaker's bill, and are worn by those who frequent what is called "the best society." A red or black one can be made to answer for several skirts; and the out-door jackets, braided, of the same material, are as trim garments as you can well have just at this season.

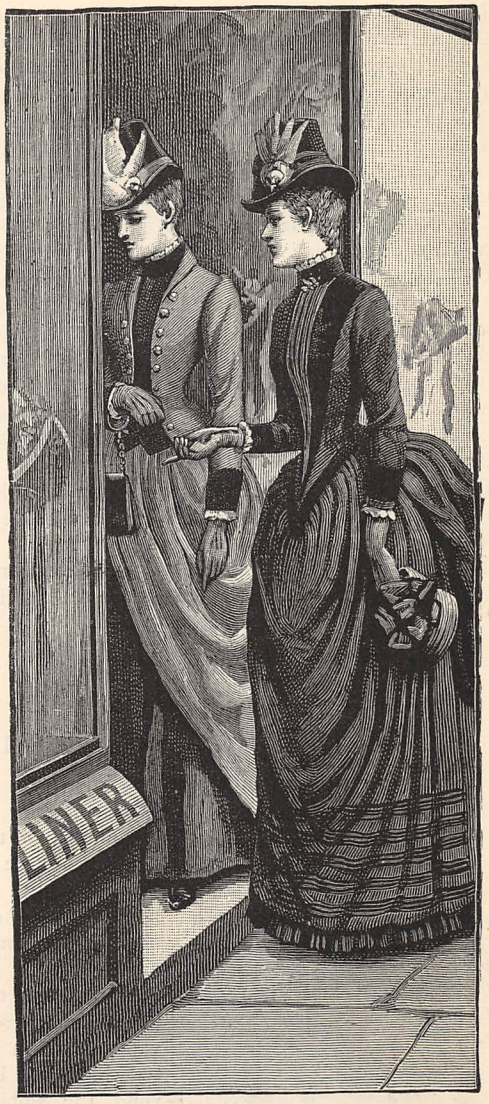
The advocates of woollen under-clothing are adapting a new make of elastic woollen stuff, particularly soft and smoothly woven, to night-dresses, dressing-jackets and gowns, and combination garments, trimming them with torchon lace, cream, or cream and a colour, and the material has great merits.

Children are to wear this spring some revived granny bonnets made in drawn muslin, coming well over the face, with a baby cap inside, of lace, and loops of narrow ribbon, a frill of embroidery sewn to the edge. They are becoming to young faces, and they have another merit: they are entirely hand-work, and very fine hand-work, too, which keeps alive the best of all industries for women—the use of the needle.

English folks in their fashions are trying to do something for Ireland. The Royal Family are wearing poplins; and their loyal subjects follow a good example. It is a good-looking stuff, and shows up rather better than most others against velvet and fur. Try a peach poplin with violet velvet and sable; you will think as I did, when I saw it worn by the Princess of Wales, that it was a worthy garb for so beautiful a woman.

The friezes and the embroideries which Ireland is sending to us are good-looking and cheap, and, best of all in these hard times, wear well. All gentlewomen should now, in choosing articles of dress, keep well in view how long the particular thing is likely to last, for money is so valuable that it should be spent with a view of securing things that will wear well, and good lace, good fur, good silk and velvet come within the category. Knowing how to spend money wisely is often as good as the acquisition of an extra hundred or so a year, and many a fortuneless girl by her good management may prove to be really and truly a fortune in herself. Buy well, and take care of what you buy, are good and wholesome maxims.

Englishwomen are beginning to give up high-pointed heels to their boots in favour of low, flat ones, which enable them to walk farther and more gracefully; if they diminished the sharpness of the points of the toes of boots and shoes, they would be doing a still further good. Such points press the feet unduly together, and originate corns in unexpected places.



"THE LAST SWEET THING."

High, straight collars to dresses are almost universally worn in London now, generally made of velvet, and neat and trim they look. Fur bands, put on separately, have been in vogue; and "dog-collars," with both high and low dresses, trimmed with jet and many other kinds of beads, as well as with diamonds and other gems when the occasion warrants.

If any of you are going to a smart wedding, do not in March discard a muff; cover any small old one you may have with a piece of material like the dress you intend to wear, and the front with real flowers; it is the most dressy and the most elegant way of wearing such blooms, for the muff is suspended round the neck by a cord, which leaves the hands free, and it gives a capital finish to the toilette.

If you live in the country, or in any place where real flowers are not too great a luxury, learn to mount them into aigrettes. The great art is to wire them only enough to keep them firm without stiffness, to let them fall with as much natural gracefulness as possible, and place an osprey tuft to match in colour in the centre, and an artificial butterfly or beetle, if you will. Wrap the stems in moss, and cover with a bit of oil-silk. Thus treated, roses and hard-wooded leaves and flowers will last well without any appearance of being faded. The newest fans, too, are made in the shape of a palm, of the intertwisted stem of a rose, the flowers laced in and out. I often wonder, seeing how women love flowers, that they do not better acquire their manipulation. Everything depends on the arrangement; if this is clumsy the whole effect is marred, but a few blooms will achieve all that is desired if treated with skill.

By-the-by, those who practise home dressmaking may like to hear of a new thimble, that cuts the thread when needed by means of a tiny knife at the tip.

The spring stuffs will be easily made up into skirts, but they require a foundation; and do not bind this with a broad band of velvet, so that the skirt is short enough to show it; the fashion is coming in, but it dwarfs the figure, and mars the grace of any but a very tall woman.

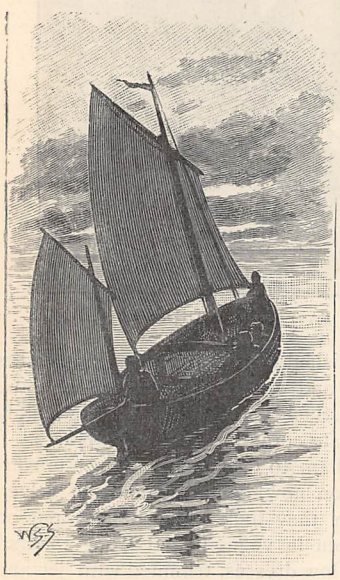
The dresses in our illustration, "Tuning up," will prove good guides for making evening toilettes for a musical party. The matron at the piano has selected veloutine and broché velvet worked with beads, both materials in shades of red.

This embroidery appears in the panels, on the epaulettes, cuffs, and on the plastron both in front and at the back of the bodice. The more youthful violinist is in moss-green plush and faille—the pente on the left side being moire and plush—gold embroidery ornaments the top of the bodice and terminates the sleeves.

The two promenaders admiring "the last sweet thing" in bonnets, in the other illustration, are suitably attired for a walk. The more attentive observer wears a costume of claret plush and brown canvas, with gilt buttons outlining the jaunty jacket. The darker figure is in the ever-popular Guards' colours—blue and red—canvas, with plush trimmings. Both ladies, alas! wear birds in their hats.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



THERE was no doubt that the Messingers were fortunate in possessing so charming a house as the Ness. It was built at the head of a narrow valley shut in by two hills, and beyond the sloping lawn stretched a wide expanse of sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Messinger were simple, unaffected people, devoted to their children, and to Nancy, Mr. Messinger's young step-sister. They treated her with a kind of reverential tenderness, chiefly due to the fact that she was entirely dependent on them. And, in her turn, Nancy filled the place of a loving elder sister to the tribe of little ones, and of friend-in-chief to her gentle sister-in-law.

One sunny afternoon in early summer, Mrs. Messinger sat at the open bay-window of the drawing-room, reading. She was a placid little lady, seldom ruffled in mind or temper, and her sweet face and soft blue eyes were pleasant to contemplate. The door opened presently, and Nancy came in rather slowly. Her expression was as sweet and gentle as her sister's, but her great dark eyes and firmly-cut mouth and chin bore evidence of much greater strength and individuality of character. She came over to the window, and seated herself in a low basket-chair with an air of constraint.

"I have had a letter from Jim," she said.

"Yes; I saw it on the hall-table," replied Mary, laying down her book. "Does he say when he is coming?"

"Yes; he came by the same steamer as the letter. He will be here to-morrow, I suppose."

"Nancy! *really?*" asked Mary, looking almost excited. "Are you not *delighted?*"

"I—I—have a confession to make," said Nancy nervously, looking out over the sea. "I thought I loved Jim when he went out to India five years ago, but I was only seventeen then, and did not realise what love meant. We had known each other all our lives, and I mistook our friendship for love."

"When did you make this terrible discovery?" asked Mary, in distress.

"I have felt it dimly for a year or two, but what made it all clear to me was Jim's last letter, saying that he was coming home. It filled me with dismay and fear. I felt that I simply *could* not meet him as his betrothed wife, so I wrote last mail, and asked him to release me from my engagement."

"And what does he say?" Mary asked anxiously.

"He is delighted," said Nancy, brightening. "He says that *his* feelings have changed too."

"I always think of you in the future as his wife," sighed Mrs. Messinger, whose mind was slow to welcome new ideas. "Are you sure you are wise, dear?"

"Quite sure," Nancy answered firmly. "And you will break the news gently to Ned, won't you? And please get reconciled to the arrangement soon. I feel so delightfully airy and free!"

"You never hinted at any change before," said Mary, a little reproachfully.

"I only knew it dimly, or I might have done," replied Nancy gently. "And since I wrote to him I have been silent, to spare you any anxiety. I have felt it for the last three years in writing to him. My letters have never been from the present Nancy, but from the Nancy as I could remember her at seventeen. In fact, I have been 'writing down' all the time to the level of his intelligence as shown in his letters, and that level is painfully low. But happily, you see, he is as pleased to end our engagement as I am."

"He would be much more likely to object if he once saw you," said Mary frankly, "for these five years have done wonders with you in every way."

"Oh, he is so boyish that he will think me strong-minded, and therefore dislike me," said Nancy, laughing. "And I *did* send him my last photograph, you know."

"Did you send that hideous thing?" asked Mary in surprise.

"Well," confessed Nancy rather reluctantly, "I believe I had some secret, unconfessed hope that he would offer to break off the engagement if he once saw that hideous caricature. But here comes Ned; I shall leave you to explain things to him."

A day or two later, Nancy started for her usual afternoon walk along the cliffs. Since she had been released from the engagement which for some years past had been weighing on her spirits, she had been in a state of exhilaration which surprised her. The world seemed wholly beautiful; life was an unmixed blessing; sin and poverty were rarer than she had thought. Walking quickly along, absorbed in these pleasant reflections, she did not hear footsteps behind her, and was surprised at hearing herself suddenly addressed. Looking up with startled eyes, she found a young man gazing at her with a puzzled, intent expression in his handsome face.

"You *are* Nancy, are you not?" he said doubtfully, holding out his hand.

"Why, Jim, is it really you?" asked Nancy, regarding him with surprise. "How you have grown! When did you come? and how did you find me?"

"I came two days ago," he said, reddening slightly in irritation at her first words. "Father was anxious that I should stay with him yesterday, but I called at the Ness this afternoon, and Mrs. Messinger told me where I should find you."

"Let us go home now, and then you can see them all," she said, turning back. "You will hardly know the children: they were such mites when you left."

"I certainly shall not, if they have altered as much as you have done. I scarcely knew you," he said, looking down at her with intent grey eyes, and inwardly comparing this beautiful, graceful girl with the *gauche* schoolgirl of five years since.

"I am older," she said, her heart sinking strangely. "He might disguise the fact that he finds me a disappointing failure," she thought rather bitterly.

"Of course we are no longer boy and girl," he agreed. "But I hope we shall always be friends, Nancy? We have been that all our lives, haven't we?"

"Yes, let us be friends," she said. And thinking that he was eager to impress upon her that they were to be nothing more, she added, "And it was very wise to break off that childish engagement before you came home, wasn't it?"

"Y—yes," he said doubtfully; "oh, yes, of course. Your feelings are naturally quite changed, I suppose, Nancy?"

"Naturally," she said calmly, but thinking to herself that she was not so sure about that, after all.

"Naturally," he echoed, his eyes, however, becoming a little clouded. "Those boy and girl engagements never answer, do they? People develop so differently from what one would expect. Judging from your letters, I should have thought you utterly different from what I find you."

"You are equally different from what I should have expected you to be," she answered. "But let us put up with each other as we are; we need not see much of one another, you know."

They had just reached the gate leading into the garden of the Ness as she said this, and unconsciously she paused outside. Jim took this, coupled with her last words, as a hint that he should go, and was more hurt than he cared to own.

"Good afternoon," he said stiffly, raising his hat. "Your suggestion is a brilliant one, and you need not fear that I shall trouble you with my presence more often than is necessary."

"You are coming in?" she said, looking at him with pained, pleading eyes.

"Thank you, no," he said coldly. "I have seen Mrs. Messinger and your brother, and the children will keep."

"Good-bye," she said, turning in at the open gate in order that he should not see the rising tears.

"Good-bye," he said freezingly, thinking her absolutely cruel in not shaking hands. She went up the little sloping avenue slowly and sadly, trying to crush back the tears, which would rise to her eyes in spite of her efforts. She had succeeded before reaching the hall, and could answer her sister's surprised questions quite calmly.

"My dear Mary," she said, laughing gently, "you forget our changed relations. You must not expect him to come as often as he used. We have both come to the conclusion that we are quite different from what we had thought each other, and we have mutually agreed to see as little as possible of one another."

But when she reached her own room, her self-control deserted her, and she cast herself down on the little couch, and wept long and bitterly.

"I hate him!" she said to herself vindictively. "I do; I hate him! No, I don't; I believe I do the very opposite. Oh, I ought to be *ashamed* of myself, to care for any one so utterly indifferent to me! He didn't even come in, and after all these years! He shall never know that I love him, never! However much I may suffer, I have enough pride to hide it. He shall think me as indifferent as he is himself."

Her mouth took a hard look, very foreign to its sweet lines, as she rose and bathed her face; and through all that evening she bore herself so bravely, that no one guessed of the bitterness and wounded pride she thus smilingly hid.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IF Mrs. Messinger had been given to abstruse reflections, she might have asked herself how Jim and Nancy could possibly avoid each other, according to their compact, when he was always coming to the Ness? For he came every day, and at all hours of the day, as he had been wont to do five years ago. There was one difference between this daily intercourse and that of the old times, and that a rather important one. Nancy lost all her gentle brightness when speaking to Jim, and was coldly, distantly polite to him. He saw this, and no doubt resented it, but Nancy never guessed that from his manner. He did everything he could think of to please her, but with no outward effect. Inwardly, she knew that her love for him was strengthening day by day, and that no power of hers could prevent it.

Jim was in a most trying position. He knew himself to be deeply in love with Nancy: his feeling for her had never died, as he had imagined; but with the knowledge of her as a sweet, noble woman, came the knowledge that he had forfeited the right to tell her of his love. Her letters had been of a kind of which he had wearied when he ceased to be a youth. But, anxious that his own letters should not be as uninteresting to her, as hers were to him, he had written in a boyish, semi-frivolous strain, which he thought would be pleasing to her, as natural to herself. He could not understand how such a thoughtful, intelligent girl as he knew her now to be, could have written such shallow, characterless letters. He supposed that she had not cared for him enough to write about what she felt interested in.

His position with regard to Nancy was much worse than that of any mere acquaintance. Every other man could tell her of his love, while it seemed to Jim that he had lost this right by gladly agreeing to cancel their engagement. What made matters worse was that Nancy never appeared to dream that any other relation than the present constrained friendship was possible between them.

One afternoon he found her alone: a very rare occurrence indeed, for she was careful to avoid *tête-à-tête* with him.

"Shall we go into the garden?" she asked, thinking that anything was preferable to sitting stiffly in the drawing-room.

"I should like it immensely," he answered, rising, and opening the door with alacrity. "Will you take me to our old favourite seat? I have so often thought of those old days when I was feeling home-sick, Nancy."

"I thought you were very happy in India," she said unresponsively.

"So I was, but I was home-sick sometimes, especially when I first went out."

"This is the seat, is it not?" she asked: as if she might have easily forgotten the place where he had first told her of his love!

"Yes, this is it," he said dreamily, looking out over the cliffs and sea.

"Mr. Penstone and I always quarrel over this view," said Nancy, anxious to prevent any embarrassing pause.

"Who is Mr. Penstone?" asked Jim, knitting his brows.

"He is our curate," she answered. "I always say that this is the finest view in the town, but Mr. Penstone maintains that the view from——"

"He must be an idiot, then!" burst in Jim hotly; "the views are not to be compared!"

"You might have waited until I had mentioned the other," said Nancy, raising her eyebrows.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, in utter confusion. "I thought you must mean—in fact, I understood you to say—that—that the view from the Beacon was finer than this."

"Yes, that is what Mr. Penstone declares," she said.

"What a hideous name the man has!" said Jim irrritably. "Of course you are devoted to him, Nancy?"

"Yes; he is so very good and clever and pleasant," she said, surprised at his vehemence.

"You are going to marry him, I suppose?" he said with ill-concealed anger.

"You forget yourself, I think," she answered with gentle dignity. "And whom I may marry can be no possible concern of yours."

"Oh, none, of course!" he said furiously. "Only you might have told me the truth when you broke off our engagement. It would have been just as easy to say that you were engaged to some one else at once."

"You are entirely mistaken in thinking that I am engaged to any one," said Nancy calmly. "Mr. Penstone is married, and old enough to be my father. I may have obsolete ideas about engagements, but I was not aware that, even in these enlightened days, honourable women were in the habit of engaging themselves to two people at the same time. Shall we go in now, or have you any other interesting accusations to make?"

"Forgive me, Nancy; I was a fool!" pleaded Jim earnestly. "I forget sometimes that I have not still the right to speak to you on such matters. For five years I have thought of you as my promised wife, and now that I am with you I cannot always realise that you are mine no longer. Say that you forgive me, Nancy, for my roughness and presumption."

"There is nothing to forgive," she said coldly.

"Let us go in now. The evenings are getting quite chilly."

After this quarrel Jim found it impossible to be on the same footing of friendship with Nancy. She was colder and more constrained than ever in her manner towards him; and though every day he felt more clearly that his love was hopeless, he found it more and more difficult to hide it from her. He was too proud and too manly to force his love on her, believing, as he did, that she disliked him; and at last, after a bitter struggle with himself, he determined to return to India at once.

He had never been to the Ness lately without some valid reason, and this new decision was so good an excuse for calling that he was not slow in taking advantage of it. He found Nancy in the garden, arrayed in a large white sun-bonnet, busily gathering strawberries for tea.

"You find it rather hot work, I am afraid," he said, looking down gravely into her flushed face. "Let me pick some now."

"Thank you," she answered, resigning the basket; "stooping so much has tired me a little."

He had soon filled the basket, and then, at his suggestion, they seated themselves under an old apple-tree to rest. Nancy took off her sun-bonnet, and leant her bare head against the gnarled trunk languidly. Jim watched her as she sat there, thinking that he would soon have only the memory of her sweet, pure face to bear with him.

"I came up this afternoon to say good-bye," he said, breaking the long silence rather abruptly.

"JIM WATCHED HER AS SHE SAT THERE."

Nancy started slightly, and raised her eyes to his in wonderment.

"Good-bye?" she said. "And where are you going?"

"I am going back to India; I have had enough of England."

"To India? at once? Oh, why?" she asked piteously, growing very white, and looking at him with frightened eyes. An expression of tremulous hope began to dawn on Jim's face as he saw how his words had affected her.

"Do you care, Nancy?" he asked eagerly. "Would you rather I stayed?"

"My wishes have nothing to do with the matter," she said rather bitterly.

"Indeed they have," he said very earnestly—"Nancy, tell me, would you rather I stayed?"

"If I said 'Yes,' *would* you stay?" she asked, quietly.

"Only if you loved me," he said. "I cannot stay on and see you day after day, and feel that you will never care for me. May I stay, Nancy?"

"If you like," she answered shyly.

Jim took her into his arms, and kissed her very tenderly. "There is one thing I want to know," he said presently, looking down into her eyes: "when did you begin to love me, dear?"

"When did *you* begin to love *me?*" she replied, blushing under his gaze.

"I don't know; I have loved you all my life," he answered.

"I don't know, either," she said: "when I was about four or five, I think."

"But, my darling, you broke off our engagement," he said wonderingly.

"Yes; from your letters I thought I did not love you. They were so stupid—I—I mean——"

"Yes, they were stupid, but yours were silly too, and I thought that was the kind of thing you liked," he said, a ray of intelligence dawning in his eyes.

"I thought you were terribly boyish, so wrote very 'young' letters, thinking they would interest you," she said, beginning to laugh.

"We both fell into the same mistake, then," he said, laughing too, though a little regretfully. "Oh, Nancy! we might have had such a good time! How I wish I had the letters that you *might* have written!"

"Yes, it is a pity," she said. "But it is all right now, and I will write the *sweetest* letters to you in future."

"Indeed you will not," he replied, in a calmly masterful tone. "I never mean to leave you again. We must look upon those letters as a part of the vast 'It-might-have-been.'"

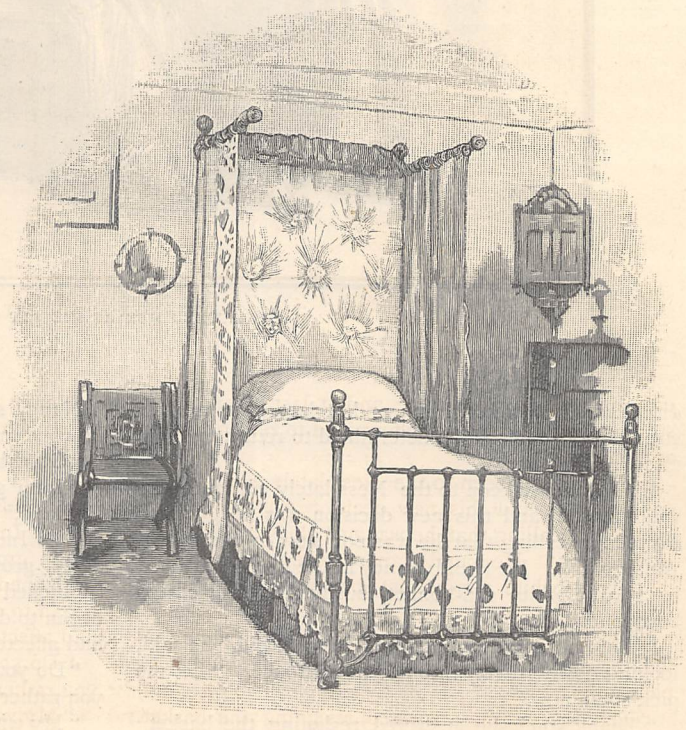
ANNE KEA.

ON THE DECORATION OF A BED-ROOM.

"WOMEN were designed by their nature, elegance, and softness, to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainment can be above beings whose end and aim is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and salutary: every means should be used to invigorate, by principle and culture, such native excellence and grace."

The vision that these words call up is one that never wearies or becomes commonplace. We may know hundreds of women to whom they may fitly be applied, hundreds who by virtue of their "elegance and softness" make the hours spent in the home incomparably superior in their pleasures to any that are passed outside its happy precincts, but we can never think of them as commonplace; they are types of true womanhood.

A woman maintaining, by her example and her precepts, order in her queendom, and who, with thoughtful care, utilises the talents given to her by adding touches of grace and beauty to the home-life, thus increasing her good influence over her husband and her children, is carrying out one of the highest missions ever entrusted to human creatures. The task of making our homes pretty is a pleasant one, and yet it is an imperative duty with many of us. We would not have an air of neglect circulate about our rooms, and decorators' bills make our purses terribly light, so we must just "turn to" and see how we can outwit the professionals by using our own brains and fingers.

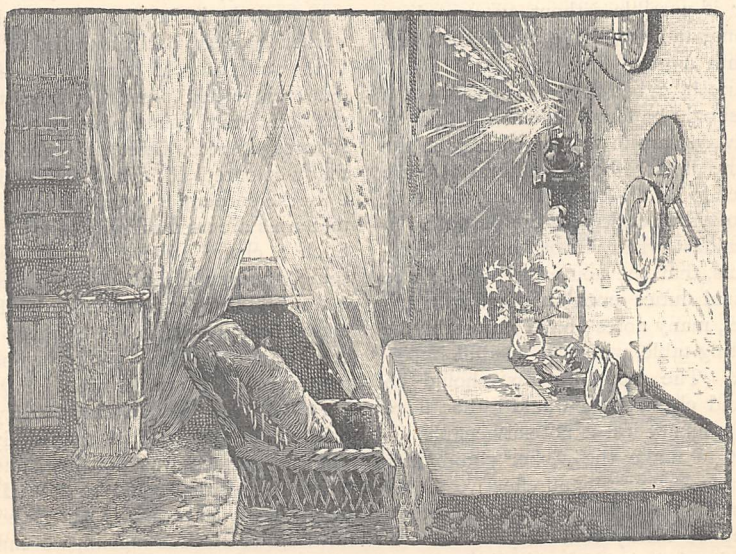


AS THE BED SHOULD BE.

Originality compensates for a vast amount of trouble; there is an untold delight in looking round a room and knowing that the pleasant effect is due to one's own imagination and skill. We feel then, in a superior sort of way, that upholsterers and decorators are a useful class of beings to assist those poor atoms of humanity to whom has been allotted but a meagre allowance of brains, and who consequently must depend upon others even for the furnishing and decoration of their houses; but for us they are but nonentities, and when employed are regarded merely as machines to carry out our tastes and ideas. Still, if the truth must be owned, there are some amateurs who feel a little *quaverish* now and then when choosing the tint of the wood-work, and we have even known them to spend the best part of an evening in turning over the pattern book before they could decide on a paper for the walls. A word of advice came to them as a shower of rain on a parched-up field, and they welcomed it as eagerly. As to the choice of papers, we allow that there is a difficulty in selection. Our tendency is to choose the best, and if the landlord has agreed to put one up at his own cost, his tendency is to choose the cheapest; in fact, he binds his tenant down to a fixed price, which puts most of the prettiest patterns at once out of the question.

But the best and handsomest wall hangings are not always the most suitable. One that would serve well for a hall or dining-room will be quite out of place in a bed-room. Then the aspect of the room has to be considered; a sunny room will bear a cool-tinted paper, whilst one facing north will need a hanging somewhat warm in tint. So, too, a room in a country house should be treated differently from a corresponding one in a town house. We cannot banish from our minds the fact that in town such things as smuts and dusts and fogs do congregate, and being unable to do away with them, we must make the best of our surroundings, and choose our papers accordingly; but in the bright fresh atmosphere of the open country we feel no compunction in indulging our fancy for creamy ground tints powdered over with light tracery, wrought out in delicate shades of colour. The ubiquitous dado has seen its day in certain apartments; in halls and dining-rooms it still holds its own, but fashion has decreed that in drawing-rooms and bed-rooms it is to be known no more for the present. We cannot regret its absence, at least in small rooms, for it certainly possessed the property of apparently diminishing the size. In the same way a dark paper makes a room look several inches smaller than it is in reality, whilst a light paper has the contrary effect.

White wood-work, with a highly polished surface, is gaining in public favour; so much is it admired, that it is not uncommon now to find it in the drawing-rooms and in all the rooms in the upper storeys of a house. As we intend this month to speak more particularly of the bed-rooms, we will mention one or two novelties that have lately come under our notice. So much has been spoken and written concerning the exceeding sinfulness and foolishness of allowing "dust-traps" to figure in the rooms where we sleep, that it would be wasting our space to enlarge upon the subject here. One of the worst of these "traps," if neglected, is the head of the bedstead. It is necessary to mount on a pair of high steps to gain an adequate idea of the housemaid's understanding of the verb "to clean." If the tops of the half-testers and of the wardrobes are clean, we may congratulate ourselves on having secured a high-principled domestic; the temptation is strong to overlook such out-of-the-way nooks as these. To obviate this trouble, some housekeepers banish the tops of bedsteads entirely, but not liking to dispense with curtains, they have recourse to a simple and ingenious plan. At the top of the two poles that hitherto supported the head-piece a couple of rods or brackets are fixed, on which the



A CORNER FOR CORRESPONDENCE.

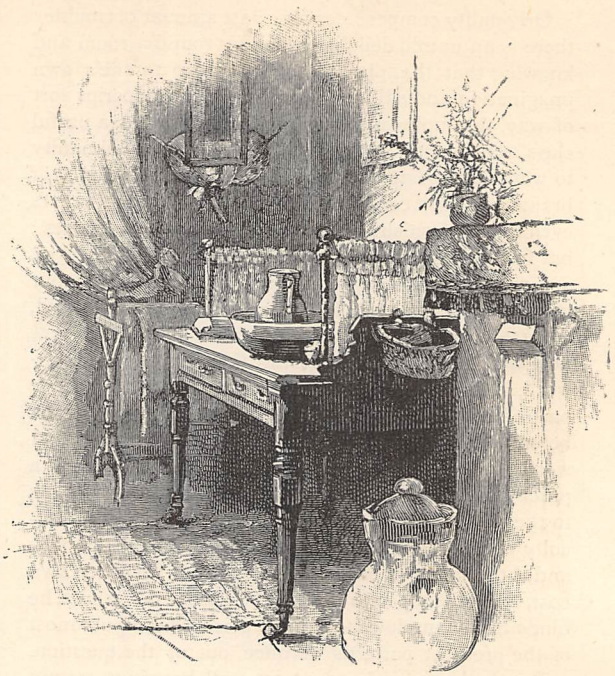
curtain-rings run; these brackets are made to swing forwards, so that during the day the curtains, which are short, may be arranged over the pillows. The poles are finished off with brass knobs.

The curtains are pretty when made of cream oatmeal cloth, ornamented with crewel work. The design may be a border of poppies, in which case this should descend to the front of the curtain, and continue round the bottom. A powdering of small sprays of flowers on the same material may be preferred by some. When this style is adopted the quilt can be easily made to correspond. The cloth is cut in squares, on each of which a spray of flowers is worked; the squares are afterwards joined together with lace insertion, and a lace edging is added. The back of the bedstead is sometimes covered with soft silk, slightly padded, so that it can be caught down at intervals with rosettes of the same; to finish off the top a frill of the silk is left standing up. When Madras curtains and quilts are used, the strip, that now takes the place of the obsolete toilet-cover, is also of Madras muslin; this is invariably lined with colour.

Those abominations known as splashers are to be seen no longer in well-furnished houses; it is a matter of marvel that they were ever tolerated for a moment. Four upright rods are fixed in the marble of the wash-stand, one at each corner; these support a rod, from which hangs a short lace or muslin curtain, headed with a frill. There is a new kind of lace for curtains, that is much like the ordinary Nottingham lace, but the holes are not woven in the same manner; they are more ornamental, and seem to form part of the design, giving a handsome appearance, and yet preserving the necessary clearness.

Bed-rooms are not, to our fancy, perfectly furnished unless they contain some articles that in past times were deemed superfluous. An arm-chair or sofa must be found room for if possible without overcrowding. The small occasional table we have already noticed. It is undeniable that a good firm writing-table is a most pleasant feature in a bed-room; especially in a guest's room space should be found for one. Whilst on a visit we do not always care to write our letters in the general sitting-room; if there be not a library we are sometimes compelled to do so, for we cannot well take possession of our hostess's boudoir for the purpose. In that hour after breakfast when visitors betake themselves to their rooms, that the housewife may be free to go about her usual duties unencumbered with the presence of outsiders, many notes may comfortably be despatched if a writing-table, with the needful implements, is at hand. The appointments should be scrupulously neat and clean. We would rather have no pretence of such a luxury if it is not serviceable.

It is not difficult to make the wicker chairs that are in such general use very pretty and effective pieces of furniture. By spending a little labour on them, we can rig them up so tastily that they will afford a charming bit of colouring to brighten up the corner by the hearth. We must get a cushion made to fit the seat, another for the back, and two pads for the arms. Suppose we choose a piece of Turkey red twill to cover the cushion with. Over this we shall place, cornerwise, a coloured cotton handkerchief, bearing a bold pattern on it, and being edged with a narrow fringe. The back cushion will be covered in the same style, and the arm-pads of Turkey red twill will be gracefully draped with smaller handkerchiefs or strips of the large one, finished off with fringe. Round the thick supports the fringe may be twined; and, indeed, however fantastic the upholstering, it can scarcely be too much so to be successful. The wicker table should be trimmed after the same fashion. This work can, of course, be carried out more expensively, when plush will form the covering of the cushions, and silken squares of brilliant designs, or squares of rich Oriental embroidery, edged with a many-coloured silk fringe, will be laid across, allowing only the corners of the plush to be visible. When silk materials are used the wicker-work should be ebonised. Such a chair, however, is only suitable for a handsomely furnished room; in one where the curtains and bed furniture are of cretonne, the Turkey red twill and cotton handkerchiefs will be more in accordance than the plush and silk. Charming sets of furniture are made now that answer well for young ladies' rooms. One we have seen that specially attracted us was painted entirely with an exquisitely delicate turquoise tint, the surface] was polished, and the finish of the whole was all that could be desired. Placed in a room where the wood-work is white, the curtains and bed furniture of Madras muslin, we cannot well imagine a more charming interior.



HOW TO TREAT THE WASH-STAND.

THE ART OF SINGING AN ENGLISH BALLAD.

BY MRS. M. A. CARLISLE.

THERE are few tasks more difficult of accomplishment than that of singing in perfection an English ballad, and only the true artist has the power; much, however, may be done by one who consents to copy faithfully from the original and true exponent.

A ballad may be called by many different names. It may be designated as a picture, a sensation; but call it as you will, it remains a perfect composition, that of blended poetry and tone, which, skilfully handled and produced as a ballad, charms the senses.

It is a composite production. The poet first lends his aid, and writes a short, touching tale in verse; the composer or musician, studying the words, and being in sympathy with the poet, gives them a melody, and so poesy and tone unite. The harmonies are added, as accompaniment to the melody, and the ballad is then complete in one sense, but still incomplete without the voice of the artist, for it is silent and unexpressed.

So last, but not least, comes the vocal utterance of the composition, and here we must have, to complete the charm, "speech in song." That is to say, the words must be so rendered that not a particle of them is lost; each consonant and vowel must have its due weight. It is not, however, enough for the words to be merely heard; an important part of ballad-singing is phrasing: this means accenting certain words, and giving meaning to the poem which is sung, and in this modulation, combined with perfect articulation, lies the art of "speech in song."

An undue accentuation of a word may quite destroy its meaning—it may turn pathos to burlesque; so it will be seen what careful study the singing of ballads requires, and how true it is that an "artist," in the full sense only, can please in English ballad-singing. The word "ballad" is derived from the Italian *ballata*, which means a carol, or ditty, but it signifies to the English far more than a *ballata* does to the Italians. An "English ballad" is a song which has endeared itself to the people, both by the perfection of its art—that is, the completeness of the unity of tune and sense—and by the manner in which great artists have rendered it. In many cases the love of a ballad is hereditary: it is transmitted for generations; these are the old ballads, which, though old, are ever new and dear to the thousands who flock to hear them well sung.

What the English people do not love, and never will love, are the senseless songs which foreigners who are unacquainted with the English language unhappily persist in presenting to the public. They are senseless (though perhaps melodious and clever as musical compositions), because the words and music are so estranged that the whole theory of a ballad is disobeyed.

Unfortunately, it is not only foreigners who produce these abortive ballads. There are many English composers who have completely failed to wed the words and music of their songs as they should be wedded.

But we have, and are proud to acknowledge, composers amongst us who are perfect in their musical utterance of the poet's thoughts. It is the songs of these "masters" in our land that our great artists love to sing, and to endear to the hearts of the people.

I have so far only dwelt on what composes a ballad, or "tune-picture." Now I would impress on amateurs who may be interested in the art of singing a ballad that before the chief essential, "speech in song," can be arrived at, the proper production of vocal tone must be mastered.

To begin with, I would have my readers think of the singing voice as of a marvellous musical instrument which is placed in the throat. It is a natural combination of many manufactured instruments, but chiefly it is to be considered as partaking of the nature of a wind and a reed instrument—that is to say, the air, propelled by an invisible but distinct force from the lungs, is directed against the vocal cords or ligaments, where sound is produced. In order that this sound may not be impeded in its efforts to reach the outer air, the throat must allow itself to open. It must open passively; the sound then escapes, and finding free passage, it directs itself against another part of the instrument, which is the sounding-board, or resonator, of the voice, and is known to us as the hard palate, just above the top front teeth. Here the sound is magnified, intensified, or minimised, and managed as the artist chooses, and when perfected it may be clothed in speech, and so produced finally in "song."

"Speech in song" means, to my mind, that the sound which is uttered is so enveloped by the word, that "word and sound," so combined and perfected, end in being "song." It will be seen, then, that to sing an English ballad requires an unusual combination of forces in the singer, and it is this very necessary combination which makes the true artist so rare.

There must be physical force engendered and fostered by the deep lung-breathing which gives vigour and health to the singer; there must be mental force and character of a high order. The mind must be so

balanced that, while able to command and control that power in the body which gives sound to the vocal organ, it can at the same time think poetry and utter "speech in song."

It is, in truth, a very marvellous gift, the gift of song, and perhaps the most blessed; and the real artist, the one who can himself, or herself, sing an English ballad from the inner consciousness of their "being" is more than blessed in possessing such an art. For, besides having the gift of song itself, hand-in-hand with it goes the power and the longing to please others—to let the world hear the song.

It is an ever-widening happiness, and the song-power given to the singer may best be compared to the immeasurably greater treasure of Christianity, which is ever and ever being brought to light and shared with all.

There are hundreds of ballad-singers who pass as artists, or very efficient amateurs, who really possess only a small portion of the true gifts of the real artist. But this fact should be a consolation to many. The truth is that the gift of "imitation" has been bestowed upon thousands, to make up, as it were, for the deficiencies of true art in the multitude of singers.

Good "imitators" may be very happy in their pursuit too, though not with the "full measure" of the "planets" they would fain resemble.

The "imitator" is one who knows his own shortcomings, who also realises the greatness of his model, and who has the power and determination to copy. I say to these, "Take courage;" the next best thing to being the real artist is to become a faithful copy. A fair success may then be won, both in public and private singing, either by professional or amateur.

To possess the strength of mind to see faults in oneself is the first step to acquired artistic force.

Determination to cure the faults will follow close on the heels of such discovery, and the ambitious student who will work may hope for success after patient and persevering study and imitation.

I would advise all working singers to take every opportunity of hearing good singing.

Good singing is always known by the qualities of ease, of grace, of freedom from mannerisms, of perfect tune, though I may say this is not an absolute test, for I have heard the very best singers in the world when not in health sing perhaps one note "out of tune;" but that is nothing more with them than if a violinist failed at once to place his finger on the string of his instrument where the note required it to be. That sort of mistake is not to be counted against the singer, who is mortal, it must be remembered.

The working and learning singer who sings out of tune can be cured by the accomplished teacher. To tell the pupil he sings out of tune is of no use whatever; it is only unkind. The teacher must be able to show why and how the pupil sings out of tune, and how to correct it.

The art of singing an English ballad, if not intuitive and possessed by the cultured singer, may only be learnt by imitation, and it is an art worth the attainment. I would ask any singer who came to me for my opinion of their rendering of a ballad, first to read aloud the words of the song.

This is the surest test of that quality which is essential to the ballad-singer—the power to convey by vocal inflections with speech all that the poem is meant to express.

It is of no use to feel that you comprehend the meaning, unless you can show others by your reading the whole intention of the poet. A dramatic quality is needed, therefore, and this is inborn in the true artist.

The English singer must be master of the English language; and here I must make a few remarks on the undoubted fact, that nine English-speaking people out of ten cannot speak their natural language properly. Strange to say, I have heard an Italian who had thoroughly mastered our language teach dozens of English girls how to utter their own language. There is no language so capable of beautiful tones and inflections as our own. There is no language in cultured classes so ill-treated.

I say nothing of other classes, but even amongst those who are well educated and are most refined, the art of speaking English is a neglected art. No one can sing English until they can speak it; as well expect a child to run before it can walk. First, then, learn to speak, then learn to produce the voice as a singer in sustained tones, then clothe the tones with poetic speech, and the gift of song will come to the student.

It will be seen that the difficulties of singing an English ballad are manifold, but there is a method by which all may be overcome.

The mother-tongue must be made dear to the owner of it: it must not be taken for granted; perfect utterance is an "art" which requires new life, and the day is at hand when this will be fully realised by the thinking world. Music has become an essential feature in the Briton's education—music in its widest sense, embracing, as it must, vocal utterance, song, and instrumentation. I would encourage every one to study elocution and to sing; both are good for the health. They insure to the adult the retention of the natural art of breathing deeply as in early childhood.

I have observed, *apropos* of this subject, that amongst the people who do not breathe sufficiently, there is a tendency to loss of voice even in speech, as they advance in years. There is also a pained and pinched expression on the face, which gives an aged appearance that ought not to be there.

The people who breathe well, on the contrary, suffer less, and look less suffering, and therefore younger.

Young people who breathe insufficiently are more "elastic" than people who are "not young," but when they arrive at the latter stage their health suffers from it, even if they have not suffered in their early days, which I much doubt.

This art of breathing is a natural function of the lungs, and belongs to the infant from its birth; why, then, do mothers so cruelly, not only permit, but even encourage, the diminution of lung-power in their children?

This practice is infinitely more injurious to the health than the practice of the "heathen Chinee," who puts the tiny foot of the female infant into an iron boot to prevent its natural growth ; the foot will grow, however, and since it cannot grow in the right direction, it grows upwards, and thickens at the ankle. This is a barbarous practice, causing great agony to the helpless victims—but our victims suffer from innumerable internal ills, to say nothing of the effect on the blood produced by an insufficient supply of oxygen.

The lungs, which are allowed to become disused, permit the lower ribs to fall in, producing what young ladies call a "naturally small waist" ; whereas the size of the waist ought to be decided entirely by the distance of the lower ribs from the hips. A short-waisted person, therefore, who measures eighteen inches round the waist, suffers more in health by compression than a long-waisted person of the same proportions ; for in the former the ribs fall in less from want of lung-power, and more by encouragement.

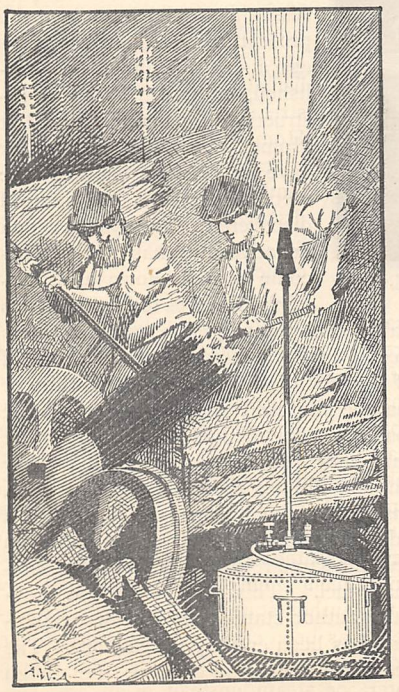
I see so many instances of young women whose waists are small because their lungs are continually empty at their base, that I do not wonder at the mistaken notion being generally received. Young men suffer from the same habit, if leading sedentary lives, only because they have not been taught to retain their natural function of deep breathing ; without the power to fill the lungs properly, the public speaker and voice-user and the singer would cease to exist.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

Two New Lights.

A new gas-light is reported from Austria, where it has been invented by Dr. Auer. A cotton wick saturated with an incombustible metal solution is introduced into the flame of an ordinary Bunsen lamp, and the result is a light similar to the incandescent electric light. What the metal solution is, has not yet been stated. Another kind of new light, which has been introduced recently at the Forth Bridge works, is produced by forcing air through creosote. The apparatus consists of a cylindrical vessel, as shown in the figure, capable of containing thirty gallons of heavy hydrocarbon oil. Air under a moderate pressure is conducted to the cylinder, which is fitted with a special burner having two tubes, one within the other, leading up to it. The inner tube dips into the creosote, and the pressure of air on the latter forces it up the tube. Air finds its way to the flame through the inner and outer tubes ; and the oil when lighted gives a working light for a radius of from 150 to 200 yards. The proportions used are four of air to one of oil, by volume. One horse-power is required to drive eight lights ; and a six-inch cylinder compresser is sufficient to provide air for twelve to fifteen lights. The light is not materially affected by wind or rain, owing to the air being supplied under pressure, and it would probably be useful during accidents on railways, as it can be worked by steam from the locomotive.



LUCIGEN.

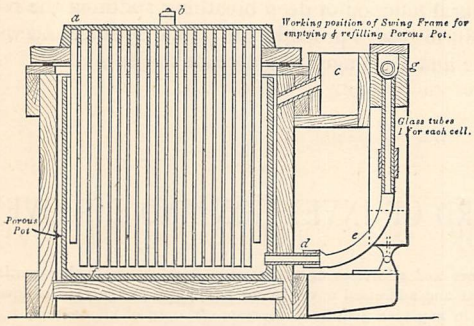
Toughening Paper.

Paper is rendered as tough as leather by mixing chloride of zinc solution with the pulp in making it. The greater the concentration of the solution the tougher is the product, which can be used for making boxes, combs, roofing, and even boots.

Stamp Box and Damper.

This ingenious article is certainly worth mention. The appliance has been devised with the object of rendering the use of the tongue unnecessary in the affixing of stamps or closing of envelopes. It is a ship-shaped apparatus, of handy size, and being made of brass is a presentable enough object for the desk or writing-table. The interior is hollow and is the receptacle for stamps. Behind and beneath is a tiny cistern for water. To fill the cistern you have merely to unscrew the tap at the back, and pour in water till it is nearly full. Before screwing on the tap, the appliance has to be placed with the tongue or prow downwards, till the pad below in front is moistened. The dampness of this pad is regulated by tightening or

relaxing the screw. In filling the box with stamps, they should be torn in lengths, then folded, and put into the box with the gummed surface downwards, care being taken that the end stamp shall lie on the platform of the prow so as to be visible through the hole in the lid. To use the apparatus you push the stamp out, draw the pad across the corner of the envelope, place the stamp over the space, and then detach it at the perforated line. To close the envelope, you have only to draw the pad across the gummed edges. This simple appliance meets an undoubted want.

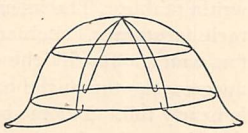


A Domestic Battery.

A recently-invented battery for supplying electric light and power to houses is illustrated in section in the accompanying figure. Its peculiarity is the handy arrangement of pipes for emptying and refilling the cells with solution at a single operation. In the figure, *a* and *b* are the zinc and carbon plates of the battery, which are separated from each other by a porous pot. The solutions used are acidulated water, and they are supplied to the cells by the following arrangement :—From the bottom of each porous pot *f* there rises a pipe *d*, terminating in a horizontal pipe *g*, which runs along the whole battery. A short length of india-rubber piping, *e*, enables this horizontal pipe to be lowered outwards until the liquid in the cell flows into it and escapes. The spent liquid is then removed from all the porous compartments of the battery; and fresh liquid is supplied through the pipes *g* and *d* afterwards. The zinc cells are filled by means of the reservoir *c*. Each cell has an electro-motive force of 1·89 volts, and an internal resistance of ·04 to ·06 ohm. The cost of lighting by this battery is given as ½d. per lamp per hour.

A Ventilated Cap.

A new cap or helmet, which allows of a circulation of air over the head, from front to rear, is illustrated in the figure. The frame is made of wire, and different covers can be fitted to it, according to the taste of the wearer. The air passes in under the front peak and out at the back. For hot weather, and heating exercises, the cap is both light and airy.



Facts about Growth.

The Principal of the Danish Institute for the Deaf and Dumb has made a large number of measurements and weighings on the children under his care, and made the discovery that there are three periods of growth in children during the year, with about thirty minor fluctuations. For bulk the periods are as follow :—The maximum from August to December; the period of equipoise from December to mid-April; and the minimum from that time to August. There are also three corresponding periods of increase in height, but the maximum corresponds to the minimum period of increase in bulk, and *vice versâ*, showing that when the body is making bulk it is relieved from making height. A child grows fastest in June and July, and much more slowly in September and October. Increase of bulk and height alternate with each other, the period of quiescence being the same for both forms of growth. As regards the minor fluctuations, or "waverings," high temperature favours increase of bulk. When the thermometer rises for a few days, the increase of bulk goes on at a more rapid rate, and when it falls there is a decrease, or, at all events, a lesser increase. A report of similar observations on trees shows that there are like periods of growth in bulk and height, a tree extending its length in April and May, and increasing its bulk in June and July, while during the remainder of the year it enjoys a period of comparative rest and inactivity.

A New Method of Making Bread.

The subject of bread reform has been brought forward so prominently during the last few years, that any new method of bread-making possesses a special interest at the present time. About two years ago a small pamphlet was published, entitled "Practical Instructions for making Bread at Home," in which the writer gave a description of the method that he had himself discovered. The system which he advocates has not yet become as well known as it certainly deserves to be; but it has found considerable favour among some bread reformers and those interested in such dietetic questions, one of whom writes of it as follows : "The very best white or brown bread may be produced without labour or the usual mess of baking. The method is so simple that the most delicate lady may make the bread for her family during the few minutes spent in ordering dinner, and so inexpensive that the poorest cottager, with a preliminary outlay of two shillings for utensils, or even less, may achieve the same result with her little fireplace and ordinary fuel." This may sound like exaggeration; but the author states that his own experience of the bread has been entirely satisfactory. The new method consists mainly in cooking the dough by boiling water, or steam, instead of in an oven,

THE MOULD.

thereby saving the trouble and difficulty of getting the oven to the right heat for baking, which has always proved the great obstacle to baking at home. The utensils required are simply these :—First, a tin mould or camp kettle, as shown in the illustration, in which the dough is placed, after it has been mixed with the usual ingredients—water, yeast, sugar, and salt ; and, secondly, a larger tin saucepan into which the mould fits. The water in the outer saucepan is allowed to boil around the tin mould for two or three hours, the lids of both utensils being kept closely down, and at the end of that time the loaf may be turned out. It will be found firm, solid, and palatable, with all the qualities of good bread. Here is one of the six recipes given by the author :—

A CAMP KETTLE.

"To make a loaf of fine flour, to fill a four-pint mould : Flour, one pound nine ounces. Water, twelve ounces and a half, equal to half a pint and half a gill. Yeast and sugar, one-third part of an ounce of each. A teaspoonful of salt."

The recipe for whole-meal bread is not quite the same, because whole-meal requires considerably more water than flour does to make it into dough of the proper consistency. But this method of bread-making is specially recommended for whole-meal loaves, which are thus obtained almost to perfection. As wheat-meal is now readily obtainable from any good miller, there is no reason why any one who is interested in this matter should not solve the question for himself.

The only part of the process which is likely to cause any difficulty is the mixing of the yeast. The author gives instructions as to the least troublesome way of effecting this ; or, if it be so wished, baking-powder may be substituted for yeast ; but the simplest method of all is one recommended by Dr. Hare, viz., to omit the leaven altogether. His recipe is as follows :—

"Mix one and a half pound of wheat-meal with an imperial pint of water ; put it in a tin mould with a close-fitting lid, and boil it in a good-sized saucepan of water, with its lid on to keep in the heat. The result is a two and a half pound loaf, costing about 2½d., of delicious bread."

A Fire-Extinguishing Ball.

Another very convenient hand fire extinctor has recently been introduced, in addition to the glass one which we noticed in a former GATHERER. The new device has the merit of being free from glass, and, therefore, there is no danger of fragments flying about. The extinguisher is shown in the illustration, and consists of an india-rubber ball filled under pressure with a clear liquid containing a vapour (presumably carbonic acid gas), which rapidly suffocates the flame. The ball bursts when sharply thrown against the fire ; but it may fall on the floor without mishap. Moreover, the elastic rubber scatters the liquid well over the burning fire. One of the balls, placed in the grate, will put out a chimney on fire.

A FIRE-EXTINGUISHING BALL.—FIG. 1.

Model Bricks.

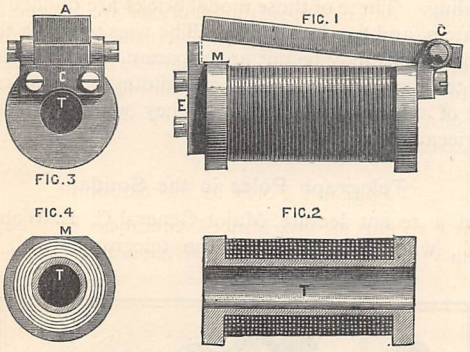
For the use of teachers in technical or kindergarten schools, a development of a well-known toy has recently been brought out. This consists of a box of sixty-four bricks, each one-quarter the length, breadth, and thickness of such a brick as is ordinarily used in building. Three of these model bricks are divided into quarters, and five into halves. The uses to which these model bricks may be put are apparent, but for explaining to a class the method of building any particular part of a flue or tunnelled wall they will be specially serviceable.

Telegraph Poles in the Soudan.

In a recent lecture, Major-General C. E. Webber, R.E., who had charge of the telegraphs with the Soudan expedition, stated that in the desert at some places the sand drifts over the poles and buries them. In such a case it is the custom to plant another pole over the top of the buried one, and raise the wire on that. In some cases as many as four poles have been raised above each other in this way. Wooden poles become in time so ravaged by the white ant that the blow of a stick will knock them over. At Assouan, General Webber found some examples of this state of things in the old Khartoum line which was used by General Gordon, until it was interrupted by the rebels. A very remarkable span of telegraph wire was effected by General Webber at Assouan across the Nile. Two

A FIRE-EXTINGUISHING BALL.—FIG. 2.

bluffs, one on each side of the river, were chosen, and tall masts erected on them, giving a height of 350 feet above an island in the middle of the stream. The telegraph wire was swung between these poles, and its lowest bend supported on poles planted on the island. The total length of this span was no less than a mile, all but seven yards. General Webber related that some of the natives of these regions have so elementary a notion of the working of the telegraph, that they believed it was only necessary for them to capture a telegraphist, cut the telegraph wire, and put one end of it to each side of his head, in order that he might speak the message



A New Electro-Magnet.

A new and handy form of electro-magnet has been invented by M. Recordon, and is illustrated in Figs. 1 to 4. It is formed of an iron tube T, with flanges having a flat edge at M, which is the pole of the magnet. To one pole is fixed a piece of iron, E, which serves to distribute the magnetism uniformly for a short distance above M. To the other pole is attached an armature A, by a hinge G, and thus the magnetic circuit is completed from pole to pole through the armature A. Fig. 3 shows an end view of the magnet; Fig. 2, a section through the coil and tube; while Fig. 4 shows the end of the coil and tube. These magnets are very strong for their size; one 6¼ inches long sustaining a pull of 110 lbs., when excited by three Leclanché cells. They are useful for making electric bells, and small electric motors.

Hints on the Care of Petroleum Lamps.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have issued the following suggestions for the care and construction of petroleum lamps, in order to avoid accidents. That part of the wick which is in the oil reservoir should be enclosed in a tube of thin sheet metal open at the bottom, or in a cylinder of fine wire gauze such as is used in miners' safety lamps, namely, twenty-eight meshes to the inch. The oil reservoir should be of metal rather than of china or glass. It should have no feeding-place or opening other than the opening into which the upper part of the lamp is screwed. Every lamp should have a proper extinguishing apparatus, and a broad and heavy base. The wicks should be soft, and not tightly plaited; they should be dried at the fire before being put into lamps. They should be only just long enough to reach the bottom of the oil reservoir, and wide enough to fill the wick-holder without having to be squeezed into it. They should be soaked with oil before being lit. The reservoir should be quite filled with oil every time before using the lamp. The lamp should be kept thoroughly clean, all oil should be carefully wiped off, and all charred wick and dirt removed before lighting. When the lamp is lit the wick should be at first turned down, and then slowly raised. Lamps having no extinguishing apparatus should be put out as follows:—The wick should be turned down until there is only a small flickering flame, and a sharp puff of breath should then be sent across the top of the chimney, but not down it. Cans or bottles used for oil should be free from water or dirt, and should be kept thoroughly closed. These suggestions apply to ordinary mineral oil lamps, such as are generally used, and not to benzoline or spirit lamps. While upon this subject we may illustrate a new self-righting hand-lamp, that is also self-extinguishing, because of a loose tube round the wick, which slides forward and puts out the flame. The lamp is filled from the side, and it is weighted in its lower part so as to make it recover its balance when disturbed. Owing to the construction of the burner, the oil cannot be spilt as in the ordinary benzoline lamp.

A Floating Dress.

The Lord Mayor of London, and a number of naval and military authorities, witnessed some experiments on the Thames recently with a new kind of dress which prevents the person wearing it from sinking in water and drowning. Persons wearing the dress flung themselves from a small boat into the river, and although unable to swim, they could not sink. The dress leaves the head clear of the surface of the water. The dress is made of a fabric into which fine threads of cork are woven with wool, silk, and so on. Without being singular in appearance, the cloth makes the wearer buoyant.

A New Fire-proof Plaster.

A new artificial stone, called asbestine, has recently come into use for the fire-proofing of buildings in the United States. It consists principally of silicate of magnesium mixed with powdered flint, caustic potash, and silicate of soda, or water-glass; and it is reduced to a putty and mixed with sand before application. A special advantage of this substance is the tenacity with which it adheres to smooth surfaces. One means of utilising the plaster is found by lining a room with thin sheet-iron, finely corrugated and protected against rust by a coat of asphaltum varnish or its equivalent, and by placing the plaster on this surface. It soon hardens, resists heating by fire, and is not cracked by the application of water while in a heated condition.

A Submarine Gun.

A gun for firing shot or torpedoes under water has been invented by Captain Ericsson, the well-known American inventor, and brought to Woolwich Arsenal.

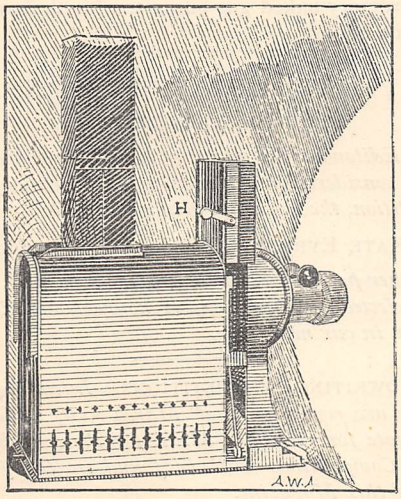
The gun is 30 feet long, and 40 tons of steel have been used in its manufacture. It is breech-loading, and the projectile measures 25 feet in length; the idea is to fix the gun 9 feet below the water-line and fire straight ahead from the cutwater. A diaphragm of india-rubber closes the muzzle and keeps out the water; but it is blown away by the discharge. It is asserted that with a charge of 20 lbs. of powder a range of 300 yards under water may be obtained. The projectile is fitted with a rudder to make it keep its course through the water. Until the gun is actually tried, we cannot expect to have a conclusive opinion of its merits from our military authorities.

A Useful Plant for Engineers.

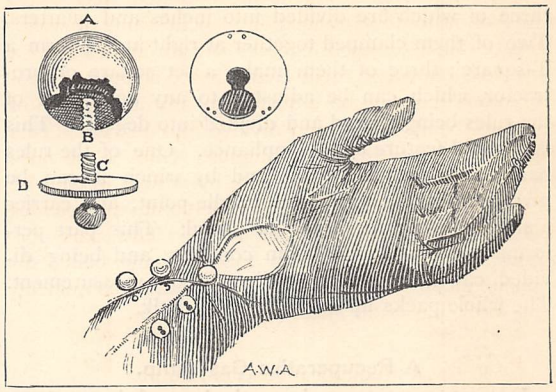
Engineers often have considerable trouble with the loose soil of newly-made embankments, so apt to slip or be washed away before they are covered with vegetation. According to a French railway engineer, the best plan is to sow the banks with the double poppy. Several months elapse before grasses and clovers develop their feeble roots, but the double poppy germinates in a few days, and in a fortnight has grown sufficiently to afford some protection to the slope, while at the end of three or four months the roots, which are ten or twelve inches in length, are found to have interlaced so as to retain the earth far more firmly than those of any grass or grain. Although the double poppy is an annual, it sows itself after the first year.

A New Magic Lantern.

A new magic lantern, termed the "Metamorphoser," is illustrated in the accompanying figure. A double vertical sliding stage is worked by a lever, so that the operator can raise it slowly, thus producing a panoramic effect; or quickly, so as to bring about dissolving



views. Thus the round white disc on the screen, which generally intervenes between two images, can be eliminated, and a succession of pictures produced. The illustration shows a side view of the lantern, with the working lever H. The lantern is likely to be useful to lecturers and others.



A New Glove and Boot Fastener.

A new glove and boot fastener is shown in the woodcut. It consists of a spherical button, A, having a hole with a screw thread, B, cut in it. Into this hole screws a stem C, having a disc D, and a small knob as part of it. A disc, having a corresponding slot, is sewn to one flap of the boot, while the knob is fixed to the other, and the knob keys into the slot of the disc, thus holding the flaps together, as shown.

Pocket Ship Signals.

A new method of supplementing the ordinary ship side lights in avoiding collisions has been suggested by Mr. Donald Grant. It consists in providing the officer on duty with a couple of signals small enough to be carried in the breast-pocket of his coat. One is coloured red outside, and when fired gives a red flare; the other is green outside, and gives a green light. The officer fires one of these lights according to the signal intended. A slight tap serves to light it, and after the light has burnt thirty seconds it explodes a small maroon, which gives a report that can be heard a mile off. After this the light continues to burn for another thirty seconds. The starboard tack signal is given in the same way.

An Ammonia Locomotive.

A new fireless locomotive has been tried in New Orleans for driving street-cars. The motive-power is obtained by evaporating ammonia after its liquefaction. The expansion of the liquefied ammonia causes a cooling of the cylinder, but this is counteracted by an ingenious provision of the inventor, which is not yet made public. The ammonia after being liquefied under pressure is fed into the apparatus, and the expanding gas, after operating the piston which drives the wheels, is absorbed into a weak aqueous solution of ammonia, from which it is afterwards separated and again condensed into the liquid form, thus serving for further use in propelling the car. The inventor is said to have declared that the trials have more than realised his estimate.

A Pocket Drawing-Square.

A portable apparatus which can be used to make engineering and other drawings has been invented by a lady. It consists of four nickel-plated steel rules, three of which are divided into inches and quarters. Two of them clamped together at right angles form a T-square; three of them make a set square or protractor, which can be adjusted to any angle, one of the rules being slotted and divided into degrees. This is a useful feature of the appliance. One of the rules has also a centre at one end by which it can be pivoted to the paper by a needle-point, and carries a sliding holder for a pen or pencil. This part performs the office of a beam compass, and being divided, can be set to any radius without measurement. The whole packs up into very small bulk.

A Recuperative Gas-Lamp.

In a recuperative gas-lamp the heat of the products of combustion is utilised for heating the fresh gas and air flowing to support the flame. In the form illustrated the heated products of combustion and the air are made to pass horizontally through passages in a "recuperator" or stove, which warms them up. Fig. 1 is an elevation of the lamp, the chimney of which can be connected to the main chimney of a house, so as to remove the products of combustion, and the lamp also acts as a ventilator by a simple modification. In Fig. 2, one half is a section through the air passages, the other half a section through the gas passages. The gas supply pipe, *a*, descends through the chimney *b*, and at its lower end is formed into a chamber *c*, which is practically the burner, for the perforated ring of steatite, *d*, is inserted in the mouth of this chamber. The recuperative arrangement consists of two discs *e* and *f*, bolted together, as shown, each having partitions between them, to form passages for the products of combustion and the air. For large lamps the recuperator is formed of fire-clay or porcelain, but for small lamps it is made of white cast-iron. Near the outer edge of the upper disc, there are holes formed to allow of the escape of the products of combustion to the chimney *b*, through tubes *g*. In order to obtain a large heating surface, specially wrought wire gauze is placed in the passages of the recuperator, and also within the inverted Argand burner *c*. The air enters the passage *h*, by the opening *i*, in the lower disc, and passes into the centre of the burner *c*, descending to the steatite ring, both on the inside and by the annular passage *j*, on the outside, the flow of the gas being diverted by the spherical pendant *k*. When the gas is first lighted, a portion of the products of combustion pass through small holes *l*, and thus reach the chimney *b*, by the dome and tube *m*. The chimney in a little time becomes heated, and the products of combustion are then drawn through the recuperator gas passages *n*, and tubes *g*. It is stated that by this lamp more than double the illuminating effect is obtained, than from ordinary naked gas-burners, with the same consumption of gas.

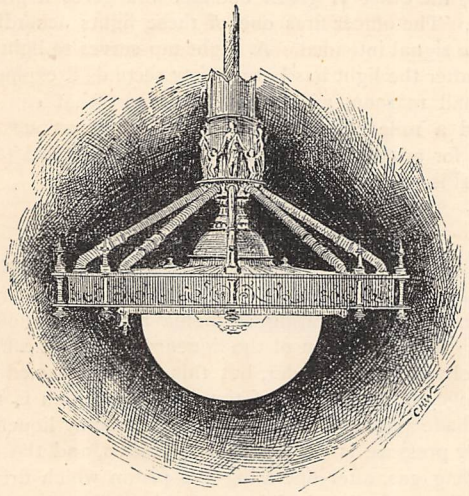


FIG. 1.

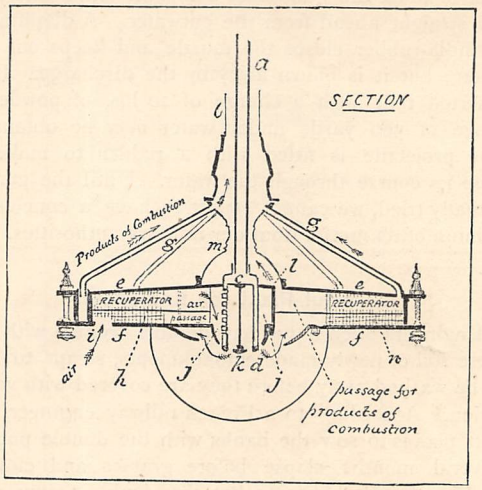


FIG. 2.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FIFTY-POUND PRIZE STORY.

The Editor has the pleasure to announce that, after careful consideration of the fifty MSS. entered for this Competition, the Prize has been awarded to

MISS KATE EYRE, 215, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.

Further particulars, including the names of Competitors selected for Special and Honourable Mention, will be given in our next issue.

HANDWRITING COMPETITIONS.—*Intending Competitors are reminded that March 31st, 1886, is the latest date for receiving MSS. for these. The rules of the Competitions will be found in the January Part of this Magazine.*

POEM COMPETITION.—*The Editor hopes to be able to publish the award in this Competition in an early issue; but at the time of going to press the adjudication was not complete.*

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

FRESH FIELDS.

DESPITE her presumably regrettable mission, Sydney's journey through that long June afternoon was the very reverse of sad.

Mrs. Dacie was not reported so very ill. As likely as not, calculated Sydney, knowing her well, her new malady was only a great restless homesickness that could easily make prey of such a house-mother as she, for close on forty years, had been. If only this, then the magic of the gold stored away in Sydney's purse would soon furnish the medicine of speedy return. If by ill-hap anything more serious impended, still the coming fulness of that same purse would surely be able to level some difficulties, smooth some cares away!

So, resolutely refusing the situation any very seamy side, but rather painting it with colours off the palette of her own bright present, Sydney sped along by homestead, village, field: past sleepy little towns basking by riversides in hollows of the landscape: effected, by aid of a friendly porter, a most complicated change at such a junction of perplexing lines as would have driven the invalid, unescorted, clean demented: swept by a grand cathedral, with uprising lantern so stern and solemn, it for the moment awed the buoyancy of her spirit into something akin to prayer: and glided into mid-England, unwearied by miles or hours, having within her, plus recounted pleasures, a something secret, surpassing all; a mixed mystery of hope and expectation that sufficed to annihilate space and time for that one exciting day.

Those last glances of Rupert Villiers! His last words! What had they meant?

Why, one thing. One only. That, the message rarely heard unmoved.

All the journey's length his farewell entreaty for her quick return followed her, ringing like music in her ears. Such a heralding was here of summons from the unfettered fields of girlhood into the happy bondage of woman's royal domain, that her whole nature trembled while it glowed at the prospect, and any attempt at calmly judging her own emotions was lost in the all but mystic new conditions that environed her.

The glow of afternoon was melting into evening when Sydney was set down at her destination. Stranded at the small station of the very rural town that, with quite respectable hills in the background, and stone-built dwellings in lieu of East Anglia's interminable brick and plaster, had half a foreign look, she found any arrival from St. Clair's so far unexpected that no one was at hand to meet her.

Cabs being luxuries unknown at Cheddley, she had first to inquire her way to the abode of Miss Thorne and Mrs. Carew, spinster and widow sisters of Mrs. Dacie, and then make her way thither afoot, independently carrying her own light impedimenta.

The long street traversed, and the modestly well-to-do little house, looking out on its own croft from windows framed in ivy and monthly roses, discovered at last, Sydney's unannounced appearance on the trim pink-begirt lawn scared the good people, at whose bidding she had come, amazingly.

The trio were out of doors, rusticating in an arbour cut from a hedge of yew. Mrs. Carew, a plump elderly likeness of Mrs. Dacie, ensconced in a garden seat, was knitting flaming scarlet comforters for next winter's service. Miss Thorne, larger, longer, more determined of aspect, sat bolt upright on a three-legged stool, reading the poetical effusions of a local genius; the invalid sister peacefully dozed in her easy chair, under the soporific influence of drowsy rhymes and the buzzing of gnats.

With the unlatching of the gate the two wakeful ladies were on the alert.

At sight of Sydney, both hastened forward, careful not to rouse their sister, and offered a welcome mingled with confused surprise.

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Carew, "how glad we are to see you! But we didn't expect you—I mean we never thought you could get here so soon. You see, your dear mother—but"—stopping short—"I—I—beg your pardon! I must be mistaken. *Is* it Mary?—Mary Dacie?"

"Certainly not, Carry," interrupted Miss Thorne in peremptory undertone. "How could you make such a blunder?—Kindly excuse us. We were rather expecting a young relative my sister had not seen for many years. But may I inquire who—or to what we are indebted——"

"I am only Mary Dacie's friend, Sydney Alwyn," was the straightforward reply to this embarrassed questioning. "Perhaps you may have heard my name from Mrs. Dacie." Both sisters set up an affirmative murmur. "As Mary cannot leave her father very well I came instead of her, to take Mrs. Dacie back if she is able to go. But"—glancing toward the arbour—"she does not look worse. Is she? We were frightened about her when your letter came."

"Indeed, so were we when we sent it," returned Miss Thorne emphatically, "but we never meant to upset them at St. Clair's. We are so vexed if we

did. It is so good of you to come, Miss Alwyn. We do hope it has not inconvenienced you!"

"But we felt it our duty to write," said Mrs. Carew, "when poor Mary Ellen had those dizzy attacks."

"And seems to pine after her husband's doctoring so extraordinarily," put in the spinster.

"Which was only natural," added the widow, "but dizziness, Miss Alwyn, as our father, who was a physician, used to say—dizziness may mean anything, from bile to apoplexy."

"And we felt the responsibility so great, we were forced to let them know the true state of the case."

"Not that poor Mary Ellen actually asked us to write for her daughter, you understand, Miss Alwyn, only——"

Well, "only," as Sydney could clearly gather from the explanatory duet they poured forth in lowered key, this timid feminine household had fussed itself into a violent state of alarm, and had evidently jumped at the idea of getting their guest safely back to her own home, though in the presence of this generous young stranger they felt a little bit ashamed of the course they had somewhat selfishly adopted. They were very voluble, though, in mutual exculpation, repeating how they would both "do anything for dear Mary Ellen, but—if anything were to happen!" and at that solemn juncture "Mary Ellen" woke up suddenly, and added her quota of astonishment to Sydney's reception. Once assured, however, that no horrible calamity at St. Clair's had sent her young neighbour to her side, the invalid was so genuinely delighted at the sight of her, that she most readily condoned the exaggerated fears which had fetched her thither.

"My dear," confessed Mrs. Dacie, after the sisters had left them, with anxious injunctions to come in soon, for the sun was going down—"My dear, the very sound of your voice seems like part of my own people and makes me better; but do you know I was miserably shaky last week, and I think we all frightened one another. Being so little together, you see, we had forgotten each other's ways. They meant to be kindness itself, but except when I could induce Maria to read this young linendraper's poetry to me, she could talk of nothing but my symptoms, and seemed determined to make out I was going to have a fit! And poor Caroline was so particular over everything I ate and drank, that it was coming to my never relishing a thing at all. They—very thoughtfully, I'm sure—brought a young doctor in to see me unexpectedly, and, Sydney, it seemed so dreadful to have any one but my own husband asking me—questions—I was quite overcome. I expect it was then they wrote. To tell the truth, I'm not sorry they did—if, dear child," caressing Sydney's hand, "it has not put you about too much making the journey for me!"

"And that it has not done the very least," the girl hastened to answer. Here was some one else tender and kind to her. Notes of love seemed ringing like joy-bells about her to-day! "If you like having me, it is only just a summer excursion for me, and"—making light of what she had done—"as all the scenes are fresh to me, it ought to give me plenty to remember and profit by."

Which words were to sound like some elfish prophecy, their whole fulfilment hid for many a day in darkest cloud.

"Mary Ellen," here cried Miss Thorne from her window, "our sister Caroline thinks there's going to be a dew!"

"Which means we must go in," said Mrs. Dacie, rising obediently. "I am afraid we three old ladies have been three old worries to each other!"

And Sydney, though quite ready to deny the imputation as far as the speaker was concerned, was soon forced to admit its truth with respect to the others.

For her advent, in place of Mary's, had thrown each hostess into a trying ferment of hospitality. Miss Alwyn, the liberal, well-dowered young lady from the Dale, must see that Mary Ellen, although now narrowed in her means, belonged to people who understood proper entertainment. So a flutter of hasty preparation pervaded the house as the pair from the garden entered. Much chinking of the best plate, unwrapped from tissue paper, was audible from one room. Miss Thorne, her every-day stuff gown exchanged for creaking brown silk, was caught polishing up the best silver tea-pot in another. A half-open door, closed by some unseen jerk, discovered Mrs. Carew, her cap-strings pinned back, presiding over the concoction of an omelette. One little serving maid was sent racing off to the nearest farm for cream, "which," bouncing presently into the trim drawing-room, "please, mum, I couldn't get nohows," she announced, "'cause it hadn't bin spoke for overnight." Another stumped to and fro the dining-room, changing, with a cautious speed that evoked much laboured breathing, the crockery of the every-day supper-table for that precious best china, whose rare use was deep anxiety to all concerned. With profuse regrets at there being no late dinner prepared, "which could easily have been, had we at all expected *you*, Miss Alwyn!" supper was proceeded with, sounds of rumbling and scuttling overhead meanwhile betokening action up-stairs on the visitor's behalf. An ominous tumble and a shrill squeal compelled Mrs. Carew, with a "Please excuse me," to hurry aloft, to return, however, with the gratifying news that it was only Susan who had collapsed under a mattress.

"Our house is so small," she explained, "we have only one good-sized spare room. And that being west, you see, dear Mary Ellen must have it."

"With her tendencies, you understand," said Miss Thorne, "the morning sun on her asleep might have serious effects."

"And of course we couldn't think of putting you in the little south room that would have done for Mary," chirped the widow.

"So we have made the necessary changes, and put you in our east room; we can go anywhere!" said the spinster with cheerful resignation. "And do you like your head north or south, Miss Alwyn? Susan and Betsy, and my sister and I, will lift the bed any way you choose, with pleasure."

Any room, and any bed, and her head in any direction would equally have suited Sydney, but on that and a score other points she had to express an opinion before her fidgety hostesses would be content; and by the time she was allowed to go to rest, she felt as if many days of such assiduous politeness would try her as much as it had done poor Mrs. Dacie.

But the mild trial was to last only hours, and those fewer than at first arranged.

Thursday was to see her returning with Mrs. Dacie. She sent a brief note home to that effect. At Wednesday's breakfast-table its president and vice-president received her with perturbation. They could get no eggs! Could Miss Alwyn manage without them? Fish only came round once a week. Miss Thorne had gone herself to the only grocer's for coffee. It might be poor, but it was the best to be purchased. They and Mary Ellen took tea. They didn't allow Mary Ellen coffee. With her habit it was too heating. But they so wished to provide what Miss Alwyn liked. And would she mind dining early, and would she like lamb? If she preferred poultry, they would send two miles off for a chicken. Provoking to relate (*and* unusual), they had only a little cold meat in the house.

"Which will do——" began Sydney, but was interrupted with—

"Certainly not! Lamb or chicken it must be for you, Miss Alwyn! However, Carry, whip some cream for Miss Alwyn, with the gooseberry tart. If it had only been Friday, now, we could have offered her a Lutterthorpe cream-cheese."

"Lutterthorpe," repeated Sydney, "I know that name. It is close to Guyswick." It was indeed the hamlet where her old nurse, Taffy, had lived. "Is it far from here?"

"An hour or so by rail, I think," answered Mrs. Carew. "But the cheeses are only made on Fridays, I'm afraid."

"I was not thinking of them," said Sydney, "but—" but rather of how delightful it would be to ease this household of her too clearly disturbing presence, and go forward to those regions of her childhood's holidays, thence perhaps to a glimpse of Guyswick, or even as far as Stillcote-Upton and Jacob Cheene. Mrs. Dacie, consulted, saw no reason why she should not revisit her old haunts The sisters made a bad hand at concealing that they were glad to be released of extra prandial preparations, and so, cheerful on all counts, ten o'clock saw Sydney on the wing again, though only by a sluggard train which, dawdling along some thirty minutes, then set her down at a country junction, to wait another half-hour before getting on to Lutterthorpe.

Waiting was no hardship, though, on this brilliant summer morning. Her mind busy with remembrance of yesterday, with anticipation of to-morrow, Sydney paced up and down, gazing at the rising hills and fruit-clad slopes, hearing, almost sharing the glad carolling of the larks soaring overhead. Presently, sauntering back from the platform's limit, she found a companion in delay. A dog-cart was just being driven from the asphalted yard: a tall man, alighted apparently therefrom, was standing by the endmost roof-supporting beam. The station-master beside him was saying as she drew near—

"You can go in five minutes, sir, if you take the loop line. But the mail by Stillcote gets to your place nigh as soon. That'll come through in twenty minutes."

"Thanks. I should greatly prefer the first," answered the traveller in a voice that arrested Sydney's attention. Resonant, pleasant, sad. Sounding moreover like some full note out of—it must be dreamland!

"If you like to sit down, sir, the room's empty——"

"I would rather stay just where I am."

"Then if you stop still, sir, I'll be sure to come with your ticket when your train runs in."

And the civil functionary went off with a touch of the hat, checked before it had reached its full proportions. Sydney went by, to the end of her planked tether: returned and glanced furtively at the stranger. Had she ever met him before? He leant against the upright beam, a broad-framed figure of something more than common height, well enough dressed, but without a suspicion of the *petit maître* about him (what made recollection of Rupert Villiers measure itself by him for a moment, to a disadvantage?)—a face powerful but not ungentle, brown-moustached and bearded, hair darker, eyebrows darker still, drawn together over a resolutely downbent gaze. Sydney passed close beside him. Not for a moment were his eyes lifted. She loitered on slowly, then turned back. He stood there, still as a statue. As she advanced, a troop of people drove up and seized on the station-master for details of Welsh touring tickets, while their luggage was wheeled on the platform in such a way as to bar the progress of a countryman with a huge basket of live fowl.

"If I marn't go one way I maun go the t'other!" cried this individual, essaying to pass in front of the yet immovable stranger: "now then, master, stir up, won't ye, an' let a body go by!"

Thus adjured the gentleman started, moved suddenly in the wrong direction, and was within an ace of stumbling some four feet down on the metals below.

"Hold up!" cried Hodge, offering a not unfriendly shove to safer latitudes. "Mind where you're a-goin' to! Seems to me"—apostrophising Sydney, who involuntarily sprang forward—"a chap as can't step straight afore noon-time ought to be 'shamed of himself, 'cept he be ha-a-lf bloind!"

And he grumbled himself off, with his cackling freight, as the obstructor, his shoulder once more by the post of safety, muttered, "Half! Would it were only half!" And Sydney, halting quite near him, saw with an access of profoundest pity that his eyes, turned full upon her now, were absolutely sightless: the light of day to him only darkness!

Such a thrill of pain ran through her as she realised this, it seemed downright cruel to pass him by without one sign of sympathy. A rattling of points and shrill approaching scream announced the train he waited for. With snorts, as of exhausted efforts on such a

hot day, the engine came puffing in. "Late!" cried the guard briskly—"Hurry up there, porter!" In the distance the six tourists were all clamouring for a reduction of fare. Carriage doors began closing. But the stranger Sydney watched seemed forgotten. With a wistful sigh he moved his head now right, now left, as with old habitual gesture of full vision. It seemed as if he would be left behind. But this was more than the girl could suffer. Obedient to an instinct of courageous courtesy, she went quite up to him and spoke.

"I think I heard you say you wished to go on by this train. May I show you to a carriage?"

He turned towards her voice. "I should be very grateful, but——"

There was no time to lose. "Which class?" asked Sydney.

The colour rose to his forehead—"It must be third."

"Then"—she could not say "follow me," so boldly placing her hand within his arm, "this way, please. I am holding the door open. The compartment is empty. Now"— as he took his seat—"will you allow me to fetch your ticket?"

But this service was not demanded. Up rushed the station-master with the needful passport. Sydney, releasing her hand, drew back with cheeks unnecessarily tingling, as her companion stooped nearer than he perhaps knew.

"I am very thankful," he said, "for your kindness. It is difficult to get used to being helpless."

At the patient gravity of his manner tears sprang to her eyes.

"Ah, that it must be!" she murmured; "I wish—" "I could have done more," she would have said, but the guard was calling out, "Stand back!" With a shriek, off went the locomotive. His hat raised in farewell, the stranger was borne away, and Sydney devoted her few more minutes' loneliness to a vain hunt through memory's hiding-places, for some clue to an identity not altogether unknown, she felt convinced.

But she was still in a labyrinth on the matter when her own train rushed in, and having taken her place in a second-class (prudently economising for return with Mrs. Dacie: even ten-pound notes have an end!) her one fellow-journeyer occupied her attention for the half-hour they were together.

After the few instants' comprehensive inspection travellers naturally make of each other, leaving in this case impression of a person of early middle-age, homely and yet refined, denoted a gentlewoman by simple propriety of dress—none too rich, by the exquisite mending of her well-worn gloves—Sydney would have returned to meditating and watching westward for a first sight of the Malvern Hills, but from the opposite corner came the question soon—

"Will you allow your window to be open as well as mine, if you please?"

"Certainly; it is warmer than an hour or two ago."

"Oh, very hot indeed! Dreadful for travelling!"

"Now, I thought it delightful!" said Sydney smiling.

"Which shows *you* bound on pleasure," said the lady with good humour not untinged by envy, and the sigh she ended with bespoke some species of soothing such as Sydney, out of her present mood, could well spare.

"I hope you are not bound on anything sad," she said quite earnestly, desiring no more encounters with sorrow that morning.

"Well, sad—no," was the answer, rather with the air of talking being a relief, "I've only come away from something disappointing. I have been a good many miles and spent a good many shillings for nothing, which is provoking."

"Indeed it must be."

"Do you know Northampton?"

"Not at all. I am from the East of England."

"It was Northampton I went to, yesterday—by appointment—to meet a lady—a widow. Just the person who would have suited so well as—well, companion, or—to share our home. I thought I had got exactly what I wanted; then when we had our interview the exasperating woman could only simper like a schoolgirl, and tell me she was going to get married again!"

At this Sydney broke into smiles. "It was too bad though!" she confessed. "A telegram ought to have spared you your journey."

"Just what I told her! And what makes seeing her all the more annoying is that I'm sure she would have suited. Nice voice: liked reading: and most of all, wanted a home more than salary. Oh, dear! I wish this man had been at Hong-Kong before she'd met him."

"Let us hope you will find some one else just as fitting. There must be plenty such," said Sydney.

"Ah, but not to be found when you want them. And I really *must* have some one. There are circumstances—but I won't trouble you with those unless you know any one who would fill the situation. I'm sure I would try and make her happy!"

Evidently a kind woman, thought Sydney. Not intellectual, but housewifely "comfortable." If ever dear, distant Mary Dacie needed a home—long might that day be coming!—here might have been one for her. But to mention this fancy would be absurd. So she could only answer that she had no such treasure on the roll-call of her acquaintance, but would remember the want, "a good reader—a good voice—and very little salary."

"But a good home," put in the lady, charmed by Sydney's interest. "I really may say that if she doesn't mind some—peculiarities, I know I would try and make her like it."

"I think you would," agreed Sydney, "but if I ever found this valuable person, whom should I direct her to?"

"Oh, dear! I have no card about me, but my address is here," drawing an envelope from her satchel: "You stop at Lutterthorpe?"—as the train slackened speed. "I must say good day, then. I wish you had been going into Herefordshire with me."

She closed with a regretful handshake. Then Sydney alighted at the Lutterthorpe station, and as the train sped away into distance, read concerning her friend of few minutes that she was "Miss Hurst, Wynstone, Capel Moor, Hereford."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.
AND THE FRUITS THEREOF.

LUTTERTHORPE, the hamlet by the busy, active little Lytter or Lutter, that ran for miles gleaming in and out, near by the railway—Lutterthorpe lay basking in the glow of almost noon, when Sydney Alwyn once more threaded her way through lanes her footsteps had not known for nigh three-quarters of her young life's years.

It had not altered much in all that time, or its changes lay lower than the surface; Guyswick she could barely remember, but this, an enchanted village full of select delights to childhood, she had not forgotten. As she went with quick throbbing enjoyment up once familiar paths, the very cottages with their specialities, a row of silky-seeding poplars here, the hollow willow there, anon a bank covered with blue-eyed periwinkles, as of yore, seemed to beam amiable recognition on her.

"THE MODESTLY WELL-TO-DO LITTLE HOUSE DISCOVERED AT LAST" (*p.* 257).

Farther up she could have laughed aloud at sight of "The Rampant Lion" wearing the self-same expression that once upon a time had alarmed her into suspicion that he might turn alive and come down from his sign, with such artistic craft was depicted the grin bestowed by the noble animal on the unwary folk who entered his enticing portals!

Past the school, where the children came trooping and shouting out as she went by, just as they did at twelve o'clock when she was small, and their riotous

exit gave Nurse and her the time of day—and there was the church, and round about the many tombs where she had learned from "Taffy" that "widow" must not be encumbered with two *d's*, and, by the testimony of numerous "*Hic jacet's*," that never an *a* must intrude in "*Here* lieth."

Almost the kind, quavering old voice sounded in her ears again. Almost she could feel the clasp of the old brown hand about her wrist.

She turned longingly to the humble homestead across the grassy lane—the very same, with humming bees about it, and apple-trees grown shadier and bigger—with half an expectation of seeing her old nurse, white-coiffed and mob-capped, still in her sunny corner, clicking away with glittering pins at some mysterious manufacture in Welsh wool, destined for the encasement of Mr. Lewis's legs.

But there the disillusionment began.

Nurse's bench was tenanted now by a rabbit-hutch, whereof the dappled inhabitants worked their long ears and pliant little noses about, most interrogatively, as she traversed the box-bordered path, but no other welcome was accorded Sydney from her once holiday haunt.

A woman of unfamiliar form opened the door to her knock, and looking with wonder on the young stranger, answered her inquiry with—

"Lewis! Why, no, miss. There've been no Lewis live here this long while. We are Davis. There was a one, Lewis by name, but he went out afore the two people afore us. So I've heard."

"Went out!" And a long time ago! Sydney looked very blank.

"Lewis is gone!" she repeated slowly. "But"—half afraid to put the question, for fear of possible reply—"he is living? And still here, at Lutterthorpe?"

"Oh, he be here or hereabouts, miss," answered the woman, "though where he's dwellin' I can't rightly point you. We're naught but fresh ourselves, and I'm not much of a one to get the news. We on'y took this place last Lammas."

"Tha-n-k you," said Sydney, beginning to turn away ruefully. The cottage interior was not inviting now. With no one who cared to see her there would be no sense in stopping about it.

But the woman lingered, latch in hand, so she explained to her—

"I used to come here often when I was younger. And I made a journey this morning on purpose to look at it all again. I suppose I foolishly calculated on seeing the people in it just as when I last left."

"Which, askin' your pardon, was like reckonin' of your chickens afore they was hatched, miss," returned Mrs. Davis, taking the proverb of her calling, apparently, for matronly hens with numerous progeny were now scraping about the once tidy garden.

"True enough," Sydney agreed; "and you cannot even tell me then which way I must go to find Lewis's house. I did so wish to see some of them."

"Oh, if you'd like to see 'em—or leastways see the man, miss," said Mrs. Davis, the young lady's desires just finding their way to her slow brain, "why, you can do that easy without trackin' after where they live. I know him jest by sight; an' I see him go by not half an hour ago, an' he turned in at yon gate—the piece there where they be cuttin' green stuff for the cows."

This sounded better. With a cheerfuller "Thank you," Sydney took the route indicated. A running stream on one side she had dipped her toes in many a time, a bank with huge primrose leaves drooping in the heat on the other, greeted her like some long laid-by picture. Nothing lacked but the saluting "Miss Sydney, dear." Wanting that, a chill of loneliness crept over her, rebuked, as she passed the stile she had often climbed, by a swift thought of that other so far greater loneliness, which had crossed her road as it were a moment that same day, and then gone by, lost, in a sightless solitude.

"While I have everything!" she chid herself, half aloud, and, with the abundant measure of these good gifts upon her mind, turned in at the green acre to which she had been directed.

Two men at the extreme end were reaping fodder. One a lad: the other a burly figure well into years, working with a will, not in the easy-going one-and-eightpence a day style of the ordinary labourer. That looked like Lewis, she fancied. He had always been the very soul of industry. Probably he had prospered. Had got a dairy now besides his market-garden. Yes, certainly, that must be Lewis. But she would wait to claim him till he drove his nearly-laden cart up to the gate by which she stood. Then she would stop him; puzzle him at first; afterwards tell him who she was. Perhaps he would take her off proudly to some finer home than his old one. And it was just within the range of possibility the "Taffy" of old times might yet be there with a "Who is it? My child, little Sydney! Has she come again, bless her!"

Meantime, while her youth was thus making light of Mrs. Davis's wise saw, the sun was beating down strong upon her: the air was getting sultry, vibrating now and again with sounds as of a distant storm.

Casting about for shade, she found it beneath a wide-spreading elm, whose mossy trunk offered a pleasant resting-place, whereon she gladly seated herself, a pretty enough picture as of typical June, spring lingering in the bright anticipation of her eyes and on her smiling lips, while the soft sweeping lines of her form spoke the early summer of her sex.

A few yards from her, sat some one else. A man terribly bent by toil or sickness. Very poor, evidently, for, as he raised himself with difficulty and, leaning hard on his ash stick, came towards her, she saw his thread-bare fustian was darned and pieced like veritable patchwork. A stubbly growth of hair about his face, very sunken cheeks and an aspect of suffering appeal, made him a painful, pitiable object, and Sydney's hand naturally sought her purse as he drew near.

But he was not begging. He only asked her civilly if she were wanting to speak to the master yonder, and should he go and fetch him.

"No, I thank you," Sydney answered, "I can stop for him here or go across myself. I am afraid moving about hurts you."

He looked such an appropriate object for a shilling, she opened the way thus intentionally to his asking for it.

"Hurts! You're right, miss. I get crippleder and crippleder every day. My aches and pains have come atop of one another till they've nigh bent me double, and"—with a nasty rough cough that seemed to rack him—"this winter's bout was worst of all."

"What was it? Rheumatism?" questioned Sydney, used enough to this, the cottager's arch enemy. "Don't keep standing," she added; "I wish you had not disturbed yourself for me."

"Thank you, miss, kindly. No"—lowering himself cautiously on the bank at a respectful distance—"it weren't that this time. It were brown-chitis. That kept a hold of me from Michaelmas till May. And it have left me as weak as water. I haven't done a day's work not for nine months. And I dursn't look to do no more as long as I've got to live."

"But this warm weather ought to do you good," suggested Sydney hopefully. "Perhaps you will get stronger before next winter."

He shook his head. "'Tain't likely. Get brown-chitis follerin' after three seasons of rheumatism such as twist a man's j'ints about like wax, and set 'em out of shape like mine, why, you don't pick up strength in a hurry."

"No indeed. It must be dreadful. So your pains and troubles began with that?"

"My pains begun so—in my j'ints, miss; but my troubles—good heart alive, *they* begun different enough, and times before!"

(The workers yonder had cut another strip of rye. Sydney knew full well what delight it is to the poor to hold converse on their own woes, so lent her few minutes' leisure to gratify this ailing labourer.)

"Ah! if you have had other troubles, they make you less able to bear illness, do they not?"

"Right again, miss—right. Give a man a good stout heart, and he can hold his own 'gainst wind and weather, and physic and worrets. But you take that away, and everything seem to rub him on the raw. There's nothin' can make up for a good stout heart—nothin'. I lost mine whiles ago, and my labour have been nothin' but heaviness ever since."

"Poor fellow!" (He touched his worn old hat to her compassionate tone). "How came it all about?" (*Could* she spare half-a-sovereign if his tale seemed as truthful as sad?)

"Why, the same way, miss, a many has met their downfall. I worked and worked from the hour I could hold a rake or plant a spade; and I stored and saved where others lived free and spent; and I was as thrifty as a ant, as far as I knew how; and I got a bit of property like together in solid pounds; and then I took and trusted the whole, the scrapin's and screwin's of fifty years, to one man, and he lost 'em for me! All!"

"Oh, how hard! How hard!"

"Ay, hard it was. I took him for sure as the Bank itself—that man. I wouldn't believe my own ears when word first come to me of what he'd done. But I'd got to believe it, and I'd got to bear it. And that's what took the heart out of me. And this here's what it have brought me to."

"But had you no friend, no son, nor any one to help you then?"

"I never had a son. I'd girls. And I'd trusted this man so sort of stupid-like—for I'd worked for him close on forty years—I'd even give him my lasses' few shillin's as they'd earned then, along of mine. And another body's too—older than me by a score. Hers went with the rest. And, thank the Lord, she soon went after it. And she's slept herself out of her sorrows. I know jist where she lays, poor old soul, though we hadn't enough among us to put a headstone over her."

As yet Sydney had not recognised, not dreamt of putting together these scattered links. But now a monitory shudder ran through her.

Was it the tempest, drawing near in splendid masses of leaden and silver cloud, that set her trembling? And was the fate tender or harsh which impelled her to draw the story out to its cruel end?

"Was there no one belonging to your debtor who could give you back anything? You, only a poor man!"

"No. None that would."

"Now that does seem a shame."

"Ay. We all said so. I didn't stand alone. There was others lost the same as me. And though their just belongin's was gone, why, for very likin' of the man that lost 'em they'd have said 'Thank you' for a few pounds back, and they'd ha' set to and made another start—such as could. Just my rent would ha' put spirit into me. A tithe of what was gone would ha' set a many on their feet again. But none of us got it. There come the shame. For look ye, miss" (Sydney leant forward, listening intently, with parted lips. No mirth in her eyes now)—"Him that ruined us went clear away—clean out of sight, and nobody here set eyes on him no more. Word come round among us that he took ill and never held his head up till he died. The thoughts of that has shut my mouth up many a time, else I'd have curse——"

"No, no! Don't say it! Don't *say* it! For—for—he's dead, you know!" cried Sydney, cowering strangely.

"But let him be? Well, so I may, for he can't make me nor mar me no more. But now, you think of this, miss; see if I mayn't feel angered. His fine lady wife goes off at the first clap of ruin, as proud as any queen, and takes her money—hers, that her husband give her when they wedded—thousands on thousands, and never casts a farthing back to lift up them her husband's pulled down. And she takes a whole power of fine things he's bought her, and goes over to the other side of the land, and lives among the high people, and never knows the meanin' of the word 'want'! And she's got daughters—" (Sydney grew pale)—"fine dames like herself, brought up so dainty, the very wind have to take care how it blow on 'em. And she've got fine soft clothing heaped up, that

she never knows a need for—(I lay cold in the long winter!)—and she gives away her delicate things where they ain't wantin', and never misses 'em. And yet, yet "—what with his weakness and wrongs the man was almost sobbing—"yet when my wife writes—unbeknown to me—I've asked naught of no man—and when my wife tells her on'y our girls' earnin's keep us from the House, and I'm with one foot in the grave like, and the wolf's always at our door—she makes answer, this lady with her chiney and her di'monds and her laces, that any more such beggin' letters 'll be burnt, and on'y just for once she sends us—half-a-crown!"

(She knew it was coming. Link had been clasping link as the tale went on. Her white face turned now away; a sense of almost stupor spread over heart and head.)

"Half-a-crown! While she and hers can live in wicked waste, me and mine may lay and starve or rot for all she cares! That makes a man forget he's called a Christian, miss. Ill as the turn he did me, I'll never bring myself to believe John Alwyn would have served me so, if he'd had a finger in the way I was treated. But there's a God above as notes such doin's as this great lady's. From Him she'll get her due for 'em, this world or the next—sure, ay, sure as my name's Lewis!"

He left off at last, panting; lifted his battered hat to wipe the drops of moisture from his lined forehead. Sydney was shivering in every nerve. Not a word could she utter. Lost in a whirl of bitterest emotions, she leant upon her hands, cold now as ice, struggling to hide the agitation which possessed her. Far sooner calm than his listener, Lewis said presently, in his old, slow, much-enduring tone—

"I ask your pardon, miss. I've wore you out with all my talk. 'Tain't often I let loose like that now-a-days. But you seemin' to listen so real kind like, why, I ran on as I didn't ought to. Here comes Mr. Barnet, side of his cart at last. Shall I fetch him up to you?"

"No—I thank—you. I was not wanting—Mr. Barnet. I am—so grieved—for—you. And"—rising, somewhat dizzy—"will you take this?"—holding out her poor, paltry piece of gold with a tingling of self-appropriated guilt. "Yes, you must. Please keep it. And"—she was getting suffocated now with hardly held-back tears—"and, Mr. Lewis, will you—will you try to forgive—your debtor? He—did—not—go—unpunished!"

She took his hard, misshapen hand in hers for a moment very gently; met his astonished gaze with a look of passionate pleading; then, turning away, passed swiftly from the field, tears raining down her cheeks, and was lost to sight before the wonder-struck man could acknowledge, far less comprehend, her gift.

And before he had laboured painfully home out of the tempest gathering rapidly around, and had recounted his most strange adventure, Sydney was far away from Lutterthorpe, journeying on again—this time to Stillcote-Upton.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

MR. CHEENE HAS A CALLER.

IT was market day in that town, and the nearest approach to commercial activity it contrived to keep out of the octopus-like clutches of the neighbouring county centre, was stirring in its streets that Wednesday midday.

But the tide of traffic and purchasers stopped short of that part which had been the chief entrance to the town in the time of coaching and carriage gentility. Life seemed diverted now to the region of the railway. Grass grew between the paving-stones of this wide South Street. Few came up or down except to the very respectable dwellings that flanked its breadth, and its thinly-scattered shops might almost have put up their shutters for all the custom they attracted.

That was the opinion of one who had sat behind the counter of her modest establishment from nine in the morning, without taking as many as nine pence.

Her very anxious face puckered up under an arrangement of small wiry curls, Miss Amelia Ambler watched the passers-by with cat-like interest; arranged her buttons, dusted her cottons, and assorted her attenuated store of "general haberdashery and Berlin wools," bemoaning the while that change of fashion which permitted the larger establishments of High Street to lure away the humble chances of sale.

"They sell buttons at crockery shops, and tapes at the booksellers' now-a-days, I declare," she grumbled aloud—if no one came to talk to her she must talk to herself. "It gets worse and worse every year. And now if it isn't coming on to rain! Oh, me! if ever I'd suspected things reaching this pass I'd positively have been a menial servant. I should have earned as much between now and then so, I'll be bound."

And the "then" seemed to draw her attention to an announcement in fine, flourishing capitalled caligraphy, dated many years back, that "Miss Amelia Ambler, having from circumstances resumed her business in South Street, begged a renewal of former kind support," &c. &c.

This document, hung prominently by the door, now showed such an accumulated coat of dust that its mistress descended wrathfully from her high stool to brush it clean, murmuring, "What a head that idle Nancy has! I've a good mind not to keep her on. She isn't worth her food."

Now, this cursory mention of food was followed by a distinct sensation of hunger in Miss Ambler's own pinched frame. "Half-past one," she said, listening to the chimes, as she set straight a tray of brass thimbles a juvenile schoolgirl had tumbled into disorder, and then departed without finding one to fit. "Will Nancy never learn to be punctual? Why doesn't she bring my dinner?" and, opening the door in the rear of the shop, she demanded explanation of some invisible being still farther back.

"Please, miss," responded a shrill young voice, "I've eat the top of the loaf as was left myself, and the baker he hain't been yet, so what am I to bring you, miss?"

This was a poser. But it was beneath Miss Ambler's dignity to admit herself nonplussed.

"Oh, it's no consequence then, Nancy," she cried, "I can take—h'm—anything I like when Mr. Potts comes in every morning for show, and took out every night for fear of thieves, and there lay very little else. A very poor prospect did that till offer of any such delicacies as beef pies. She shook her head and mentally

"'I'LL NEVER BRING MYSELF TO BELIEVE JOHN ALWYN WOULD HAVE SERVED ME SO'" (*p.* 264).

round, or I can send you out presently for a beef pie or three-penn'orth of ham."

"Yes, miss, to be sure," Nancy, the unseen, answered; but she gave an internal chuckle of glee at having secured that last top crust and the lodger's dripping for her own clamorous organs. Experience had taught her to mistrust her mistress's magnificent speeches, which mostly ended in smoke.

Even as this one. For Miss Ambler looked dejectedly in her till. There lay the four shillings she put rejected the luxurious notion. Mr. Potts's loaf would have to content her, and—she should be uncommonly glad when that came.

Some one else in the house was perplexed on the subject of diet just at that time.

In a room over the neglected shop, tidy but poorly furnished, sat Mr. Jacob Cheene, at his very frugally furnished dinner-table, eyeing the comestibles just placed thereon by the small house-scrub, with a rather disapproving expression.

Potatoes of last year's growth, plentifully spotted with this spring's sproutings; a fragment of yesterday's rice pudding; stale bread vis-à-vis-ed by very crusty cheese; these were evidently not inviting to our old acquaintance, who, somewhat thinner and more stooping than when he went a-visiting at St. Clair's, first inspected them disconsolately, and then, brightening with a happy flash, got up and called down the stairs to the attendant Nancy—

"I am waiting for the cold mutton. Bring it up, please."

"Mutton, sir?" repeated Nancy, bolting from her den at the back into the tiny sitting-room where the stairs debouched—"What mutton is it you mean, please, sir? There aren't none that I know of."

"Not the piece I left yesterday?" questioned Mr. Cheene mildly.

"There ain't not a scrap, sir, nowhere. Perhaps the cat next door——"

"Nancy!" said the voice of the mistress. "Take your apron off and mind the shop till I come back. Shut the door.—Oh, Mr. Cheene," her head appearing at a turn of the stairs, "was it the little taste of your cold chop you were asking about?"

"Y-e-s," Mr. Cheene admitted nervously that it was. But it was no consequence, he added: not the very least.

"But truth is truth, and you'd better have it, sir, as I hope you always do, and won't ever have your confidence, Mr. Cheene, misplaced, not in me! So I may as well say"—coming a few steps higher, her sharp old spinster countenance at once defiant and sheepish—"I—I had it with my cup of tea last night. For"—gazing at Mr. Cheene's well-worn boots as though defying them to contradict her—"I said to myself, of course Mr. Cheene will never think of asking for a bite like this any more, and I may as well finish it as let it stand and go bad, which with thunder in the air it's sure to do, and then even a dog will turn its nose up at it."

"Quite right. Oh, very right, Miss Amelia."

"But if I'd expected you to want it for your *dinner*, Mr. Cheene—if I'd thought inquiries were going to be made for that little bit of fat and gristle, for it was nothing else, why, I wouldn't so much as have touched it with the tip end of my fork."

"Pray don't——"

"Though, as it happened, I'd nothing handy for my tea, and Nancy had gone home, and I always believed, Mr. Cheene, our understanding when you took my rooms was that I was to have the use of odds and ends. But if you wish that altered, Mr. Cheene"—advancing another step—"if"—with an ominous and unaffected sniff—"you wish me to suffer more——"

"But I don't! My dear soul, I don't, indeed!" protested Mr. Cheene, retreating; "I beg your pardon for mentioning that mutton. Of course it would have gone bad. So I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, for not letting it be wasted. And any——"

"Wanted, miss!" cried Nancy from below, "a lady, please." And, to Mr. Cheene's extreme relief, Miss Ambler had to rub her nose, adjust her curls, and hurry off to her customer; hope easily relighted in her much-enduring bosom. Sometimes a purchaser had been driven in by rain and bought several shillings' worth of goods while taking shelter. A money-box *had* jumped out of the kitchen fire that morning, and unless signs were as altered as the rest of these degenerate times, that must bring luck!

Catching sight of no omens for good or ill, but uncommonly relieved at his task of soothing his landlady being cut short, Mr. Cheene returned to his room and addressed himself to his viands with what appetite the episode had left him—which was not much, for, nervous all his life through, altercation of any sort upset him doubly now. "If I don't take much dinner, perhaps I shall enjoy my tea more," he said to himself, covering up the nausea-provoking tubers. Then helping himself to a modicum of Cheshire, "I think Miss Amelia may as well toast up the rest of this for herself. She'll like that. It'll make up to her, poor soul, for my going and distressing her as I did, very thoughtlessly—very, indeed! And she can finish this loaf. I don't want much of it. A full meal is a bad thing if you are going to sit still after it all day. And I shan't get a walk. I must have a tune or two instead, then"—leaving his meal with much the same appetite he began—"then I shall forget all about such things as mutton or new potatoes!"

And herewith he unlocked a black case, lifted thence his viola, and had just sounded the first bars of one of Corelli's little gossiping gavottes, when Nancy broke in upon him with important haste—

"Please, sir, can I clear away? There's a lady coming up to see you."

"A lady?"—stopping short, bow suspended.

"Yes, sir, what came into the shop when I was a-mindin' of it, with her parasol soakin'. And she want you, sir, not missus."

Now, Midsummer was approaching, and Jacob had more than one female visitor of mature years about quarter-days. Here was one a trifle beforehand, no doubt. He laid his viola and bow aside to take a look at his purse, asking—

"Is it Mrs. Goode or Mrs. Tettrell, Nancy?"

"Neither, nor both, sir," was the sharp reply. "This here's a lady, sir, and a young 'un; not a frump and a old 'un! Mrs. Goode, indeed! Ladies behave very different to what she do! Only last time she come, says she to me"—sweeping the table straight at perilous speed—'Girl,' she says, 'if you couldn't keep Mr. Cheene's steps no cleaner than this, I'd——'"

"Nancy!"

At the voice of the mistress the lively handmaid and her tray retired with rapidity: Miss Ambler ushered in the visitor with "As the lady has not given me her name, Mr. Cheene, I can't say who it is!" And Jacob received the stranger with ceremonious unrecognition that lasted till the door was closed upon them. Then, as she looked at him with a most petitioning smile, and "Oh, surely, Mr. Cheene, you remember me!" he knew who she was, and fell into a tremor of delight over her arrival.

Again and again he shook her hands, and though he

ventured on no compliments, his glances of admiring pride told how he delighted in her fair growth. He fetched from the bow-window a high-backed, horse-hair-seated chair for her to occupy, and hunting up a little walnut stool from beneath a pile of music, he set it under her feet, and then leaning on the back of his own chair, an armless fac-simile of hers, he gazed long at her with his old pleasure-dimmed eyes.

"Only to think you should come unawares upon me like this now, my dear—my dear Miss Sydney!" he repeated—"when I've settled so often how I meant to get ready for you, if I knew you were going to give me a look. And now you've caught me just anyhow. With no nice little dinner, not even a bunch of flowers set out to show how glad I am to see you, and how proud—how proud! Oh"—rubbing his thin old hands softly in a very ecstasy of enjoyment—"the times I have dreamt of seeing you—sitting just as you do sit in your father's very own chair! But I never dared expect it. An old man like me, a tenant on leave—for I'm over my three-score and ten, Miss Sydney—oughtn't to expect anything too surely. But to have got just what I wished for so long seems too good to be true. It does, indeed!"

And Mr. Cheene's joy impairing his powers of vision seriously, he had to retire blinking to the bow-window, and examine the state of the weather before he found himself equal to coherent conversation. When he returned it struck him suddenly that something was amiss with his guest. Sydney had entered flushed from her interview with Miss Ambler. The landlady—curious as maiden ladies will be—had very pointedly requested her name to carry, and had stared in blank disapproval when it was quietly refused. "Only some one who wishes to see Mr. Cheene," John Alwyn's daughter had said, remembering, with a blush of the deepest shame, that to mention who she was in Stillcote-Upton might only awaken slumbering stories to her father's discredit. Now the painful colour had faded away, and she sat, her dark eyes following him so pathetically, from a face so pale, that Jacob Cheene hurried to her, asking—

"Was she ill? or had the lightning frightened her? The tempest had been sharp a little while."

"No, I'm not ill, Jacob," she answered, taking his hand in hers—it seemed a sort of haven. "And the tempest did not frighten me. I hardly noticed it. Something else has—frightened me!"

"And that, Miss Sydney?"

"Please pull your chair close, and sit down by me. For, Jacob"—still keeping hold of him, and leaning leftways on the firm oaken arm (just her father's old attitude through many a business hour)—"I am going to ask you some questions. You will answer them, will you not?"

"If I can."

"And I know you can. Somehow—you can tell me how afterwards—when my father left Guyswick had he just lost all his money?"

Jacob's nerves gave a great jump. Sydney could feel it through all her own frame.

"I am—afraid—he had."

"And—had he—lost other people's money, too?"

The question came on the old clerk as the unannounced application of a cold water douche. He would have given a quarter's income to be out of that witness-box. But Sydney's grave eyes waited on him for answer, and true answer he had to give.

"Y-e-s, Miss Sydney. He had. Or"—trying to soften the harsh fact's rough edges—"other people's money got lost—with his."

"With his. By his doing, then?"

"Yes"—parting from the bald truth about as willingly as a dog parts from a cherished bone—"but——"

"Oh, hush—a moment!"

She leant back, his hand still in hers, paler, if possible, than ever. Was her father's memory—that with such tenderness she had kept fresh so many years—now to be blackened—her birthright of honourable pride to be taken from her? Well might she ask breathing-space before listening to detailed evidence of such misfortune! But it was only a few seconds she wavered.

"Now, Jacob," she said, rallying, upright again, "you must tell me the whole, please. How did the money go?"

"It was in a mine—a copper-mine, Miss Sydney, somewhere in the South of England. A thing," said the old clerk, wrinkling up his forehead in emphasis, "my master knew just as much about as—as—a baby, or as I myself! It was a new concern just when he married. It seems he put a thousand pounds in then. Your uncle, Mrs. Alwyn's brother, helped to start it, I believe. No doubt he named it to your father."

"Did *he* lose anything in it?"

"Not a penny. The shares went up quickly, and he sold out. When they were first rising your father bought more."

"Jacob, why did you not try to stop him?"

"Miss Sydney! Stop him! Why, there was not one of us in the office knew what he was doing. And if any had known, they'd never have questioned but what he was right. Least of all should I have doubted him—him who had ruled me always to my well-doing, as some day you must hear. You—you ought to. There wasn't a man's judgment more looked up to than his for miles about—and properly, in all things he had knowledge of. But"—with a sad shake of the head—"mines weren't among them. They were beyond even him."

"Then, Jacob, how did the—crash come?"

"Well, from all we could find out, Miss Sydney, there was warning months before. It seems that his dividend—the interest on his shares—didn't come in as it should, and he went down to the place, just between Devon and Dorsetshire, to look into it all. I remember the journey, though I didn't know what it was for at the time."

"And he found nothing out?"

"No. There was a clever manager at the works, and my master was no match for him. He brought accounts forward to show how matters had come to a lock-up for a few months, but couldn't fail to right-

side themselves before long. And, between lies and persuading, he sent your father home pretty satisfied that his money was safe enough—as it had need have been, for Guyswick was making off with a fortune of ready cash just then."

"But of course he was deceived?"

"Through thick and thin, Miss Sydney. A fortnight before his summer interest was due, he got word that creditors were down on the concern for debts for plant, at different banks, and sums of all sorts, that should have been all cleared off before a single share took a farthing's interest. If it had been managed right, people who understood it said it ought to have prospered; but it was just mismanaged, or managed unscrupulously, the whole way through, and so it came to grief. But every one had such trust in your father, it didn't seem possible that he should be taken in, and all his fine property lost. It was days before people could bring themselves to believe it."

"But had he actually put *all* he had in this mine, then?"

"No, no, Miss Sydney, not on the face of it. But this all happened before the time of limited liability. And when the mine stopped, and the manager, who had saved *himself* feathers to fly with, was gone off, it turned out there was scarcely a man among the shareholders with five hundred pounds, except your father, and—well—he was by a long way the richest. So it was on him the blow fell heaviest. And it broke him up completely, and nearly killed him." (It was a miserable reminiscence. Poor Jacob reflected Sydney's trouble.) "And he had none of his old strength, nor his old skill left to fight life any more. And that's all, my dear."

"Not quite, Jacob." (It was plenty, and sad enough. Would that it had been all!) "How came others, here in Stillcote, to be ruined with—through him?"

"Need we talk of it, Miss Sydney? It's all over and done with now."

"We must, please. Who were they?"

"People who had given him—lent him their money."

"Lent! Did he want it?"

"No; but you see his name stood for as good as gold hereabouts. So people put their earnings or their savings in his hands, just as soon as they'd have put them—ay, in the Funds. So first one and then another brought him a hundred or two, just taking his simple note of hand for it; and all that—went with the rest!"

"Even Lewis's—even my poor old nurse's! Oh, Jacob! no wonder he nearly died of it!"—loosing her hand to hide her tear-laden eyes. "Tell me who, besides Taffy, lost their savings?"

"Miss Sydney, it's no good——"

"It is. Tell me."

"Well," very reluctantly, "there was Miss Ambler—her you saw down-stairs."

"Was hers much?"

"The most of any. About six hundred. She had the shop below for years. Luckily, she had bought this house, and had just retired, thinking that thirty pounds a year and a lodger or two would keep her comfortably."

"And then she had to begin again. Poor thing! Who else was there?"

"Oh, you don't even know their names, Miss Sydney. Tradespeople, mostly, who'd known your father all their lives. There was the office-keeper, old Susan Coombes."

"Wait a moment, please. Can you lend me a pencil? Yes, Susan Coombes: how much was hers?"

He told her; and seeing that, having heard part, she must hear all, he told one by one the humble creditors, a long list of names, representing many a lowly tragedy of—alas!—her father's making.

"And—we—went away, with money secured to us, and never left anything for these unlucky folks?" she asked, crimsoning at that depth of disgrace.

"Why, you were a child. You had no part in it, Miss Sydney. And your father—he was a child too by then! And your mother—Mrs. Alwyn—well, she had perfect legal right to her settlements."

"Legal! Yes. But——"

Sydney dared not utter the thoughts that would surge up in her breast. Jacob could well interpret the impatient pause.

"So there was no one to do anything for them?"

"No one worth mentioning, I'm afraid. You see I hadn't much myself."

"Jacob! I don't mean you."

"Ah, but I would if I'd been able. But, strange enough, all I'd put by I sank for my life just before our troubles. It was your father's advice. I wanted him to take it and he refused——"

"Thank Heaven!"

"'Do as I tell you,' he said. 'Sink it, then it's safe.' So I have only enough to live on, Miss Sydney, with just a little to spare. I do try to make the most of that little among the worst off of—that list. I'm afraid I haven't seen after Lewis as I ought. But it does go such a little way. And the worst of it is that'll have to end when I end!"

"Jacob!" She put her arms about this good friend's shoulders and, weeping, lifted his hand to her lips. "Dear, true old Jacob, God bless you for what you have been doing! There is only myself left to thank you, and I can't half do it as I should. Now I know who sent my father back his violin."

"Ah, well"—shy under gratitude as any girl—"that's not worth speaking of. Good as it was, I bought it for a mere song, just to keep it from the dealers."

"And this, too?" touching the chair in which she sat. "And what else, Jacob?"

"Only his office book-case, Miss Sydney, and the table, and his desk." Her eyes wandered wistfully to each as he named it. "Just what I couldn't bear to see knocked about after he'd used them forty years. And a few trifles, such as would have gone to light the fire if I hadn't taken them. But now, my dear young lady"—she was regaining such steady firmness, sitting there with her beautiful mouth closed fast on all complaint, he thought the worst of the dis-

closure was well over, and he might beguile her to other subjects—"now, do let me fetch you some lunch. You should take something."

But Sydney would have nothing, nor would let him leave her, so he listened to the slightly interwoven chances that had drawn her on to the day's discoveries, in the midst of which an eight-day clock up in a corner struck three, and startled her into recollection that she must be returning at once to Cheddley.

"A quarter past, does your train go?" said Mr. Cheene, in a panic. "Why, it's quick walking that takes you there in ten minutes. But, dear, dear, only to have had you such a little while—and to have done nothing but give you pain—and to let you go without a thought to give you comfort——!"

She stopped him, fetching up a smile that beamed like the returning sunshine through the last drops of the shower without.

"If I could have had my choice, I would not have been spared this pain," she said, and then halted half a minute. Fleeting by she seemed to see phantoms of all her late-born projects fading out, the glow her money was to cast over her future. Uncertain, receding, a figure hovered—Rupert Villiers'. Was that to vanish too? But then uprose an hour, a promise of long ago, to ease a pain she had not understood till now—"Father, never fear. I will make it all right." Cost what it might, as far as in her lay, she would keep faith with the dead. "Now everything is clear to me," she went on steadily; "I see what must be done. And you will help me to do it."

"To do what?" Mr. Cheene asked, bewildered.

"To pay what has been kept back so long. We can just manage it, for it is not quite six thousand. I shall write to you from St. Clair's, Jacob. And the money shall be with you next week. Good-bye."

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

IN DEFENCE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

THE sympathy of the world with those who happen to have the infliction of a mother-in-law does not diminish as the world grows older. Only recently this sympathy was manifested by the acquittal of a prisoner in a Paris poisoning case, owing to the counsel for the defence representing him as a victim of his mother-in-law's malignity. From time immemorial the mother-in-law, a term which is somehow always construed to denote the wife's mother, has been a subject of caricature and vituperation all the world over.

A son-in-law once satirically remarked that one of the reasons why Adam and Eve were so supremely happy in their terrestrial paradise was that no mother-in-law existed in their day; and ethnologists and antiquarians both sustain the argument that directly the mother-in-law came into existence a train of miseries originated, which, however severe, have happily not yet driven the sterner sex to a universal vow of celibacy.

To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favourably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face of his mother-in-law after he is once married, prevails amongst numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered by geographical distribution and differences of race. The custom obtains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several of the Australian tribes, and among many Polynesians, a fact which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisdom indigenous to each of these countries, and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such widely separated continents as Africa and Australia, is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of human nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother-in-law. Primarily, say the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterwards he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his mother-in-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribed the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-in-law, and this in time became a social law or custom.

It has been more than once flippantly suggested that this lesson of a venerable experience might be accepted and the custom adopted here, whilst others, equally regardless of social and other consequences, have advocated the institution of a kind of suttee arrangement, which should bind the British matron by social propriety to close her mortal career upon her daughter's marriage. Apart from the suggestion only being available in cases where one daughter alone blessed a marriage, there is the more important consideration that to eliminate mothers-in-law altogether from society, even if it were possible, would be most

disastrous in its effects. Is her presence really always so disagreeable, so baneful to enjoyment? is her advice never needed? The world has always sided against her; it does not stop to consider the double characteristics of legal maternity which are involved when both sons and daughters marry; it still persists in viewing her only in her character of wife's mother, and repeats and revivifies from time to time all the malicious denunciations or witty epigrams that have become associated with her name.

Thackeray even, who, with his large knowledge of the world and of the human heart, might have been expected to be more lenient to the unfortunate race of mothers-in-law, goes out of his way to draw the horrible Mrs. Mackenzie, pitying his sweet, silly little Rosie and the much-injured wives of her acquaintances, without reflecting that they might in their turn become mothers-in-law. Does not this fact suggest food for reflection to the young husbands of to-day, who a quarter of a century hence may find their loving wives unavoidably drifting into mother-in-lawhood? And again, is it not rather unreasonable in a young man to object to her who has had the greatest share in moulding the character and training the habits of the one woman he has chosen from all others to be his companion for life? How strange it is, when one looks the question in the face, that a lady who is considered harmless enough until her children marry, should after that happiest of family events be elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness!

As a matter of fact, in spite of all that novelists and playwrights have written, the mothers-in-law of sons generally get on with them far better than with their daughters-in-law.

There are plenty of instances in every one's knowledge where men are deeply attached to their wife's mother, and she to them, but it is not every daughter-in-law who really becomes a daughter to her parents by marriage. She may at the same time be on excellent terms with her father-in-law, so much so that one may hazard the supposition that in every position in life people of opposite sexes get on best together. The mother-in-law is often prone to think no girl is good enough for her darling boy, and thus begin her new relationship with a prejudice which the daughter-in-law, confident in the love her husband bears her, may do nothing to dispel.

A greybeard once remarked that it would save half the family squabbles of a generation if young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law, and the advice might be followed with advantage in many cases.

As a rule, it may be said that sons or daughters-in-law who complain of their wife's or husband's mother, are not themselves such good husbands or wives as they might be. A man who has a cranky, fractious temper, may let off his venom on his mother-in-law because he dare not or cannot vent it upon any one but his wife or her mother; and in the same way a young married woman who fails in controlling her servants, who lets Master Tommy over-eat himself, and who runs into a thousand foolish extravagances, may lay every disagreeable to the door of her mother-in-law—the upset in the house, the child's illness, and the increase in the bills. There are other points of view from which the luckless relationship of mother-in-law might be studied, but it may help many in making life smoother to look at the matter with a calm judgment, and simply attend to St. Peter's advice "to be courteous," remembering that "when the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong."

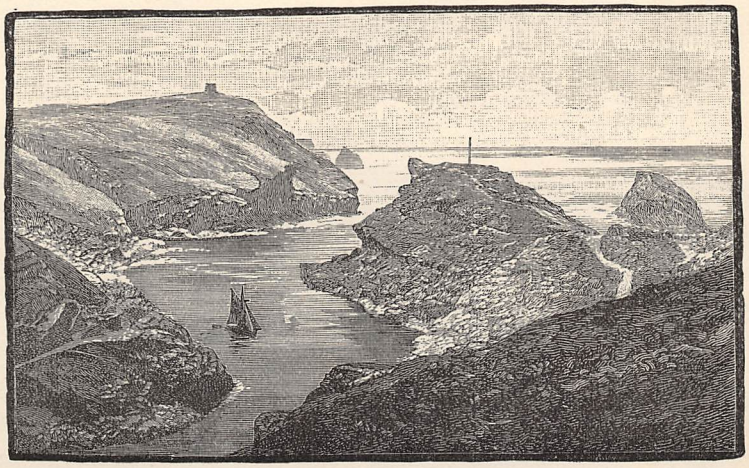
A WEEK ON THE WEST COAST.

THE silver lining which the determined optimist looks for under every cloud made itself clearly manifest to tourist perceptions in the exceptionally cloudless summer of 1884. For the cholera scare and the less visionary horrors of quarantine saved many a holiday-seeker from the delightful discomforts of an ordinary Continental tour, and set him on lovely, long-neglected routes nearer home. We ourselves were to have visited Swiss mountains and to have sauntered by Italian lakes; our guide-book was bought, and our portmanteaux reduced to smallest Alpine proportions, when the fiat went forth which curtailed our imaginings, but oh! so happily extended the vista of our possibilities and prettinesses in cool "things." And all those long, sweet summer days which followed, as we lay in our hammocks within sight of a sea which we had not to cross, and with the comfortable consciousness of a big box which would neither be weighed nor grumbled at, we felt little longing and less regret for those wider views which our cowardice had closed to us. The days slipped into weeks, and still we lingered on, one of us, at least, well content that our holiday this year should pass away, like the annals of happy nations, unrecorded into history. But unconsciously we must have become infected with the 'Arry fever of the 4th of August. That "come-along" Bank-holiday tendency which, after satisfactorily slaking its thirst at the sign of the Spotted Dog, irresistibly moves on for its next drink to the identically sanded bar of the Blue Boar, asserted itself in us in another form. It showed about the third day in a distinct desire for "change," at the end of a restless fortnight it was fully developed, the substitution of the west coast for the south was settled, and one sunny morning towards the end of the month

found us at Salisbury, in possession of tourist tickets for Truro. We took the little steamer down the Fal, and enjoyed a charming bit of river scenery, the boat winding between wooded banks of changeful green, and the narrow water presently broadening out into the mast-dotted harbour of Falmouth. On board, the picnic basket influence, or the sunshine, or both, had made the less talkative one of us relax and chat with some fellow-voyagers, and finally consent to join them in a carriage excursion to the Lizard. A rash consent it turned out, for the three (all men), with the usual double set of eyes, legs, and arms, proved to be decidedly deficient in the complementary single organs, and our liking veered to each in turn as he took the box seat. Half-way, at Gweek, we made a halt for lunch. Then, on Goonhilly Downs we left the carriage, and walked a couple of miles across the moor, which shelves down abruptly and stonily to the famous Kynance Cove. And there we were, among the great black boulders, the tide going out, and the cruel, creeping little waves seeming loth to leave the warm white sand. On just such rocks one may fancy Gilliatt to have sat, unmindful of the tide which touched first his feet, and then his hands, and then his heart, as he watched the ship that bore Deruchette from his undetaining clasp. But we were not left long to our imaginings, for a guide was in attendance, and our fellow-tourists impatient to be informed as to the Lizard Lights, and to be shown the Parlour and the Kitchen and the Post Office, as the variously-shaped caverns have been called. Very curious are these dark recesses in the rocks, and very terrible they must look when the white foam beats up against them and the surf hisses in their depths. But on the day of our visit the waves quivered only to the touch of the sun-god, and it was impossible to conjure up any visions of wreck or of disaster.

Presently we walked across the wide, hilly moor, carpeted in violet and yellow, and with an occasional clump, like a high art rug, of the white heather which is peculiar to the district. And so we arrived at Lizard Town—though, save for a small hostelry and for some few stone-built cottages, town there was none. The resources of the place, however, proved equal to the production of a cup of particularly nice coffee, and then we got into the carriage again and drove back the twenty miles through scenery not striking enough to make us regret overmuch the increasing darkness, till we reached our hotel at Falmouth, when one of us went to sleep at once, without waiting for the long-kept dinner.

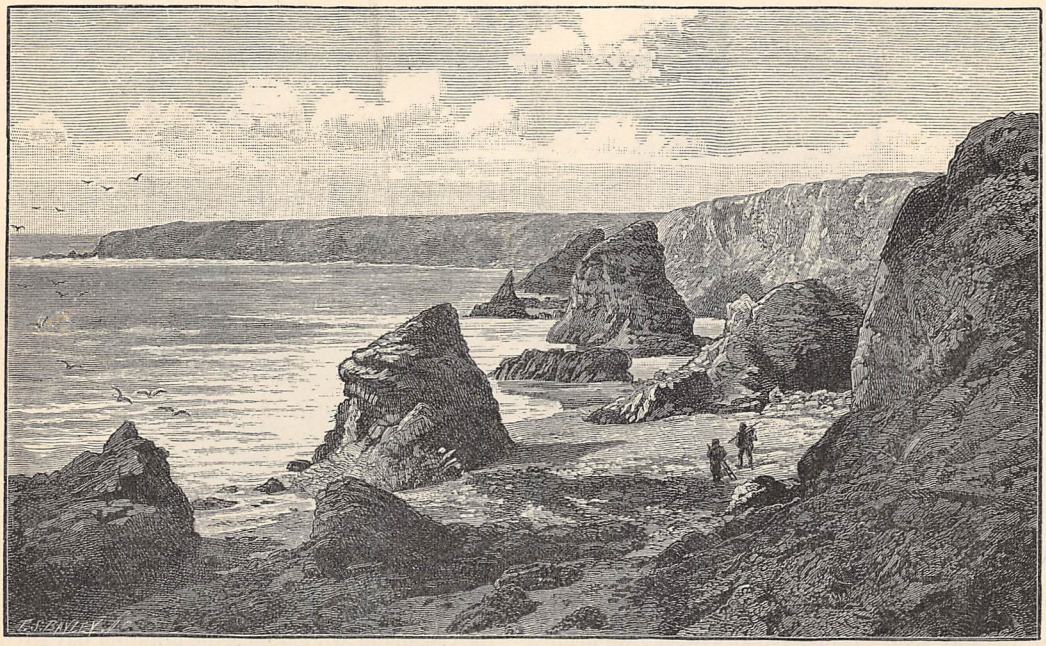
Another brilliant sunshiny morning found us on the esplanade at Penzance, the beautiful bay stretching out before us, with St. Michael's Mount to the east, and a fringe of low green hills to the west. So smooth and shining it looked that a sail was suggested, but one of us so much prefers the sea from any land point of view that the suggestion was instantly negatived, and instead, we started off in a nice-looking phaeton for the Land's End. The extra seat was asked for this time by a more promising-looking companion, an old gentleman who had shared our compartment from Truro, and in whom one of us had fancied and telegraphed to the other the discovery of a likeness to a quaint character in a recent story. We drove through fern-clad lanes and down stony sharp descents, which reminded us of Devonshire, and presently, after turning a sharp corner which had let in the loveliest sudden "view," we got down at the Rock Inn and walked across the fields and over the stone stiles to the Logan Rock. A stiff scramble it turned out over the huge slippery stones, and our guide's helpful arm was as welcome as his racy chat. He showed us the famous Logan Stone, and told us the story of the lieutenant who, sixty years ago, proved himself a distinguished member of the class who find



HEADLANDS—BOSCASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Hayman, Launceston.)

a curious satisfaction in cutting their names on walls and window-panes. He told us, graphically enough, how "the lieutenant" (his name, after all, has *not* been preserved, which seems a sort of retributive irony) "sat astride that very bit o' rock you see above you," whilst the men, under his orders, toppled the wonderfully balanced boulder into the sea. He told us how it was replaced, at infinite cost and pains, and all at the sole and solitary expense ("thousands o' pounds it cost him") of that nameless lieutenant, whose baptismal cognomen, at any rate, one would guess to have been Harry. Whether the pendulum



BEDRUTHEN STEP, NEAR NEWQUAY.

(*From a Photograph by F. Waren, Newquay.*)

properties of the big stone were injured in the process we cannot say; we certainly did not see it sway, though our guide assured us that the slightest touch was sufficient to stir it. We would not, however, give his willing nimble feet the extra scramble, but contented ourselves with seeing him set the Lady Logan, a rock shaped wonderfully like an uncrinoletted female figure, trembling in our presence. Then on again through three or four miles of barren-looking country, which would either reconcile one to leaving it or would suggest on entering that things must improve, and we were at the Land's End, on a big bare rock, the sea-gulls skimming over it, and with our faces turned westward in full view of the Atlantic. We ought, perhaps, to have risen to the associations of the First and Last Inn in England; but, as sad matter of fact, we did or said nothing more remarkable than to drink a cup of tea within its precincts and to pronounce it good. We left Penzance next day, halting again at the inevitable Truro, where, at the station, a dog-cart and our letters were awaiting us by appointment. For the first half-dozen miles of our drive to Newquay, we were inclined to agree with the advertisements which tell us that "the climate of the West of England in some parts is only a degree less warm than Cannes," but for the remaining nine we could only conclude that we must have got into the other parts. For the sky grew overcast, and sharp, squally showers came on, and the scenery grew bleak and bare as if in sympathy. One of us had been chilly for some time, but did not like to mention it till the other and more susceptible began to shiver. It seemed a pity to admit that the wonderful weather was breaking up at last. But it too surely was so, and the three days of our stay at Newquay were of alternate storms and sunshine, a "minor" effect, though, which was the very best possible for bringing out the bold, rugged beauty of the cliff-bound coast. Newquay, with its sheltered shore, and wide, wind-swept moors, seems destined to become the Scarborough of the West; but happily, at present, it is in a very undeveloped stage of fashionable watering-place. One may lounge on the sands, or scramble over the rocks when the tide is down, or walk to the very end of the old town—it is not an exhausting distance—or wander over the great green cliffs and hear the surf break beneath, always in view of the wide Atlantic, and always with a sense of almost solitary possession.

Once we wandered out beyond Porth, getting ever higher and higher, and meeting all the way only a few sheep, and, at last, one young lad loitering close

to the little level plateau which was the summit of our ambition.

We threw ourselves down on the soft green moss, and became aware of the presence of a solitary spectator, who, with hat off, stood seemingly drinking in the beauty of the great glistening sea beneath us, in its wonderful setting of peaceful hill and frowning rock.

Impulsively we moved nearer to him, with an eager "Isn't it a lovely view?"

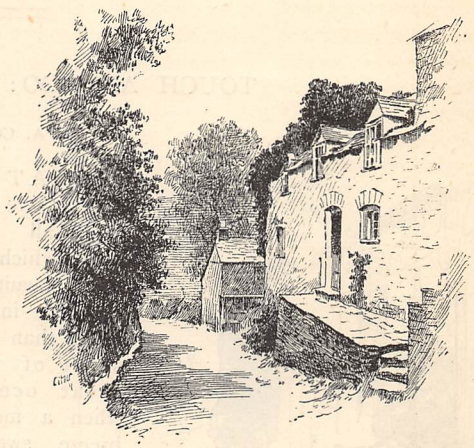
"You all tell me so," he answered, with a smile; "but I am blind!"

It was such a quiet, cheerful acceptance of a hard fate, we could have cried for our thoughtlessness, but we answered him never a word. We held his hand a minute, then, still silent, turned away with a little more thought, it may be, for the rest of our lives, for the patient eyes that do not see, and the hardly less pathetic ears that do not hear.

After a day of almost ceaseless rain the sun was shining brightly, when we set out from Newquay in a small waggonette for a thirty-five-mile drive to Boscastle. The air was delicious with its briny, earthy smell, and our drive was a great success. The road wound by uplands of rich pasture, dotted with red cows, and by wide fields of yellow stubble with the ripe corn ready stacked, and skirting great stretches of hilly moorland, looking like the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," gorse-covered and heather-hedged, and always with peeps, or glimpses, or broad views of the never far-off sea. We walked through the picturesque little village of St. Columb, which is perched on one side of a hill within full view of the other, and of the narrow intervening valley and its blue-roofed cottages. We let the horses wait whilst we went into the quiet old churchyard and the square-towered church, and tried to make out some of the half-obliterated records of lives that ended so far back in the benighted ages as the reign of Henry VIII.

At Wadebridge we waited for an hour to change horses, and a particularly well-cooked mutton chop helped us to enjoy the scenery for the remaining fifteen miles of our drive. Gradually the landscape widened and broadened and stretched itself out before us like a huge, crumpled, parti-coloured map of some wondrous country, where, in the most literal sense, all flesh was grass. The brown of ploughed fields was divided by thin hedge-lines from the tender contrasting greens and yellows of growing crops and pasture lands, whilst here and there a clump of dark fir copse or a field of emerald-green rape would give its tone or its touch of vivid colour to the great piece of unæsthetic patchwork which nature had on view. Even bits of waste uncultivated land saw and seized the opportunity to look interesting and effective, and plots of prosaic cabbage became poetic in perspective.

Down a long winding hill, so long and so winding that meeting it abroad we might have mistaken it for a mountain pass, and we were at Boscastle. But a disappointment was awaiting us at the bottom of the beautiful hill. The tiny hotel was full; what was to be done? It was too late to go back; too far to go forward. Poetic "longings for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" take with some folks, on some occasions, a prosaic and some-



POST-OFFICE—BOSCASTLE.
(*From a Photograph by Hayman, Launceston.*)

what trying form. Thus now vain "longings" were heard for that vanished inn at Wadebridge where they cooked that delectable mutton chop, and deep regrets for having disregarded the "sound" of the coach's horn as it took that turning to Tintagel. However, things came right; a room, looking clean and comfortable, was found at the post-office, and one of us, who has a weakness for letters, was quite pleasantly excited at the idea of staying a few hours in such close contiguity to their headquarters. We were off betimes next morning for a walk to Tintagel Head; following the course of what we took for a mountain stream, trickling down the stony village street, we found it suddenly broaden out into a harbour, and then into the sea. Some spirit of the ocean, tired of his solitary state, must, at some remote date, have pushed his way here through the narrowing rocks in pursuit of a Cornish Undine. The sun above, and the sea at our right hand, we came by-and-by to the very old town of Tintagel, where the ancient post-office, now disused, looks like a relic of the stone age; and, a little further, we come to a Black Gang-like gorge, and climbing with some effort about midway up a steep and slippery bit of tall cliff, there, in the air as it seemed, were the battlemented remains of King Arthur's Castle. The precipitous ascent seemed to slope straight down to the sea, and one of us has no great liking for a climb under such conditions.

From Tintagel we took the coach to Bude, finding it to be, as the guide-books describe it, a "rising watering-place," with rather less though, it seemed to us, than the average allowance of rock. We were in time to join the little *table-d'hôte*, which hardly, however, proved a success. The diners were few, and looked as if they "would answer to Hi! or any loud cry," but were hardly up to any less startling or more sustained effort at conversation. So we ate our

dinner in audible silence, and the crumbling of our own crusts was the only sound we heard.

And that was the last scene in our week on the West Coast. A couple of hours' drive the next day brought us to Bideford, and from thence the records of our travels are written in the railway time-tables.

KATIE MAGNUS.

TOUCH AND GO: A MIDSHIPMAN'S STORY.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE, M.B.

WHAT is there in all nature which is more beautiful or more inspiriting than the sight of the great ocean, when a merry breeze sweeps over it, and the sun glints down upon the long green ridges with their crests of snow? Sad indeed must be the heart which does not respond to the cheery splashing of the billows and their roar upon the shingle. There are times, however, when the great heaving giant is in another and a darker mood. Those who, like myself, have been tossed upon the dark waters through a long night, while the great waves spat their foam over them in their fury, and the fierce winds howled above them, will ever after look upon the sea with other eyes. However peaceful it may be, they will see the lurking fiend beneath its smiling surface. It is a great wild beast of uncertain temper and incalculable strength.

Once, and once only, during the long years which I have spent at sea, have I found myself at the mercy of this monster. There were cirumstances, too, upon that occasion, which threatened a more terrible catastrophe than the loss of my own single life. I have set myself to write down, as concisely and as accurately as I can, the facts in connection with that adventure and its very remarkable consequences.

In 1868 I was a lad of fourteen, and had just completed my first voyage in the *Paraguay*, one of the finest vessels of the finest of the Pacific lines, in which I was a midshipman. On reaching Liverpool, our ship had been laid up for a month or so, and I had obtained leave of absence to visit my relations, who were living on the banks of the Clyde. I hurried north with all the eagerness of a boy who has been abroad for the first time, and met with a loving reception from my parents and from my only sister. I have never known any pleasure in life which could compare with that which these reunions bring to a lad whose disposition is affectionate.

The little village at which my family were living was called Rudmore, and was situated in one of the most beautiful spots in the whole of the Clyde. Indeed, it was the natural advantages of its situation which had induced my father to purchase a villa there. Our grounds ran down to the water's edge, and included a small wooden jetty which projected into the river. Beside this jetty was anchored a small yacht, which had belonged to the former proprietor, and which had been included in the rest of the property when purchased by my father. She was a smart little clipper of about three-ton burden, and directly my eyes fell upon her I determined that I would test her sea-going qualities.

My sister had a younger friend of hers, Madge Sumter, staying with her at this time, and the three of us made frequent excursions about the country, and occasionally put out into the Frith in order to fish. On all these nautical expeditions we were accompanied by an old fisherman named Jock Reid, in whom my father had confidence. At first we were rather glad to have the old man's company, and were amused by his garrulous chat and strange reminiscences. After a time, however, we began to resent the idea of having a guardian placed over us, and the grievance weighed with double stress upon me, for, midshipman-like, I had fallen a victim to the blue eyes and golden hair of my sister's pretty playmate, and I conceived that without our boatman I might have many an opportunity of showing my gallantry and my affection. Besides, it seemed a monstrous thing that a real sailor, albeit only fourteen years of age, who had actually been round Cape Horn, should not be trusted with the command of a boat in a quiet Scottish frith. We put our three youthful heads together over the matter, and the result was a unanimous determination to mutiny against our ancient commander.

It was not difficult to carry our resolution into practice. One bright winter's day, when the sun was shining cheerily, but a stiffish breeze was ruffling the surface of the water, we announced our intention of going for a sail, and Jock Reid was as usual summoned from his cottage to escort us. I remember that the old man looked very doubtfully at the glass in my father's hall, and then at the eastern sky, in which the clouds were piling up into a gigantic cumulus.

"Ye maunna gang far the day," he said, shaking his grizzled head. "It's like to blow hard afore evening."

"No, no, Jock," we cried in chorus; "we don't want to go far."

The old sailor came down with us to the boat, still

grumbling his presentiments about the coming weather. I stalked along with all the dignity of a chief conspirator, while my sister and Maud followed expectantly, full of timidity and admiration for my audacity. When we reached the boat I helped the boatman to set the mainsail and the jib, and he was about to cast her off from her moorings when I played the card which I had been reserving.

"John," I said, slipping a shilling into his hand; "I'm afraid you'll feel it cold when we get out. You had better get yourself a drop of something before we start."

"Indeed I will, maister," said Jock emphatically. "I'm no as young as I was, and the coffee keeps the cold out."

"You run up to the house," I said; "we can wait until you come back."

Poor old John, suspecting no treachery, made off in the direction of the village, and was soon out of sight. The instant he had disappeared six busy little hands were at work undoing the moorings, and in less than a minute we were clear of the land, and were shooting gallantly out into the centre of the Frith of Clyde. Under her press of canvas, the little boat heeled over until her lee-gunwale was level with the water, and as we plunged into the waves the spray came showering over the bows and splashing on our deck. Far away on the beach we could see old Jock, who had been warned by the villagers of our flight, running eagerly up and down, and waving his arms in his excitement. How we laughed at the old man's impotent anger, and what fun we made of the salt foam which wet our faces and sprinkled on our lips! We sang, we romped, we played, and when we tired of this the two girls sat in the sheets, while I held the tiller and told many stories of my nautical experiences, and of the incidents of my one and only voyage.

At first we were somewhat undecided as to what course we should steer, or where we should make for; but after consultation it was unanimously decided that we should run out to the mouth of the Frith. Old Jock had always avoided the open sea, and had beaten about in the river, so it seemed to us, now that we had deposed our veteran commander, that it was a favourable opportunity for showing what we could do without him. The wind, too, was blowing from the eastward, and therefore was favourable to the attempt. We pulled the mainsail as square as possible, and keeping the tiller steady, ran rapidly before the wind in the direction of the sea.

Behind us the great cumulus of clouds had lengthened and broadened, but the sun was still shining brightly, making the crests of the waves sparkle again, like long ridges of fire. The banks of the Firth, which are four or five miles apart, are well wooded, and many a lovely villa and stately castle peeped out from among the trees as we swept past. Far behind us we saw the long line of smoke which told where Greenock and Glasgow lay, with their toiling thousands of inhabitants. In front rose a great stately mountain-peak, that of Goatfell, in Arran, with the clouds wreathed coquettishly round the summit. Away to the north, too, in the purple distance lay ranges of mountains stretching along the whole horizon, and throwing strange shadows as the bright rays of the sun fell upon their rugged sides.

We were not lonely as we made our way down the great artery which carries the commerce of the west of Scotland to the sea. Boats of all sizes and shapes passed and re-passed us. Eager little steamers went panting by with their loads of Glasgow citizens, going to or returning from the great city. Yachts and launches, and fishing-boats, came and went in every direction. One of the latter crossed our bows, and one of her crew, a rough-bearded fellow, shouted hoarsely at us; but the wind prevented us from hearing what he said. As we neared the sea a great Atlantic steamer went slowly past us, with her big yellow funnel vomiting forth clouds of smoke, and her whistle blowing to warn the smaller craft to keep out of her way. Her passengers lined the side to watch us as we shot past them, very proud of our little boat and of ourselves.

We had brought some sandwiches away with us, and a bottle of milk, so that there was no reason why we should shorten our cruise. We stood on accordingly until we were abreast of Ardrossan, which is at the mouth of the river and exactly opposite to the island of Arran, which lies in the open sea. The strait across is about eight miles in width, and my two companions were both clamorous that we should cross.

"It looks very stormy," I said, glancing at the pile of clouds behind us; "I think we had better put back."

"Oh, do let us go on to Arran!" little Maud cried enthusiastically.

"Do, Archie," echoed my sister; "surely, you are not afraid?"

To tell the truth, I *was* afraid, for I read the signs of the weather better than they did. The reproachful look in Maud's blue eyes at what she took to be my faint-heartedness overcame all my prudence.

"If you wish to go, we'll go," I said; and we sailed out from the mouth of the river into the strait.

Hitherto we had been screened from the wind to some extent by the hills behind us, but as we emerged from our shelter it came upon us in fiercer and more prolonged blasts. The mast bent like a whip under the pressure upon the sail, and would, I believe, have snapped short off, had it not been that I had knowledge enough of sailing to be able to take in a couple of reefs in the great sail. Even then the boat lay over in an alarming manner, so that we had to hold on to the weather bulwarks to prevent our slipping off. The waves, too, were much larger than they had been in the Frith, and we shipped so much water that I had to bail it out several times with my hat. The girls clapped their hands and cried out with delight as the water came over us, but I was grave because I knew the danger; and seeing me grave, they became grave too. Ahead of us the great mountain-peak towered up into the clouds, with green woods clustering about

its base; and we could see the houses along the beach, and the long shining strip of yellow sand. Behind us the dark clouds became darker, lined at the base with that peculiar lurid tint which is nature's danger signal. It was evident that the breeze would soon become a gale, and a violent one. We should not lose a moment in getting back to the river, and I already bitterly repented that I had ever left its sheltering banks.

We put the boat round with all the speed we could, but it was no light task for three children. When at last we began to tack for the Scotch coast, we realised how difficult a matter it was for us to return. As long as we went with the wind, we went also with the waves; and it was only a stray one which broke over us. The moment, however, that we turned our broadside towards the sea we were deluged with water, which poured in faster than we could bail it out. A jagged flash of lightning clove the dark eastern sky, followed by a deafening peal of thunder. It was clear that the gale was about to burst; and it was evident to me that if it caught us in our present position we should infallibly be swamped. With much difficulty we squared our sail once more, and ran before the wind. It had veered a couple of points to the north, so that our course promised to take us to the south of the island. We shipped less water now than before, but on the other hand, every minute drove us out into the wild Irish Sea, further and further from home.

It was blowing so hard by this time, and the waters made such a clashing, that it was hard to hear each other's words. Little Maudie nestled at my side, and took my hand in hers. My sister clung to the rail at the other side of me.

"Don't you think," she said, "that we could sail right into one of the harbours in Arran? I know there is a harbour at Brodick, which is just opposite us."

"We had better keep away from it altogether," I said. "We should be sure to be wrecked if we got near the coast; and it is just as bad to be wrecked there as in the open sea."

"Where are we going?" she cried.

"Anywhere the wind takes us," I answered; "it is our only chance. Don't cry, Maudie; we'll get back all right when the storm is over;" I tried to comfort them, for they were both in tears; and, indeed, I could hardly keep my sobs down myself, for I was a very little fellow to be placed in such a position.

As the storm came down on us it became so dark that we could hardly see the island in front of us, and the dark line of the Bute coast. We flew through the water at a tremendous pace, skimming over the great seething waves, while the wind howled and screamed through our rigging as though the whole air was full of pursuing fiends intent upon our destruction. The two girls cowered, shivering with terror, at the bottom of the boat, while I endeavoured to comfort them as well as I could, and to keep our craft before the wind. As the evening drew in and we increased our distance from the shore, the gale grew in power. The great dark waves towered high above our mast-head, so that when we lay in the trough of the sea, we saw nothing but the sombre liquid walls in front and behind us. Then we would sweep up the black slope, till from the summit we could see a dreary prospect of raging waters around us, and then we would sink down, down into the valley upon the other side. It was only the extreme lightness and buoyancy of our little craft which saved her from instant destruction. A dozen times a gigantic billow would curl over our heads, as though it were about to break over us, but each time the gallant boat rose triumphantly over it, shaking herself after each collision with the waters as a sea-bird might trim her feathers.

Never shall I forget the horrors of that night! As the darkness settled down upon us, we saw the loom of a great rock some little distance from us, and we knew that we were passing Ailsa Craig. In one sense it was a relief to us to know that it was behind us, because there was now no land which we need fear, but only the great expanse of the Irish Sea. In the short intervals when the haze lifted, we could see the twinkling lights from the Scottish lighthouses glimmering through the darkness behind us. The waves had been terrible in the daytime, but they were worse now. It was better to see them towering over us than to hear them hissing and seething far above our heads, and to be able to make out nothing except the occasional gleam of a line of foam. Once, and once only, the moon disentangled itself from the thick hurrying clouds which obscured its face. Then we caught a glimpse of a great wilderness of foaming, tossing waters, but the dark scud drifted over the sky, and the silvery light faded away until all was gloom once more.

What a long weary night it was! Cold and hungry, and shivering with terror, the three of us clung together, peering out into the darkness and praying as none of us had ever prayed before. During all the long hours we still tore through the waters to the south and west, for the wind was now blowing from the north-east. As the day dawned, grey and cheerless, we saw the rugged coast of Ireland lining the whole western horizon. And now it was, in the first dim light of dawn, that our great misfortune occurred to us. Whether it was the result of the long-continued strain, or whether some gust of particular violence had caught the sail, we have never known, but suddenly there was a sharp cracking, rending noise, and next moment our mast was trailing over the side, with the rigging and the sails flapping on the surface of the water. At the same instant, our momentum being checked, a great sea broke over the boat and nearly swamped us. Fortunately the blow was so great, that it drove our boat round so that her head came to the seas once more. I bailed frantically with my cap, for she was half full of water, and I knew a little more would sink her, but as fast as I threw the water out, more came surging in. It was at this moment, when all seemed lost to us, that I heard my sister give a joyful cry, and looking up, saw a large steam launch ploughing its way towards us through the storm. Then the tears which I had restrained so long came to my relief, and I broke down completely in the

reaction which came upon us, when we knew that we were saved.

It was no easy matter for our preservers to rescue us, for close contact between the two little craft was dangerous to both. A rope was thrown to us, however, and willing hands at the other end drew us one after the other to a place of safety. Maudie had fainted, and my sister and I were so weakened by cold and fatigue, that we were carried helpless to the cabin of the launch, where we were given some hot soup, after which we fell asleep, in spite of the rolling and tossing of the little vessel.

How long we slept I have no idea, but when we woke it appeared to be considerably past mid-day. My sister and Maudie were in the bunk opposite, and I could see that they were still sleeping. A tall, dark-bearded man was stooping over a chart which was pinned down to the table, measuring out distances with a pair of compasses. When I moved he glanced up and saw that I was awake.

"Well, mate," he said cheerily, "how are you now?"

"All right," I said; "thanks to you."

"It was touch and go," he remarked. "She foundered within five minutes of your coming aboard. Have you any idea where you are now?"

"No," I said.

"You're just off the Isle of Man. We're going to land you there on the west coast, where no one is likely to see us. We've had to go out of our course to do it, and I should have preferred to have taken you on to France, but the master thinks you should be sent home as soon as possible."

"Why don't you want to be seen?" I asked, leaning on my elbow.

"Never mind," he said; "we don't—and that's enough. Besides, you and these girls must keep quiet about us when you land. You must say that a fishing-boat saved you."

"'IT LOOKS VERY STORMY,' I SAID" (*p.* 275).

"All right," I said. I was much surprised at the earnestness with which the man made the request. What sort of vessel was this that we had got aboard of? A smuggler, perhaps—certainly something illegal, or else why this anxiety not to be seen? Yet they had been kind and good to us, so whatever they might be, it was not for us to expose them. As I lay speculating upon the point I heard a sudden bustle upon deck, and a head looked down the hatchway.

"There's a vessel ahead of us that looks like a gun-boat," it said.

The captain—for such I presumed the dark-haired man to be—dropped his compasses, and rushed upon deck. A moment later he came down, evidently much excited.

"Come on," he said; "we must get rid of you at once." He woke the girls up, and the three of us were hurried to the side and into a boat, which was manned by a couple of sailors. The hilly coast of the island was not more than a hundred or two yards away. As I passed into the boat, a middle-aged man, in dark clothes and a grey overcoat, laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Remember," he said—"silence! You might do much harm!"

"Not a word," I answered.

He waved an adieu to us as our oarsmen bent to their oars, and in a few minutes we found our feet once more upon dry land. The boat pulled rapidly back, and then we saw the launch shoot away southward, evidently to avoid a large ship which was steaming down in the distance. When we looked again she was a mere dot on the waters, and from that day to this we have never seen or heard anything of our deliverers.

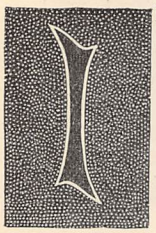
I fortunately had money enough in my pocket to send a telegram to my father, and then we put up at a hotel at Douglas, until he came himself to fetch us away. Fear and suspense had whitened his hair; but he was repaid for all when he saw us once more, and clasped us in his arms. He even forgot, in his delight, to scold us for the piece of treachery which had originated our misfortunes; and not the least hearty greeting which we received upon our return to the banks of the Clyde was from old Jock himself, who had quite forgiven us our desertion.

And who were our deliverers? That is a somewhat difficult question to answer, and yet I have an idea of their identity. Within a few days of our return, all England was ringing with the fact that Stephens, the famous Fenian head-centre, had made good his escape to the Continent. It may be that I am weaving a romance out of very commonplace material; but it has often seemed to me that if that gun-boat had overtaken that launch, it is quite possible that the said Mr. Stephens might never have put in an appearance upon the friendly shores of France. Be his politics what they may, if our deliverer really was Mr. Stephens, he was a good friend to us in our need, and we often look back with gratitude to our short acquaintance with the passenger in the grey coat.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SUPPERS.

(FOOD IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH.—II.)

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



N my last paper on Food, when discoursing on the "meals of the day," I stopped short at supper. Practically, it might be well for many of my readers were they to do the same.

About supper then: only those who dine early require anything of the sort. As I believe and trust that most of my readers are early diners, the few remarks I have to make about the evening meal may not be thrown away.

Well, then, it is a fact, which no one would attempt to gainsay, that the stomach must have an interval of rest between every meal. This period of repose should be granted to it gratuitously. It should not require to take it. But mark me: it *will* do so if weary. If we might personify the stomach we could imagine it saying to its owner—

"That mid-day meal was far too heavy—it was more than I could manage; I have worked away for four hours, and have not yet completed digestion; there is still food here that needs to be reduced to chyme, but my juices are expended; my nervous and muscular energy are exhausted; I can do no more."

And what is the result? Why, that a portion of indigestible food remains in the stomach, or passes through the pyloric opening, unreduced to chyme, fermenting and causing acidity, flatulence, eructations, and many indescribable feelings of discomfort.

But the mischief does not end here, for by-and-by comes supper-time. The mistaken notion that it is the correct thing to eat at regular times, whether hungry or not, prevails, and more food finds its way into that unhappy stomach. Everybody knows what a ferment is. Well, in eating before the stomach is quite unloaded, you are mixing good food with that which is digesting. Can you wonder if a restless night follows—or a night of lethargy rather than sound sleep—that you toss and tumble, and either wake too soon, without the capability of going to sleep again, or doze longer than usual, and get up at last with a heavy head and an irritable temper?

But stay, though; perhaps you have an appetite for supper. Have you? What! despite the hearty dinner you discussed? Very well; if after that dinner you took a good spell of exercise in the open air, or if you had some lengthened pleasurable excitement, such as enjoying the conversation and company of friends, then this appetite of yours may be a wholesome one. But, on the other hand, if you enjoyed yourself doing positively nothing after dinner; if you have never left the house, nor breathed a gallon of pure fresh air, then I say ten to one your appetite is a false one—a *bullimic* one—born of a slight degree of nervous irritation, not to say fever.

"Bullimic" is a technical word, I know, and I am going to explain it. "Bullimia," then, is an unnatural craving for food. One may suffer from a slight attack of it now and then, or it may become chronic, and is then known to the profession as "bullimic dyspepsia."

"The patients suffer from constant hunger; and ununless they eat immediately after the desire for food comes on they get faint and low-spirited, and especially complain of a painful sense of sinking about the region of the heart and stomach. The desire for food returns almost immediately after a good meal" (Dr. Guipon). I may say parenthetically that the most useful remedies for this kind of dyspepsia are minced raw beef, charcoal, cod-liver oil, and pepsine, with occasional mild aperients if the system cannot be kept free by means of the matutinal tub, open-air exercise, and fruit eaten in the morning.

It but remains for me to say that I consider it a nervous affection, and that occasional attacks of it are brought on by errors in diet and dieting.

The question is asked constantly of medical men: "What *shall* I take for supper?"

The truth is that too much belief is placed in that usually nonsensical saying, "The system must be supported." Nervous invalids, or that class of persons whom I called in a former article the "only middling," are constantly engaged "supporting their systems;" therefore, and in consequence, they give themselves no chance to get well: their whole lives are spent in one continued ferment of fever. Were they only to reduce the diet for even a week or fortnight, and to eat and live by rule, they would be simply astonished at the change, and would ask our Editor to thank the "Family Doctor" for his suggestion.

May I state a case? It can do no harm. I do not even give the initials of my patient. Call him John Smith. John Smith, then, was a supper-eater; he was also a dinner-eater, and a five o'clock tea-taker. Breakfast, though, was but a poor sham with John Smith, only towards eleven o'clock he felt "peckish" (the word is his, not mine), and supported his system by means of a biscuit or two and a glass of sherry. (N.B.—John Smith was, and is, a temperate man, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.)

John dined early, at 2.30. He supported his system at dinner on soup, on fish, *entrée*, joints, pastry, cheese, and dessert; and he always rose up from the table feeling that he had done enough. His afternoon was not pleasantly spent as regards his bodily sensations, for he felt heavy and drowsy after dinner; and even a cigar did not banish these feelings, nor a nip of *liqueur*, foolishly taken for digestion's sake. But at five o'clock tea revived him considerably. With this tea John took bread and butter to "support the system." He likewise partook of a heavy supper by way of "supporting the system," and a night-cap to insure a restful night. But that restful night was not insured, for if he went to bed immediately after the night-cap he fell into a state of lethargy—I will not misname it sleep; and to his great disgust awoke with the larks. If he did not go to bed at once he could not fall asleep for a time, and it was time to get up before he was half rested.

He grew nervous, though he was in good condition *to look at;* not to feel: he was soft. The tongue was never over-pink; he had twinges of rheumatism, "flying pains," a weak and flighty pulse, and a fidgety manner. He never had actual pain about the stomach, but the slightest blow thereon, or heavy pressure, would have been intolerable.

He consulted me; and on getting a history of the case, and making an examination, without discovering anything very striking except some slight enlargement of the liver, I told him that the whole internal lining of the digestive organs, and the organs in connection therewith, were in a state of chronic irritability, and that even the liver and kidneys partook of the general irritation, nerves, heart, and brain suffering secondarily. I told him, further, that medicine would be of less value to him than a well-regulated regimen. And he wisely determined to be guided by my instructions.

As cases of this kind are so very common, being nearly always brought on by errors in food and living, I give the treatment here of Mr. Smith's case.

I. *General Régime.*—To rise about 7.30, have a cold sponge bath at once, with sea-salt in it (temperature about forty-five degrees), previously washing the body quickly with warm water and mildest soap. To dress leisurely, and to take a short turn in the open air before breakfast. To take exercise every day in the fresh air, rain or shine, to the verge of tiredness—not fatigue. To take pleasant recreation, and cultivate the society of friends; but not to sit in stifling rooms, nor *court hospitality*. To sleep on a mattress, have the window down, and a wire gauze screen put up to save the draught. To have the bed-room neither cold nor hot (his age was forty-two), and to use light and only moderately warm bed-clothes.

II. Breakfast, 8.30: Fruit first—oranges or prunes, or baked apples; cocoa or cocoatina instead of tea, with plenty of milk; eggs, fish, or a little bacon, or herring, if it could be digested without causing thirst. Toast and butter.

III. Luncheon, 11 o'clock: Some milk that had been boiled, and a morsel of cold toast and butter, or stale bread. Dinner, 2.30: No soup, but fish or oysters; no oily fish; very little meat, if any; no pork, but fowl or game (feather); potatoes, &c., sparingly; some easily-digested green vegetables, the best being cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, tender peas, or parsnips; some cooked fruit, an orange, or handful of grapes; no pastry, cheese, or salad; and to eat sparingly of all things.

IV. Tea, 6 o'clock: A cup of cocoa and milk, biscuit or cracknels.

V. Supper, 8 o'clock: Two or three charcoal biscuits, and a very little to drink.

VI. Bed at 10, previously having sponged the body with cold water.

VII. Night-cap: A bottle of soda-water, with ten grains of the purest bicarbonate of soda in it.

In a very few days, even, improvement took place. He felt less nervous: felt lighter, quieter, more buoyant, and fit for the worry and tear of life, and was soon restored to health.

I need not name the medicines I prescribed. At the best they were but auxiliaries; and, besides, every case requires somewhat different medical treatment. I may mention, however, that as a tonic, when the

liver seems chiefly at fault, the diluted nitro-muriatic acid does good; whereas if nervous symptoms are most predominant, the diluted phosphoric acid will be indicated. Either may be taken in quassia-water, or in the infusion of chiretta.

I had almost forgotten to say that an occasional Turkish bath was prescribed—once a week, if I remember rightly.

I wish, then, to warn all my readers, especially the infirm or invalid, against the pernicious habit and folly that rests in that phrase—supporting the strength or system. If you want perfect health, be abstemious.

But as to suppers: I have always been of the opinion that slops are bad. I have not the slightest doubt that my readers will bear testimony to the truth of what I say from their own personal experience. A fluid supper generates acid, and it is ten times worse if beer is to be partaken with it. Beer and milk food, or soup, would ruin any digestion. No; let the little you do take be solid, and easy of digestion; an egg that has been pretty well boiled and allowed to get cold, with a slice of cold toast and butter, is a simple supper, but one that agrees. Meat should not be eaten, nor, as a rule, fish. In fact, supper should really be an off-put, if one has dined fairly well.

The food we eat during the day—its quantity and its quality—has a very great deal more to do than most people think with the kind of sleep we obtain at night and the amount thereof; and the *kind* of sleep is of far more importance than its actual amount. Disturbed, restless, or dreamful sleep is not refreshing, no matter how much thereof we obtain. Even pleasant dreams destroy the good effects of sleep.

Now, leaving heart complaints out of the question, I have always observed, then, that species of complaint known to medical men as irritability, with partial congestion of the lining membrane of the digestive organs, whether in whole or in part, is invariably accompanied by restlessness and disturbed sleep. The restlessness by day takes the form of nervousness and excitability; but by night there are often frightful dreams.

Well, would not some portions of indigestible food lying about the system be likely to produce the same nocturnal symptoms?

I leave my readers to meditate upon the question, and answer it for themselves.

HOW TO LAY OUT A KITCHEN GARDEN.

A GOOD deal of sowing and of planting out is done here in April, so perhaps a few words may be said with advantage at this time of the year on the laying out and stocking of a kitchen garden in general.

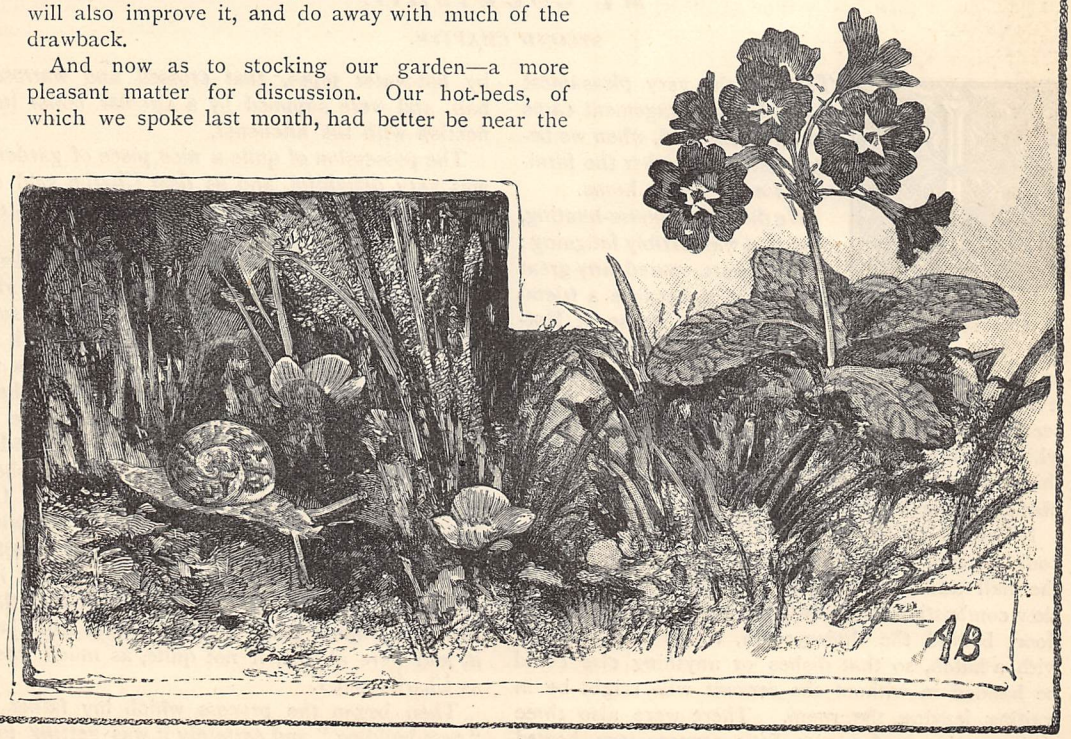
And first, then, as to the situation and aspect of our kitchen garden; notice the locality chosen by some of our florists or strawberry growers; perhaps it is the gentle slope of a hill that looks south-west, backed at some little distance, on the north and east, by a plantation of trees, and more dense on the north, perhaps, than on the east. Now, of course, we could not possibly have a thick grove of trees all along the north-east side of our garden itself; but we should certainly contrive, if we can, to avail ourselves, in the selection of a garden, of any moderately distant protection. At all events, a wall should run along the north and east sides of our garden. The next best substitute for a wall is a good stout and close wooden fence, though you must bear in mind that, as time goes along, exposure to weather will decay it; so that really a wall is by far the cheapest in the long run.

And then, also, we must remember that a wooden structure does not absorb heat as the bricks of a wall do; and this is a very important consideration when we meditate the cultivation of wall-fruit trees. There is an advantage, again, in having the highest part of the wall on the north side, for the double reason of having cut off the north wind, and also to have a greater southern expanse of wall for the growth of our fruit trees.

And drainage is the next important consideration. Nothing can flourish in a damp and undrained swamp; the heavier your soil is, the deeper should be your drain; but a gravel soil, for instance, can have a less deep one. The circumstances, however, of our surroundings must naturally a good deal render us more or less dependent in this respect; but some sort of simple or modified garden drainage we can often, for the most part, contrive ourselves to set up. And this done, for we are of course supposing the case of a garden that has been just taken in hand, and is as yet unstocked, our next step is the preparation of the soil for the various crops. And this must a good deal depend upon the nature of the soil itself. Should it prove to be a free deep loam, the only preparation it will require will be the ordinary deep and regular trenching—indeed, whatever the nature of the soil, trenching will be, of course, necessary. Where, however, clay largely predominates, get away, if possible, some of the stiffest of it, and replace it by any coarse sandy soil, or indeed any mixture of porous material; such, for example, as fine coal ashes, small charcoal, or road sand. All this is heavy, perhaps uninteresting, but very necessary work, when we are, so to speak, laying the foundations of our future gardening hopes. But even when we have the misfortune of an undeniably heavy soil, there is always this consolation: it will become largely modified and improved by the mere operations of trenching and culture, when

done regularly and with a will. Then, again, in the alternative that we are supposing, frequent deep hoeing and turning over just the surface of the soil will also improve it, and do away with much of the drawback.

And now as to stocking our garden—a more pleasant matter for discussion. Our hot-beds, of which we spoke last month, had better be near the



north-east corner of our wall, though, of course, not too close to it, but leaving ample room to walk all round them, and throw the lights well back whenever it is necessary. All the borders nearest to the walls should always bear merely a light crop, and never a heavy or deeply-rooting one ; and for this reason : you would otherwise impoverish the roots of your fruit trees on the wall itself ; and again, any very deep digging quite close to the wall fruit might damage the roots, and perhaps destroy your tree. Say a foot away from your wall, then, have a row of young cauliflower plants put in, and next to them a row of lettuces. The cauliflowers, supposing they have been put in for preservation through the winter, can be removed and planted out elsewhere in the spring; and as for lettuces, they are always a very light crop. Having regard however, now, to this more immediate April stocking of our kitchen garden, let us say, get in at once the entire potato stock, and sow also the successional pea crop, taking take that these, or any tall crops, such as scarlet-runners, do not overshadow your wall fruit, or anything that especially values the sunshine. Beans, whether kidney or broad, should be planted where they are to grow, and any autumn-sown beans should now be planted out. The middle, or perhaps the end of the month, is best for getting in the turnip crop. For this, dig and dress your soil uniformly even, and sow the seed, either scattering generally, or in drills nine inches apart. And should you have any young celery plants in your greenhouse-pan forward enough for pricking out, dig a trench a foot deep in the usual way, and plant all along in the centre.

Spinach, again, should be sown now in drills, and when it has grown large enough to be taken hold of, thin it out two or three inches apart for the first time ; and again, when the young plants have grown large enough for eating, pull them up by the roots, thinning them thus again to some eight inches apart, or more. An onion bed can do with a good strong manure ; indeed, we do not put it too strongly if we say that it cannot do without it. Nor must we in this important and very practical kitchen garden forget altogether other departments. Our cherry, and apple, and pear trees are all bridal in their white array of blossom, and over these, as well as the wall trees, we are always anxiously watching when this is the case. Our best advice is, perhaps, let them alone, and we trust that high winds will have like compassion on them. From grafted trees, however, we carefully rub off any buds that the stock is throwing out. In the open flower garden we are, of course, gay with tulips, and many hyacinths are still flowering finely. All our annuals we get in at once, marking carefully with a small stick and label where each is sown. As for our now crammed greenhouse, we may begin to relieve it by hardening off, and carry away to a sheltered spot some of the hardiest calceolarias and geraniums.

MY COURTSHIP.

SECOND CHAPTER.

I THINK the very pleasantest part of our engagement came towards the end, when we began getting together the furniture for our future home.

We did a little house-hunting, and that was terribly fatiguing ; but we were spared any great amount of it, because a friend of Charlie's, who had built himself a house at Notting Hill, suddenly had an appointment given him in the West Indies, and asked whether he could take it off his hands. Charlie would not decide till I had seen it, and I had rather set my heart on Kensington, which would have been nearer home. Mother said this was very silly of me, and bade me not to raise any obstacle if the house really was suitable.

It proved to be as nearly perfection as a house could be, and a better one than I had hoped for, as the hall and hearths were tiled, the stoves of the slow combustion order, and the kitchen on the ground floor, behind the dining-room, which was provided with a hatch, so that dishes or anything else could be handed in without the servant who might be in waiting leaving the room. There were also three sitting-rooms, and a nice little conservatory, heated by hot-water pipes, that crossed and warmed the hall, and were supplied by a circular boiler in connection with the kitchener.

The possession of quite a nice piece of garden, too, was very delightful, and as dear Charlie said everything was quite within his means, I felt like a queen, as I told him.

He explained that he could not have afforded such a house if it had not been arranged with a view to saving labour, and with certain things in it, such as the tiled pavements, stone fenders, &c., which would save expense in furnishing. I, having had a timely hint before starting, suggested that before the matter was quite settled Mrs. Sumner should be asked to go and look at the proposed house, and went home with Charlie to talk about it ; and she very kindly, as she had an engagement, to which Charlie was to be her escort, asked Clara to go with me and ask whether my mother would drive with her to Notting Hill the next day, that they might inspect our future abode together. It is my belief that the two dear women made a very pleasant little jaunt of it, and were almost, if not quite, as much interested as Charlie and I.

Then began the process which my father called "nest-building," and certainly it was getting together

the sticks and straws with which to make our home cosy. Connie or Clara usually went with us on our shopping expeditions, and now and then Mrs. Sumner, who gave us all our carpets, so it was quite natural that she should choose them. Very generous she was, too, and would hear of nothing less than Turkey for the dining-room, though she maintained that the best Brussels was good enough for any ordinary drawing-room.

I think the keepers of one or two shops in Wardour Street must have got to know us very well indeed, for we haunted them a great deal before deciding on some oaken book-cases, which, if not really old, were very good modern antiques. And we picked up several stools and odd bits of old furniture, which were really quaint and artistic.

With the bed-rooms Charlie would have nothing to do. He merely stipulated that the beds should have curtains to them, declaring that he had never slept without those comforts since he left school. Mrs. Sumner kindly spared a great deal of time in seeing about these "fitments" with me, and frequently asked if my mother would not like to have a finger in the pie. She, however, was modest, and said she was busy with my linen, &c., but her private notion was that Mrs. Sumner was the right person to superintend the preparation of her only son's house.

Clara and Lizzie decided the bridesmaids' dresses, and they, with my two younger sisters, were the only bridesmaids. Mrs. Sumner had two nieces, who would have been asked to join them, but they were spending the summer on the Continent, so she decided that it would have been merely an empty compliment to say anything about it.

My parents went as far as their means would permit in giving me a nice trousseau, but it did not comprise as many dresses as mother would have liked. Still, everything was good and sufficient, and when Mrs. Sumner was asked to look at them, she praised dear mother's taste very highly. She did not offer any addition; it would not have been polite, according to her code of manners; but, when Charlie and I returned from our honeymoon, there was a big box directed to me from a first-rate *modiste*, and it contained two beautiful dinner dresses, which Mrs. Sumner asked me to accept in a very pretty little note.

Charlie, with a man's contempt for millinery, would have liked me to be married in a travelling dress, and to go away straight from the church, but there is a little feminine glorification in the ordinary paraphernalia of a wedding, which neither his people nor mine wished to forego.

The Sumners were extremely considerate in the matter of guests, for though dear mother insisted on Charlie and his mother and sister making their own list before we asked any of our friends, they restricted the number to the few near relations we had met at their house immediately after the engagement.

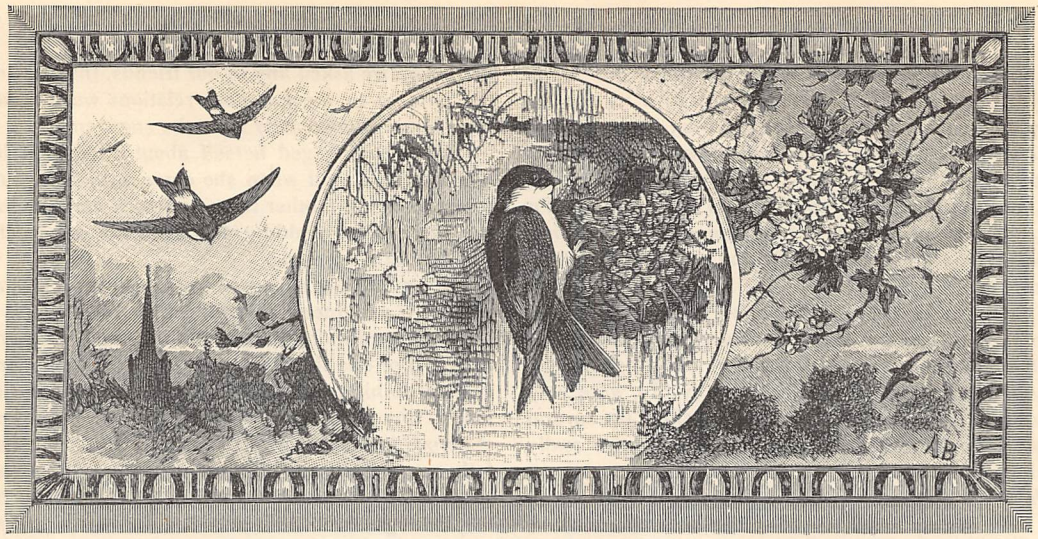
Clara was engaged herself about a fortnight before our marriage, and when she came with Mrs. Sumner to announce it, mother there and then verbally invited her lover to the wedding, and sent him a formal note the very same evening.

Fathers are not supposed to take a very prominent part in a daughter's marriage, but mine would have come forward more than he did if he had been a richer man. For one thing, however, I ought to be for ever grateful to him, and that was his care in securing to me a tiny income all my very own. Charlie was generous in making a settlement on me; but then, as father very justly said, if a man loves a woman enough to give her his name and make her the partner of his life, he ought to make a provision for her according to his means, in case need should arise, and he ought so to tie it up to her that, if he should die, she cannot be victimised, nor even have the power of squandering it if extravagantly inclined. Father, on his part, proposed to give me a money allowance of £50 a year, only to cease whenever our small family property has to be regularly divided—a day which I hope is still far distant, but whenever it does arrive the sum will be doubled.

All this, of course, had to be included and arranged for in the marriage settlement. On the morning of my wedding-day father gave me £12 10s. in a little purse, which was put in the pocket of my travelling dress, and on each quarter-day since he has sent me a cheque for the same amount. Charlie gives me a weekly allowance for housekeeping and a half-yearly one for dress, and he expects me to dress up to it—as he has a perfect right to do.

But the comfort of having a little money of my own is enormous. I can make a present if I wish, and if he forgets me, and is a few days or a week or two behind in giving me my cheque, I am not obliged to worry him for money. During our honeymoon, in his dear blind delight in our new happiness, he really forgot to offer me any money at all, and I should have felt very awkward indeed if I had been obliged to ask him for it.

I have wandered from the period of courtship into that of married life, but I feel so deeply the comfort and advantage of the preliminary arrangement my father made for me, that I must give it more than a passing mention. Of course, if evil times come upon us I should give every penny into my husband's hands; and as it is, I spend my own little money just as carefully as I do his, and it really comes to the same thing in the long run; for what is mine is his, and what is his is mine!



Prize Song: "When the Martens follow Spring!"

Words by MARIAN PENDLEBURY. *Music by* T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus. D. ✱

VOICE.

1. On the roof-tree sparrows
vio-let doff'd her

PIANO. *Larghetto.* ♩= 88.

f *p*

Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱

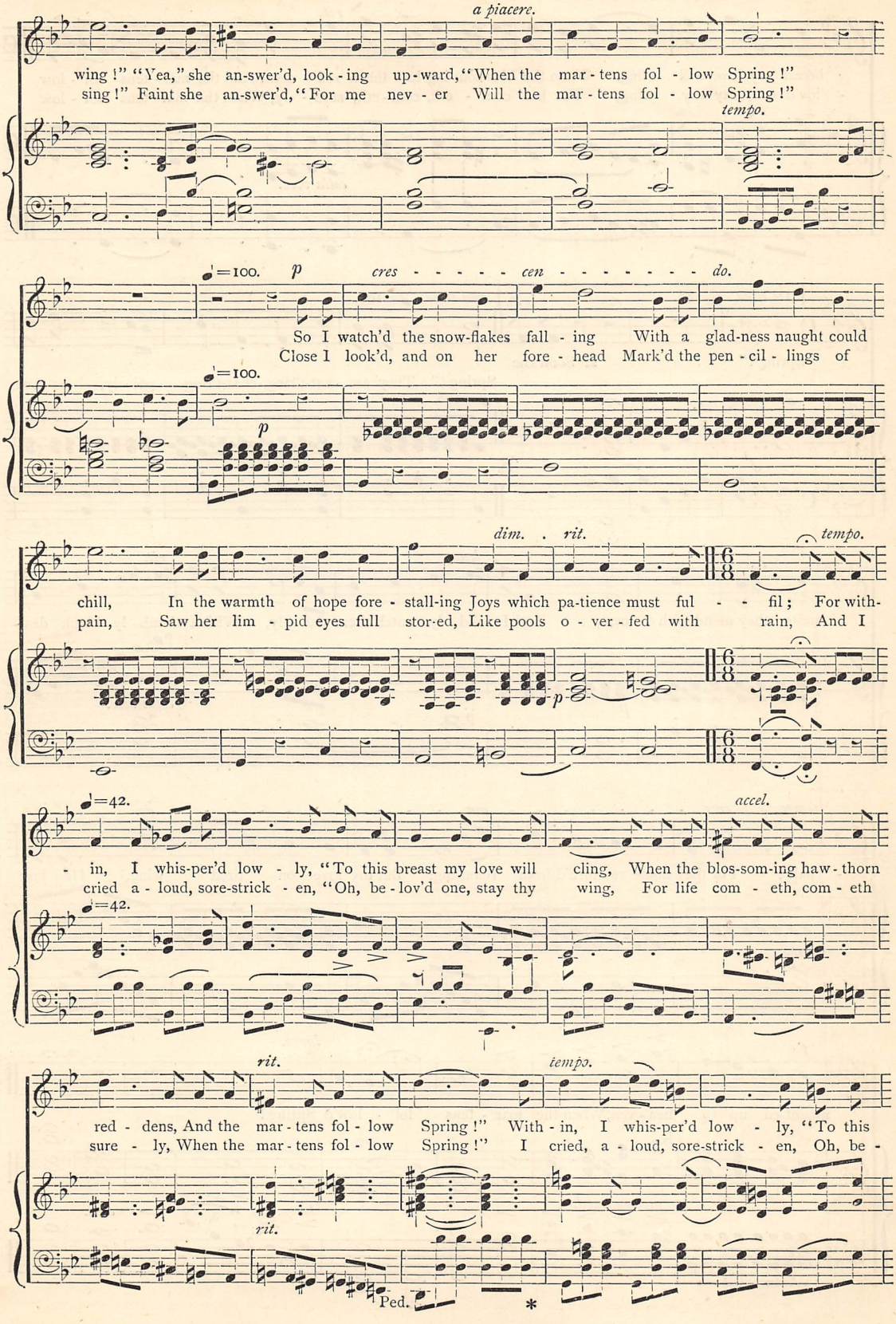
chat-ter'd, And the ga-th'ring mar-tens cried; Autumn's gold the glades be-spat-ter'd, As a
cov-er, And the snow-drop rang her bell; Catkins tress'd the haz-els o-ver, And the

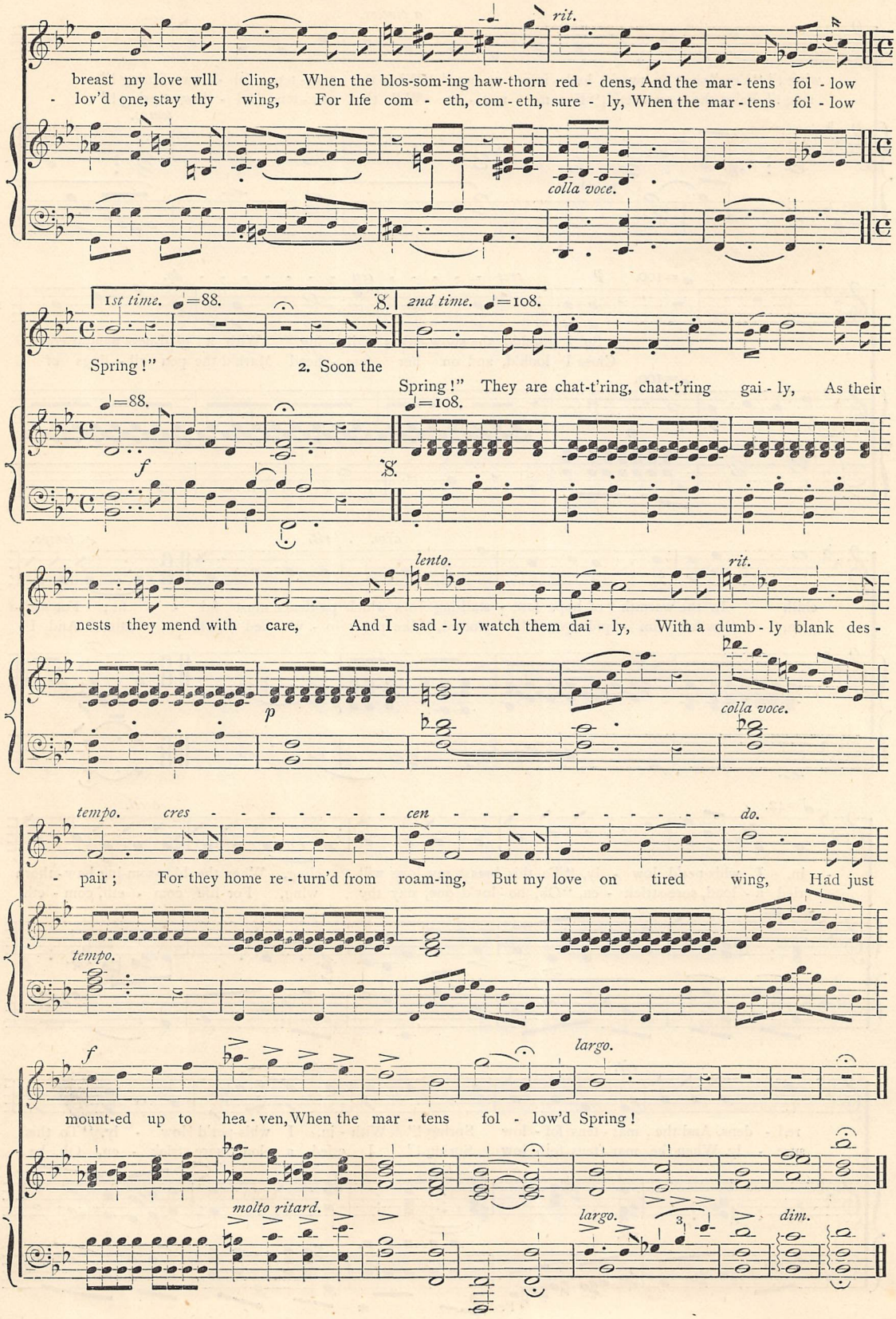
Ped. ✱

a piacere. *Affettuoso.*

lov-er's arts I plied; And I plead-ed, "Oh, be-lov'd one, On my bo-som fold thy
gorse flam'd on the fell: Then I knelt, and whis-p'ring plead-ed "To be lov'd the thrush-es

✱ To this Song was awarded the Prize of Five Guineas, offered by the Editor for the best setting of these words.


a piacere.
wing!" "Yea," she an-swer'd, look-ing up-ward, "When the mar-tens fol-low Spring!"
sing!" Faint she an-swer'd, "For me nev-er Will the mar-tens fol-low Spring!"
tempo.
♩=100. p cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.
So I watch'd the snow-flakes fall-ing With a glad-ness naught could
Close I look'd, and on her fore-head Mark'd the pen-cil-lings of
♩=100.
p
dim. rit.
tempo.
chill, In the warmth of hope fore-stall-ing Joys which pa-tience must ful - - fil; For with-
pain, Saw her lim-pid eyes full stor-ed, Like pools o-ver-fed with rain, And I
p
♩=42.
accel.
- in, I whis-per'd low-ly, "To this breast my love will cling, When the blos-som-ing haw-thorn
cried a-loud, sore-strick-en, "Oh, be-lov'd one, stay thy wing, For life com-eth, com-eth
♩=42.
rit.
tempo.
red-dens, And the mar-tens fol-low Spring!" With-in, I whis-per'd low-ly, "To this
sure-ly, When the mar-tens fol-low Spring!" I cried, a-loud, sore-strick-en, Oh, be-
rit.
Ped.
*


rit.
breast my love will cling, When the blos-som-ing haw-thorn red - dens, And the mar - tens fol - low
- lov'd one, stay thy wing, For life com - eth, com - eth, sure - ly, When the mar - tens fol - low
colla voce.
1st time. ♩=88.
2nd time. ♩=108.
Spring!"
2. Soon the
Spring!" They are chat-t'ring, chat-t'ring gai - ly, As their
♩=88.
♩=108.
f
lento.
rit.
nests they mend with care, And I sad - ly watch them dai - ly, With a dumb - ly blank des -
p
colla voce.
tempo.
cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - - - do.
- pair; For they home re - turn'd from roam-ing, But my love on tired wing, Had just
tempo.
f
largo.
mount-ed up to hea - ven, When the mar - tens fol - low'd Spring!
molto ritard.
largo.
dim.

AN HOUR AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BYRON IN GRECIAN DRESS.
(*National Portrait Gallery*)

WE have been spending an hour at the National Portrait Gallery, walking quietly through the rooms with somewhat softened tread; not that we are afraid of disturbing the two or three policemen, or the country couple eating sandwiches in a corner, but because of that other company who look upon us from the walls.

Here they are: the men and women who have made our England what she is. Here are the statesmen and warriors who people the world of history, and—more dear, more real—those friends of ours, the musicians, the painters, the poets, who have left us that rich inheritance of divine melody, of lovely form and colour, of wit and wisdom, and immortal verse, which is ours to-day. For are we not the heirs of all the ages?

We walk down the long gallery, and it becomes to us an enchanted place. The pictured eyes are eloquent, the mute lips are voiceful, and each face calls up its own vision from our hearts—a picture within a picture.

Here is Sir Walter by his study fire at Abbotsford, his dog by his side; how well we know and how much we love his homely face and kindly smile under the thatch of hair!

As we gaze we see more than meets the eye. Scene after scene crowds the canvas of memory. Here is Rebecca nursing the wounded knight. She looks from her turret window, and watches the fight below. And Jeanie Deans, so modest, so brave, toiling on her long, long journey to London. Poor Jeanie! dear Jeanie!

Here, too, is the lake, the island, the lost hunter, and the maiden in her little boat. Ah, FitzJames! Ah, Ellen! we can never forget you. And here are Di Vernon, and Amy Robsart, Guy Mannering, and Marmion.

> "'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
> Were the last words of Marmion."

We turn away. The strain which has stirred us like the sound of a trumpet dies away in our ears, and the visions fade. Surely we are not wrong in thinking the place enchanted.

Here is Keats, a slim youth, leaning over his book. He looks a mere boy, yet this is he who sang the lives of the fallen Titans, and clothed with new life the forms of god and goddess, nymph and dryad. How piercing sweet, how rich and luscious, the treasure of song he has left us! It is like that song of the nightingale which, he thinks, may have

> ——"found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Farewell, Adonis!

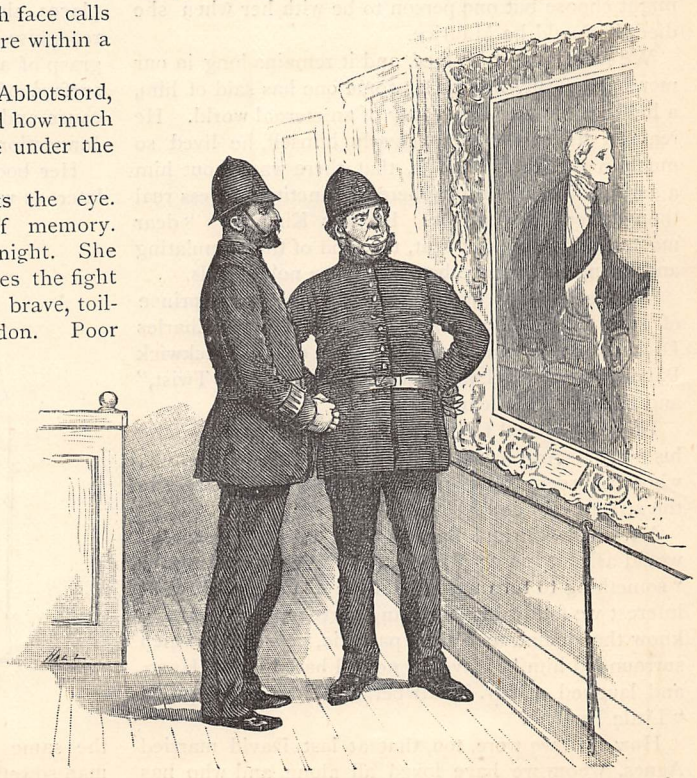
> "Thou hast outsoared the shadow of our night."

And here is Byron, in his Greek dress. The handsome face looks out on us, once so familiar to the world which alternately worshipped and reviled him.

Poor Byron! Mrs. Browning calls him

> "Poor, proud Byron, sad as grave
> And salt as life; forlornly brave,
> And quivering with the dart he drave."

We do not care to go far up the rooms to-day. We will not look at the men of the olden time. Our debt to them is as great as to the others, but we do not feel it so keenly. We look across the room. What a leap! —from Byron to Frederick Maurice. "Frederick Maurice, Theologian," is painted on the frame of this picture. His character, his life-history, seem written on his face, so eloquent is it, so sensitive, so wistful, with such a strength of purity and utter sincerity. A lady who knew him was once heard to say that if she



A STUDY.

HUMBLE VISITORS.

might choose but one person to be with her when she died, it should be Maurice.

We look long at his face, and it remains long in our memory. Truly he was, as some one has said of him, a living witness to the reality of an eternal world. He realised its existence so clearly himself, he lived so much in the thought of it, that there was about him a sort of heavenly atmosphere, a sanctity not less real than difficult to describe. He was Kingsley's "dear master." We think of that, too, and of the stimulating and loving intercourse between those noble souls.

Who is this with such bright eyes? It is the prince of story-tellers, the great modern magician, Charles Dickens in early manhood, the days of the "Pickwick Papers," and "Nicholas Nickleby," of "Oliver Twist," and the first American journey.

Have we not all fallen at some time or other under his sway? And has he not given us hosts of friends, whom we seem to know as well as those we meet in the street every day?

Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller; poor Oliver, who would ask for more; Mr. Micawber, always waiting for "something to turn up," and little David—with what interest we follow his changing fortunes, and learn to know the quaint, and often pathetic, characters which surrounded him! Have we not all hated Uriah Heep, and laughed at Mr. Micawber, and loved and pitied "Little Em'ly"?

How glad we were, too, that at last David married Agnes, whom we have loved all along, and who has always loved him, we know!

The visions throng thickly about this portrait. We can scarcely tear ourselves away. But envious Time, as Milton calls him, is snatching our hour from us, and we walk round to the side of the staircase near the door, and stop before a woman's face. It does not please us at first. It is too massive, and seen here, in repose, lacks something of femininity. The pale blue eyes, too, look rather cold. But it is certainly a powerful face, and after a glance at the name, and at the neat, legible handwriting in the frame below, we feel a thrill of interest in gazing again upon the portrait of "George Eliot." We hear that her living face had a charm of expression which was quite fascinating, and that those who knew her best loved her most.

We have all a right to be proud of this wonderful woman, with her keen insight, which pierced to the very centre and hidden springs of character: with her fund of learning, and yet her fond clinging to homely, common things and people. We think it is this part of her genius we like best.

What she had seen of the ordinary life of ordinary people in country places, she has reproduced for us so vividly that we recognise the likeness, and yet feel ourselves in the grasp of a higher intelligence, which goes beneath the surface of things, and shows us the subtle play of cause and effect, the formation of character, and the connection between character and destiny.

Her books, taken as a whole, seem all of them, the later as well as the earlier, to point the same lesson,

F. D. MAURICE.

the same moral, variously applied, "*Whatsoever* a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap."

The inevitableness of this comes home to us with

tremendous force from such an exponent. "Romola" is perhaps the crowning instance.

A little further on is a very different face, also a woman's. The curls, the large liquid eyes, and broad brow belonged to our greatest woman-poet. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was learned too, but she applied her learning in a different way.

CHARLES DICKENS—AGED 43.
(*National Portrait Gallery.*)

There is a pensiveness about her face, born of thought and suffering, for in her case the spirit and the flesh were unequally yoked together, and the crown of bays cast its own shadow on the brow.

"Knowledge through suffering entereth;"

and she herself says—

"O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!
We, staggering 'neath our burden as mere men,
Being called to stand up straight as demi-gods,
Support the intolerable strain and stress
Of the universal, and send clearly up,
With voices broken by the human sob,
Our poems, to find rhymes among the stars."

How clearly her voice rose amid the general human murmur, how genuine and how splendid was her inspiration, we all know. Her full-toned music, full of thought and passion, rings through our ears in sounds of deep and various harmony.

Who that really loves poetry can remember "Aurora Leigh," "The Cry of the Children," "The Sleep"—the inimitable "last touch of art" of her sonnets—without a thrill of retrospective emotion?

But we can stay no longer; our hour is gone; we cannot even spare time to linger by the bust of Thackeray; the door already swings on its hinges, it opens, and from this quiet place we pass once more into the "light," and into the sights and sounds of "common day."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
(*National Portrait Gallery.*)

ELLEN PEIRCE.

WHEN A GIRL'S SCHOOLDAYS ARE OVER.

BY A STUDENT OF SOMERVILLE HALL, OXFORD.

"WHAT am I to do after school?" This is a question asked, I believe, by every schoolgirl, some time or other, as she gets older; and to answer it, is by no means so easy as some people seem to imagine.

The leaving of school is, I think, one of the great crises of a girl's life. The period ended has probably had all clearly mapped out with guidance and direction given. The future is now full of vague and shadowy uncertainty, and the beauty and completeness of a woman's life will depend mainly on the girl's own exertions.

Every girl has three distinct lives to live, and on the observance, combination, and due proportion of these lives depends the good that she may leave behind her in the world. They are:—

I. Her life to herself.
II. Her life to her family.
III. Her life to the community.

It is certain, to begin with, that in each of these three there must be some settled plan of action.

That girl who lives on from day to day in an idle, desultory manner, with no aim in view but amusement, makes her life, instead of a great, harmonious whole, a miserable failure—the life which has been given to her as very precious, and as something to be rendered strict account of in a Day to come.

The first kind of life is much too solemn a thing for any one to meddle with. It is that inner spiritual life which exists in every person, whether remembered or not. About this I would only ask that girls would keep in mind the great injunction, "*Quench not the Spirit.*"

Secondly, there is the life to the family. The guidance of this does not lie altogether in the power of a girl; she has probably a recognised position in the household from her age and capabilities; but whatever it may be, chief or least, one principle should guide all else—the spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is the third life, however, about which I want

particularly to say a few words. What can a girl do to help the community in some way?

Teaching, at present, is the greatest and noblest profession open to women. If that is entered upon direct from school, there is little fear of life being wasted in an idle, desultory way. To many a girl, teaching, I know, seems dreadful drudgery; but then with it there comes, sooner or later, the satisfaction of having been a labourer in the grandest work of all life—the spreading of knowledge.

Teaching, however, is not for every girl. With some, circumstances do not require it, and social position does not admit of it. To such I would say, do not give it up altogether; if you cannot make a profession of it, you can, at least, teach the poor of your neighbourhood in the Sunday-school, &c. Let not *this* branch of the work be despised, for it is one of the most difficult, and to do it properly requires much preparation. Then there is parish work of other kinds—such as district-visiting—all of which, if engaged in, keeps a girl's life from being a failure.

Some girls—and the number yearly increases—have the opportunity of going to one of our women's colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. The course entered upon there is a truly charming one; but an objection often urged against it, is that it makes girls very selfish. In a very few cases this is, I am afraid, true; but why should selfishness be a necessary accompaniment to University training? The knowledge and experience gained at college in most cases benefits the community at large, as well as the girls themselves.

Lastly, supposing none of these works are possible to a girl, there is always, in these days, when good classical literature is so cheap, the possibility of forming a regular plan of study at home—downright earnest reading for a certain space of each day. However small this is, if it is done with a definite aim in view, and not merely for selfish enjoyment, great good will come into a girl's life from it. There is always a natural bent in every one's mind—a natural genius for one kind of work more than for others; let a girl, then, not try to do a little of everything, but work steadily at that in which she has put her heart, so that when the time comes for her to render account of her talent, there may be said to her, as to each of those in the parable, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE COLONEL HAS A PLAN.

HOW Colonel Lyndon passed the weeks that intervened between his departure from Scotland and a certain morning late in December when we meet him again, it would be difficult for any one—difficult even for himself—to have told.

Before his visit to Lady Flora he had, as we shall remember, been the prey of a feeling which to him was both novel and disagreeable. He was like one in a new world—a world which has no particular claim on him, and no post in it that he can fill better than any one else.

With his visit to Scotland much of this painful feeling passed away. He found that domestic life has pleasures of its own, and that one may live wisely and well without the ceaseless activity of body and mind that had marked his former life.

Then arose the dream, whose course we have endeavoured to trace—the dream of a new happiness and a new service—which made him for a few weeks as happy as a boy. That dream, as we know, vanished swiftly.

When the colonel returned to his chambers in Piccadilly, and took up, or tried to take up, his life again, he found himself where he had been before—a stranger in a strange country—a man with no aim in life, with nothing to arouse his hopes or employ his energies; and for a time a feeling of extreme listlessness came over him.

This was due partly, no doubt, to the change from the bracing air of the moors in August to the closeness of the London streets. It startled the colonel to find himself unable to awake at his usual hour in the morning, tired after a short walk, and shrinking from any extraordinary exertion. Sternly he took himself to task. Was he, after all he had seen and done, nothing better than a chicken-hearted weakling that a disappointment should change him so? Could he not live alone? One path to use and service being closed to him, were there not others? Some one surely—some one in the world somewhere—had need of him. In giving way to this unworthy depression, he was dis-

honouring his God, and depriving his fellows of the good he might do them.

He ran down to High Cliffe and stayed there for a time. The good old rector, who had known him from his boyhood, had fallen into ill-health and was troubled by not being able to do what he had done in the parish. The colonel put himself at his disposition, and tried to carry out his ideas, but he did not understand the ways of the clergy. There were things done —done, he believed with the best intentions—with which he could not agree. After several weeks spent in an honest effort to understand the working of the parish, he told the rector that it would be better for them both that they should call in professional aid.

"I will gladly pay for a curate," he said; "he will help you better than I can. I suppose," he added, with a smile, for the rector looked distressed, "I am still too much of a soldier for this kind of work."

"There is not discipline enough amongst us for you," said the rector.

"Perhaps it is that. Anyway, this is not my vocation. I must try London again."

In London, Colonel Lyndon spent the months of November and December.

He had recovered from his first depression, and he found various ways of employing his superfluous leisure, money, and energy. But, in spite of everything, the days went by somewhat wearily. He was not miserable, but he was not happy. To a man accustomed to lay out his days with military precision, to know exactly what his duties are, and to take up each one as it comes with enthusiasm, it is perplexing to have to look out for suitable tasks, and the colonel felt it so.

There were some bright points in that winter in London. One was a most unexpected meeting with Veronica Browne. She was staying with her uncle, Alexander Smith, and one evening when the colonel was dining at his house, he found her in the drawing-room. This was the first of several meetings. Both of them enjoyed talking over their Scotch experiences. Veronica, who was in full correspondence with Janet Mackenzie, could give the colonel the latest news about his friends. She knew that it was on their account, not her own, that he liked to meet her; but this did not vex her, as it might have done formerly. He, on his side, felt very friendly towards her. She puzzled him a little, and he could not help watching her sometimes, and wondering if the change he saw, or fancied he saw, in her manner and bearing was due to his imagination or had any basis in reality. So much softer and gentler she seemed, with a new thoughtfulness in her expression—not flashing out the first clever speech that came into her brain, but sitting, often silent, waiting for others to speak.

One day the colonel asked Veronica's uncle if he thought she was quite well, and the answer he received confirmed him in his belief that some change had really come over her.

"She has never been the same since her visit to Scotland," Mr. Smith said; "my wife says it is her illness there—the sprained ankle, you know—but I think there is something more in it."

So the colonel thought, and a very curious theory began to shape itself in his mind. If her trouble was mental, that meant that she was in love. The colonel could imagine no other trouble to a girl in Veronica's position. It might be intellectual, of course; he had heard of people fretting themselves into their graves over Positivism and the Darwinian theory, but he did not think she was a woman of that type.

But if Veronica's trouble dated from her visit to Scotland, and if it was a love-trouble, whom could it be about but Percy Winstanley? She had refused him, indeed; but that the colonel believed meant nothing. More frequently than not, if report spoke truly, girls said "No" when they wished to say "Yes." But if this were so, and if Percy and his mother were still of the same mind—the colonel was certain of the faithfulness of Lady Flora, but he was rather inclined to doubt her son—might not matters be set right? He became quite animated as he thought it all out.

He had, indeed, had another idea. Percy Winstanley's rapturous exclamation on the night when Letty read him her little lecture—"Have you found out that she is lovely, exquisitely lovely?"—rang often in his ears, and he had interpreted it after his own fashion; but what more likely than that he had been wrong?

That evening the colonel wrote a letter to Percy, which, he flattered himself, was highly diplomatic.

"I am established in London for the winter," he wrote. "There are not many attractions now, but, as you remarked when you were here in the summer, 'London *is* London:' that is to say, one of the most wonderful places in the world. Winter is dull in the North, and I see, from the papers, that your weather is none of the best. What do you say to a trip south? I could put you up, and it would enliven me to have you here for a little. By-the-by, there *is* an attraction. With the natural perversity of her sex, Miss Browne clings to this gloomy old town. She is now staying with her uncle, Mr. Smith, whom I meet constantly. Neither of us think her looking as well as she did in Scotland. If you could manage to bottle up some of the mountain air and bring it over with you, it might do her good. She still speaks with enthusiasm of Castle Ettrick. I do ditto. I ought to be flattered by the way in which she seeks me out when we meet in society. But I am aware that I shine with a borrowed lustre, and do not crow over my less favoured rivals."

This was the substance of the colonel's letter.

He sent it off on an evening in December; the next morning something happened which made him sorry he had acted so soon. He was sitting at a late breakfast by gaslight, for there was a thick fog outside, when his letters were brought in. One was in Lady Flora's handwriting. "How strange!" he said, "when I have just been thinking of them!"

He read it first, and the rest of his letters, I fear, ran a poor chance of being read that morning. When we have seen the contents of Lady Flora's letter, we

shall judge of the effect it would have upon Colonel Lyndon's mind.

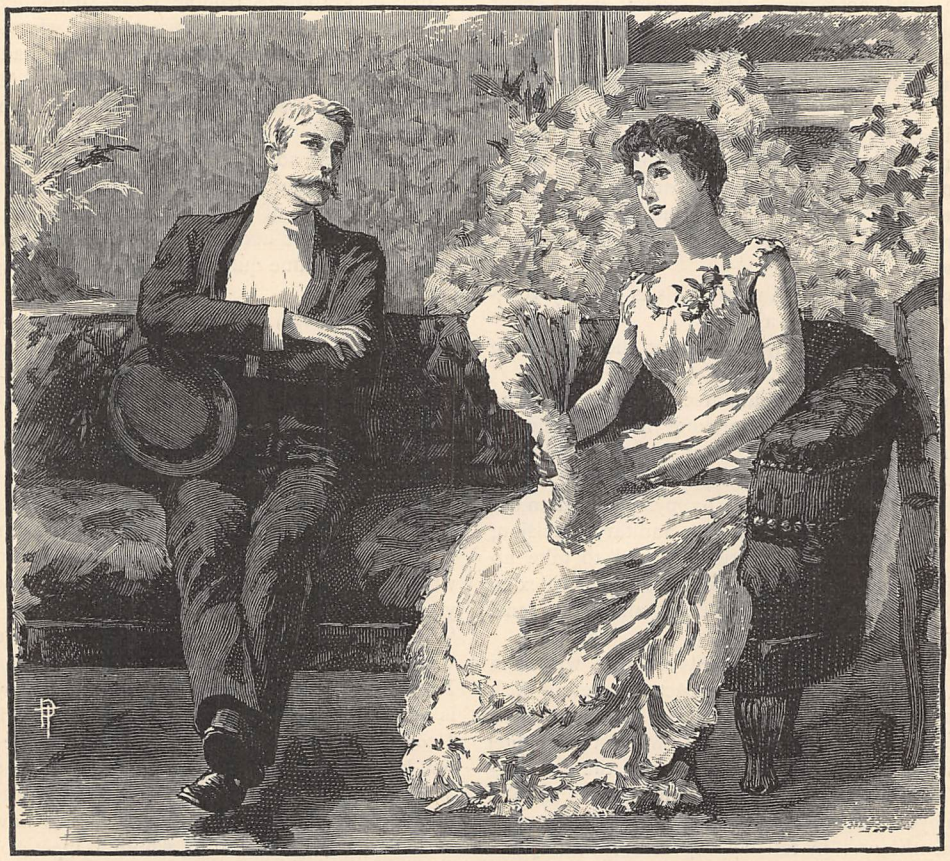
"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am in great trouble and perplexity, and I come to you to help me. You confessed to me, some months ago, that you took a very strong interest in my poor little governess, Letty Morrison. Pardon me for referring to this. For reasons of your own—wise reasons, I can well believe —you made up your mind not to speak to her. I feel sure, however, knowing you as I do, that you continue to feel a warm and a deep regard for her.

"What will you say when I tell you that she has left me? At the moment that I write she is in London, with my cousin by marriage, Mrs. Morton. She left me of her own free will, and with my approval and consent. I must—I must—tell you the whole story, though it goes to my heart even to seem to speak against my son. You know what he is—how full of emotion, how impulsive when he takes an idea into his head, and how incapable of counting consequences. I can speak to you, therefore, much more easily than I could to any other.

"He is in love again—or he fancies himself in love —and with—Letty! Imagine what this means for me! Do not think I would say a word against her. She is the most charming little creature in the world. Though innocently imprudent now and then, she has acted from the best of motives, and her behaviour at the last was admirable. Whether she is in love with him or not, I have no means of knowing. I hope not; but Percy, as you know, is peculiarly fascinating, and he has been more delightful than usual of late. Letty found out his feelings, and would not even let him speak. She came to me, poor child! and begged with tears to be sent away at once. It has almost broken my heart to part with her, and as for Milly, I scarcely know what to do with her. But I acted for the best, and I hope to have her back some day.

"Will you do me the great kindness of seeing her, and trying to find out what can be done for her? I believe she has more confidence in you than in any one else. When I said she might perhaps meet you in London, she said she hoped she would, and her face brightened in the most extraordinary way.

"If you can suggest anything, will you let me know? Anything that money and friendship can do shall be



"THIS WAS THE FIRST OF SEVERAL MEETINGS" (*p.* 291).

done. I am too much distracted to write more to-day. Do not, I beg of you, judge me harshly. If Letty had even a small independent fortune, I might be willing that Percy should think of her. As it is—you must see it is impossible.

"Yours ever,

"FLORA WINSTANLEY."

Three times over the colonel read this letter. Then he drew his writing-desk in front of him, and wrote a brief answer. His pulses were throbbing curiously, and all his heart seemed on fire; but he had tried to write calmly.

"Thank you, my kind, good friend"—these were his words—"you were right to trust me. I have a plan, and, if you really love her as you say, everything may come right. I wrote to ask Percy to come here, but keep him at Ettrick if you can. I will see Miss Morrison, make some business arrangements, and then, most probably, run up to Scotland for two or three days. Please understand, in the meantime, that I take as much interest in the young people as if they belonged to myself. They do, in a certain sense. I will write again to-morrow.

"Yours gratefully,

"ANDREW LYNDON."

Another letter he dashed off before he got up from the table. It was addressed to the solicitor and land-agent who managed the High Cliffe estates. This letter was still briefer.

"I wish to sell High Cliffe. Please make all needful arrangements. Advertise it at once, and largely. This is final. I am thinking of leaving England for an indefinite time. Possibly I shall never return."

It was very strange. The hope, which had begun to re-blossom in his heart, had proved as illusory as his former hopes had been. It had gone absolutely; gone never to return; not only so, but he was meditating the very greatest of possible changes, the giving up of his childhood's home, of his country, of the new life that he had once thought might be dear to him. And yet the colonel was happy. Since the day when he was called upon by his mother to give up his military career and return home, he had never been so completely, so serenely joyous as he was on that dingy morning in December, when, with the joyous feelings of a lover who is certain of a kind reception, he prepared for a visit to Lady Flora Winstanley's cousin.

When he found himself outside, under the glimmer of the lamps that feebly illuminated Piccadilly, he looked round for a florist's shop. There was one not far from his chambers. He went in, and bought a button-hole bouquet for himself, and a basket of flowers, about whose arrangement he was very fastidious, for some one else.

A pale-faced girl served him. She was not a particularly good girl, and she had troubles of her own—dark troubles some of them—into which it would not be well to enter here, but she knew what was good when she met it, and the colonel's pleasant face, and gentle, courteous manner, touched her to the heart.

"I wish you joy, sir," she said, in a low voice, when, with a kind smile and bow, he turned away from the counter.

"Thank you," he answered courteously; and then—for there was something in the girl's face and manner that moved him—he stopped to shake her by the hand, and express his appreciation of the trouble she had taken over his basket of flowers.

"He is going to be married; he is certainly going to be married," said the girl to herself, as, with a deep sigh, she looked after him. "I wonder if she loves him as he loves her!"

A tear—the first she had shed for many a long day—fell over the flowers she was arranging.

"Most likely not," she thought; "it's the way of the world. But there are some women who would *die* for a man like that."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

STARTING FOR THE NORTH.

ONE look at Letty's face was enough for the colonel. She tried to hide her hurt; she was determined that no one should suffer on her account if she could help it, but she was wounded to the heart.

With him, after the very first, she bore herself bravely. She was grateful to him for coming to see her, and she received his offering of flowers with pleasure, and she talked without flinching about the future.

"Mrs. Morton is so kind," she said, "and I have promised to stay with her for a little time; she thinks I want rest after my journey, but I must find something soon. Lady Flora said I might consult you. How do you think I should set about it? I should like to go very, very far away. Perhaps some of your friends in India, or some one going out, might want a governess. Would you be so kind as to speak to them for me?"

They were alone, for Mrs. Morton, who was in Lady Flora's confidence, after introducing herself to Colonel Lyndon, and chatting with him for a few minutes, had left the drawing-room.

Both Letty and the colonel were glad of this.

He paused for a moment to think after her little speech, and then he said seriously—

"You have asked my advice, Letty. Will you put yourself entirely in my hands?"

She looked up at him, startled for the moment, read in his eyes that he knew what had happened, and why she had left Ettrick, dropped her own, and said in a broken voice—

"You are very kind, but——"

"My dear child!" he interrupted gravely, "there must be no 'buts.' Your life has reached a critical moment. I believe I can help you; will you trust me?"

"Trust you——!" she cried, and then stopped, her voice choked by some strange unaccountable force of feeling.

"That's enough," said the colonel, whose face was radiant; "understand then, I look upon you as my daughter—my own child. Do you agree, Letty?" He took her hand and held it in his for a single moment. "You are smiling," he went on, "that's

right. People frown when they mean to say no. I give you due warning, my dear daughter, I am a despotic father. I intend to be obeyed. From this date—where is my pocket-book, I must put it down—December 24th. Dear me! Christmas Eve, and I never remembered it."

"Oh! how Milly will miss me to-day!" said Letty, her eyes filling with tears.

"I am going up to Scotland in a day or two. Shall I try to persuade Lady Flora to send her back with me? I must not allow my new daughter to be dull," said the colonel.

At this mad proposal Letty laughed outright.

"But are you really going?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, really. What message shall I take from you?"

"Say I am happy and comfortable. Say I am not at all afraid about the future. You and Mrs. Morton will find me something——"

"I!" cried the colonel; "but who said that I would find you something? I am too much exalted in my mind about having a daughter to allow her to go away amongst strangers yet. Later—if she is disobedient," smiling, "or if I get tired of her."

"But," began Letty, who felt a little perplexed, "I must. You know—I cannot. Oh, Colonel Lyndon! you must understand."

"I understand this far, Letty; you have put yourself in my hands, and I must be allowed to act for you." He rose to his feet, and stood looking down upon her with shining eyes. "I wish you to remain here for the present," he went on; "there must be no running away to the ends of the earth, or any such folly. Mrs. Morton is delighted to have you. If not, I have an intimate friend—a relative—who is longing to make your acquaintance. Am I too despotic?" he asked with a smile.

"I am afraid I like despotism, when it is such despotism as yours," answered poor little Letty, smiling through her tears.

"Then I am sure we shall get on together," he said gaily. "Good-bye now. I will see you again when I come back from Scotland."

Letty was left alone to think over this strange interview. She was puzzled, but she was comforted. She had much less experience of life than the girl at the florist's shop, and she did not think that, for the love of such a man, a woman, with the true heart of a woman, would gladly die; but she was moved to an inexpressible tenderness of gratitude and affection, when she thought of his kindness to her. Only the day before she had been feeling like a deserted creature, had been longing for the torment of life to be over. This new affection restored her to herself. It was possible to live, now that some one whose affection she could think of, and after her own fashion return, cared for her. She would live, and perhaps, if God willed, she would some day be happy again.

Colonel Lyndon, in the meantime, was completing his arrangements.

The day after he saw Letty, High Cliffe was advertised as for sale in the papers. Letters followed from his friends, brimful of lamentation and inquiry. But the colonel held firmly to his resolution. High Cliffe was for sale.

Two days after his advertisement had appeared, the head of the firm of agents that had for many years managed the property called upon him at his chambers. The poor man, who could not reconcile himself to the estate passing for ever away from the Lyndons, looked pallid with agitation as he opened out his business.

"I am bound to tell you, Colonel Lyndon," he said, "that an offer has been made for your estate."

"Already!" said the colonel.

"Already; and, between ourselves, a magnificent offer. I ought to know better than any one else what the property is worth. There may be minerals, of course. Barring that—a mere chance, and a poor one I should say—I am bound to tell you that the price offered is as much again, in my humble opinion, as the property is worth."

"And the proposed purchaser is solid?"

"A firm of bankers, sir, one of the most substantial banks in London. Not the real purchasers, no doubt; but ready to give every guarantee."

"You have closed with the offer, I suppose?"

"No, Colonel Lyndon, I have not; I wanted to see you once more. You wrote to me with great determination; still—well, the fact is, there has been a Lyndon of High Cliffe for so many generations, it seems a pity. It would be easy enough, you know, to raise money, if you are in want of it."

"I suppose so; but that would not suit me. Mr. Allen, I am very sorry to distress you," said the colonel; "but as, in a very few years' time, the Lyndons of High Cliffe would in any case have run themselves out, what can it matter? I am only antedating my own decease by a few years. I must ask you to close at once with these generous purchasers. They know the place, of course?"

"They say they have had their eye on it for some years. Very odd! very odd indeed!" said the little man.

He took up his hat mechanically, and made for the door.

"Let me know as soon as it is all settled," cried the colonel after him.

It was all settled in a miraculously short time. The estate was unencumbered, and, having been in the possession of one family for several generations, no elaborate search for title was necessary. The purchasers also, as the agent had stated, were solid men, accustomed to the handling of large sums of money. In less than twenty-four hours after the interview between Colonel Lyndon and his man of business, the purchase-money for High Cliffe—some twenty thousand pounds—was paid in to the colonel's banking account.

Upon receiving news of the completion of the purchase, the colonel, who was "as happy as a lover," wrote to Letty and to her hostess, Mrs. Morton, begging that no change might be made until his return to London, and despatched a telegram to Scotland,

stating that he would start for Castle Ettrick that evening.

Six days only had gone by since he received that memorable letter from Lady Flora. It was then the twenty-fourth of December, it was now the thirtieth. The colonel, who had been too busily occupied, both mentally and physically, to take much note of the flight of time, was surprised when he found that he was so near the end of the year. "So much the better," he said to himself joyfully. "The new year, if God prospers my mission, will open well."

It was one of those bleak sunless days which, dreary everywhere, are gloomy beyond expression in London.

The colonel, who characteristically—he was always a little beforehand with time—had made all his arrangements long before the hour for starting, sat at his window, looking up and down the street. It was early in the afternoon, but the gloom deepened to a mirky darkness, dazzling to the eyes. The never-ceasing traffic slackened its pace, the passers-by looked like pale phantoms flitting uneasily from one island of light to another. Presently the snow began to fall, large flakes, that dropped noiselessly through the still air, and rested where they fell.

Thinking that it would be as well for him to start for the station at once, as later the streets might be impassable, the colonel rang the bell and ordered a hansom to be called. Almost at the same moment his own outer bell rang.

"See who that is," he said to his servant. "If it is a visitor, say I am just leaving home."

In a few moments the man returned with a letter. "Left by a lady, sir," he said; "drove up in a carriage and pair. Said I was to give it into your own hands. Hansom at the door, sir. Heavy travelling."

"Very heavy indeed; I only hope the line will be open," said the colonel.

It took him about an hour to reach Euston. The air grew blacker and blacker, and the snow continued to fall with terrible persistence. Even London was silent now. There was an unspeakable solemnity about the great shrouded city.

Arrived at Euston, the colonel gave his driver a sovereign and advised him to put up for the night.

It was still early in the evening. He turned into one of the waiting-rooms, where a bright fire was burning, found that he was about two hours too soon for the limited mail, and only then remembered the letter that had been put into his hands before he left his chambers.

That letter gave the colonel food for thought throughout the night. And yet it was very brief:—

"MY DEAR COLONEL LYNDON,—I beg you not to be frightened by the enclosure. It is for Letty Morrison. I have seen her and Mrs. Morton, and I have heard from Janet Mackenzie, so that I know how things are going. I also know that you have undertaken to act for Letty. Do not despise me for saying that money is a help in these matters.

"If possible, keep my name from appearing. Represent the enclosed as a gift from a friend of her family, or a legacy. With management, I believe everything will come right."

The writer of the letter was Veronica Browne. The enclosure was a draft on her bankers for five thousand pounds.

For a few seconds the colonel could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. So magnificent a gift, and offered in this frank, simple way, as if it were a matter of no moment whatever! When he recovered from his first astonishment, he smiled. "My little Letty is a woman of property after all," he said to himself. "I think there will be no difficulty now."

The smile was followed by a sigh. His sympathies had been with the one young girl; he had forgotten the other. She was in love. To his simple, logical mind, there could be no further doubt. She was in love, and she was suffering as he had done.

In the dowering of the girl whom she must necessarily look upon as her rival, and in her wish that no one but himself should know of her generous deed, she was acting after the colonel's own heart.

For the first time since he met Veronica Browne, he thought of her with enthusiasm.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

ALL that night the snow continued to fall, and the darkness through the country was appalling. The train travelled slowly, the line being more and more heavily blocked with snow as it went northwards; and the colonel, who was extraordinarily anxious to reach his journey's end, began to fear that he would be detained for an indefinite time on the road. At last—they were close to a station, for he could see its lights in the near distance—the train pulled up altogether.

There were few passengers on this terrible night; in the colonel's carriage only one other man besides himself. This person, who had been fretting and fuming, and bewailing his hard fate the whole way, thrust his head out of the window and screamed out to the guard to know where they were and what had happened. "Are we to be frozen and starved to death out here?" he cried.

"All right, sir! line blocked," answered the guard, who was hurrying from carriage to carriage to reassure the passengers.

"Right! I call it all wrong," growled the injured traveller; "they work the line with too small a staff. Never any one at hand in an emergency. There ought to be an army of men on ahead clearing the line. If I catch my death of cold"—he looked fiercely at Colonel Lyndon—"I shall demand compensation of the company. Guard! where are we?"

"Berwick on ahead, sir. We'll get on there in a few minutes."

"Have to remain there all night, I suppose?"

"Well, sir, it's the morning now. There'll be an hour's delay, most likely. Word come that the down train's in the station, full of passengers too!"

"They'll have eaten and drunk everything in the place. I know these Scotchmen—a tribe of locusts!" said the irate passenger as the guard hurried on. "You mark my words! we'll not get bite or sup to-night."

"It will be good, in any case, to get a sight of a fire," said the colonel cheerfully. "Ah! we are

moving. How wonderfully they work! There are piles of snow in front of us."

"Why wasn't it done before we came up? that's what I want to know. But it's of a piece with everything else in this wretched country nowadays, from politics downwards. I am sick of it all. Upon my word, I sometimes wish I had been born a Turk; then I wouldn't have bothered myself—taken things as they came."

"An excellent idea," said the colonel, laughing; "but here, thank goodness! are the station lights."

"What's the use of lights when there's no food?"

"Well! I shall try for some, at any rate," said the colonel.

He jumped out of the carriage and made a dash for the refreshment room, which was full of passengers from the down train.

"Hulloa, colonel! You here! Now where did you spring from?"

The speaker, who had just left the refreshment room, and was making his way across the platform, was behind the colonel. He turned round in haste.

"Why, Percy," he said, "is it you?"

"I think so, colonel."

"In my train. Strange that I didn't see you at Euston! And how did you come to be in London?"

"I am on my way to London."

"Then you were not at home when my telegram arrived?"

"I left home three or four days ago. I had regimental duties which I was bound to attend to. I have only from to-day until Monday now—a day to go, a day in London, and a day to come back."

"You were coming to me?"

"I hoped to see you."

"But that was not the object of your journey?"

"No, colonel, it was not. I will tell you the truth, for I believe you are my friend: besides, my mother has written you her version of the affair. I have just found out where Miss Morrison is, and I am on my way to see her—to ask her to be my wife."

A glow of the sincerest satisfaction he had ever known in his life diffused itself through the colonel's heart as he listened to these words, which were spoken with a quiet, manly determination that immediately won his respect. For this had been his only fear—that Percy's love was a boyish whim; that it would pass; that he had been fatally staggered by the first breath of opposition.

Veiling his true sentiments, he spoke seriously.

"Are you quite prudent, Percy? Have you considered her position and your own?"

"Look here, colonel!" said the young man, "if you mean to take up this line, we'd better say good night here. You're a good fellow, and I don't want to quarrel with you. But I should like you to understand that this question is not to be discussed between us. I love her; not for her face, Heaven knows! though she is one of the loveliest human beings I ever beheld. But—oh!" he cried, "if you had watched her as I have done! I tell you, she is an angel, a saint; that sounds commonplace," said poor Percy ruefully—"and I know I'm not a good hand at saying what I mean. But this I will say: the man who is loved by that sweet girl may think himself the most fortunate fellow under the sun. Mind you, I have no reason to suppose that I am so happy," he said, with a break in his voice; "but I mean to try."

For two or three seconds after this impassioned speech of Percy's, there was silence between the two men. They were making their way across the bridge that leads from one platform to the other. The colonel had forgotten that he was cold—forgotten that he was hungry.

Suddenly he remembered where he was—stopped, and laid his hand on Percy's arm. "Does Miss Morrison expect you?" he said, "have you written?"

"Certainly not; I am no fool. She left Castle Ettrick to prevent me from speaking. I am convinced of it. She would go away again. She would do anything rather than vex my people. But I hope to make her see that she is wrong."

"You will fail, Percy. I know her. She will never run counter to your mother's wishes."

"If I find out that she loves me, I will gain my mother's consent."

"Girls have wonderful courage. She may hide her feelings from you."

"I think I should know if I saw her. However, there is no saying. Colonel," said the poor young fellow pitifully, "give me your advice."

"My advice—my strong advice—is that you come back to Ettrick. Wait a moment, Percy. Keep your impatience till you hear what I have to say. I have seen Letty; I have seen some of her friends. I may tell you in confidence that her position is better than any of us thought—different altogether, in fact. One moment! Hear me out, if you can. I have been actually sent as a messenger by her friends to lay certain proposals before your parents. I tell you plainly that they are generous, and I hope your father and Lady Flora will accept them. Now, judge for yourself. If you went to her armed with your mother's consent and approval, would she not be more likely to listen to you?"

"I am sure she would."

"Then why spoil your own chance of success by being in such a hurry? Come back with me, Percy. Miss Morrison has promised to remain where she is until I see her again. Mrs. Morton, who seems a good, kind woman, is delighted to have her. In any case, it is only the difference of a few days."

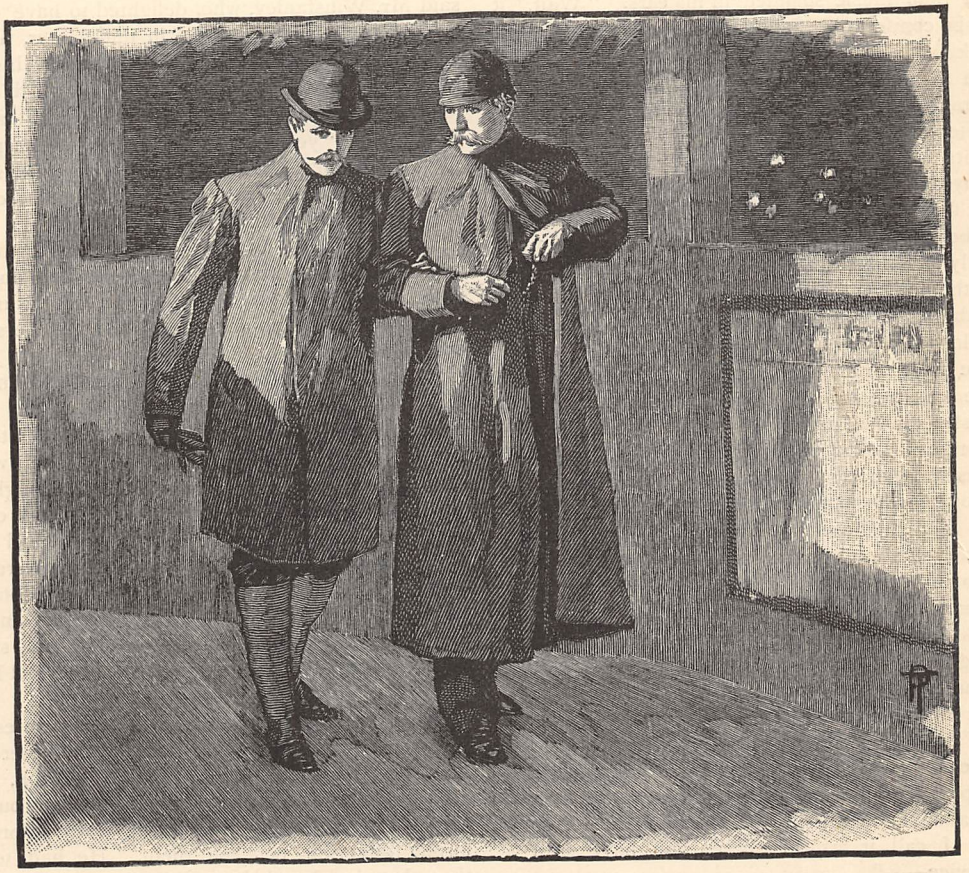
"You would have to feel as I feel, to know what that difference means," said Percy, with a deep sigh. "But no doubt you are right. I give in. When you are in love, if you ever are——"

"Ah!" said the colonel, with a smile, "my day for that kind of thing has gone by. I am content to play the part of the elderly uncle now. And," he added, perhaps to prevent Percy from feeling too great surprise over the deep interest he took in his affairs, "I was in love with your mother once. That is why I am so much interested in you."

As a fact, Percy was not extraordinarily surprised by

the interest which the colonel took in his love-affairs. It occupied a large space in his own mind, and it seemed to him, therefore, only natural that it should occupy a large space in the mind of another. But he took, as his manner was, gracefully this scrap of ancient history, and relied more than ever on the colonel's advice and assistance.

At Edinburgh, however, matters improved a little. The snow ceased to fall, and the sun shone, and the heavy bank of fog lifted itself off the earth, and there was an exhilarating freshness in the air. They arrived too late for any train on that day, and were obliged, curbing their impatience as best they could, to sleep at an hotel in Edinburgh.



"'I AM ON MY WAY TO SEE HER—TO ASK HER TO BE MY WIFE'" (*p.* 296).

When the down and up trains parted company, Percy went north instead of south. He took a place in the compartment which the colonel and his irascible travelling companion had occupied from London, and that person, who had not been treated well at Berwick —the fire had been blocked by shivering nonentities, and the best of the provisions had been devoured without any foresight as to his preferences—was so angry with the intrusion that he took himself off to another carriage. This delighted Percy, who was able to pour out his hopes and fears, and his rapture of love and admiration, into the ears of the colonel. They had plenty of time for conversation, as the snowfall and heavy atmosphere continued, and their progress was lamentably slow. Percy began to fear that his short leave would be over before he reached Castle Ettrick.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

EARLY — very early — on the following morning, Colonel Lyndon opened his eyes. Curious dreams had been haunting him all night. He had imagined the past few months, with all they had brought and taken, swept away. He was a soldier again; he was lying in camp; he was booted and spurred; his sword was by his side; his ear was open for the voice of alarm. And it came, flying through the camp, as he had heard it more than once. "The enemy is upon us! Every man to his place!" He thought that he tried to rise, but could not; that his limbs were in prison, that some invisible power held him fast. The men called out to him as they passed. "Do you want to die like a dog?" they said, but he could not move. "Give me

a hand!" he cried, "drag me up." And no one heeded. With laughter and scorn they rushed by him to their posts. Then his heart trembled, and tears such as he had not shed since he was a child filled his eyes. "Strength!" he prayed, "strength for one moment—for *one* moment, if I die the next!" He thought that, even as he spoke, there was a pause in his trouble, and that one in shining garments, whose face was as the face of the Crucified, stooped over him, and a voice sweeter than music sounded in his ears. "Wait," it said, "be comforted. Strength shall come. The day is breaking." At the same moment, the bonds which seemed to be holding him in prison were loosened. He sprang up in his bed, and saw the pale, wintry dawn stealing into his room.

Events had been moving so rapidly during the past few days, and his mind was so possessed by his dream, that for a few moments the colonel did not remember what had happened, or where he was; but presently it all came back to him. It was the first day of the new year, and he was on his way north to bring about, as he hoped, the happiness of the young girl he loved.

There came a rapping at the door of his room.

"Are you getting up, colonel?" shouted Percy; "train starts in half an hour."

"All right! I shall be ready," he shouted back.

It was still almost dark when they started, and the line being heavily encumbered with snow, they travelled slowly. Percy, whose mood was not quite so exalted as it had been on the previous day, found it in his heart to wonder, now and then, over the colonel's extraordinary goodness. "To take such a journey as this at such a season!" he exclaimed, "and when you might be quiet at home all the time! It is really marvellous."

"You must remember that it was not so bad when I started," said the colonel. "But, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you, a young soldier, call this hardship? Cushioned carriage, foot-warmers, books, papers, abundance of food, and an abundance of good society. I call it luxury. When you have seen a little service——"

"I don't believe I shall ever see service in the English Army!" grumbled Percy.

"So much the better. You are giving hostages to fortune," said the colonel. "Don't quarrel with your good luck, young man."

"If it *is* good," sighed Percy. "That remains to be proved, you know."

They reached the nearest station to Castle Ettrick late on the evening of the first of January, and soon made their way across country.

Lady Flora Winstanley and her husband, who had been full of anxiety about the colonel, gave him the warmest welcome, and the return of Percy—he had left his home in high displeasure with every one a few days before, and had not written since—was hailed with open delight by Milly, with quiet satisfaction by Mr. Winstanley, and with a relief which she tried ineffectually to hide by Lady Flora.

"You are our good angel, always," she said to the colonel, as (Percy having been taken possession of by Milly) she seized the opportunity of speaking quietly to her guest. "But I wonder how you managed."

"To bring your son back, do you mean?" said the colonel cheerfully. "That was a mere accident, I can assure you—due to the weather, not to me. I have something else to speak to you about—you and Mr. Winstanley—and as my time is short——"

"Your time is short: what do you mean, colonel?" said Mr. Winstanley, who, delighted to have captured such a guest as the colonel in mid-winter, had been laying out all manner of elaborate plans for his amusement. "You will not leave us under a month, surely!"

"When you have heard what I have to say," said the Colonel, "you may not be so ready to keep me."

"You cannot have anything to say that we shall not be pleased to hear," said Lady Flora; but though she spoke courteously, her brows contracted.

Was he against her too, he, as well as her husband, who would not acknowledge that she had done right in sending Letty away? Was her son's future to be blighted because no one about him but herself had common sense?

"Plenty of time for speaking," said Mr. Winstanley. "Let us come to supper now."

Fearful that her husband's easy-going wish to oblige everybody, with the influence of the colonel, who, she saw at once, was on the side of the lovers, might prove too much for her own strength of will and common sense, Lady Flora contrived to see the colonel alone.

After supper, when her husband and son were having a game of billiards, which she and the colonel were watching, she beckoned him into the drawing-room, and their talk began. In a few moments, she was thankful that they were alone, for never, in all her life, had she so completely lost her self-control.

It was strange, for there was nothing impressive in the colonel's language. His words, indeed, were of the simplest. As in his plain, soldierly fashion, he told his tale, he was vexed with himself for not putting it better. He began by reminding Lady Flora of a former interview between them. He had told her then that he loved Letty Morrison. He had not changed: he loved her still.

This being so, Lady Flora would understand that her happiness was very near to his heart. He had reason to believe that she returned the feelings of love and admiration which Lady Flora's son entertained for her. Could anything, the colonel said, be more natural? Then, for his companion's face was beginning to work dangerously, he proceeded to open out his plan.

"I am thinking," he said, "of going back to my former life. It is the only life, I believe, that I am suited for. Perhaps you know that I have not any near relatives. My brother and sisters are dead. They left no children. I have cousins, but they are not of my name, and they are strangers to me. I shall never marry now, and there is no reason why I should keep High Cliffe. I have sold it."

"Sold High Cliffe!" cried Lady Flora. "Colonel Lyndon, how could you?"

"I assure you, it gave me no trouble. I am rather glad to be rid of the responsibility. Now, Lady Flora, please listen to me. High Cliffe has sold well—extraordinarily well. I did not depend upon it alone, as perhaps you know, so I am a rich man now."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Lady Flora, smiling faintly. She was a little surprised that the colonel should, at such a time, talk of nothing but his own affairs.

He went on, in a curiously changed voice, "You see what my position is—a solitary man, not young, whose life may be cut short at any moment. What is money to me? I should leave it, by will, to my young friends. If I wish to see them happy during my lifetime—Letty and your Percy, I mean—you would not deny me the pleasure, Lady Flora?"

"Make them happy! I don't understand," murmured Lady Flora Winstanley.

"Do you not? But it is perfectly simple. I am afraid I am telling you in a roundabout way," said the colonel. "In plain words, I have some spare cash at my bankers' after this sale—about fifteen thousand pounds, I think. I wish to settle it upon them."

By this time, Lady Flora was weeping unrestrainedly. "What is it? what is it?" said the colonel, in great distress. "I hope I have not vexed you."

"You have only surprised me," answered Lady Flora through her tears. "My dear colonel, you are a perfect baby still. You must know that this mad scheme of yours is impossible."

"Why is it mad?"

"Why is it mad?" Because no one else but yourself would think of it for a moment."

"Might not that be one reason for its being sane?" said the colonel, smiling. "But come! you and I are old friends, and I am sure, when you see how near this is to my heart, you will not oppose me. I have just one other piece of news to tell you about Letty; and then we will take Mr. Winstanley and Percy into our counsels." With that he told Lady Flora about the five thousand pounds—Letty's independent fortune—which, he said, he held in trust for her.

"It was paid over to me just before I left London," he said, "by a friend of hers who did not wish his name to appear."

"But," cried Lady Flora, in great surprise, "Letty must be a fairy changeling. Confess that this is a little fiction of yours, colonel. *You* are the friend."

"Indeed I am not," answered the colonel, smiling. "What I tell you is the simple truth. The money was paid over to me. It is as truly Letty's as if she had inherited it from her father. What her generous friend's motive was, I cannot of course pretend to say. Now, Lady Flora, shall we call Percy in?"

"But if I give my consent now——" she began.

"You will have our admiration and respect, as you always have had, and always will," said the colonel, bowing low over the hand she held out to him.

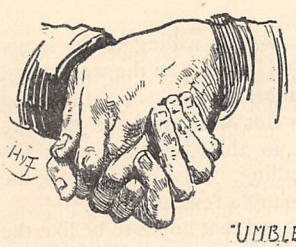
"Ah!" she said, with a deep sigh, "you can do whatever you like with us, colonel. Letty and my boy are happy in having such a friend. But I do not know, all the same——"

"Here is Percy," said the colonel. "I think I must leave him to plead his own cause. He will be more eloquent if he is alone with you."

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

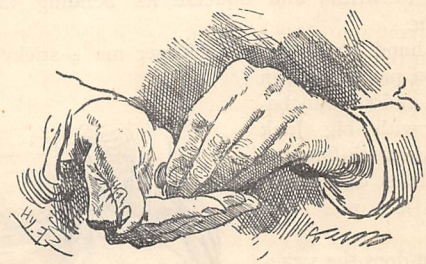
THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE.

II.—CHARACTERS IN HANDS.



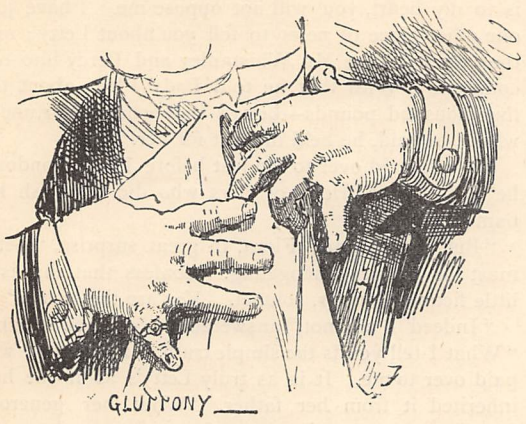
"LET me tell your fortune now, my pretty lady," says the gipsy; "give me a bit of silver to cross your hand." "Allow me to hold your hand," says the drawing-room expert in palmistry—"ah! here is the line of life—you will travel; you have artistic tastes; there is a surprise in store for you," &c. &c.—the likely fortune of all the fair hands that are trusted to his scrutiny. But greater than all these fancies are the real mysteries of hands.

They speak, not alone in the alphabet of the dumb, at which they play like whirligigs, but in the speech of talkers. The speaking hand is a sign of vivacity; the indolent man uses no member that he can leave quiet. Watch two Frenchmen going, talking, along the street. One keeps shaking his ten fingers out like stars, and patting the air soothingly, as if putting down imaginary dogs; the other is threatening him frantically with clenched fists. Number Two is merely resenting that his new silk umbrella split villainously; and Number One is saying that silk umbrellas often do. Two Englishmen with such gestures would be arguing within an inch of blows—or a lawsuit—yet we, too, have our speech of the hands; it is a universal language. They



go up in surprise; they clench unconsciously in anger; they go out in entreaty; they fold together in prayer.

No words are so natural to humanity, none so straight and quick from the heart, as this language of the hands.



Our Oriental friends, who are of a more slow and dignified character, disapprove of the Western custom of taking hold of the precious person of an acquaintance, and shaking him for welcome. It may be more dignified to bow, but if frankness and activity be our characteristics, we like the trustful mystery of a hand-clasp. It is an index in itself. The formal and cold character offers straight fingers for an instant; the dull and apathetic lets us take hold of a hand like a dead fish; the energetic business man meets an old friend with a grip that brings the water into his eyes; the warm-hearted takes our hand and holds it. The nervous hand, with its affectionate swiftness, comes out most readily and longingly. And is there anything more natural to a reverent love than the kissing of the hand that has been bountiful in love to us? See how far we have gone among mysteries!

Character, habits, and age are the three things that are told by the hands. When he drew the character of Heep, the hypocrite—and, as schoolboys would say, "the sneak"—Dickens did not neglect this tell-tale:—"Oh! what a clammy hand his was! as ghostly to the touch as to the sight; I rubbed mine afterwards to warm it, *and to rub his off.* It was such an uncomfortable hand, that when I went to my room, it was still cold and wet upon my memory." Even if it be not that of Heep, the hypocritically humble hand is apt to writhe and squeeze its bending fingers together.

The hand that little Jack Horner made sticky with his own pie in his own corner, undoubtedly became with big Jack Horner a thick-fingered puffy index of his partiality for pies and plums.

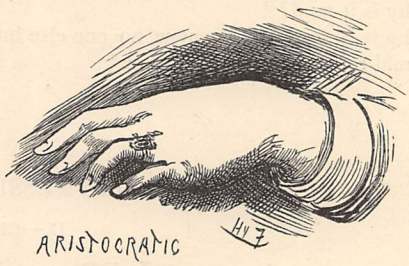
Little does the swaggerer who chinks his small change, and cocks his thumbs out of his pockets, imagine that his thumbs and hands are as much his condemnation as the bragging seals and the chain that would anchor a ship.

The stingy man has a tight hand; his fingers keep fast hold of a sixpence, and his palm makes a careful hollow out of which it cannot roll, until he is quite sure he is obliged to part with it.

The rough and the refined hand are different with a difference like that of education in the man. The lowest extremity of roughness is the hand of brute violence—a colossal paw, of iron strength, huge with muscle, vein and sinew, but lacking all sensitiveness and flexibility—defiant in its attitudes—a human tool that has been turned into a weapon.

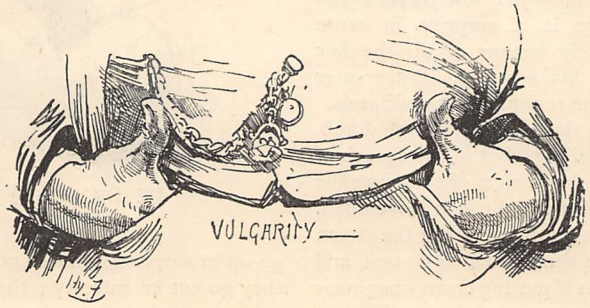
There are refined hands that are criminal also, but their character is the more hateful because no trace is made upon outward perfection, and their beauty is a lie. One reads in the well-cared for or, as we might say, the educated hand, not only its own refinement, but that of other generations—the ancestors who lived at leisure from bodily toil, whose muscles were not stretched by labour, whose fingers, little used, went slender to the tips, whose very finger-nails revealed easy times, by their oval shape, not pressed and worn into hard-worked diminutive half-circles.

Yet one likes the strong hand—morally strong even if it has never been tasked with physical labour; the man's hand that is not effeminate, the girl's hand that is not a pretty waxwork, but a part of a helpful



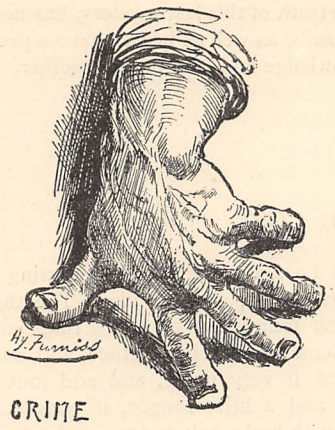
someone, who would be sweetly willing to do something for somebody else. Unless it be the weak hand of sickness, which is a most piteous sight, the hand of the weak character is not what any one cares to clasp. More and more in this world we want the hands that can do something. As Carlyle says, the first *doing* would be for many a revelation.

There is another poor hand that hopes to be like the aristocratic hand, and bases its claims—upon its gloves. The gloves are never wanting, but they have always breaks and rubs, and corkscrews at the tips. Alas!—poor hand! it often tells sad tales.



We must not forget the mark of the highly-strung, impulsive, and sensitive temperament—the hand that will

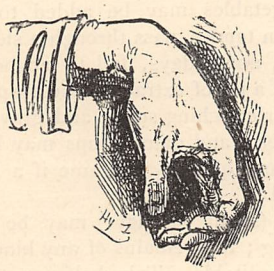
not rest without playing unconsciously with little objects, and even wandering in search of them—perhaps



CRIME

absently taking hold of an open letter and dropping it in horror! This is quite different from the sign of awkwardness—the hands that don't know what to do with themselves.

Hands reveal habits, occupations, trades. A crop of them rises at the thought, like the show thrust up from a crowd in honour of a candidate after an election speech. There is the carpenter's, with the broad thumb, and those of the fraternity of flour, ingrained mealy, and white; the musician's, with the powerful wrist and the fingers delicate, sensitive, and agile to the last degree; the hand of the sempstress, with an honourable little bit of nutmeg-grater on the fore-finger that works so hard; of the scientific man, who lectures to explain mysteries to lower mortals, and whose exactitude of touch is the image of his mental precision, while the nervous stretch of his fingers corresponds with his tension of mind.



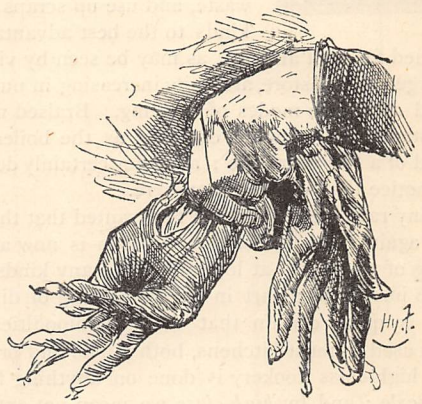
FEEBLE

The sleight-of-hand professor is a man of long fingers. A conjurer with a slow and chubby hand would betray the awful secrets of the plum-pudding that is taken from the depths of your best hat.

But besides character and trade, the hands tell the age. Soft and round, the baby's pair of puff-balls, with their fat wrists deeply ringed, appear as if they never can do anything in this world. Yet the girl's hand will become a treasure, and the boy's hand will battle with life and with his fellow-men for the mastery. It is appalling to think of what those helpless little puff-balls have before them.

> "Oh, little hands, that, weak or strong,
> Have still to serve or rule so long,
> Have still so long to give or ask—
> I, who so much with book and pen
> Have toiled among my fellow-men,
> Am weary, thinking of your task!"

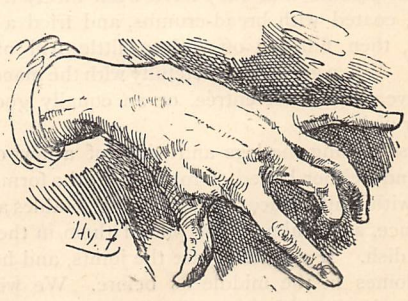
After the first dimples, they become the inky hands of school: then the awkward hands, that don't know what to do with themselves. Years pass, the boy's hand ceases to grumble at gloves—yea, he wears them in extravagant freshness, in comparison as his collars grow upward, and his shoes tighten within an inch of his life. The result of these phenomena is, that a ring begins to shine with charming strangeness on another hand, that seemed a child's but yesterday. The young wife tells by her hands that it is not long since the wedding, because she cannot let that new ring alone, but twists it round for its novelty, and admires



SHABBY GENTEEL

it, with an unconscious knack of caressing it in idle moments. Her dimples disappear, as the children gather to make a home circle; it is the hand of the woman now, with its very framework traceable.

Dimples, bones, and wrinkles mark the three stages of life's progress. With the wrinkled stage the steadiness of youth often remains in resolute characters. When the Duke of Wellington was a very old man, he could still fill a glass of water to the last possible drop, and hold it up steadily, brimful. The helpful



SCIENTIFIC

hands keep their youthful activity, too, far into the withering of age. And in nobly-loving natures there is a sort of immortality of youth ; the warmth of affection has given more than a royal prerogative ; the hand is beautiful always to the eyes that know it familiarly. The latter years only stamp it with the impress of a longer past of tenderness, faithfulness, and bounty. It is not the "old" hand, but the "dear" hand, and it never grows older, but only more dear. He who doubts the truth of this last mystery, has not yet found out that hands, as well as hearts, have a peculiar place in our knowledge and love of one another.

NICE DISHES AT LITTLE COST.

N the present paper we intend simply to give the outline of a few dishes, not, perhaps, more appetising than many with which most people are familiar, but which will assist those who are anxious to avoid waste, and use up scraps of all kinds to the best advantage.

Tinned foods of all sorts, as may be seen by visiting any large grocery store, are daily increasing in number, as well as in the modes of cooking. Braised meats, for instance, are now as common as the boiled and roasted of a few years ago ; and they certainly deserve more notice than can be given here.

At any rate, we may take it for granted that the prejudice against the use of tinned goods is now almost a thing of the past—at least, of the many kinds that play so important a part in the garnishing of dishes ; for it is quite certain that these commodities are largely used in most kitchens, both public and private, where high-class cookery is done on anything like a large scale ; and by *high-class* we mean not extravagant, but good, scientific cookery.

And, as a rule, where economy is practised in every detail, the better the cooks, and the more will the great utility of these preserved goods be appreciated.

Macedoines (mixed vegetables) deserve especial mention ; no housekeeper who values appearances can afford to dispense with them, for it is almost impossible to enumerate their manifold uses. Being cooked, it must be borne in mind that they only need re-heating, *not* re-cooking. It will be found that their bright colours harmonise with almost any dish, but we may refer to mutton cutlets as a typical one for our purpose. We will assume that they have been nicely trimmed, egged, coated with bread-crumbs, and fried a golden brown, then finished off with a little frill of white paper. When garnished tastefully with the macedoines we have a nice hot entrée, or an equally good cold supper dish.

Or, supposing the legs and wings of a fowl or fowls are handy, either boiled or roasted ; if the former, coat them with white sauce, and dot the vegetables about *in* the sauce, and make a little pile of them in the centre of the dish. If roasted, glaze the joints, and heap the macedoines in the middle as before. We will infer that the breasts of the poultry have been eaten, and any bones and trimmings will make delicious stock, which will be found useful in concocting *croquettes*, *rissoles*, *kromeskies*, and the like. The three named all owe their foundation to a nice thick mince, so, if you have some good chicken stock, and any scraps of meat, mince it very finely, and add to it some ham or bacon, and a little tongue, if possible. Season pleasantly with herbs, salt, pepper, and a dash of lemon rind. It should be quite thick ; if stock runs short, use a small quantity of good white sauce. The preparation must be quite cold before being moulded ; if cork-shaped, and dipped in thick batter before frying, we have kromeskies ; if made into balls or cakes, and egged and crumbed, then fried, we get croquettes ; if enclosed in puff pastry, we have rissoles. Sometimes crushed vermicelli is used instead of bread-crumbs, and here, again, remnants come in.

We need hardly add that game of all kinds can be utilised in just the same way. The stock for the foundation should, naturally, be brown, and a little red currant jelly will improve it.

Game Soups are hardly as well known as they deserve to be in middle-class families, though they are very delicious. Supposing there is a dish in the larder containing the remains of a hare or pheasant, hardly presentable in its present form ; just simmer it down in any gravy that may remain, to which some stock and fresh vegetables may be added to revive the flavour. When tender, pass through a sieve.

Few people, now-a-days, fail to acknowledge the convenience of a jar of extract of meat—perhaps even more useful for enriching soups and gravies than for making beef-tea ; and game soups may be prepared from a very small quantity of game if a little of this extract be used.

Boudinettes (small sausages) may be made from almost anything ; the remains of any kind of cooked fish being very suitable. Take half a pound, free from bone, and mince it small, then mix with it half its weight of mashed potatoes, and a little sauce, such as parsley, anchovy, or even plain melted butter ; failing that, a spoonful or two of cream. Bind the mixture, when cool, with the yolks of one or two raw eggs, according to the quantity, and dip into the whites of the eggs, and browned bread-crumbs. Fry, and serve on pieces of fried bread. This would be a good way to use up boiled cod-fish and oyster sauce left over from dinner.

Oyster Boudinettes are real dainties, and here is a good method of making them :—Melt an ounce of

butter in a saucepan, add an ounce of sifted flour, and cook thoroughly ; then stir in half a pint of milk and cream mixed. Boil well, then put in the oysters—sufficient, when minced, to fill a quarter-pint measure—and season to taste with salt, pepper, nutmeg, anchovy sauce (just a dash to bring out the flavour), and a mite of finely-minced lemon-rind. Add an egg or two, and fry as before directed. Tinned oysters *will* do for these, though fresh are better, and a further improvement may be effected by simmering the beards in the liquor to extract all the flavour, then using it in place of some of the milk and cream. Garnish with tinned prawns and fried parsley.

A delicate morsel can be had from any odds and ends of game or chicken pâtés, both sold in tins. Fancy shapes of fried bread should be spread with the minced meat, then some finely-chopped ham sprinkled over, with a pinch of parsley, scalded before being chopped ; or a hard-boiled egg, yolk only, passed through a sieve, can be used instead. The same scraps will make nice sandwiches, and fried bread is more suitable than bread and butter for them.

A *salad* is almost a necessity when a large table has to be spread for an evening party ; here is the recipe for a good fish salad :—Flake some boiled fish, and cover the bottom of a deep glass dish, then put a layer of potatoes, boiled or steamed, and cut into thin slices. These should be intermixed with beet-root—fancy shapes—and small pieces of cooked celery. A few thin slices of pickled gherkins will render this more appetising. Mask with a thick salad dressing, and garnish with prawns, beet-root, hard eggs, and macedoines, with the green tops of the celery in the centre.

A hint on cooking fish :—those who have never steamed it are advised to try the plan ; it is far superior to boiling, the flesh being firmer, and with more flavour.

Boneless Sardines may now be had at a little higher price than the ordinary kind ; these may be put into a fish salad with advantage, and they make excellent sandwiches ; a small proportion of mixed pickles, such as gherkins, increasing their piquancy. Any cuttings of puff pastry can be used for *Cheese Sandwiches*, for which dry cheese is the most suitable. Stilton or Cheddar will do if a fourth the weight of Parmesan be mixed with it. To a quarter-pound add an ounce of liquified butter, and the yolk of an egg. Mix well, then spread it on a thin sheet of pastry, double over, roll out, spread again, and so on until you have three or four layers of cheese mixture. Cut into fingers or triangles, brush over with the white of the egg, and bake in a hot oven.

A very good entrée can be had from the remainder of a calf's head. Cut the pieces into any shape and size, so that they are uniform; dip them into liquid butter, then grated Parmesan, next into beaten egg and fine crumbs. Repeat this a second time, then put into a frying basket and cook in hot fat for a few seconds. Serve with sauce piquante or tomato sauce.

We may say that the bread used for crumbs should be at least two days old, and a wire sieve is far better than a grater, the crumbs being finer and uniform in size.

Cold boiled rice (and how often are a few spoonfuls left over from dinner thrown away!) may be very easily converted into delicate morsels, both sweet and savoury. Here is one of the latter, a nice little dish for breakfast, as it can be prepared over-night and cooked in a few minutes in the morning.

Rice Cakes.—Mix together equal weights of bread-crumbs, boiled rice, and *fat* meat or bacon (cooked), finely minced ; then add *lean* meat, double the weight of the fat. Any kind will do, though perhaps nothing is nicer than under-done beef ; veal, if stuffed, is also good. Season nicely with salt, pepper, a grate of nutmeg, some chopped parsley, and a very little cooked onion or shalot, if at hand. Just *moisten* with a little good stock, or the yolk of a raw egg, then shape them round or oval, about a quarter-inch thick, and fry, or brown in a hot oven. Garnish with fried parsley.

Cooked macaroni, cut into very small pieces, may take the place of the rice ; indeed, practised cooks may make quite a variety under the same name.

A nice dish, certain to be a popular one with the male members of a family, is this. *Indian Toast*:—Make some hot buttered toast, and spread a small quantity of curry paste over each slice, and next a tiny bit of anchovy or shrimp paste. In many houses the remains of a tin, being unpresentable, will be thrown away ; this dish, if it becomes a standing one, will prevent the wast of a particle ; and, as a further inducement to try it, we can assure our readers that it is a favourite "snack" at several clubs. To proceed : while the toast is being prepared, have in the oven two or three sardines, boned, spread with butter, and seasoned with cayenne and lemon-juice ; as soon as hot through, lay them on the toast and serve. The half or whole of a nicely-cooked bloater can be so dished for a change.

Sauce Piquante is surpassed by few others, if nicely made. Its foundation is brown stock, thickened, and flavoured with vinegar to suit the palate. Now in a bottle of mixed pickles there are some that will be left over—the fag ends, as we may say. To half a pint of sauce, add a dessert-spoonful, or thereabouts, cut as small as possible, and note the improvement. This is very good with boiled beef.

A nice mode, and easy, of re-serving stale cake containing fruit, such as Pound or Genoa, is to slice it thinly, and make a pudding in precisely the same way as an ordinary baked bread-and-butter pudding. If carefully baked, and served cold with custard, this is exceedingly good.

We may here remind our readers that an inexpensive and rich-looking medium for decorative purposes will be found in damson cheese, its rich colour forming a pleasant contrast to pale-coloured sweets of all kinds. For instance, a dish of stewed apples looks all the better if a spot of cream is laid on the top of each, with a little piece of damson cheese, or apple jelly, in the centre ; and if a small quantity of the latter

is dissolved in the syrup, and poured round the apples, quite an artistic dish is the result, and yet simple enough to provide for a juvenile party.

We will conclude with a recipe for a pudding, pre-eminently a winter one, and good hot or cold—viz. :

Ginger Pudding.—Put into a basin a quarter-pound of stale sponge cake, or finger biscuits, finely grated, two ounces of sifted flour, a pinch of salt, four ounces of castor sugar, and the grated rind of half a lemon. Mix, then add a quarter-pint of milk and cream mixed, a quarter-pound of preserved ginger, cut small, and two table-spoonfuls of the syrup, together with the lemon-juice. Beat in lastly three eggs. Pour this mixture into a thoroughly buttered mould, cover with a sheet of white paper, also buttered, and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with a sweet sauce, or custard flavoured with the ginger syrup. This pudding may be enriched by two or three ounces of fresh butter, which should be dissolved in the milk and cream ; it must not be made hot, simply warm enough to melt the butter. Rice or Madeira cake *can* be used.

When cream cannot be had, condensed milk is a useful substitute, but, being so sweet, less sugar must be used for any dish into which it enters. Quite a plain custard, without cream, is greatly improved by the addition of a dessert-spoonful of Swiss milk to each quart. There are one or two kinds now in the market said to be preserved without added sugar, but not having tested them, we cannot say if they are as satisfactory as the sweetened kinds.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MARTYN-HENRYS.

BY LUCY FARMER.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN THE GLOAMING.

MISS GLADYS ANDERSON became Mrs. Martyn-Henry in due time, which was in the autumn of the same year that the great fire had happened. There were grand doings, and the "happy pair" went away. Many shook their heads, and superstitious old Rachael, who lived on Mr. Hemphill's "common land," declared that there was sorrow in the bride's palm, and sore trouble of mind.

It was about two years after she was married that Mrs. Martyn-Henry came to stay with her husband at Cardewe Manor, and you never saw anybody so altered as "Miss Gladys"—so she was often called. He was much the same, only harsher-looking, and he seemed as cross as an idle man can be—which is saying a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe were going on the Continent, and they had let Captain and Mrs. Martyn-Henry have the Manor, because it was said the captain had spent all their money—his wife's mostly, we heard.

"She should have had it tied up," said Charlie : "tied up tight. That's what Ferrett's clerk said."

"You can't expect gentlefolks to keep their money lying idle," I replied. "Tying up money is all very well——"

"Settled on her, of course, Lucy," replied my husband, laughing. "Did you think I meant put in an old stocking, as you do the threepenny-pieces for the boy ? "

"You needn't laugh at the child or me, Charlie Farmer. We mayn't be clever, but we're saving. Of course Miss Gladys could have tied up her money, but she was so fond of the captain that she wouldn't. She trusted him too well."

"That's it—too well ; 'not wisely, but too well,' as the proverb is. She'll suffer for it. I can't say I like the captain," continued Charlie, bringing down his fist on the tea-tray, and making the cups rattle. "I can't say why ; but I don't : that's all about it."

"Well, you needn't break the cups and wake the child," I said. "But what's he done now ? "

"What's he done ? Who can tell ? He's brought back that beautiful young lady looking like a ghost. Why don't they go to Mr. Anderson's ? Why don't he pay her relatives any attention ? Why hasn't the captain and she been out with the hounds ? There's three or four meets been held, and he hasn't turned up. Why don't he go to the parish church, Lucy ? "

"Ah ! " I said, "why ? There you're right, Charlie ; that's what the vicar said the other day was the touch-stone of human consciences. The vicar ought to know. At any rate, Captain Martyn-Henry is ashamed of himself, and is worrying that poor girl to death."

"No business of ours, I should say, unless I was on the jury," remarked Charlie. "And now I'll trouble you for some tea, Mrs. Farmer."

Next day, when I was out with baby—and a poor little lad he is—I noticed Captain Henry wandering about the cliff, measuring and dropping a line down a certain distance. Then he went down and got a boat, and with a telescope kept looking at the rock for a long time.

"He's a lunatic," I thought, "and Miss Gladys knows it. Poor young lady ! "

So I told Charlie, and he laughed as usual ; but I was astonished two days after when the captain called, and asked if I would mind going up to the Manor and superintending things a little for his wife, as the housekeeper had been promised a holiday. Charlie could come too if he liked ; but they didn't want the baby.

"I won't go," said Charlie ; "you go. You can see the child every day, and cheer up Mrs. Henry, perhaps. She wants it."

The idea had somehow got about that the captain did not treat his wife properly, and I was not sorry to see things for myself, so I went up to the Manor—not from curiosity, but kindness—though Charlie *did* giggle when I said so.

However, I went, and found Dr. Joliffe there. I think I have mentioned him before. He was an old friend, and I was glad to find him there. Mrs. Henry was very kind, shook hands with me, and appeared glad to see me. She was pale, but very pretty, and seemed in good spirits. "She is too loyal to complain," I said to myself. I *did* pity her, I can tell you; and as for Captain Henry—well, I won't anticipate about him.

No one could help seeing how anxious his wife was when he came in. He would beckon her up-stairs, and I could hear talking in loud tones, and then an impatient "Hush!" Once I heard him say, "Would you betray me?" Betray him! Then there was a secret—some dreadful secret which made him reckless, and her miserable. Oh! I would have liked to have given him a bit of my mind. He was so sly and secret. But I found out they did go to church—to a small one on the property, quite away from the village. This was curious, and I made a note of it.

One day I made a discovery—one evening it was—I hardly like to tell it, but I must. Captain Henry, I believed, wanted to get rid of his wife, and was trying to let it seem accident. No; there was no violence, and no illness beyond what I have said. They seemed very loving in public, but I can tell, I think, and I thought it quite different. Betray him! Ah!

That evening, after I had been at the Manor three or four days, I noticed that Mrs. Martyn-Henry was very anxious, and seemed nervous. She kept listening, as I thought, and all of a sudden she rang her bell after her five o'clock tea, and sent me out on an errand. I was passing through the little shrubbery walk I have mentioned which led to the bridge, when I fancied I heard heavy footsteps. I stood back, and there I saw a man dressed in navvy's clothes, coming in by the shaded way. Who was this?

I looked out, and I declare I saw the captain himself. His clothes were stained, his hands dreadful—there was blood on them, I believed. He was all ragged and dishevelled. He came stealthily in, and I waited till I saw him pass in by the side door. It *was* the captain!

Oh, mercy! what had he done? No wonder his poor wife was anxious. There had been some crime, I was certain of that; but what? Should I denounce him, or wait? I was thinking this over, when I saw another form approaching in the gloaming; it slunk back into the shade, and then went on.

The man who passed was dressed like the captain, and—oh, mercy!—I recognised "Black Jim," the blacksmith—a man who had credit for poaching, and, some said, worse things. Then this fellow, this scamp, who had many a time been suspected of stealing property—who had been an overseer in the Cornish mines, and left there—who was said to have queer dealings with the other world—this man was the captain's accomplice! Terrible, this! I listened; the captain came out suddenly in his own dress—his proper suit—and said—

"Well, did you do the job? Did you sink it?"

"Sink IT!" The body! I gave a scream, and fainted right away.

"I WENT, AND FOUND DR. JOLIFFE THERE."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

I CANNOT, of course, tell how long I remained on the ground insensible; but when I recovered I found myself in my own room at Cardewe Manor—the room in the east wing, which Mrs. Martyn-Henry had given me, so as to be near her in case she wanted anything.

Oh, dear! I shall never forget that "coming to." It was terrible! My mind and body both suffered, and when I was fully conscious I wished myself insensible. It seemed at first like a dream. Some crime had been committed. By degrees all the circumstances of the case came into my mind, and I cried like a baby to go home.

"Take me away! take me away!" I said. "Oh, Doctor Joliffe, let me go home!"

"You cannot go to-night," he replied, "and you will feel better in the morning. Are you subject to fainting fits?"

I shuddered. He remarked it, and looked serious.

"Are you feverish?" he said. "Let me see. Hum! Might be better. Lie quite still—I will send you up a composing draught. When does Mrs. Jones return?"

"Not for a week, I believe, sir," I replied.

The doctor turned to the housemaid, and said in a low tone—but I heard him—

"Get her back, or send for Mrs. Nursing. It will be as well to have one or the other in attendance, in case Mrs. Farmer is laid up. I will mention it to Mrs. Henry."

"Very good, sir," replied Fanny, an old servant of the Cardewes. "But I dare say I can manage at a pinch."

So I remained. Mrs. Henry came to see me, and questioned me concerning my fainting fit. I fenced her questions. I would not have her know what I suspected her husband of at that time for anything. She seemed quite bewildered, and extremely anxious for me to tell. But I wouldn't.

"Did anything alarm you?" she asked. "You surely do not credit those silly tales of the ghost in the shrubbery? Did you fancy that you saw something, Mrs. Farmer?"

"I WENT BACK TO THE COTTAGE" (*p.* 307).

"It was no fancy, ma'am," I said—"no fancy at all—I *did* see something; that I can declare with my last breath."

"Very extraordinary," she replied. "Captain Henry is much surprised at your sudden illness, and is anxious you should *keep quite quiet*," she continued. "I am sure you will, for my sake."

I made no answer. I could not wonder at Captain Martyn-Henry wanting me to be kept quite quiet. My silence was worth something to him. For "Miss Gladys'" sake, I thought I would, and yet I was not justified in concealing a crime.

"You will remain here, I hope, for the present," continued Mrs. Henry, very kindly. She was evidently anxious concerning the captain. "You really must remain; my husband will be quite angry with me if I permit you to leave, and when he returns——"

"Then he has gone away!" I faltered.

"Yes," she went on; "he has gone away on—important business for awhile."

She was gazing into the darkness. Her back was towards me, so I could not see her face. But she sighed as she concluded, and I knew she was nervous and unhappy, as well she might be. Poor young lady!

I sighed too, in sympathy, and she heard it.

"You will remain, then?" she went on. "Somehow I had rather that you did. I have entire confidence in you, Lucy" (she had never called me Lucy before, and it somehow startled me), "and I am sure you will do as I wish, for all our sakes."

"I will, ma'am," I said. "I promise you I will remain, and never say a word."

She smiled, and said, "As to that, you may do as you please. I will not prevent you. All I ask is that you will remain here as long as you possibly can. My husband wishes it as much as I do."

I promised. What could I do? The fearful secret must remain untold. What reason could the captain have for going away, unless the police——? Oh! I was more and more alarmed. Suppose I were questioned, and the captain arrested, what a fearful thing for our "Miss Gladys," who loved him through it all, while he was kind enough to all seeming. But men can be *anything!*

Next day I was not well. Doctor Joliffe said I was feverish, and recommended me to remain in bed. I inquired for the captain. He had gone away to London and the Continent.

"Any news, Fanny?" I asked that evening.

"There is something said about robbery," replied Fanny, "up at the Eltons'—the old lady was found in a fit in her chair—the thieves got in through the window, it is said."

My brain was whirling. I put my hands to my head, and managed to ask—

"When did the robbery take place?"

"Yesterday morning," replied Fanny. "There will be a fine to-do, for the police have been down on 'Black Jim,' who came in late that evening, and he is suspected. He was seen with another man, but all clue to him has been lost. Jim won't say a word. They will offer a reward, I dare say."

"Any one killed?" I asked, as white as a sheet.

"No; but the plate has disappeared. What's the matter? Are you ill, Mrs. Farmer?"

"I am afraid I am," I said. "Will you send for my husband, and tell him? Doctor Joliffe will come to-morrow, I dare say."

"Sure to, to see Mrs. Henry," replied Fanny. "Keep quiet now; I will make you comfortable."

I lay down and tried to sleep that day, but rest was impossible. My brain was on fire. The promise I had made for poor Mrs. Henry's sake I must keep, and yet the dreadful secret, in addition to the feverish cold I had caught, was making me quite ill. All night I lay and puzzled over what I had heard, and imagined all kinds of things. Oh, that wretch the captain! I *did* feel for his poor dear wife, whom I had known before either of us was married.

Next day the doctor came, and after that I remember nothing clearly until one evening I woke, and found Charlie sitting by my side, my hand in his.

"Do you know who I am?" he said softly.

"Yes, Charlie," I murmured. Was I still dreaming?

"Oh, I am thankful you are better," he said. "You have been dreadfully bad, Lucy, raving at times, and making all kinds of accusations against Captain Henry. It is a good thing in one way Mrs. Henry was taken ill so suddenly, or she might have heard you, and the little one would have died perhaps."

"Oh, Charlie, it's dreadful! Poor Mrs. Henry! I am glad she knows nothing of his goings on. The Captain and Black Jim—oh, my poor head!"

"It would be a good thing," replied Charlie, "if we could take you home. There is trouble and illness enough here without your making it worse. You've made a pretty to-do!"

"Oh! leave me alone, Charlie. Let me die where I am. I will never divulge the secret, for 'Miss Gladys" sake."

"Off her head again," murmured Charlie. "Oh, dear, dear! I wish the doctor would come."

I said no more, but lay quite still, and watched Charlie through my half-closed lids. He seemed to think I was asleep, for he remained very quiet. But I listened, and ascertained from whispers that the captain was still away, that Mrs. Henry had been suddenly taken ill, being very anxious concerning him. Ah, *I* knew why! He was expected back soon, and meantime Mrs. Henry was quite comfortable. But I was quite certain he would not return. There was evidence against him sunk in the sea which might any day rise up. Had I not heard Black Jim say he had "sunk it" out of sight? Oh, the wretches!

With this terrible secret—or, to say the least, this terrible suspicion—on my mind, was it any wonder that I remained in a feverish condition, and that my recovery was slow? But the time came at last, and I went back to the cottage, where I found things all neat and tidy, and darling little Charlie delighted to see me.

One day I got a terrible turn. A man, who was dressed in ordinary clothes, came in and asked for Charlie.

I said, "My husband is out."

"Well," he continued, "I dare say you will do as well—likely better. Now, I want some information, and am willing to pay for it."

My heart sank at once. "This man is a detective," I said to myself. "He wants me to tell him where 'it' is sunk. Oh, I wish Charlie were at home!"

"Well, sir," I faltered, "can I help you?"

"Perhaps you can, ma'am. Be cautious, if you please, in your replies, for this is an important matter, and the law will have to say something in the business. Now, do you know anything of what Captain Martyn-Henry has been doing lately?"

I am sure I turned as white as the table-cloth, and had to gulp down a great lump in my throat before I could speak.

"Oh, sir!" I cried, "I would rather not say anything. I have not seen the captain for some time. Mrs. Henry can tell—and——"

"We cannot ask the captain's lady: that's quite against all regulations, even if she could see me. No, ma'am; you can earn a little money——"

"By turning informer!" I exclaimed. "Oh, you don't know me if you think that!"

"Well, you see," he said, remonstrating, "you needn't put it *quite* so bald. I want a little information about a certain place, where a certain person has sunk——"

"Oh!" I screamed, and fell back in my chair. At that minute in came Charlie.

"Hullo, Mister!" he cried, "what are you doing, alarming my wife like this?—Why, Jack, you have quite startled her!"

Jack! So Charlie knew him! He couldn't surely be Jack Strong, who was formerly in the police? Yes, it was. "Then the captain is ruined," I thought.

"Well, I did alarm your good lady. I was just asking her a few questions about the captain. We are working against him—I suppose you know."

"I have heard something," replied Charlie, very cautiously.

"Then do you think we can bring it home to him and his friends?" continued the policeman.

"Ah! that's more than I can say," returned my husband; "you've to look into the boundary. It's my opinion he'll beat you. He has come back."

"Yes, I know; and that fellow Jim is in it too."

"He is," I said suddenly. (I couldn't help it—I felt I must speak.) "He *is* in it, and it was he who sunk the body, or whatever it was. *He did it!*"

You never saw two men more surprised than were Charlie and Mr. Strong. They looked dazed, and stared at each other. At length Mr. Strong made a sign to Charlie, and said—

"What do you know about this, ma'am?"

"I'll tell you," I replied; "I can't keep silence. My head will give way—I can't bear it. I know that Captain Henry and Jim have done some crime, and I heard 'Black Jim' say he had 'sunk it!'" Then I told them about the captain's disguise, and his wife's terror and nervousness: of his begging her not to betray him: of his sudden departure: her unexpected illness in consequence (as I believed) of his danger: the way people said he treated her: and all I knew—or fancied I knew. Everything I told.

Charlie and Mr. Strong listened, and if ever I saw sorrow and fear in any face it was in Charlie's. He looked at his friend, and Mr. Strong at *him*, and touched their heads.

"She ain't right yet," whispered Charlie. "Poor old girl! Just tell Dr. Joliffe to call in, will you, Jack?"

"I will," said the ex-policeman. "Good-bye. I am awfully sorry, Charlie, lad. Good-bye, ma'am."

"Good-bye," I replied, rather dreamy-like, for I was puzzled. Then suddenly I said, "What *is* all this, Charlie?"

"Well, Loo," he said, soothing me, "I think, my dear old girl, you're a bit shaky in the head, and that's the truth! Since your illness it is."

"Shaky—I? Do you think I'm cracked?"

"That's it," replied my husband. "You've been raving of murder, and now you accuse Captain Henry."

"But that Mr. Strong—he questioned me—who is he?"

"A mining agent. You see, Captain Henry has been searching for iron ore, and Jack thinks he has penetrated his Company's lodes, and wants evidence. Captain Henry and Jim sank a shaft."

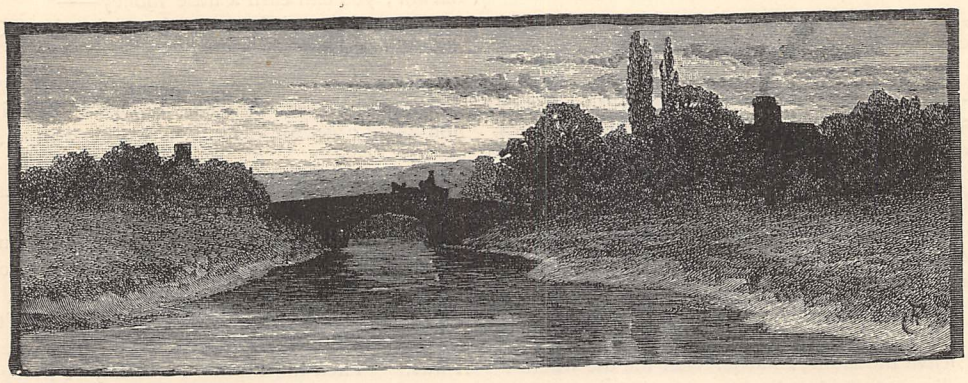
"*A shaft! A hole for digging?*" I cried.

"Yes, and you go raving about murder! The captain went to London with specimens, and has formed his Company, and he will be as happy as ever. We were all wrong about him and "Miss Gladys." They are a loving couple as ever was. That's all!"

"Then, Charlie, I've been very foolish. I fancied all kinds of things; and oh, I *am* so sorry!"

"You've a fine imagination," said Charlie. "But it's all rubbish about the captain doing wrong. He's quite straight, I *know*, and adores his wife. Now, hold your tongue, and I'll hold mine. We've solved the great Mystery of the Martyn-Henrys. He was only trying to make a living, so as not to live on his wife's means!—and, Lucy, you're a goose!"

And I believe I am.



"HE LOVES ME."

DARK cypresses adown the lawn
Are trembling 'neath the breath of eve,
And 'midst the myrtles far withdrawn
Their saddened strains the bulbuls weave;
This fragrant moonlight should pour balm
O'er souls distraught with cares and woe,
But I walk lonely—what shall calm
The waves which constant tempests blow?

In vain beside the fountain's brink
I linger, racked in heart and brain;
At times e'en hope o'erwhelmed will sink—
Is loving quite an unmixed gain?
And faith—do whispered words hold true?
Will stars avenge the vows they heard?
Fate in this lily's flower I'll view—
Affection's fate too long deferred.

The gleaming flower I slowly raise,
A petal falls—"he loves me!"—there!
This—that—another!—in amaze
To touch the last I scarcely dare!
Pluck we up courage for the test—
"He loves me!"—joy!—shake, dusky domes,
Your orange blooms—I know the rest—
For through the roses, lo! he comes!

M. G. Watkins, M.A.

"HE LOVES ME!"

(*Page* 308.)

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BRIBERY.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS has declared itself in the matter of spring fashions with its usual decision. It is the year of roses, which abound in hats and bonnets, in the floral decorations of evening gowns, and in the several brocades, now only made of the most elaborate kind, and generally frisé on a satin ground. This means that the pattern stands up boldly in an uncut velvet pile, and I also note that most of the largest and boldest designs have a chain effect running through the flowers.

For early spring there was a wave of yellow over Paris, but I am inclined to think the particular colour is mauve, which has a great variety of tones—begonia, exactly the tint of that delicate flower, being the newest of them. Parisians no longer trim tulle gowns with large bunches of ostrich plumes, or with a flight of birds, but overload them with flowers and petals of flowers, especially rose-leaves, which look as if they had descended in a shower. The satin or brocaded panels on such gowns are bordered with beads; indeed, it would seem to be hardly possible to have too many beads of all kinds: wood, glass, and metal. Amber is to the fore again, which is natural as long as shades of yellow obtain. Bodices distinct from the skirt are holding sway: black velvet for evening, with

a bright yellow skirt; cardinal plush in the morning, with black. Blue, black, and primrose is another new and happy combination.

Steels for skirts are completely out of date in Paris; but then Parisians understand the subtle art of petticoating in a way that no Englishwoman would ever seem to compass. They have a good substantial mattress, and to this they tack the folds of the train, thus insuring their graceful flow. At and above the hem there are a multiplicity of muslin frills tacked in.

There is a fashion here which I do not think for a moment will reach England, or, if it does, will obtain much favour, viz., coloured mantles. I will minutely describe a few that you may see what is worn, but they are not at all suitable for wearing with all kinds of dresses, which is what English people expect of them. Imagine a sort of dolman reaching but little below the waist all round; the piece from the shoulder, which forms a sleeve, is of brown Indian cashmere, the ground completely hidden with embroidery of the finest beads, silk, and larger wooden beads, the back and fronts ruby velvet; the whole bordered with black lace, over which falls a beaded fringe. Another is of the new blue-black—much more black than blue, and covered also with metallic iridescent blue beads.

At the present moment the hair is worn high, but the fiat is gone out that it is to be low, so the backs of our gowns will be once more disfigured. High Spanish combs of tortoiseshell, coral, and diamonds, are often now placed at the side of the head, not at the back.

Fans are frequently made entirely of real flowers, or of the most transparent gauze exquisitely painted; both are pretty, but utterly useless for the original purpose of producing a current of air.

There are pretty dog-collars worn just now, both with low and square-cut dresses. These are useful for young girls who have not a plethora of jewels, and they are particularly becoming. They consist of a broad band of velvet or satin for a foundation, studded with beads, and bordered often with a deep pendent fringe. They are sometimes all pearls or all jet, or all ruby beads, and are as often as not sent home by the dressmaker in order that they may match the beading used on the dress.

Some of the best gowns I have seen of late have been made in grey velvet and trimmed with cut beads, matching exactly in tone. These are applied as panels, or as tunics, a quarter of a yard deep. The mantles are often made to match; they are either short dolman-visites or long redingotes; the bonnet is also a piece of the stuff, and with the beading, that matches the tone of the foundation, is interblended silver or steel thread; and sometimes a touch of becoming colour is given by a tuft of pink flowers nestling in a rosette of grey lace—for coloured lace is the particular fancy of the moment, and it can be had to match almost any desired shade.

Until the season is more advanced, velvet is the favourite material worn by Parisians on all full-dress occasions.

Suède gloves are still worn both for morning and full dress; for the latter they reach to the elbow and often over it, and then even they are almost hidden by bracelets. Aigrettes, blending so well with jewels, are almost the only headdress that finds favour.

A useful plan for converting a low dress into a high one is the wearing of pretty little capes, made in jet, pearls, or lace, which moreover are most becoming.

The skirts of all gowns are decidedly fuller and more important-looking, and the draping is very high. Whether for morning or evening wear, dresses, bonnets, and mantles are not to be seen without beads. They glitter and glimmer on anything, and are costly because they are good. They are not now just laid on flat, but much in relief, and cut with as many facets as possible, and are accentuated by several pendent tassels and drops of all shapes—the spear-head, the pear, the circle, the crescent, and many more.

In our engraving, "Bribery," the figures in out-door apparel show French styles. Let us look at the mother with her two daughters, one seventeen, the other nine years of age. The elder young lady standing by the mantelpiece wears a costume of spring homespun; it is dark moss-green striped with fine red and white lines, the material so arranged that the stripes are straight on the jacket and diagonal on the skirt. The waistcoat is buff plush; the tall hat is covered with homespun, and has a plush brim and upright bow. The buckle at the waist, and the large buttons that fasten down the revers, are carved wood.

The mother wears a long redingote of striped plush, and twilled silk spotted with plush, all in the deepest shade of olive-green. The under-dress is a rich brocade in several tones of brick-dust red; the revers, waist-band, and cuffs are plain olive plush. The colours of the dress are repeated in the bonnet, the crown of which is dark green velvet, the bird and strings matching the brocade.

The little girl's costume is brown and pink; the frisé cloth jacket is brown, likewise the bonnet, the frock being canvas with a lace-like pattern upon it; the full blouse front is supported by a brown moiré sash terminating in long loops and ends. The bonnet is both lined and trimmed with pink, for little girls as well as their elders wear headgear made of the same materials as their costumes. This is a somewhat costly fashion, as it necessitates a hat or a bonnet with every frock, but then the effect quite repays the outlay, and if the mother is "clever at millinery," she can easily manage the hat or bonnet "out of the pieces."

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

It is no secret that Lyons is often busy on many varieties of silks exclusively for English firms. I have just seen a large importation to one of our leading houses, which will, I think, exactly illustrate what is now being worn, and likely to be worn during the forthcoming spring and summer. Brocades will only be really fashionable in very costly kinds for Court dresses and occasions of that kind where expense is no object, but

otherwise they have yielded the palm to twill silks, plain silks, veloutine, Bengaline, Sicilienne, and all the corded class, and also to striped silks. We are likely to be tired of stripes before we have done with them, though some are specially pretty. The most fashionable are equal stripes, 1 inch to 1½ inches wide, in plush and velvet, and generally in contrasting colours, and the combinations are particularly happy. There are many new colourings in silks—Serpent, which is a remarkable green; Opal, a new translucent grey; Pistache, a rich yellow-green; Sèvres, a greyish-blue; and Bagdad, a brick-dust pink. Satin is to be more worn in the evening than day-time, and has much decreased in price. Failles will, and do, carry all before them, which is good for the public, for they wear well. They are blended frequently with crêpe de Chine, either plain or brocaded, and are both reduced in price and improved in fabric; their great virtue is that they drape well.

The chief novelty in silk is a stripe thrown on a corded ground, the stripe being a fac-simile of the trimming used in railway carriages. Call to mind the strap with which you pull the window up and down; you know the series of loops of which the stuff is made. One of the prettiest mixtures is a brown Sicilienne ground with this fabric reproduced in opal, red, and yellow; and, though you may not think so by description, it is a charming novelty, especially for use as panels.

You may safely invest in a twilled silk; it is likely to be in fashion for a long time, and moreover will wear well—the texture has so greatly improved. Last season we were promised a permanent return to Bayadère stripes, but the promise has not been fulfilled; there are a good many horizontal stripes still, but they are chiefly used for panels or for false under-skirts, with draperies above—an effect, by-the-by, produced by a breadth let in here and there. One more novelty: stripes arranged like the keys of the piano, the black notes and the white, and carried out in such mixtures as slate and grey; red and brown; beige and red; *mode* and copper-red, graduating from light to dark.

There are marvels this year in the way of trimming; even the ordinary poppy-heads have been turned to account, and an extremely handsome fringe is made of them by attaching them to a bead gimp heading, and adding tassels of beads below; brown beads blend best. The new buttons are made to resemble a piece of stick cut off a branch, with the bark outside and the heart in the centre.

Canvas reappears in many new phases, and a mode of trimming is to draw the threads horizontally and work them into a design, with a few stitches here and there, lining with a colour. Dark tints are to be worn, relieved by touches of light colours peeping out, as linings, pipings, and bows. Wool remains an all-important fabric, and is made up a good deal with velvet and silk, but is also considered quite sufficient without any other combination.

There is but little change in the cut of bodices as yet; the shoulders are high. Side seams are in vogue again, and the variety of vests is legion. The basques are still short in the front and sides, and at the back they form a short postilion. Sleeves are narrow, and reach to the wrist.

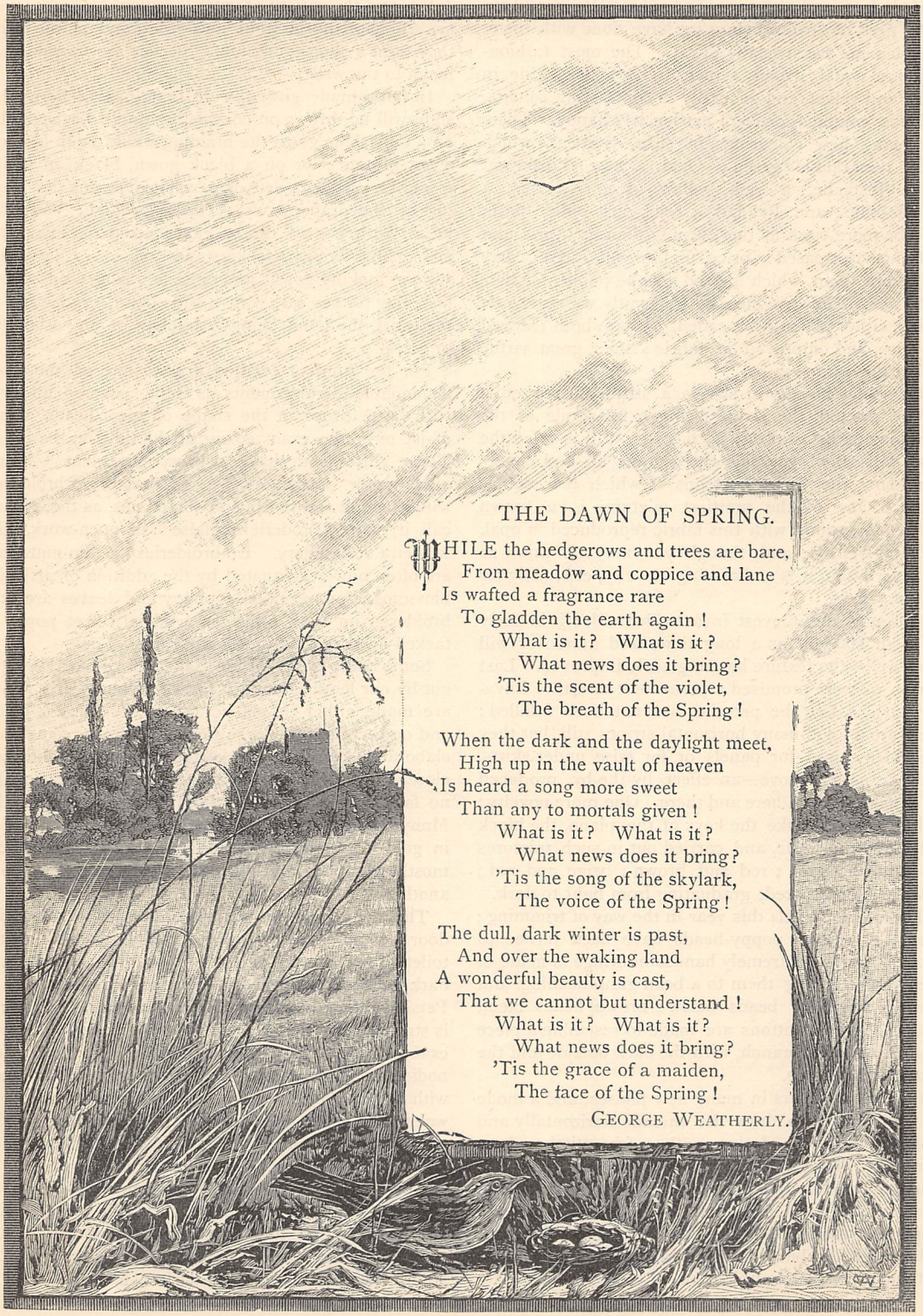
In tailor-made gowns, wide braidings in floral designs will be thrown on contrasting tints; for example, on a dark blue gown the braiding would be in blue on a red ground; or on a black gown, black on white would be used as a vest or panels; over this the looping of the draperies is exceedingly high. Tubular braid, with a gold thread run through, is new and fashionable, both for jackets and dresses. A favourite style of making gowns among tailors is as a polonaise, fastening on one side with a wide band, graduating to the waist, the band being Astrachan or any other fur or velvet.

For the front of evening dresses one of the most fashionable arrangements is tulle, covered all over with large drops in the shape of spear-heads, made of jet or of the exact colour of the tulle on the dress. These glitter and shake at every movement. Many of the new cashmeres are elaborately embroidered with chenille and plush, and sometimes, as the French call it, with "Broderie anglaise" in open-work, like Madeira embroidery. Embroideries on thin materials are often now accentuated by the addition of artificial blossoms; for example, a poppy and leaves are embroidered on tulle, while an artificial velvet poppy is tacked on to the top of the embroidered one.

Some really pretty spring jackets have been brought out by our leading English firms for young girls. They are made either in elastic, broché, or corded cloth, and on them appear large wooden buttons, sometimes elaborately carved. The jackets, as a rule, fit the back closely, and are loose in front, showing occasionally no fastening, or at other times fastening diagonally. Many of them have velvet collars and cuffs braided in gold cord and twist, and the pockets are legion, mostly with flaps, and placed two on a side, one above another.

The two ladies in our illustration, who are in indoor costume, are wearing English evening demi-toilettes. The elder one (who is seated) has chosen a dark red dress enlivened with stripes of brocade in a Persian pattern displaying Eastern colouring. The skirt is striped velvet and brocade, edged with wooden beads exactly matching the velvet in colour. The tunic and bodice are of twilled silk; the revers are velvet outlined with beads, the Persian brocade being introduced as waistcoat, cuffs, and throat-band as well as in the pointed waist-band, thereby giving a pleasing touch of cheerful colouring to the sombre red dress.

The younger lady's toilette is grey. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces of grey lace worked with grey beads; the full front of the square-cut bodice is also lace; the rest of the dress is soft grey veloutine studded with plush dots of a darker shade.



THE DAWN OF SPRING.

WHILE the hedgerows and trees are bare,
From meadow and coppice and lane
Is wafted a fragrance rare
To gladden the earth again!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the scent of the violet,
The breath of the Spring!

When the dark and the daylight meet,
High up in the vault of heaven
Is heard a song more sweet
Than any to mortals given!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the song of the skylark,
The voice of the Spring!

The dull, dark winter is past,
And over the waking land
A wonderful beauty is cast,
That we cannot but understand!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the grace of a maiden,
The face of the Spring!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GIRLS IN PARIS.

BY THE HON. P. CARTERET HILL, D.C.L., ETC., FORMERLY PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOHN BULL has often won fair possessions by his sword, and then allowed them to slip from his hands through the wiles of diplomatists. About the middle of last century a remarkable instance of this strange tendency occurred. The long contest for supremacy on the continent of America between Great Britain and France had been brought to a brilliant close by the capture of Quebec by Wolfe. Canada was completely and finally subjugated, and France thenceforth abandoned all hope of ascendency in the Western world. The mighty fortress of Louisburg had already fallen, and the whole country lay at the feet of England, at a great cost of blood and treasure. Canada was a conquered country. It was for the victors to decide on its future laws and government.

And now, having sheathed the sword, John Bull took up the pen, and, according to his custom, allowed himself to be allured by the French diplomatists into one of the most egregious mistakes recorded in his history.

There was no room whatever for the offices of diplomacy. The land was the rightful possession of the conquerors. It was not incumbent on them to bind themselves by any stipulations with the conquered as to their treatment of the territory. Yet they did so; and to this hour the baneful effects of the "Treaty of Cession" are felt in Canada. The French had nothing to cede. Wolfe had settled that on the Plains of Abraham. Yet England accepted under a treaty what was already hers by conquest, and in the treaty the English representatives allowed the astute French diplomatists to insert covenants and stipulations which secured to the French inhabitants of Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, French laws, language, and religion in perpetuity. Enormous tracts of land, then of little importance, but now of immense value—such, for instance, as that on which the great city of Montreal is built—were guaranteed to the ecclesiastical authorities, and are now held in mortmain, and form a dead weight on the progress of the country. The result has been that while all the rest of the Dominion is in a ferment of activity and enterprise, the Province of Quebec, thus heavily handicapped, and artificially separated from the English-speaking provinces, not only lags far behind them in the race at present, but is daily increasing the distance between them. But the knot which diplomacy tied must eventually be unravelled by the same agency which tied it.

But what, I may be asked, has all this to do with English girls in Paris? Much every way. It illustrates the mode in which some of the sufferings endured by Englishwomen in France have originated, and it points to the remedy.

One fruitful source of misery has been the state of French law on the subject of marriage with foreigners. It appears to be a monstrous thing that a marriage valid in one civilised country should be invalid in another, and that a neighbouring and friendly state. But, unhappily, it is as true as it is monstrous that in the case of girls married in England to Frenchmen according to the rules of English law, the marriage may be legally repudiated by the husband on his return to France whenever it suits his convenience to do so. Nor is this a mere imaginary evil; authentic cases of cruel desertion by Frenchmen of their English wives, in many instances after they had possessed themselves of the whole of their victims' property, are, unhappily, of too frequent occurrence to admit of any doubt on the subject. The Civil Code of France, which is in truth the Code Napoléon with the great Emperor's name obliterated from political motives, renders a desertion under these circumstances not only possible, but perfectly legal. In the eye of the French law the man was never married at all. In effect, the provisions of the Civil Code offer a distinct premium to the committal of one of the most heartless and cruel offences of which a man can be guilty.

What is the remedy? Let us look back to the beginning of this century, and see if we cannot get some light on the point.

As in the days of Wolfe's victory in the previous century it was for England, had she exercised her indisputable rights, to dictate terms to the vanquished, so in the still more glorious days of Wellington, when France lay prostrate at the feet of Europe, it was in the power of England to have insisted upon an international code, or understanding, with France, from which every possibility of injustice to her own subjects was eliminated. But amid the excitement of the great events of that memorable period, the putting down and setting up of kingdoms, and the glamour of regal festivities, such comparatively small matters as the laws of marriage and the relative position of the subjects of the various countries affected were wholly lost sight of. And now, just as in the parallel case of the conquest of Canada, the present generation is suffering the penalty of the remissness and mistakes of former days.

When Miss Leigh, whose noble work in Paris on

behalf of English and American girls is now beginning to attract the attention which it deserves, gave her evidence before the French Government on this subject, and detailed many cruel instances of desertion which were well known to herself, she was told by a member of the French Cabinet that the British Government had the remedy in their own hands. This reply could bear but one interpretation: it meant that if England was dissatisfied with the state of the French law, she might retaliate, and place French citizens under the same disabilities of which English subjects now complain. I do not know that Miss Leigh drew the same inference from the French Minister's remark; I am merely giving the impression which it leaves on my own mind. But, if I am correct, this would surely be a miserable remedy, if it is a remedy at all: it would simply double the possibilities of cruel desertions by giving evilly-disposed Englishmen an opportunity to commit crimes now enjoyed by Frenchmen only. I cannot, however, entertain a doubt that the Government of France would listen to any overtures made by the British Government on this subject, and would gladly introduce into the Civil Code such changes as would set this important question for ever at rest. This way lies the path which leads to a real and lasting remedy; and though it would be only obtaining as a matter of grace and favour terms which England might at one time have dictated, yet even at this late hour it would be an object which all would rejoice in achieving, by whatever means secured.

There is, however, another aspect of English life in Paris which neither Governments nor Legislatures can affect. Great numbers of English and American girls are every year attracted to the French capital, in hopes of acquiring either the language "as spoken in Paris," or the taste and skill necessary to qualify them to earn a living as modistes for the upper classes in their own country. It is quite clear that their welfare must depend largely on themselves, with such assistance as they may receive from the disinterested philanthropists who have come to their aid.

The greater number of these are not housemaids, nor the children of peasants, but the daughters of half-pay officers, medical men, clergymen, and other professional men who have died, leaving their families without any provision for their support. Hundreds of these girls, without any knowledge of the world or of the exceptionally great dangers of the Parisian world, drift from the English and American shores in an almost ceaseless stream to that great vortex. Notwithstanding their numbers, however, one might walk the streets of Paris for weeks, and seldom or never meet with one of this class unmistakably English or American in appearance.

But all Paris is not to be seen in the streets. Beneath the pavement over which thousands of busy feet are hurrying from morn till night there is another world of busy toilers. Innumerable workshops exist in these cellars, in which the light of day never appears, and where hundreds of English and American girls are sorrowing in bitterness of soul that they ever left their homes. And what remuneration do many of these unhappy toilers receive? According to the testimony of Miss Leigh—and we can wish for no higher—it is just two meals a day, without lodging or any money payment whatever. But, you may say, they cannot possibly live on those wages. Of course not. Just ask them, as Miss Leigh has often done, how they do manage to exist.

If anything can be done to help those among them who are willing to be helped to a higher level, I am sure all would rejoice to see the effort prosper; and it appears to me that this is precisely the work which Miss Leigh is so nobly doing. I have no acquaintance with that lady or with her work, beyond having once had the pleasure of hearing her give an address on the subject at a drawing-room meeting. She is a very pleasing speaker; but it was not simply on that account that I was interested, but from the intrinsic merits of the cause she advocated: indeed, none could listen to her touching appeal without some emotions of sympathy being aroused. It is seldom that any philanthropic undertaking obtains such remarkable testimony to its value as this effort has received—testimony so peculiar that I cannot conclude without adverting to it.

After witnessing the progress of the work for several years, and satisfying himself of its reality and importance, the well-known M. Galignani, before his death, presented his orphanage at Neuilly, which had cost him fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds, to Miss Leigh, and by his will has directed the sum of three hundred pounds per annum to be paid for ten years successively towards helping on the work in which she is engaged.

More recently, the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild contributed fifteen hundred pounds to erect an additional building, rendered necessary by the expansion of the work. When we bear in mind that these munificent gifts to an institution conducted on Protestant principles came, one from a Roman Catholic and the other from a Jewess, and neither of them English, and that in both cases they were the spontaneous offerings of the donors, arising solely from their conviction of the value of the results already attained, we need no higher testimony to the real importance of the effort.

It is not my object, nor are these columns the place, simply to advocate the claims of one out of the innumerable charities that appeal to the community for aid. But I have no doubt that any of my readers who would like to learn more on this interesting subject can readily ascertain the address of the committee in London, who will, doubtless, gladly supply information to any applicant.

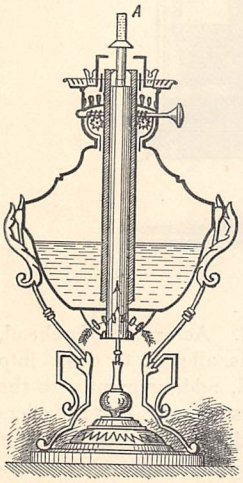
Since the above was written I have seen in the morning papers that Lord Granville's secretary, replying to a memorial from Liverpool, in reference to the French marriage laws, and the hardships arising from their uncertainty inflicted upon Englishwomen marrying Frenchmen, writes:—"That matter is engaging the attention of Her Majesty's Government, and an arrangement is nearly concluded with the French Government which will practically obviate the evils complained of." This is most satisfactory

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Safe Lamp.

According to the report of Captain Shaw for 1884, it appeared that about one-fifth of the fires in London during that year were due to the over-turning or explosion of oil-lamps. The Defries lamp, to which we have alluded before in the GATHERER, is finding favour at the hands of the insurance companies for its safety, and we therefore illustrate it herewith. As shown in the engraving, the oil reservoir is in the form of a ring surrounding a hollow cylinder, by which the air rises from the bottom of the lamp to the flame, as shown by the arrow. The wick is slipped over the tube which forms the hole of the ring, and over the wick is slipped a movable tube concentric with the first, and extending, when in position, nearly to the bottom of the reservoir. The outer tube has in its upper part a projecting ring, which screws into a similar projection on the mouth of the reservoir, and the sealing of the reservoir is still further secured by two curved flanges, which fit tightly into each other when the tube is screwed up. When this movable tube is screwed on to the lamp, the oil has no exit in any position of the lamp except through the small portion of wick exposed at the bottom of the reservoir; and the vapour has no exit at all except at the point of combustion at the top of the wick. When the lamp is tilted or upset, the oil flows away from the wick and tube, and cannot get out at all. Hence, the most explosive oils may be burnt in this lamp with safety. The complete combustion of the flame is effected by means of a tube, A, closed at the top, and perforated in its upper part. The ascending air is heated in passing from the central tube of the wick through this tube, and escapes by the holes to feed the upper part of the flame, thus keeping it white and clear. The lamp is stated to be economical as well as safe, and will burn both light and heavy mineral oils. Two sizes, giving forty-three and sixty-three candle lights, are now manufactured. One lamp will light a room twenty feet square at the cost of (it is said) one farthing per hour only.



Easily-opened Tins.

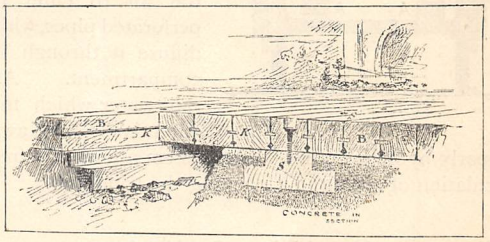
We believe it is not at all generally known that tins are now made for the air-tight packing of sardines, fruits, meats, or other articles, which can be easily and safely opened without recourse to a knife, and without danger of a cut from the jagged edges of the tin. The rim of the tin is slightly inclined from the vertical and the edge of the lid has a corresponding angle, so that when pressed home the tin is perfectly air-tight, especially when, as by the introduction of a recent improvement is now the case, an outer ridge is pressed against the rim of the lid and holds it with great tenacity. Although the lid is thus securely held in its place, when it is required to open it the mere application, with a slight jerk, of a coin to the rim is sufficient to open the tin.

Making Glue Insoluble.

It is stated that glue can be rendered insoluble after use, even in hot water, by adding a little bichromate of potash to the water in which it is dissolved for use. The glued part has then to be exposed to the light. The proportion of bichromate of potash varies with circumstances; but in general one-fifth of the weight of glue will suffice.

A New Wood Flooring.

The figure illustrates a section of a new wooden paving and flooring which has been introduced recently. The salient feature of the paving is the method adopted for keying the blocks so as to keep the surface level. The blocks, B B, are well seasoned to begin with, and dipped, before being laid, in a preservative adhesive compound, which, as there is a V-groove cut along the sides of each block at the bottom, also serves to glue the blocks together and



to the foundation. The blocks are further fastened together by wooden keys, K. The sub-structure consists of concrete, into which blocks are let at intervals, and the blocks of the flooring over these are screwed down to them, as shown, by screws, S. The flooring is apparently a healthy one, since it cannot allow dirt or foul air or vermin to lodge about it.

Ventilating Carriages.

A new system of ventilating railway carriages has been devised by Mr. Robert Boyle. It gives a change of air without creating a draught, and this is effected, as shown in the engravings, by means of a Boyle air-pump ventilator, A, connected with a trunk-pipe, B (see Figs. 1 and 2), which runs under each side of the carriages and communicates with branch-pipes, C C C, entering the compartments under the seats, one on each side of the compartment. The mouths of these pipes rise a few inches above the floor, and they are covered with wire gauze to prevent the dirt entering. The flow of air through the trunk-pipe, caused by the movement of the carriage, sucks the vitiated air out of the compartment, and fresh air enters at the top of the carriage through pipes, D D D, running across the carriage, perforated with holes, and connected with downcast ventilators, E E E, fixed on the roof. These ventilators, E E E, allow the air to enter the perforated pipes, which diffuse it through the compartment. Any rain-water which may enter is drained away properly by outlet pipes. The system allows of a fresh circulation of air without opening the windows.

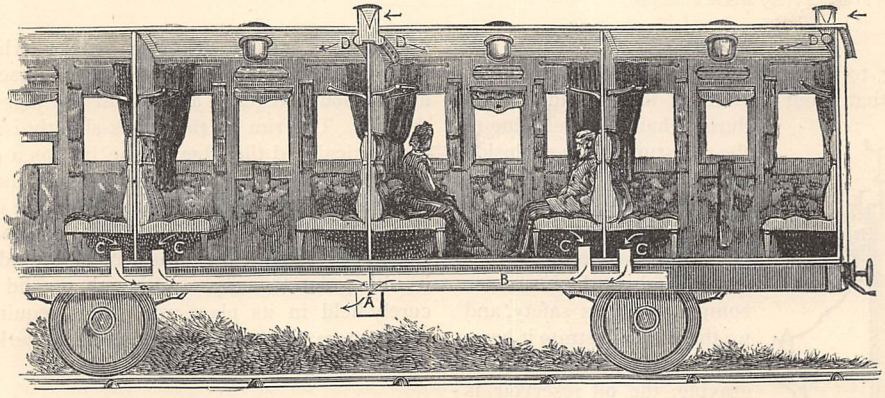


FIG. 1.

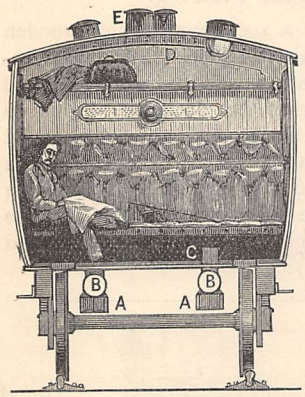


FIG. 2.

New Linings for Hats.

There are many sanitary objections to the leather linings ordinarily used in silk and felt hats, the main one being that they do not sufficiently allow for the natural evaporation from the head. To remove this difficulty a new lining has recently been patented by Mr. D. W. Wall, in which the place of the leather band is largely occupied by a slip of porous undyed woollen cloth. If the cloth were to be carried all round the head it would impart too great a warmth, so, except in front, it is not allowed actually to touch the head, but projects through frequent openings in a thin leather lining, this arrangement giving full play to the absorptive properties of the wool while guarding the wearer against discomfort. Across the forehead, however, the woollen lining is allowed to come into direct contact with the head, adding greatly to the comfort of the wearer by its softness. For travellers and others who are compelled to wear their hats for long periods this new lining should prove very serviceable, and we therefore commend this device to the notice of our readers.

A Phosphorescent Cloud.

During an Alpine storm on August 6th last, Professor Colladon of Geneva witnessed a curious atmospheric phenomenon. A long black cloud, stretching from La Dôle to Salève, presented on each side a broad phosphorescent border, and about 9.15 p.m. three phosphorescent rays appeared out of a luminous centre in the cloud, and continued for twenty minutes. From then until midnight the south-western extremity of Mount Salève was lit by a bright phosphorescence like the mists of the city of Geneva when lighted up by the gas of the streets. Forests of resinous trees have been seen to become luminous in a similar way, but Professor Colladon was too far distant to notice whether the pines on Mount Salève were luminous.

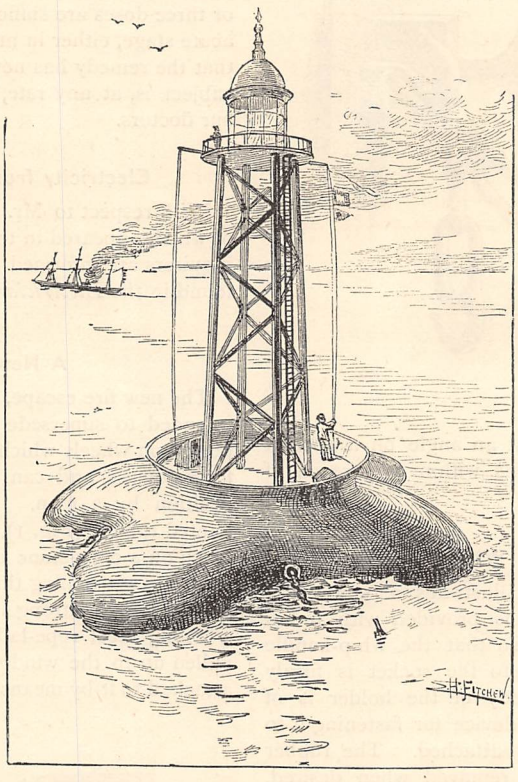
An Unstretching Chain.

A surveyor's chain intended not to stretch, and so alter its length, is shown in our engraving. Each link is of hard tempered steel, and fluted to increase its strength. The long links are connected by two dovetailed steel rings which cannot open or stretch, and one central solid steel ring, as shown. This arrangement is applicable to other purposes than the measuring chain. But those who know how apt the ordinary

surveyor's chain is to get out of order by the links bending or stretching, will appreciate any attempt to improve upon it.

A Floating Telegraph Station.

Projects have come to the front from time to time for having telegraph stations at sea, so that news could be conveyed from passing vessels; and recently a model light-house and ocean telegraph station has been designed by Captain Moody for the purpose in question or for ordinary light-ship uses. The figure illustrates this model, which was recently constructed at Barrow and tried in Walney Channel. The hull is of iron in the ray-like form shown, and is anchored by four cables to the bottom, or if the water is too deep for that, to four buoys. A lattice tower rising from the ship carries the lighting lantern; and the telegraph cable enters the vessel through a well-hole in its middle, so as not to foul with the moorings, or twist and break with the movements of the tide. The vessel has been exhibited to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.



A FLOATING TELEGRAPH STATION.

A Portable Copying Press.

It frequently happens that a traveller or professional man requires a copy of a letter written when no copying press is at hand—while he is on a journey, or at home. To meet such cases a simple form of copying apparatus has recently been invented, which is easily carried about, and requires no special stand like the ordinary copying press. The apparatus consists of a small metal cylinder about nine inches in length, and having a slot down one side. The page of the copying book having been damped in the usual way and the letter inserted, the back of the book is inserted into the slot, and the book tightly rolled round the cylinder by hand, and on relaxing this pressure a perfect copy of the letter will be found in the book.

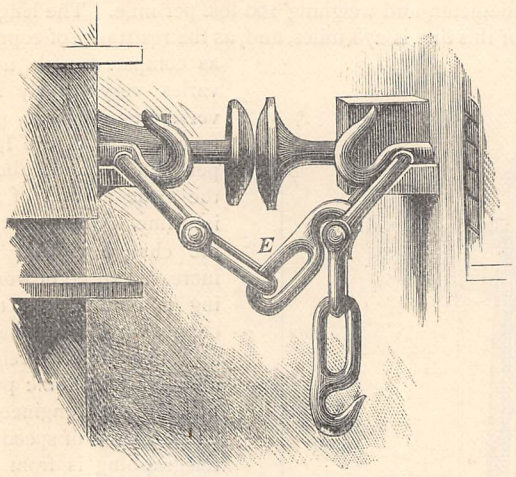
Copper and Iron Telegraph Wires.

Copper is gradually replacing iron for aërial telegraph lines in this country. The introduction of copper is chiefly due to our atmosphere, in which copper wires are far more durable than iron ones. Hitherto only short lengths of copper wire have been erected in smoky towns and districts where fumes of chemical works would rot iron wires; but recently the Post Office has built a trunk line from London to Newcastle, consisting of a copper wire, ·080 inch in diameter, and weighing 100 lbs. per mile. The length of this line is 278 miles, and, as the resistance of copper as compared with iron varies very nearly inversely as its price per ton, the cost of the line per mile remains about the same as that of an iron line. One result of the change is that an increased speed of working is obtained on the copper wires, which have also been found preferable for telephonic purposes by some engineers. The increase of speed in telegraphing is from 10 to 20 per cent., according to circumstances. This effect is due, according to Mr. Preece and Professor Hughes, to some difference in the molecular nature of the two metals, the copper being more quickly susceptible to changes in the electric current than the iron. Copper telegraph wire was also tried in the Eastern Soudan during the operations round Suakim. It was subject, however, to this disadvantage, that it was easily broken by the hostile natives, and not very readily mended again. For military purposes a copper strand is considered by some to be better than a single wire. We may mention that the telegraph was at work in the thick of the fight at McNeil's zareba, communicating intelligence to Suakim. This is perhaps the first instance on record of the fighting line having a working telegraphic connection with the base of operations.

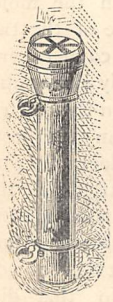
A Simple Railway Coupling.

Various plans have been devised for relieving the person coupling or uncoupling railway carriages and trucks from the danger of having to go between the vehicles. Somehow these have not been a practical success; but the device which we illustrate has the merit of simplicity, and can be worked by means of a short stick or pole. The figure shows the chain-coupling, which has to be joined by the stick. This is done by shifting one or other hook—say E—with the stick, and dropping it into the upper link of

the opposite chain; and the novelty of the present invention is that the coupling chains, being made in two links, facilitate this process, while the upper



link, being allowed to rest at an angle on a wooden support, brings the two chains within easy reach of each other.



A New Whip-Holder.

The figure illustrates a new whip-socket, which is provided with india-rubber teeth, so that the whip-handle when thrust into the socket is firmly held. The body of the holder is of wood; and a device for fastening it to the vehicle is attached. The rubber teeth can be removed when desired, and their place supplied by others.

To Amateur Photographers.

Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Frederica, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Brassey, Lord Lawrence, and other well-known names, an International Amateur Photographic Exhibition will be held at 103, New Bond Street, London, W., from April 15th to May 24th, under the auspices of the London Stereoscopic Company. All the profits of the exhibition will go to the funds of Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home, Hampton Court, so that amateur photographers who enter their works for this competition—and all may do so on application to the manager—will have the additional satisfaction of helping forward a good work. The exhibition will be divided into fourteen classes, embracing all the various branches of this deservedly popular art; and gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded to the best works. Of the advantages that amateurs may gain from such competition and comparison with the work of other amateurs at home and abroad, it is unnecessary to speak, for they are evident.

A Russian Cure for Hydrophobia.

Following M. Pasteur's discoveries in France, a new remedy for hydrophobia is reported from Russia. It consists of the onion-shaped root of the water-plantain, which flowers in the summer. The roots should be collected in the month of August, dried and grated; the powder should then be spread on bread and butter, and so administered to the patient. It is said that two or three doses are sufficient to cure hydrophobia in its acute stage, either in men or animals, and it is claimed that the remedy has never been known to fail. The subject is, at any rate, deserving of the attention of our doctors.

Electricity from Running Streams.

With respect to Mr. Hett's Turbine, a brief notice of which appeared in the GATHERER of January last, inquirers are informed that fuller particulars are to be found in the *Electrician* for October 30, 1885.

A New Fire-Escape.

The new fire-escape, which we illustrate herewith, is intended to supersede the cumbersome escape transported on wheels which is now used. It weighs only forty pounds, and can be easily carried and put into position by a man. The apparatus consists of a jointed tube, A (Fig. 1), with a hook, B, at one end to catch on a cope-stone or window-frame, and an endless rope, C, running through a pulley below the hook, and carrying a strong swivel-hook, D, to which is fixed a strong steel rope-ladder, E (Fig. 2). This ladder is pulled up to the window by the rope, C (Fig. 1); and attached to it by means of chains at F F (Fig. 2) are two

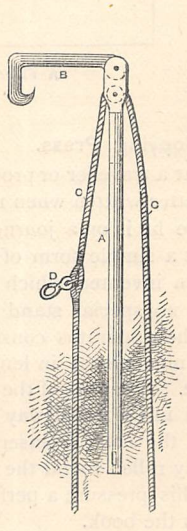


FIG. 1.

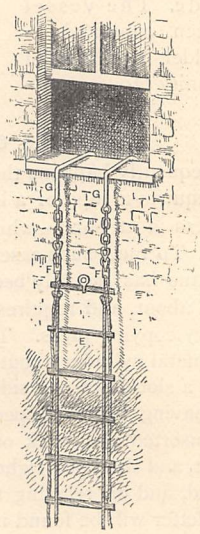


FIG. 2.

hooks, G G, made to fit any window-sill. The fireman first fixes the hook, B (Fig. 1); adjusts the rod, A; pulls up the ladder, E (Fig. 2); mounts it, then fixes the ladder in the window-sill, and assists the inmates of the room to descend. When he has descended him-

self, he pulls the two lines attached to the ladder at F F, thus releasing it from the chains and hooks, which may be recovered afterwards. Duplicate sets of chains and hooks are supplied with each escape.

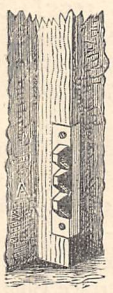
Uintahite.

Uintahite is a new variety of asphaltum found in the Uintah mountains of Utah, North America. It is very hard and brittle, black and lustrous. It burns in the flame of a candle like sealing-wax, and also takes the impression of a seal, but unless very hot will not adhere to cold paper. It dissolves in warm turpentine, but not in alcohol. It combines with wax and ozokerit, which it resembles, and with melted tallow or stearine. Peculiar uses have not been found for it yet; but no doubt there is a sphere of action for it in the arts, like other substances of its kind. If, as is likely, it prove an insulator of electricity, it may yet be used for this purpose, either mixed with ozokerit or some other insulator.

Electrical Imitation of Leather.

An electrical process for the imitation of leather surfaces has been brought out. The leather to be imitated is cleaned and rubbed with graphite, then placed in a copper bath, and copper deposited on the graphite surface. This gives a copper electrotype of the leather surface, which forms a cast of the skin, and is used for reproducing the pattern of the hide. Shall we ever have casts of human faces made in some similar way, as an aid to, or a rival of, the sculptor?

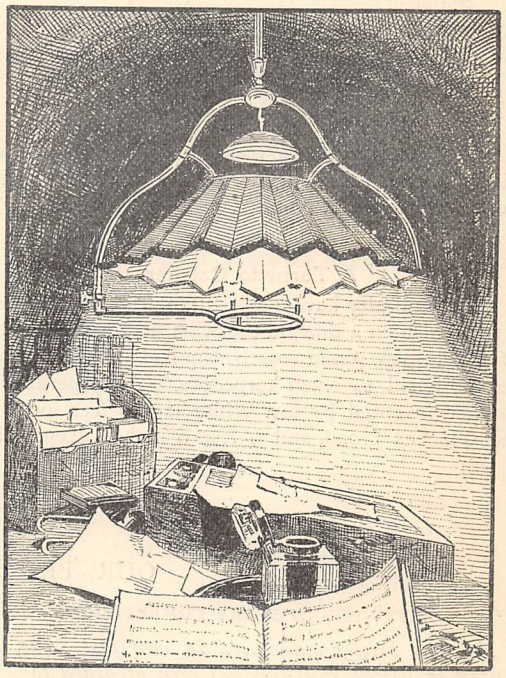
Door Buffers.



An india-rubber buffer for preventing the slamming or jarring of doors, windows, or pianos when shut, has been brought out recently. The figure illustrates the device, which is let into the frame of the door, and consists of india-rubber teeth in a metal frame which is sunk and screwed into the wood. Some doors require more than one of these, and a variety of patterns are made to suit different tastes and circumstances.

A Wind Globe.

An ingenious French priest has devised a terrestrial globe which when rapidly rotated on its axis in the surrounding air produces many of the great terrestrial air currents, such as the trade winds, the zone of calms and light breezes at the equator, and the vertical currents at the poles. These mimic winds are shown by a large number of small girouettes placed all over the surface of the globe. This imitation of a natural phenomenon has been accompanied lately by an imitation volcano for laboratory purposes. The volcano is produced from furnace slag by imprisonment of its gases as the crust of the slag cools. The gases burst out and throw jets of molten slag into the air. These, descending, form a cone round the mouth of the blow-hole, with a vent out of which the liquid lava runs after the manner of a volcano. While upon this subject we may mention that at the recent meeting of the British Association, a paper was read in which the evidence, according to the author, pointed to the supposition that the centre of the earth was solid and not liquid, as has been thought by many scientists. Volcanoes and other phenomena of the kind which seem to indicate internal heat may arise from comparatively local causes.



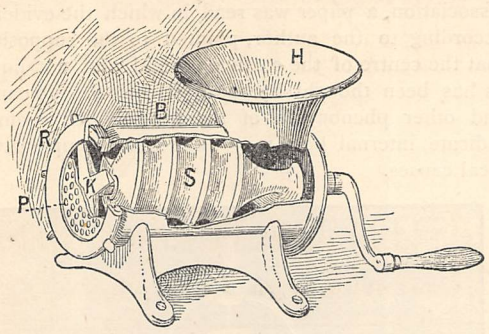
A New Reflector.

The reflector which we illustrate is suitable for all kinds of lamp—gas, oil, or electric. They are now much used in Liverpool in the shops and warehouses, and have an ornamental appearance. The conical reflector is so formed as to diffuse the light from its facets, and the inverted cup hanging above arrests the heat.

A Chopping Machine.

A machine for chopping meat without smearing it has been brought out recently, and is illustrated here. It is made for use in ordinary households, and is capable of chopping from one to four pounds of meat per minute. It consists of a hopper, H, into which the meat is fed, and a barrel, B, containing a screw, S, revolved by the handle shown. This screw is fitted with a four-bladed knife, K, which revolves with it, and cuts the meat. A plate, P, perforated with numerous small holes, fits into the end of the cylinder against the knife, and the meat being carried forward by the screw, is forced through the small holes by the pressure, and is then cut through by the revolving knife. The small pieces thus cut off are forced out by the continued revolution of the screw and pressure of the meat behind; R is a ring which

fits on the end of the barrel; the other parts shown will explain themselves. From the above description



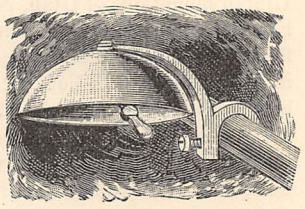
it will be seen that the meat is really cut into small pieces, and that the machine is of a simple character, not likely to get out of order.

A Torpedo Catcher.

The Admiralty have adopted the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, in the construction of a number of small, quick steam vessels, similar to torpedo boats, but designed to catch torpedoes. An experimental catcher invented by Mr. White is 150 feet long, 17 feet 6 inches broad, and 9 feet 6 inches deep. Her displacement is about 125 tons. She is built of thin steel, and has a conning tower in her middle, from which she is steered. The speed of the craft is about 20 knots per hour.

A New Cycling Bell.

The figure shows a new bell for cyclists, in which the lever and hammer are combined so as to give more weight to the latter and produce a fuller sound. The vibrations of the bell are also less impeded by this arrangement. By unscrewing the bell from its support the lever can be placed in any position to suit the rider.



An Electric Mountain Railway.

An electric railway is to be built up the Salève mountain, near Geneva, in Switzerland. The line will be laid with a central rack similar to that on the Righi but the toothed pinion on the locomotive which gears into it, instead of being driven by steam, will be worked by electricity.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FIFTY-POUND STORY COMPETITION.

As was briefly announced in our last issue, the PRIZE *of* FIFTY POUNDS *has been awarded to*

KATE EYRE, 215, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.;

but the work of two other competitors was of so high a degree of excellence, that the Editor has decided to award two additional Prizes to these competitors, and accordingly has the pleasure to announce that a SECOND PRIZE *of* THIRTY POUNDS *has been awarded to*

FLORENCE M. KING, 52, Brunswick Place, Brighton;

and a THIRD PRIZE *of* TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS *to*

T. KEYWORTH, 52, Selborne Street, Liverpool.

Special Commendation is accorded to the work of another competitor:—

The Marchioness of Carmarthen;

and Honourable Mention to that of two others:—

Edward McNulty, Dublin, and
John Rice, Plymouth.

In accordance with the regulations of the Competition, the copyright of the three Prize works becomes the property of the Proprietors of the Magazine, and the Editor hopes to be able to make use of the three Prize Stories in future issues.

POEM COMPETITION.

After careful consideration of all the MSS. submitted in this department of our Competitions, the Editor has the pleasure to announce that the PRIZE *of* FIVE GUINEAS, *offered for the best Poem on the Twentieth Century, has been awarded to*

KATHARINE S. MASTERS RAE, Duckspool, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.

Honourable Mention is awarded to the work of the following competitors, in order of merit:—

Margherita N. Daniel, Glasson, Athlone.
Thomas Alderson Wilson, Church Terrace, South Lambeth, S.W.
Ethel May Hewitt, Barbados, West Indies.
Margaret Haycraft, Epsom.
J. W. Meaden, Melbourne, Australia.
H. G. Groser, Crouch End, N.
E. J. Fletcher, Cheltenham.

The Editor hopes to publish the Prize Poem in an early number of the Magazine.

HANDWRITING COMPETITION.

The Editor begs to remind competitors that March 31st, 1886, is the latest date for receiving entries for this Competition. The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that it has been decided to issue a number of CERTIFICATES *in connection with this Competition, in addition to the Prizes already offered.*

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP——!"

IN the warm early evening of the day following Sydney's visit to Stillcote-Upton, Mrs. Alwyn and her nephew strolled up and down the lawn at the Dale in conclave of a peculiarly private nature.

Each had a design, definite and very similar, at heart. Both were bent on having it discussed and done with before Sydney's return, which was expected in some half-hour; and their conversation hovered about the important point, like bees over a blossom, undecided whereabouts to commence operations. Leonora, rather partial generally to a twilight stroll with her London cousin, kept out of the way now, obedient to a hint from her mother. But she made herself heard, if not seen. Her florid execution of "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," was frightening the sparrows from their nests in the ivy about the drawing-room windows, though it was quite past their proper bedtime, and her "*grâce pour moi, grâce pour toi*," pierced the still air beyond the Dale to cottage tenements, evoking the doubtful compliment that "young miss yonder, she could screech mighty fine, an' no mistake."

"Your father admires that cavatina so much," said Mrs. Alwyn, when the last vocal entreaty died out, exhausted, on the final D; "he remembered Grisi singing it, and thinks Leonora almost equal to her in it."

Mr. Rupert's glance followed the gyrations of a bat overhead to conceal a suspicious smile. His excellent father knew about as much of music as he himself of warfare. But on no account would he gainsay the major's flattery. So he agreed, "Leonora does sing brilliantly indeed. We must get her to please the pater with that to-morrow night: when Sydney and I——"

"Well? When Sydney and you——?"

"Have just such a stroll as this—with your good leave, Aunt Helen."

"Or without it, I suspect, by then," she answered, with a satisfied laugh.

"I hope we may take it for granted without going far wrong," replied Mr. Rupert, with easy assurance, "unless you mean to change sides and give my lady fair to some one else at the last moment."

"Which is very probable, is it not? You forget, my dear nephew, how your suit began."

"Indeed, I do nothing of the sort; nor that I am your debtor from that moment, and have not done with your good offices yet, Aunt Helen."

This was nearing business, but each politely gave the other the *pas* on the rather delicate ground approached.

"Ah! a few hours may change your modest deference, Mr. Rupert." (No response to this. The young man was cautious. It seemed she must go first.) "But, by the way, before Sydney comes, I was wanting to say that I hope your father will not think we have asked him over for to-morrow at the last moment just for business purposes. I should be sorry for him to fancy that."

"Not the least likely, seeing he angled unblushingly for an invitation! His pretext of just running down to resign his trusteeship formally was a most transparent excuse, Aunt Helen, for satisfying himself that all was safe and sure between Sydney and me. He is spending a great deal of ardour on the whole affair, I assure you."

"Which is amiable of him!" murmured Mrs. Alwyn, not giving utterance to her uppermost thought, that the son had not been too lavish of the same quality throughout the 'affair.' "So we must let him share our pleasure to the full, Rupert. I know Sydney will be enchanted to see him. They have a good deal in common, I think. Both impressionable, enthusiastic, eh? And—er—not very business-like; is it not so? Which brings me to what I was going to mention to *you*—for really we ought not to trouble your father after to-morrow with Sydney's pecuniary arrangements. I think you and I should undertake them."

"Most willingly, Aunt Helen."

"You won't consider me premature, I trust?"

"Not the least likely."

"Then I had been considering, that as possibly you will not wish for a very long engagement——"

"A month. Not a day more. A fellow feels unsettled with—with that sort of thing" (and others unnameable—unpaid bills, to wit) "hanging over him. I must make Sydney look at it in the same light, and fix the middle of July."

"Then the middle of July will be a very expensive time to me, Rupert."

Mr. Villiers barely restrained a chuckle. Of all moves on the board, this was just the most advantageous for him that Mrs. Alwyn could have made. Now he thanked his stars he had got the cue to cutting his difficulties short.

"A very expensive time!" he repeated gravely.

"Ah! I suppose so. You ladies won't be contented, I presume, unless you have the ceremony in grand style."

"Grand! Oh dear, no! But becomingly. And you have no idea how expenses run up at such a time."

"Ah! I haven't a doubt of it," Rupert acquiesced. "I've been thinking of pretty much the same sort of thing myself. You see when a fellow gets married he has to clear up all round, as it were, and confoundedly awkward he finds it sometimes."

"I quite believe it."

"I'm glad you do. The pater, you see, hasn't a notion of how much is wanted for this sort of thing; though"—with a twinge of compunction—"he means to be liberal, of course. But figures run up so——"

"They do, indeed, Rupert."

"And house-furnishing makes off with ten times more than a man with my short income can get together. And—er—so—er——"

"Unquestionably, Rupert. But I am sure if this is put in the proper light to Sydney she will see that it is her duty, her delightful duty, to assist with what you name."

"Oh, you think she won't object to that?"

"Certainly not — *if* explained as I should take care to explain it. You would probably have to restrain her being too free-handed. But everything, with her—forgive me the expression—peculiar disposition, depends on how the matter is put before her."

"Then, my dear aunt, to be perfectly candid, will you undertake to see if she has any objection to leaving a—a—thousand or so—a couple, perhaps, just loose, so as to start us off respectably, and leave us a margin for—well, things we may not have thought of, you understand? 'Tisn't wise to have to feel hampered for a five-pound note the first year one is married."

"Nor at any other time, Rupert!" A gentle reminder, this, that other interests were on the carpet besides his own. Mr. Villiers answered the helm instantly.

"Nor at any other. Dear me, no! Least of all at such a time as I hope we are coming to. I'm certain, Aunt Helen, Sydney and I would both think it unfair for you to bear the outlay that is for our glorification."

"Especially as, you see, my income is on the verge of being lessened."

"Exactly so. I should think if Sydney asked you to manipulate all her first quarter's income over the business, that wouldn't leave you much to the bad, would it?"

On the contrary, it would leave her an appreciable trifle to the good. Rupert was thoughtful beyond his sex. What an excellent husband he would make poor Sydney! Mrs. Alwyn felt quite a glow of regard for him, pleasant fellow that he was! She took his arm affectionately, with "That would do! That would do"—"amply," she was on the point of saying, but substituted, "as I should contrive it." There was no need to arm Rupert with the notion that he was acting very liberally. She preferred the obligation to rest with her. So she concluded, "And I will arrange that other point, Rupert, and take pains to settle it speedily, as you wish."

"Thanks, very much." It took a load off his mind, and he could add, with quite a cool air, "Of course, you see why it is so desirable?"

"Perfectly." ("Hang it, I hope not!" thought the gentleman.) "And now, if we are to dine at eight, I think it time we went in-doors, Rupert."

He took off his straw hat with "Then *au revoir*, mamma!"—and, profoundly contented with the compact just concluded, went gaily into the house, up to his own room three steps at a time, singing "Love in her eyes sits playing" so lustily over his quarter of an hour's dressing, that the persecuted sparrows outside had no chance of beauty-sleep till he had descended to the drawing-room in that evening garb which, if he might believe the testimony of many mirrors, invested him with his most gentlemanly and attractive exterior.

"Sydney not come!" he said impatiently, on entering, and Leonora, the only occupant of the apartment, replied, rather sarcastically—for though all this exaltation of Sydney was needful means to a desirable end, she was getting thoroughly tired of it—

"No, actually not here yet, poor, *poor* Rupert. So you must wait a little longer before you can verify the charming ditty you have been waking up the echoes with so melodiously."

'Laughing at me!" said Mr. Villiers, seating himself by his fair cousin. The characteristics of kinship were strong between these two. He could play upon her moods as readily as she upon her cottage piano. "And when she knows how keenly sensitive I am to feminine ridicule. Cruel, very! But, Norah, my dear—pardon!"—as the young lady stiffened her rounded figure warningly—"I should say 'my dear Norah,' that's correct enough for cousins, isn't it?—remember two can indulge in these playful pleasantries. Permit me to inquire who may be the '*toi*' associated with the '*moi*' in the strains I had the happiness of listening to just now. Such impassioned vocalisation signifies something individual, not general. Benignly enlighten me, dear coz."

"Nonsense!" said Leonora, a smile belying a frown.

"Now had that '*toi*' anything to do with a clerical scion of nobility? A gentleman in a soft wide-awake, who walked up from the village with you this morning?"

"Silence, Rupert!"

"And who had something so serious to discuss before separating, it involved five minutes' conversation, deliberation, and blushes!"

"Really, Rupert, this is intolerable! If I had known you were playing the spy——"

"Hard names, hard names, young people! Now what's amiss?" This was Mrs. Alwyn's question as she came rustling in.

"Nothing very bad, Aunt Helen. Only Leonora perversely declines to tell me what absorbed her and Mr. Duvesne this morning. And I consider that, as a near male relative, I ought to know it."

"Then, most inquisitive of men," cried Leonora, her

mother listening carefully, while pretending to laugh, "hear and believe! Mr. Duvesne was asking my opinion about the hangings of a room."

"Innocent enough," said Mrs. Alwyn.

"That depends, Aunt Helen. What room, Cousin Norah?"

"Curiosity—your name is Rupert Villiers!" cried the young lady, nothing loth to be pushed to the extremity of confession. "It was a—morning room: the pretty west one we noticed, mamma, when the Rectory was building. Mr. Duvesne's study is just the opposite side of the vestibule."

"*Elle et lui!* H'm! '*Pour moi . . . pour toi!*'" hummed Mr. Villiers mischievously. "And what colour wished 'he,' and what colour counselled 'you,' Cousin Norah?"

"Rupert, you are too absurd. Mr. Duvesne fancied pale pink, but I said at once that would go very badly with——"

"Squirrel-coloured hair!" audaciously flicking at her much-becurled coiffure.

"Pshaw! With the yellow-red of sunset, Mr. Villiers. They mix most horribly. So I suggested pale blue, and Mr. Duvesne——"

"Coincided, of course! And right you are, Norah. Blue for you blondes, you know, all the world over!"

"Mamma, silence him! Tell him such *badinage* is very vulgar. It must be put a stop to. Positively I can't listen to it any longer!" cried Leonora, getting up with a maidenly display of affront.

"Well, here comes something to release you," said Mrs. Alwyn. "I heard wheels turning in at the gate, I think."

Instantly Mr. Villiers was out and into the hall. His aunt followed more leisurely. Leonora was deserted, with a suspicious pout on her full lips and a keen desire burning within her that her time to command such devoted alacrity might be nigh.

The spirit of fun animating Mr. Villiers the minute before was put to the right-about as he hastened to the porch, first to assist Sydney in descending from the cab which had brought her home. His attitude was perfection for the occasion: a mixture of tender deference and lover-like impatience calculated to set the stamp of surrender to himself on the "impressionable" nature of his nearly-betrothed. But whether absence had had its proverbial effect, and whether the wonder-working little god were enthroned in his lady's eyes, the anxious gentleman was unable at once to judge. Sydney kept her glance nervously averted. Nor would she suffer him, as he desired, to clasp her fingers for a moment in the porch. Instead, she loosed his arm, and went quickly to her mother, meeting her cool, self-contained welcome with a tremulous embrace that held an unspeakable depth of deprecation and emotion. So monstrous to the girl's generous instincts had seemed the harsh judgment of her mother's doings to which her first passionate outburst of humiliated pain had driven her, that now, as cheek lay to cheek, she felt a very Judas, yet, somehow, sorrier for her mother than herself—her mother, after all!

Mrs. Alwyn was quick to mark disturbing signs, which she set down to weariness.

"I was very wrong," she said, "to let you take that journey in three days. You are tired, Sydney?"

"Dreadfully."

"You did not rest as you ought the day between."

"Rest! Oh, no, mamma."

The notion was so grotesque. Coming atop the long strain of cheerfulness kept up perforce before Mrs. Dacie, it fetched for answer a little cry, half laughter, nearer tears. A single soft syllable would have plunged Sydney into the yet unknown regions of hysteria. But from such weakness her mother's promptitude shielded her.

"Ah! you are like all young people—not to be trusted out alone. Here, Phillips; take Miss Alwyn's bag up-stairs, and help her to dress. Posting about in this way, you have had no regular meals, of course. Be quick down to dinner, my dear. We waited for you."

"Must I come——" Sydney began.

"Most certainly you must," Mrs. Alwyn broke in. And, conscious that she must spend no strength on skirmishes, but save all for the battle royal close upon her, Sydney gave in; wearily changed travelling clothes for a dress that matched her pale face, and re-appeared to endure the ceremonial of four courses, with the best semblance of appetite she could command.

But it was not a successful dinner. Leonora at one end of the table looked, as she felt, petulant. Mrs. Alwyn, having made careless inquiry for Mrs. Dacie, dropped the journey and its object altogether, bestowing her spare minutes in ladylike vituperation of the Hedyngham fishmonger, who had sent an inferior cut of salmon to that ordered.

"He knows I am at his mercy, and takes advantage accordingly!" said the irate hostess. "Dishonest, I call it;" and Sydney winced. Rupert Villiers felt the minutes wasted. It was impossible to make love across a plateau of roses and jellies; with a couple of lynx-eyed waiting-maids ready to make note—for kitchen gossip—of every soft word or expressive glance. And to Sydney, comparison of this, her delicate and elegant home, with Jacob Cheene's poor lodgings, rich only in what were banished here—relics of her father—sight of her mother's long white jewel-decked hands, with remembrance of John Lewis's toil, pain-wrung joints, and poverty-stricken garments—these turned her so heart-sick that each minute seemed interminable. Involuntarily, she breathed a heavy sigh, as Rupert filled his glass from the glittering silver jug, and he interpreted it according to his own desire.

"A hot dining-room is a bad place to shut you up in, Sydney, after six hours of railway-carriages. It's a lovely night," emptying his glass, and walking off, with a gesture of permission from Mrs. Alwyn, to the long, open window at the end of the apartment—"Doesn't somebody say somewhere, 'Methinks I will go forth and scent the new-mown hay'? They've been cutting in the field opposite this afternoon. Sydney"—with an effective change of note, and momentary halt

upon her name—"won't you come out? It's just what you will like."

She got up, a tinge of colour rising, and went to the window.

"Now," he said, for her ear alone, "you will come with me, Sydney? Do! I have been wanting you so long."

He put all needful pleading in his tone. It sounded marvellously true. Would he stand by her now? And if he did——!

"May I get you a shawl?" he persuaded on. "You must be taken care of, you know. You are a valuable person. You are coming?"

But that stray hint of value scared her.

"No," she said, slowly, almost faintly; "I dare—I cannot come now—indeed."

"Too tired?" very softly.

"Yes—too tired, Rupert."

"Then you shall not be troubled." The young man reckoned himself most chivalrously unselfish. To give him his due, when, as now, he deemed himself secure of his end, his disposition was not unkindly. "Aunt Helen, Sydney should sleep the clock round, to revive her from this jaunt. I am bidding her good night."

"Wise, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Alwyn. "Good night, my dear," as Sydney, returning, stooped over her. "What? Will I not come to your room by-and-by? Certainly not. Gossiping at night is against my rules, and you must defer to them for a few more hours. To-morrow you are your own mistress, and I suppose we must honour the occasion by letting you talk as you like and do as you like."

So, shivering over this unusually *complaisant* forecast, Sydney was dismissed; and Mr. Rupert, after a few minutes' star-gazing by himself, put his head in, with—

"It's too agreeable out of doors for any one to stay in. Suppose you venture out, and take a turn with me, Leonora? You won't mind a cigar?"

"Would you have asked Sydney to allow it, Cousin Rupert?" said she, pouting.

"Circumstances alter cases, Cousin Norah," said he, taking out his russia case, and thinking, "She's over-old to pout; but it's uncommonly becoming to her!"

"Then suppose I don't come?" coquetted Leonora, attitudinising by the window-frame.

"Take me or leave me, as you will," said the gentleman resignedly, striking his match, and stepping out on the gravel.

"Then I'll be benevolent enough to take you," she said, "out of pity!" and stepped forth after him.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

"SOME GRIEFS ARE MEDICIN'ABLE!"

MR. VILLIERS was down betimes next morning.

Knowing that Sydney was generally earliest in the breakfast-room, he calculated on receiving her alone. He had something in his waistcoat-pocket that he kept fingering, taking it out now and then to look at—a thick gold circlet, set with sapphires three. He had the words ready with which to offer this, and birthday greetings, and—himself! He ran the little speech through mentally half a dozen times while pacing to and fro in the fresh morning air, casting a glance each turn he took past the window to see if she for whom he waited had appeared. He felt the minutes tumultuous. Once over, he could get his breakfast without that awkward sensation as of a screw propeller at work under his shirt-front. He could dash off a line to Tufter and sundry others fixing a day for——

The door opened. "Now for it!" thought he, and made one stride in. Check! It was Leonora!

Leonora in pale blue cambric, looking, for twenty-nine, quite youthful, as she stood with her back to the light, her brown locks rolled away in a tight knob, bathing fashion. Not hearing her cousin's step, she was bestowing all her attention on some object by Sydney's plate. It was *her* birthday gift: characteristic enough—a gilt-framed tinted photograph of her own fair self in sumptuous array. Square bodice deep-cut, pearls on the wide display of bosom, golden coils well-nigh the only covering of the well-posed arms, face raised just enough to give the stately curve of the neck and catch the upward tilt of the eyelashes, folded hands resting on a tall vase so as to conceal no undulation of the handsome figure. It was the likeness of a very good-looking person, and the original, contemplating it with satisfaction, felt sorry she was going to part from it. None of fashion's beauties whom she had seen could compare with it to her mind. Fashion's beauties! Ah!—with an audible "Heigho!"—was the day coming when some society paper, perchance, would go forth bearing her lineaments to the upper ten thousand, her name above, not an unwed belle, her signature below, not Leonora Villiers? "Heigho!" said she again, and gave a great start when her cousin, advancing, echoed her jocosely.

"What mean these plaintive sounds, *Leonora mia?* Are you wishing it were your twenty-first birthday over again, and you were going to have all sorts of good things given to you?"

"Indeed no, Rupert. I am not envious of Sydney in—any respect. I suppose I sighed because I want my breakfast."

"Creditable subterfuge, if not correct answer. Well, I've been sighing here the last half-hour because I want—my breakfast! Is Sydney taking my injunction literally and going to sleep the clock round before she comes down?"

"When she does, we shall have to wait for mamma," answered Leonora demurely. "But take comfort, dear cousin, they won't be long. I heard mamma call Sydney into her boudoir just as I came down, to give her some lace, and a lecture, I presume. This"—indicating the picture—"is what I have got for her. Do you think she will like it?"

"She must," said Mr. Villiers; "that goes without saying. I do."

"Which," returned Leonora, with a droop of her

red lips, "is a perplexing arrangement of sentences. Am I to infer that because you like it—or say so—Sydney must do the same? And do you expect my step-sister's opinion invariably to mould itself sweetly to yours, good cousin?"

She might well ask. Mrs. Alwyn entered with a rapid sweep; storm on her brow; extremest paleness, underlying pearl powder, making her almost ghastly; the grand dame completely lost in the angry woman. She pushed-to the door, cut short Mr. Villiers' saluta-

"SHE GOT UP, A TINGE OF COLOUR RISING" (*p.* 324).

"Oh, I've no fears on that point," replied Mr. Villiers, thinking with amusement, "Ah, charming Norah, so you are disposed to be spiteful, then, are you?"

"Then I hope you may find you've no need for them," said she drily. "Oh! here comes mamma," looking up the hall. "Sydney reserves herself for the last to-day, to be received with united honours. Why, mamma, what is the matter?"

tion, and throwing herself into a chair, panted, in an abandonment of violent agitation.

"Aunt Helen," exclaimed Rupert Villiers, while Leonora ran to the bell: sal volatile must be wanted —"are you ill? Or what on earth has happened?"

"Ah! what, indeed? Why," cried Mrs. Alwyn, turning on him with an almost ferocity that made him fall back a step—"why, what never would have happened at all, Rupert—Don't ring, Leonora; Phillips is

not to come in—never at all, if you had let me follow my own senses and stop Sydney from going on that crazy journey! Now you'll see what you have done for yourself—for Sydney—for all of us. Oh, it's enough to drive a woman wild!"

"My dear aunt," Rupert began soothingly, but she flung a snarl at him with "Don't, Mr. Villiers! Don't speak to me. Not to *me!* If you've any persuasion in you, any reason, any influence, go and exert them on Sydney. Tell her I shall never forgive her; not"—with a tempest-clap of ironical laughter—"that she will mind that! Tell her she'll break your heart, Rupert, invent any plea you choose, but, for mercy's sake, put an end to this mad idea, or I can't tell what will come to us all. Go to her, pray! I said I should send you. Leonora, my poor, poor darling, get me some water!"

Profoundly puzzled, Mr. Villiers went, as he was bidden, to the boudoir. Not too quickly, for he wanted to arm himself with some clue to this sudden turmoil before entering. What was the mad idea that was to be the undoing of them all? Another love? Another engagement? Something beneath her? Not likely, with Sydney's temperament, but women are ungain cattle, he thought, with a sudden spice of savageness, in affairs of the heart. Once Mrs. Alwyn had said something of a man called Drayton. Was he at the bottom of this hullaballoo? Had not he, Rupert, been hot enough in his siege? At any rate, he vowed, with the peach so near his lips he wouldn't lose it now for want of warm wooing! So with the hot front of impatient fervour he prepared to fight tooth and nail for his own—interests—and thus entered Sydney's presence.

She seemed waiting for him, and met his first gaze of questioning entreaty with a bearing incomprehensible in its blending of womanly firmness with girlish tremor.

"My dear, dearest Sydney," he exclaimed, offering to grasp both her hands—he was ready to take her to his arms even—the bolder the attack the better now!—but she repulsed him with a blush that was not unkind, and asked, looking up most wistfully—

"Have you heard, Rupert? And do you——"

"I have heard," he interrupted, "only that you have been frightening Aunt Helen with some fancy that is to upset us all. But I can't have that, you know!" (with a masterly softening of tone. She could never keep her eyes on him like this if there were another man in the case). "Come," essaying to draw her to the sofa, "tell me what it all means, my—dearest. I may say that, may I not?"

"Wait," she said, and freeing herself, took a chair close by. "Rupert, I wish mamma had told you everything. But you do know about my father's money going, do you not—all of it?"

"Yes—all but your mother's and yours, luckily." What was she driving at?

"All but ours—hers and mine—luckily, I suppose, or I might never have been able to do what I shall now. For did you know, too, Rupert, that many people—very poor ones—had lent papa their money, and—and have never had it back from then till now?"

He caught a glimpse of her intention, and resolved instanter to treat it as untenable.

"Well, yes, I think I know what you are alluding to," he said, assuming carelessness; "but that business was wound up ages ago. All these great smashes involve a lot of little interests. It never can be helped. You must not think of concerning yourself about it. How came you to hear of it even?"

"It was chance, or"—looking beyond him, with what he silently dubbed a fanatical sort of resolve, that made him very uncomfortable—"or something wiser that took me among these very people on Wednesday. So I know all about them. And the money that is mine to-day is just a very little over the bare sums they lent. So, Rupert, I am going to pay it to them."

"Sydney! Impossible!"

She watched him while she unfolded her plan. Now her spirit sank, and her head drooped.

"Ah!" she said, "I was afraid you would think so."

"Afraid!" he exclaimed, getting up excitedly—"Why, my dear—why, Sydney, you must have known what I should say. It's only what any man, short of an idiot, would say, let alone any one who cares for you, as I do. Listen to me"—halting before her—"I do assure you occurrences like these are as common as—as—ditch-water. Your father's business was purity itself compared to most failures. These people you talk about ought to have watched their own interests better than they did. But for them to go and rake up their grievances!—for you to dream of stripping yourself penniless on their behalf!—why, it isn't to be thought of for an instant. It would be most preposterous absurdity."

"It would be common honesty."

"No, no. You are not a judge of these worldly matters. I tell you we can't allow it. You must not do it. Sydney, you shall not!"

"But, Rupert, I will."

He had overshot the mark. Sydney stood up, too, confronting him. The colour ebbed from her face, but her clear eyes, her mouth, were resolute in what she now discerned was to be a double sacrifice. Mr. Villiers was beside himself with anger. He walked from her, frowning, and stood at the window, staring moodily out.

"I thought it was just possible," she said sadly, "that you might have sided with me. But I see now, I ought not to have expected it."

"It seems," he answered, almost roughly, "we have all been expecting things we are not likely to get!"

"Ah, it does!" Her accent was so sorrowful, Mr. Villiers' fit of mortification, on his own behalf, suddenly yielded to other impulse. He turned about. She was young — a most fair woman — the one his imagination had dwelt on for months as his very own. This project must be overthrown. He would have her!

He went to her again, very gently.

"Pardon me now for speaking as I had no right. But if you followed your most generous wish, Sydney, don't you know what you would do, besides grieving your mother terribly, and putting her—little as you intend it—putting her unjustly to much pain? Why, you would be treating me cruelly. For you must have seen what I have been wanting to tell you for weeks. You are not going to cast away what I was going to offer, just that you may carry out the scheme of one day's surprise—are you, Sydney dear?"

Such a void was there in her life—in her heart—she bent to the tender note as young bud-laden branches sway before the whisper of the spring's south wind.

"Oh! must it be one or the other?" she cried. And Rupert Villiers caught at a method of hedging out of the dilemma.

"See now," he ventured, "how would this do? Make me your almoner. Let me take a thousand pounds, and give it among these people—a douceur they ought to be grateful to you for ever for. Then we—you and I, Sydney—would contrive to be satisfied with the rest. Say 'yes' to this, and put an end to all this trouble, and give me leave to be happy!"

She moved away from his offered caress.

"Rupert, I should neither feel myself a wife worthy any man's love, nor a daughter worthy of my dear, dead father's, if I did say 'yes,'" she answered. "So, if it needs five thousand pounds, or three, or one, to buy me a place in your home, why, I must go without it." She stopped herself, sharply, in a sob. What woman feels no sting in the discovery that it is her purse, and not herself, which is coveted? "And you can be happy without me."

"Sydney, you are obstinate enough to drive a man mad!"

"I cannot alter."

"Would you expect me to take you to some hovel of a home——"

"No, I expect nothing of the sort."

"And there vegetate on my salary?"

"Rupert, I have made you angry. Forgive me, and leave me."

But the baffled suitor was overboiling now with disappointed rage, and gave it coarsely rein.

"Would you expect me to marry you on my own beggarly pittance, and——"

"Mr. Villiers! Go!"

She gave her order still as a statue — only her bosom, not her voice, upraised. He could have bitten his tongue out for the lapse the moment it was uttered. But there was no quarter in her attitude. He dared not disobey. He turned slowly on his heel, and went.

In the room below, Mrs. Alwyn, calmer, much eau-de-Cologned and sal-volatiled, met him with—

"Well, Rupert, well? What's to be done?"

"Nothing," he answered sullenly, "but to get our breakfasts. Then I may go and meet my father. Leonora, here's something I've no use for now. If you care for gew-gaws, take it."

He tossed the sapphire ring across the table, and then the three sat down to anything but a lively meal.

An hour later Mr. Villiers went off to Hedyngham to fetch the major, damping his cheery "Well, may I wish you many happy returns of the day, my boy?" with a surly "No, you may not, sir"—and disclosing on the return drive the source of this miserable fiasco.

Astounded, the old officer could only repeat, "Bless my heart! I never heard such a thing, never! To think John Alwyn's obligations should turn up, and his child saddle herself with them like this. Bl—e—ss—my—heart!"—till, finding these ejaculatory minute-guns only increased his son's irritation, he held his peace while the last two miles were bringing him to his interview with Mrs. Alwyn.

That sorely-tried lady received him with tears, and plunged into her afflictions as she shook hands.

"Now, Major Villiers, you see what Sydney is. Now you will find the difficulty of dealing with her disposition. Against my will, as she must have known, though, unhappily, I let poor Rupert over-rule me, she went off on that silly sentimental expedition. Without my leave she must go further, forsooth, and hear some whining farrago, which, instead of coming home to have properly explained, she prefers investigating, through that most impertinently interfering Mr. Cheene. And this is the upshot. She takes her destiny into her own hands, Major Villiers. Let her! She deliberately impoverishes herself. She is wilful, wilful to the verge of wickedness. My only consolation is, come what may, the work is none of mine!"

Knowing the domestic drama from its first scenes, and disposed, spite of his disappointment, to view the culprit's conduct as condonable, if not justifiable, the major took this accusing tirade in silence. It went sorely against him to join forces for a moment against an absent minority, that minority one solitary girl, spending her worldly all to redeem her father's name.

"Suppose I go and speak to Sydney myself," he volunteered, "and see if I can win her to look at things differently."

"Oh, by all means go, major!" his hostess cried, "but as to moving her, h—f!" expressively, "as well expect to stop the wind from blowing."

And so, indeed, he found it, not altogether—lightly be it written, for he never dared confess as much from that day to this!—to his dissatisfaction. Sydney, sick and faint—for saving a cup of lukewarm coffee, brought unordered, she had taken little enough now for a long wearing stretch—hailed his coming not only fearlessly, but gladly. She let him in very sober argument go over the whole ground of contest, point out how absolutely she would alienate herself from comfort at home, probably from all chances of prosperity in any quarter; how Quixotic her conduct would sound to the world; how unlooked-for her money was by these statute-run creditors, and, therefore, "how unnecessary—er—as they're not expecting anything, my dear, what a pity—as it were, to—to open old wounds——"

"What! Even to heal them?" she said, her pale face irradiating with something better far than loveliness. "Did you know, Major Villiers, what sort of people they are I want to make amends to?"

"Not exactly," he confessed. "Mr. Russel told me

of an effort to get at some of your mother's settlement, but she—but it was resisted. And if I had known every single case I couldn't have given up a penny of the trust money. That could only be dealt with by principals."

"As it is going to be."

"Still, my dear child, have you realised how this will leave you? Why, with fifty or sixty pounds, no more! And suppose your mother doesn't — doesn't smooth down. You'll be dependent on her, you know. She'll feel that unfair, I'm afraid——"

"'AM I TO BE NO GOOD TO YOU?'" (*p.* 332).

Then Sydney told him simply who "her creditors" were. The old, the poor, the struggling, trusting, defenceless. "And now," she said, looking steadfastly at him through the heavy drops gathering in her eyes, "will you tell me, quite truly, Major Villiers, if you think I do well or ill to pay them?"

And the poor major, without so much as a cartridge left, could only brush, he *said*, the midges off his face with his big Indian silk handkerchief, and argue—

"I won't let her," Sydney cried. The truth was bitter though, and made her falter. "Mamma shall not be burdened with me. I ought to be worth my salt somewhere to some one. If God helps those who help themselves, Major Villiers, then I won't be afraid. I think He will help me."

There was no urging argument past this. The major went presently down, getting rid of more midges by the way, to his son, of whom he had not ventured to

speak to Sydney. But now, joining the young man in a gloomy promenade up and down the fir walk, he said, with some of that enthusiasm stigmatised by Mrs. Alwyn as unbusinesslike—

"My boy, sooner than give up that girl I'd take her without a farthing, if I were in your shoes. She's a woman of a thousand!"

"But as she also happens to be a woman without a thousand, she is not the one for me, sir," returned Rupert sulkily. He had pitied himself into a perfect slough of exasperation against the headstrong young marplot. "I don't forget, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'"

"Ah! but there need be nothing that young folks like you two ought to call poverty at your door, my boy. Not if the hundreds I've put by can stave it off. If the love is only there, I'd marry her now, sooner than ever. I would, upon my honour, Rupert!"

"Then I think it's well for the future of both of us that my head is cooler than yours, sir," was the ungracious response. With his hands crammed down in his coat-pockets, the gentleman marched abruptly off by a side path, and his father saw that further persuasion would be vain.

Each man felt awkward at the Dale, and both left by evening. The younger, still steeped in self-commiseration, vouchsafed no message to Sydney. The elder sought her out, and said good-bye full as paternally as if the darling scheme he had been cherishing were nigh fulfilment. "However matters turn out," he said, "if ever you want anything that I can give, don't be above asking it. You know where to find me."

He was thinking that some of pusillanimous Mr. Rupert's intended wedding fund might be of service to the girl. Alas! before London was reached he had discovered that must go in another direction. For the son, wisely calculating that the flare of the day's conflagration would cast his private peccadilloes into shadow, made a clean breast of debts, I O U's included, as they travelled up, and clumsily shouldering the farewell sins of bachelorhood on the design just broken off, secured a promise of clearing up that emptied the major's reserve fund, to the last note.

Before night closed around the Dale, Mrs. Alwyn had another interview with Sydney, and gave her the result of twelve hours' meditation on her conduct.

"You are doing me, your sister, and yourself a gross injury. What course you will take, I am too frightfully upset to contemplate. But this I warn you, Sydney. The fortune I had secured when I married your father, then old enough to be my father"—pausing, that her daughter might recognise the unequal bargain—"I consider Leonora's. Don't deceive yourself into expectation of sharing it."

"I will not, mother."

"As for your home, if you consider you ought to diminish, by sharing it, your sister's provision and mine, for a month or six weeks, do so. But you ought by then to find means of maintaining yourself. I have one thing to insist on. I will not have all this business, which I have laboured for your sake and Leonora's to keep concealed, bruited now about the parish."

"I will speak of it to no one."

"It might ruin Leonora's prospects, as you have contrived to let it ruin your own. And another thing: I will not have the bearer of my name publicly place-hunting. You, who can do so much for your father, must do this much for your mother. Wherever you earn your living, drop the name of Alwyn. Don't disgrace me by open association with paid labour."

Sydney bent her head, her heart for a moment too full for speech. But as Mrs. Alwyn would have rustled off to her own room, she stayed her, a hand pleadingly upon her shoulder.

"Mother, I am but trying to do the best I can with what I have while it is mine." (Robert Vaughan's lesson, well learnt—well learnt!) "Some day you may take my wilfulness less hardly. Do kiss me."

Even in her white heat of anger Mrs. Alwyn could not refuse; but she went forth, her handkerchief to her eyes, and took revenge on sentiment by—wondrous to relate—snubbing Leonora!

That young lady, however, least ruffled of the household, reflected calmly, as she put her sapphire ring beside her other jewels, that it was an ill wind that blew no one any good. She had got a present, after a kind, and while people had been hanging about in consultation in-doors, she had enjoyed, when strolling about the lawn, a brief meeting with Mr. Edward Duvesne. He had betrayed some nervousness—suggestive sign! Had wished to see Mrs. Alwyn particularly—hoped he should fortunately find her disengaged some early day.

Which meant——?

Leonora smiled serenely as, after gazing affectionately at her portrait, she wrapped the flattering semblance carefully up and laid it away. It was lucky, after all, she had not given it to poor, ridiculous Sydney. It would be ready now for some one else. "Oh, silly, silly Sydney!" she thought, with her last yawn, "she would soon have to be going somewhere, as mamma said, and where would that be?"

In the next room that question was in its first stage of solution.

Sydney, sleepless, had turned out the few contents of her travelling-bag, among them a scrap of paper that came upon her as a messenger, she would fain hope, of good. And before she lay down to rest a note was written, signed with her first initials only, to one Miss Hurst, far off in the Western county.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

"COURAGE MOUNTETH WITH OCCASION."

That the Dale during the next few days was anything but the abode of cheerfulness, is a fact requiring little imagination to paint.

To Sydney, Mr. Villiers' prompt desertion was a realistic comment on the course she had taken, such as might have purchased some women's repentance and possible recantation. But having put her hand

to the plough, the last thing on earth to turn the girl back would have been personal suffering. Sharp and cruel as this was, tempting her to disbelief that love could ever re-enter her life, the keenest venom of the sting lay in the fact that she had been too willing to grasp at the semblance of affection, too ready to read the ways of the wooer by the light of her own wishes! Or thus she thought, and every spark of dignity within her flew ablaze at the affront she conceived herself to have courted by taking for pure gold what was but poorest dross. In the despair of mortification, she planted her foot on every tender remembrance or emotion, and strove with all her might to count her love well lost. Chill was her outlook now, the sole ray of light among her many clouds the firm belief that, even as her father would have had her, she was doing well, come what might.

Beyond the house for days she would not stir. Mary Dacie would soon trace trouble in her bearing, and would scarcely be satisfied without searching into that whereon she had promised silence. A line to the Gate House (shown, before sent, to her mother's jealous eyes) bade them not wonder at her absence; and the long hours Sydney passed in setting her possessions in order, ready for what might come next.

Leonora, meanwhile, regarded her with a pitying amazement and slightly supercilious kindness that was far from soothing.

"To think," said this young lady to her step-sister, whom she watched working, herself in a rocking-chair, enjoying the *dolce far niente* of a hot afternoon —"to think you should go, Sydney, and give up a respectable income, that would have kept you decently, and dressed you—oh, really remarkably well! I wouldn't have done it!"

This fetched a smile to Sydney's grave face.

"In my stead, Leonora, you might have acted the same!"

"Never!" emphatically. "Of course, it's done and can't be undone, but I'm sorry for you, Sydney. I wish you had not been so frightfully foolish. You will find it very disagreeable after living here so nicely to go down and be a sort of common person. I don't expect you have half thought of that."

"I don't expect I have."

"People who have money, you know, are treated very differently from those who have not, Sydney. You will find that out."

"I have found it out already."

"A—h!" prolonging the interjection. "Yes, so you have. And, do you know, you'll most assuredly be sorry some day you drove Rupert from you. Poor fellow!"

"We will not talk of that, Norah, please," said Sydney, terse only because a rebellious weakness threatened self-command; and gathering her work together, she silently went away.

"Angry with me for interfering, as usual," deplored Leonora to her mother; "though I spoke only for her good. But Sydney will never leave off being headstrong."

This ultimatum Mrs. Alwyn fully endorsed, and resigned herself to illness as its result. Appearing down-stairs only at dinner, she spent the time dejectedly in the boudoir, word going forth to callers that neuralgia necessitated seclusion. To Sydney she accorded a mournful civility that implied, "*You* shall have nothing to complain of, however you have made me suffer!" And with scrupulous politeness when they met at table she would offer her peccant daughter a share of each viand, though the tone in which she would ask, "Do you wish for *butter*, Sydney?" would seem to say that on the insane course she had chosen it was her duty to discard all luxuries, butter included!

Mr. Russel's opinion of his niece arrived in due course. Mrs. Alwyn handed her brother's letter in its uncompromising frankness to Sydney. The writer made no attempt to mince matters: "For you see," he said to Major Villiers, who went down to Hampshire to talk the position over with his co-trustee, "you can afford to side with her if you like. She's no relation of yours. But she is of mine. And I don't hesitate to call her a fool!"

Which sentiment he had expressed in his epistle, "though," as he wound up, "there is little use in my saying this, for we are well aware, and Sydney equally, no one can stop her if she persists in this insane folly. I only beg you to explain that she is not to count on legacies from me. Maria's relatives will have what I have got. Please to inform her that the sum to which she is entitled will be placed to her credit in the London and County by the 18th prox. The transfer from stock I can manage myself. The usual percentage I shall, of course, deduct."

Thus delivered himself Mr. Russel, the man of all trades, though gentleman of no profession, who, in his alacrity to turn an honest penny, did not disdain the picking from his young relative's misfortunes. And as if to prove herself true to the strain, Mrs. Alwyn observed querulously, as the letter was returned—

"You are not forgetting that you are indebted to me, Sydney? It would be curious honour which would lead you to repay strangers debts you never incurred, and let your own mother lose what she unguardedly lent you! Of course, those twenty pounds are gone?"

"Not quite, mamma," came the answer, very low, bitterness and sadness having about an even tussle in the speaker's breast just then; "I have a little left, enough to—take me away. I will soon hand back the rest I—owe you."

She went that same Wednesday, as the sun's heat was moderating, by field-paths to Hedyngham, there found a letter addressed merely to the post-office of the little town, and read it as she went back to St. Clair's by the same unfrequented way.

The rector, strolling beyond his garden, saw her coming, pre-occupied enough to have passed him in the gloaming, had he not greeted her with—

"Well met again! We are perplexed, Miss Sydney, as to what you have been doing with yourself of late. Halt now. I am wanting to hear your latest news."

"And I am wanting to tell all I can. Mr. Vaughan, did you tell the boys I meant to give them watches?"

"Tell them? No."

"Oh! thank you."

"Thank me? Why?"

"Because I cannot do it. I have not changed my mind, but things are altered."

"Altered? How?"—noticing even in the waning light that her features wore a very different aspect to when he had last seen them.

"In this way. You remember what you said to me of riches——"

"And their flying away? Yes."

"Well, mine flew the very moment their wings were fledged. And all my plans flew with them."

"My poor child! Why, how——"

"Please ask nothing. I did use them as you said I ought while I had them. That is all I can tell. I wish I could have let you hear the whole. But I cannot, though I should go away happier."

"Go away?"

"Yes, soon—leaving so much I had meant to do undone! But I'm not to talk of it. It's best for every one I should not. This much even I can only say to you—my spiritual counsellor."

"And your spiritual counsellor repeats it to none," the rector answered, discerning deep anxiety below the would-be jest. Then he let her walk by him with but few words till his garden was regained, where she made a bad attempt at thanking him for years of kindnesses, midway in which she broke down into all but speechless farewell, and hurried away towards home.

"Is there a ban upon my pupils?" the master thought, watching the slender figure out of sight. Then with a sigh, turning in-doors, "First one, and now this other, seem to come into deep waters. And both I should have claimed as fit as any for the best things the world had. I wonder how old I shall have to be before the truth is driven into me that One above knows best!"

Late in, Sydney followed her mother up-stairs to explain her absence.

"I have done as you wished, mamma—found a place where I can earn a living. Will you wish me to go directly?"

"I wish!" exclaimed Mrs. Alwyn. "Have I a single wish on such an unnatural proceeding? It is no wish of mine, Sydney, but your obstinacy that takes you away. Who are the people, and where is the place?"—leaning back, a fan over her eyes.

"It is a lady to whom I wrote. I travelled with her last week. By accident she told me she was wanting a companion, and now she is willing to let me go. I shall be paid only a little, but enough to get on with if I suit her."

"If! Yes, and if you do not! What then?"

"Well, then, mamma"—fighting bravely to keep hopeful—"I must do as many before me. People have had to trust in Providence——"

Mrs. Alwyn flung up her hands and brought her eyebrows into an acute angle. She had no intention of being blasphemous, but the contempt she contrived to pour into her answer was worthy of a staunch Agnostic.

"Providence! Sydney, Providence! If I had wanted proof of your appalling wrong-headedness, I have it now, when I hear you adopting the slang of a canting pauper! There, go on"—fanning herself rapidly—"this state of things will drive me demented. Pray go wherever you choose. What is the name of the person who takes you?"

"It is Miss Hurst, of Wynstone, in Herefordshire, mamma."

Mrs. Alwyn looked up with a start of angry fright.

"You remembered my injunction about your own name? This woman may be a connection of people who once knew us. Hursts abound in that part of England. For you, Sydney Alwyn, to be known as living in a species of service might prove an injury to Leonora, who is, at least, unoffending. Never forget that, Sydney, unless you desire to be malicious."

"I have not forgotten it, mother. I never will. Shall I leave here on Saturday?"

"If you are determined on going, yes."

So, daring to make no general adieux, with no time to spare for nursing grief, Sydney made ready to go. On her last evening she ventured a brief visit to the Gate House, where her puzzled friends had missed her sorely.

"And now going out again?" cried the doctor, after his wife's *bonâ fide* improvement had been gladly vaunted—"Why, how restless you've turned! Pray how long are you going to neglect us, and what are we to do without you?"

Questions that went nigh to drown the phrases prearranged to quench curiosity. Answer died on her lips. Mary saw in her pallor something that escaped the elder folks' notice, and filled the pause—

"She must come back as much her usual self as mamma is now."

"Ah! and tell us," said Mrs. Dacie, patting her hand, "when we are all to set about making wedding favours. I wanted to hear that the last night we were at Cheddeley, but her head ached so when she came back from Lutterthorpe, she could hardly talk. But you will have settled all that by when you come home again, my dear."

Mary saw the girl's face changing, now flushed, now white.

"Perhaps," the doctor cried, "the naughty lassie means to get it all settled *before* she comes home, Molly, and we are to say a long good-bye to Miss Alwyn."

Another word, and her self-restraint must have snapped asunder. She got up with a laugh marvellously close on tears.

"Right, Dr. Dacie, of course. I am eloping. The chaise is waiting now, so fare ye well."

But Mary, at the outer door, whispered, "There is something wrong, Sydney. But you will write about it to me?"

"As soon—if ever I can," faltered Sydney, avoiding this pleading by a hug. "And if you don't hear, don't be frightened, or angry with me. Oh, if"—with a more passionate outburst of regret than she had ever spent on herself—"if only I had done something for you all before I went!"

"We owe you too much now," Mary checked her, tightening her arm round Sydney's waist, as they went down the path between gleaming patches of scented pinks. "Can I pay back nothing by sharing whatever pain you have now? I know there is something. Am I to be no good to you?"

"Not this time, Mary, for—for the difficulty lies between mamma and me. It is"—weighing each word—"that I am doing something she—dislikes. And I—won't give it up. Don't name it to her, Mary; and ask me nothing more."

Mary felt panic-stricken. "But you will write, then, and give me your address?"

Sydney hesitated. To admit herself going among strangers, discarding her full name, was impossible. There was only one road out of the dilemma, and that she took.

"I might offend doubly by giving my direction. So, when I write, it shall be through mamma, and I will ask her to send me your answers back. And, Mary, if—if Mr. Drayton should come here, tell me directly, will you?"

Mary Dacie's touch trembled as she stroked the head now resting on her shoulder. "I will. Do you want him to return, then?"

"Oh, I do! Badly! If only he came, I think my troubles would half vanish. And when you see him, be very kind to him."

"For her sake!" Mary Dacie thought, giving with her farewell the promise that for long dogged her like a nightmare. For what could dispute with Mrs. Alwyn mean but rejection of Rupert Villiers? What that rejection but preference for Richard Drayton? He worthy of Sydney, Sydney of him, who was she to come between them? Why, if she were not traitor to the girl who had brightened so many years, she must foster all chances of happiness for these two, and yield herself fully to that solitary state, never unpalatable till the rector's quondam pupil had visited St. Clair's. A highway of simple propriety lay before her. Along it the doctor's daughter prepared to trudge, though it was like journeying from sunshine into night.

Next morning Sydney quitted the Dale and started on new seas, horizon limitless, ultimate haven unknown.

Quickly St. Clair's, with its wide flat meadows, sleepy stream, and church-crowned straggling village, was left far behind. Dreamlike the swift retracing of last week's expedition, 'twixt when and now years seemed to have rolled. By afternoon, Cheddeley was passed. A rose she recollected in bud upon the station-fence was only just full-blown. Why, seasons might have come and gone since she last saw it! The longer route by Stillcote she had chosen, just for a sight of Jacob Cheene. As the old man stood the four waiting minutes beside her carriage, eyeing her with a sort of timid fear lest her valiant purpose should be giving way, she told him all was going well, and the promised funds would reach him soon from Major Villiers. Then, when Jacob could send her word it was portioned out aright, she should be happier and so thankful to him.

"Mind, it is 'a friend' who pays it," she begged. "That is enough for any to know; and, Jacob, the 'friend' is 'Miss Grey'—my mother desires it so—and she goes to dwell here"—giving him the address—"where you must render up accounts to her. What are you looking at?"

"Th—the—this!" he answered, with some confusion, putting up the paper she had given him. "I used to know the name—once."

"My mother said the same. But it may be only chance. Anyhow, as Sydney Grey I shall not"—her lips curving sadly at the dread—"disgrace any belonging to me."

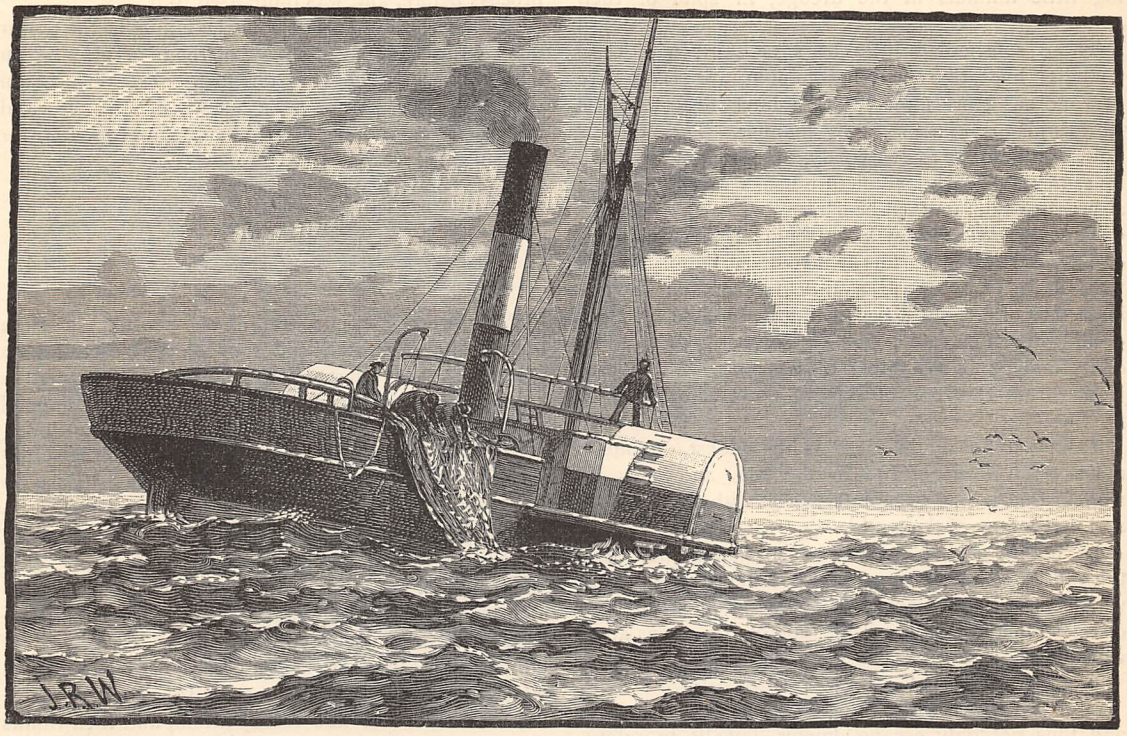
"Disgrace!" the old clerk began—but the train was gliding on. He could only, hat in hand, bid her goodbye, and then turn townward, saying slowly, "Hurst, Hurst. Ay, it's best, then, she should be Miss Grey."

With evening Sydney reached her destination—Capel Moss, high, wooded, three-parts encircled by a swift-rushing river, on whose foliaged banks masses of crag stood forth like sentries.

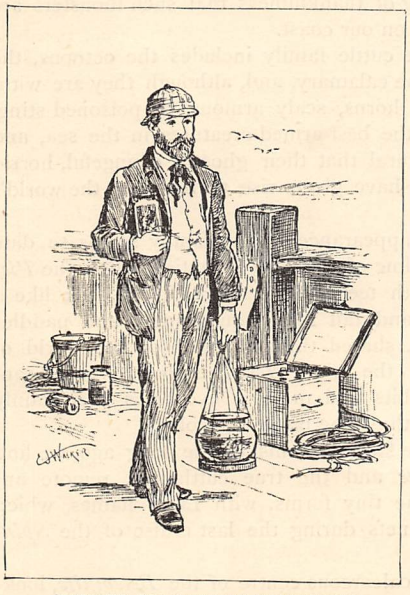
Then, with the end of wandering in view, came the fear of excessive weariness, the fall of spirits too long forced. As she made the last mile afoot, the full sense came upon her that St. Clair's was lost, no other certainty attained. For a minute her heart fainted. Then out from the amber sky gleamed one bright star. She took it for an omen, and thanked God. The lad who was her guide cried out from the rear, "This be Wynstone, miss." Another instant, and the homely features of last week's acquaintance met her at a porch covered with almond-scented "traveller's joy." She was welcomed—brought into a room where light from the western sky yet lingered. There a tall figure stood. "My brother Gilbert," said Miss Hurst, with a nervous gesture of explanation; and Sydney recognised one whose blind loneliness had moved her pitying help ten days before.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE CRUISE OF THE "SPINDRIFT."



HAULING IN THE DREDGE.



RESERVED FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION.

VICTOR HUGO, in his book, "The Toilers of the Sea," gives us an account of a struggle with a "Devil Fish" in a dark cavern by the sea-shore: an account which has caused the flesh of many a reader to creep, for none can deny Victor Hugo's power to paint the terrible. When Gilliatt feels his arm seized by the slimy tentacle of the monster—a tentacle "supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night"—and is being drawn towards that form whose "most horrible characteristic is its softness; a glutinous mass endowed with a malignant will; no blood, no bones, no flesh; a skin with nothing inside," it makes one hope that the great Frenchman was drawing on his imagination for his facts. Yet he was by no means far away from matter-of-fact when he described the monster which had almost ended the days of Gilliatt.

The story was forcibly recalled by dredging up two small cuttle-fish, during a cruise of the tug-boat *Spindrift*, on a biological expedition down Liverpool Bay recently.

There is a "Marine Biology Committee," under the direction of Professor Herdman, of University College, Liverpool, which is making many valuable contributions to our knowledge of the fauna of the surrounding waters, assisted by the generosity of some of Liverpool's merchant-princes, who kindly lend their steamers for dredging purposes.

The results of such expeditions appear in the daily papers, but they generally present a formidable array of Latin names of no earthly interest to any one but a book-worm, while under all this ponderous terminology there is yet more of true poetry and historical romance than in all the stories ever published.

The two cuttle-fish brought up in this expedition

were illustrative of this. They were not over an inch and a half long, and appeared in the Latin list as *Sepiola atlantica*, but they were the most interesting little animals in the dredge, in spite of their name.

These soft-bodied little bags of skin, with their changing hues, like the dying dolphin, were suggestive of wondrous stories, for they are interwoven with the world's history in a surprising manner. Their form is doubtless familiar to everybody, for they appear in all museums, in nearly all picture-books of marine life, and on many of our sea-beaches.

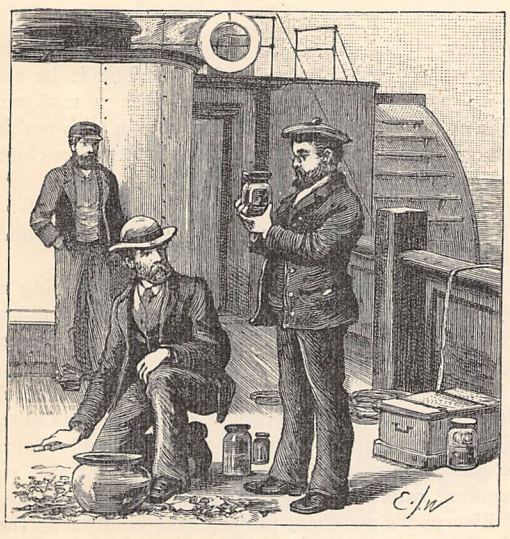
The *Sepiola atlantica* is a fair picture in miniature of all his family, the family to which Victor Hugo's "Devil Fish" belongs: a little bag of skin with a large pair of fins on it, a pair of great goggle eyes, out of all proportion to its size, seemingly in the middle of its body, and a number of tentacles, or feet, projecting from this bag of skin, at the end opposite to the fins.

Taking it for all in all, it is the oddest, quaintest, most elfish form of life in the sea, and it is no wonder that it has been interwoven with the folk-lore and mythology of the world.

Its habits are as curious as its appearance, and the more one knows concerning it the greater is the wonder. It has the power of changing colour like the chameleon, and assuming the hue of the stones amid which it lives—

> "As the rock looks, they take a different stain—
> Dappled with gray, or blanch the livid vein,"

and thus not only escape danger, but lie in safety, awaiting their finny prey.



EXAMINING THE SPECIMENS.

When this little cuttle is born, and makes his first appearance on life's stage, he acts in the most precocious manner, for as soon as he issues from the mass of strange-looking "cuttle-fish eggs" he takes a cruise on his own account, then, when tired, he blows a hole in the sand with his syphon, settles down into the hole, and surveys his new quarters with his great staring black eyes, with the utmost coolness, as though he had often been born and gone through the same process before, and was quite used to it.

Another curious thing about the family is the power possessed by a great many of them of ejecting an inky fluid when they are terrified. Professor Owen says that this serves as a means of defence, and the poets have long been of the same opinion, for one sings—

> "A pitchy ink peculiar glands supply,
> Whose shade the sharpest beam of light defy;
> Pursued he bids the sable fountains flow,
> And wrapt in clouds, eludes the impending foe;
> The fish retreats unseen, while self-born night
> With pious shade befriends her parent's flight."

When we placed our little prisoners in the aquarium aboard the *Spindrift*, and they ejected their sepian clouds, as they darted off in terror, it seemed as though poetry and science shook hands, and claimed before us all the kinship which, without a doubt, exists between these two, recalling that beautiful phrase of Walt Whitman's, in which he calls poetry the "tuft and herbage of science."

The tentacles of the cuttle are seen to be armed with a great number of delicate suckers, tiny, cup-shaped, bloodless discs, each one of which is capable of acting as a cupping-glass. As one examines these with a strong magnifying-glass, the experience of Gilliatt in the shadowy cave comes over one with a fresh horror; when one recalls the size to which some members of this family attain, and then thinks of these suckers, some of them as large as saucers, being fastened on a man's flesh and "about to drink his blood," it fills one with a creepy horror, and also with a feeling of thankfulness that such monsters are not common on our coast.

This great cuttle family includes the octopus, the squid, and the calamary, and, although they are without teeth or horns, scaly armour, or poisoned sting, yet are they the best-armed creatures in the sea, and it is but natural that their ghostly, changeful, horrid form should have given rise to much of the world's wonder-lore.

The first appearance of the family seems to date back to the time of the *Lias* formation, when the *Plesiosaurus*, with teeth like a crocodile, a neck like a snake, body and tail like a quadruped, and paddles like a turtle, shared the command of the world of waters with the giant *Ichthyosaurus*, whose cannibalistic habits and massive eye-holes are plainly written of in the stone books of geology.

Amid these storied forms of the long ago, we find the *Belemnite* and the true cuttle-fish, remote ancestors of the tiny forms, with Latin names, which came to our nets during the last cruise of the *Spindrift*.

The hard, calcareous centre of the *Belemnite*, looking like a piece of wax, or some ancient boring tool, was weathered out from the Lias rocks, where it had lain for the countless years that have elapsed since the *Ammonite* and the *Belemnite* sailed the seas together; and an ignorant people, compelled to find a

reason for what the science of their day had no name for, called these curious things "thunderbolts," and administered them to the sick in draughts and powders as certain remedies for various diseases, for which, no doubt, they were quite as effectual as many of our modern doses, *if the patient had faith.*

It was only in recent years, on a geologist finding the sepia bag of a long-departed squid which had been preserved through the ages, that the mystery of the "thunderbolt" was explained and the figure sketched, with its own ink, of the ancient *Cephalopod.*

Although the cuttle family (from "cuddle," to hug) has only become known to us scientifically of late years, yet it has been familiar to the people around the Mediterranean Sea for thousands of years. Dr. Schliemann dug up from the ruins of Mycenæ a gold coin bearing the unmistakable figure of an octopus, and on the graven stones of the temple of Bayr-el-Bahree, near Thebes, which was recently excavated, there is the figure of a squid, with its strange sack of a body, goggle eyes, and outspread tentacles.

The temple on which this was carved was built 1700 B.C., and is now 500 miles from the Delta of the Nile.

The story of the monster Scylla, one of the guardians of the narrow strait between Italy and Sicily, which terrified Ulysses and his men, was founded on the early ideas of the cuttle family, as was also the story of Hercules and the Lernean Hydra.

The eight mortal heads and the one immortal head of the Hydra, correspond exactly with the eight tentacles and the strong horny beak of the octopus.

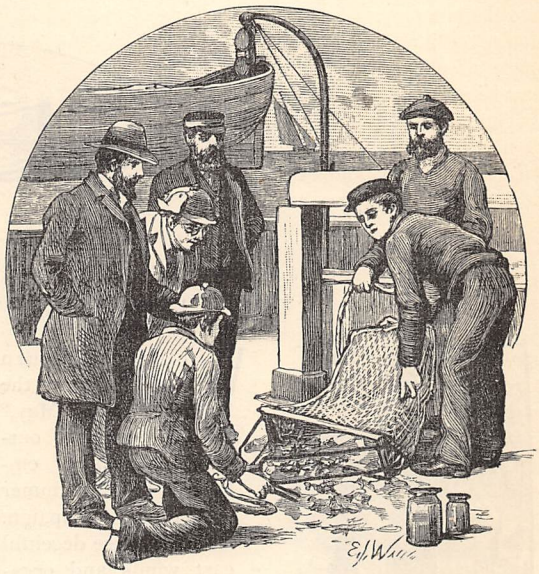
All who have read the story will remember how, as fast as Hercules cut off the heads, they grew again, until he applied fire to the sundered parts, and then managed to cut off the immortal head and bury it under a stone. The octopus, like many other low forms of life, has the power to reproduce lost parts, just as a lobster can grow a new claw, or the star-fish a new ray.

Thus, again, we find a basis of fact for ancient fable, and when we recall Hercules and Gilliatt, the voyage of Ulysses, and the cruise of the *Spindrift*, we see how fact and fable, science and mythology, all become mingled, and how from a small stratum of fact there grows a fairy-like romance, and the quaint old English story of the "Three Black Crows" is brought before us once more.

Aristotle, who wrote about 320 B.C., knew more of the *Cephalopods* than any of his successors, immediate or remote, even down to this nineteenth century. It is indeed startling to us, who pride ourselves on the advanced scientific culture of this age, to find, on turning the leaves of ancient history, in the works of men long, long since dead, how much of biological lore was known to its writers.

Ever since the days of Homer—perhaps even earlier than that—and the chroniclers of Hercules, the poor cuttles have been maligned. It seems as if men could never be relied on when they talked about fish, even unto this day, though perhaps there is some excuse here, as the cuttle is scarcely a fish, being able to perambulate on dry land at a pinch, still he has been as much slandered as though he had been thoroughly piscine.

The *Kraken* of the Norse legends was a cuttle-fish, and an excellent illustration of the manner in which fish grow in size. One good and veracious chronicler tells us that there was a kraken, not a particularly



EMPTYING THE DREDGE.

large one, that measured about a mile and a half across! The Bishop of Midaros was said to have mistaken a sleeping kraken for an island, and built an altar on its back, and performed mass. The quaint twelfth century writer, who narrates this story in perfect good faith, said that the kraken waited respectfully until the ceremony was concluded, then sank beneath the waves.

Coming to much later days, we find a French writer, named Denys de Montfort, in his Natural History, picturing a great goggle-eyed cuttle-fish throwing its arms over the masts of a ship; it has one tentacle over each of the three masts, one round the bow, one round the stern, and is tearing the ship to pieces and "knocking the sailors about like gooseberries."

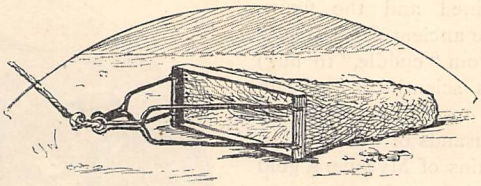
The same veracious naturalist states that an English victory was turned to defeat by the providential (*sic*) interference of the same family. He states that six men-of-war ships, captured from the French by Admiral Rodney, were attacked on the passage home by the cuttle-fish and totally destroyed, thus showing that, even if Englishmen were victorious in battle, yet the powers above were on the side of the French!

It seems almost a pity to spoil so good a story by adding that the writer died in the galleys, where he had been sent for forgery, but such is commonly reported concerning him.

Looking at the curious little cuttle-fish that came up

in our dredge, these old stories came rushing over them, covering their uncanny forms with a mystic halo, and suggesting how much of romance there is in science, and how "cold" science is interwoven with the world's mythology and folk-lore, impressing anew the fact that all the old stories of goblin and geni, of fairy palace and haunted castle, are as nothing compared to the stories revealed to us in this day by the microscope, the telescope, and the dredge.

The day is coming on apace, let us hope, when our young people will find their wonder-lore not in yellow-covered novels, but in sky and rock, on mountain-side and sea-shore, and in such treasures as were garnered during the cruise of the *Spindrift*.

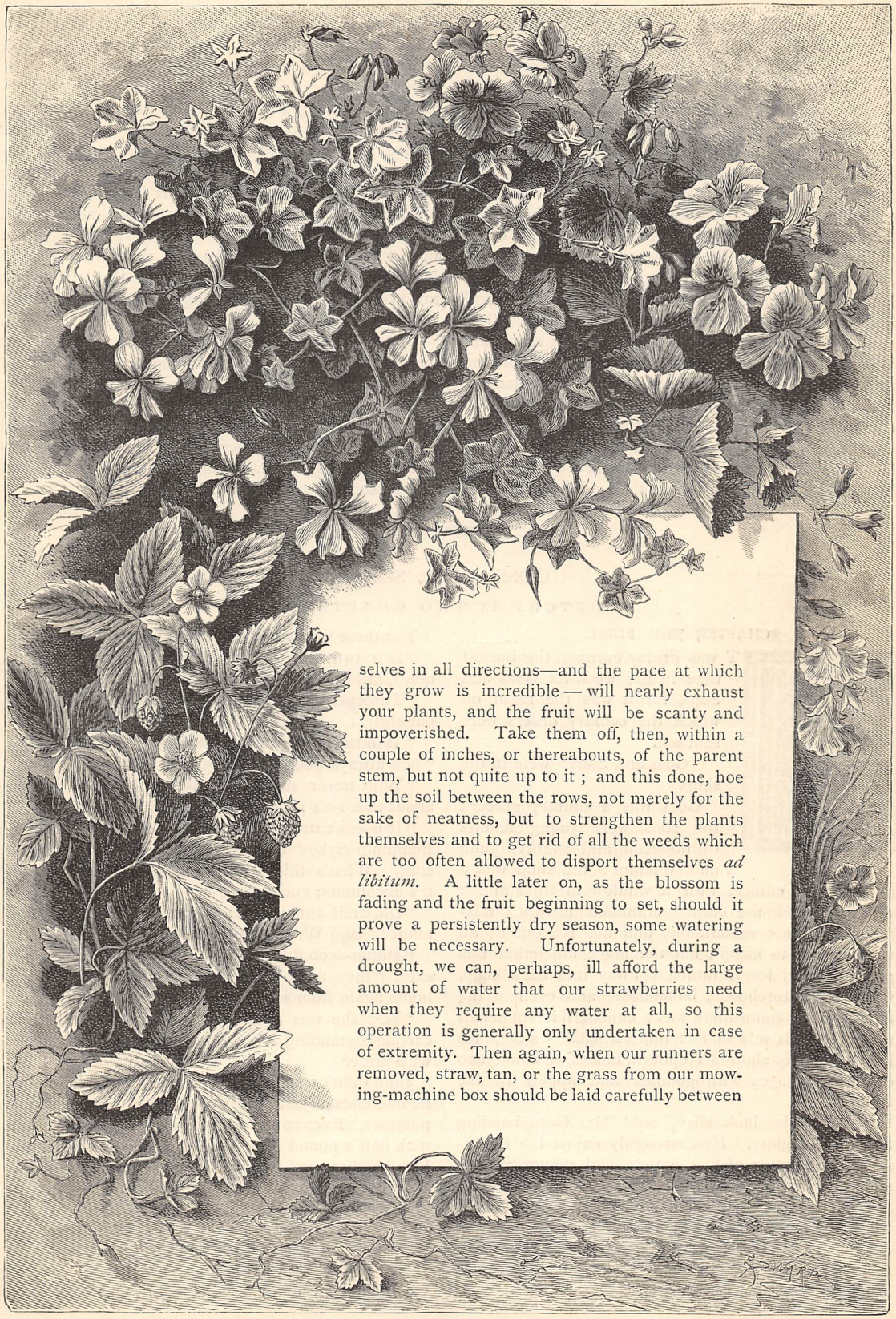


THE DREDGE.

THE GARDEN IN "THE MERRIE MONTH."

WITH the return once again of the "merrie month of May," we may consider ourselves as fairly embarked in the summer gardening campaign. And yet these deceitful east winds and occasionally lingering frosts make us doubly careful in beginning to expose our entire gardening stock very early in the month to all the fanciful and fitful changes of our English climate. In our greenhouse, however, one of our floral exhibitions ought to be now in its prime. We refer to our pelargoniums, or fancy geraniums, and it is to their general culture, as also to the attention that has to be paid to our strawberry-bed, that we shall mainly address ourselves this month. And the brilliancy and great variety of their colour it is which give us a double interest in the cultivation of these fancy geraniums. And these, of course, can be either raised from seed or propagated by cuttings. Seed sown, say, towards the end of February will under ordinarily favourable circumstances not flower before August or September. The seed sown should have been gathered ripe and dry in the autumn, and stored away in its pod and in some dry place until brought out for use. Sow in wide shallow pans or pots, and be most careful to have an ample drainage in the way of crocks and pieces of tile. As for the soil, it should consist, say, of loam from well-decayed turf, leaf-mould, and sand in about equal proportions. Have all three ingredients thoroughly mixed and the whole somewhat pressed into your seed-pan, sowing your seeds on the surface of the soil, and covering them over lightly only, with similar soil. All the better if you can place your seed-pan in a warm frame, or in the absence of such a convenience, these young seedlings can be raised in the greenhouse. In this case, however, a little additional warmth and protection can be gained for them by placing your pan, if possible, inside another one and having a coating of moss placed all round its edge. Your young pelargoniums, when of a sufficient size to admit of being handled, should be potted singly into sixty-sized pots, or if you prefer it, pot them three at a time in forty-eights. As the summer advances, a further shifting will, of course, be necessary. Now these seedling pelargoniums sown, as we have said, about February, and that only begin blooming, therefore, in the very wane of the summer, can hardly be said to have had a thoroughly fair chance of showing the full merit of their flowering, so that it is well, say about the middle of August, at the time, in fact, when we take cuttings of our other plants, to take off and strike in the ordinary way the best and healthiest of the tops of these young seedlings. Strike them in a soil of sandy loam, either in your greenhouse or a spent cucumber-bed, or even in a warm and well-sheltered part of your open border, that is, if the season be a good and favourable one. May and June are, as we have said, the months in which our fancy geranium show should be at its best, but in the spring months of the year these pelargoniums, as also our cinerarias, seem terribly liable to be troubled with a visitation of the green fly, in which case a good fumigation and afterwards a syringing should be given them.

Nor can there be a better month of the year than May in which to say something of our strawberry culture, as we are, of course, just now watching their progress with considerable care. And, perhaps, we cannot do better than give at the outset a few directions as to their more immediate mode of treatment at the present time, which is too often a very turning-point for success or for failure in our strawberry-garden. Let us say at once that leaving a strawberry-bed to take care of itself during the month of May will certainly involve failure. By the middle of the month, and perhaps earlier, the runners, if allowed to extend them-



selves in all directions—and the pace at which they grow is incredible — will nearly exhaust your plants, and the fruit will be scanty and impoverished. Take them off, then, within a couple of inches, or thereabouts, of the parent stem, but not quite up to it ; and this done, hoe up the soil between the rows, not merely for the sake of neatness, but to strengthen the plants themselves and to get rid of all the weeds which are too often allowed to disport themselves *ad libitum.* A little later on, as the blossom is fading and the fruit beginning to set, should it prove a persistently dry season, some watering will be necessary. Unfortunately, during a drought, we can, perhaps, ill afford the large amount of water that our strawberries need when they require any water at all, so this operation is generally only undertaken in case of extremity. Then again, when our runners are removed, straw, tan, or the grass from our mowing-machine box should be laid carefully between

the rows. This will not only tend to keep moist the soil underneath, but the fruit as it develops will be kept clean, and what is also of much importance, you will be able to detect the arrival of slugs, which are most certainly watching with a keen interest the colouring of the fruit and marking out the very finest for their evening meal. But a few turns up and down between the rows at night-fall, after, perhaps, a warm shower, will enable you, lantern in hand, to capture the enemy with great success, and an occasional sortie of this character will amply repay you for your trouble. In the actual fruiting season you will notice the almost magic effect that a good warm thunder-shower has in ripening. Yet strawberries for preserving must never be gathered wet. A couple of days' cessation from gathering will find you next harvesting a fine and abundant crop. The fruiting over, let your bed have an entire rest—that is, leave it alone for awhile. New beds should be made up not later than the middle of August, planting out your runners a foot apart and in rows some two feet from each other. The runners, nevertheless, may be got away from your old bed, but the foliage should be allowed to remain undisturbed. Quite late in the autumn, however, all the then decaying and decayed leaves may be got off and the entire débris of your plants dug in between the rows, for there is no better manure and dressing for them than this with an addition of some decayed stable dung.

May, however, finds us very busy in our flower-garden, especially during the latter half of the month devoted to the bedding-out system. Interspersed among perennials we have our bright and gay annuals now making rapid progress, and thirdly, among these we now dot up and down our bedding-out geraniums and calceolarias, with an occasional show of the varying-coloured verbena. Much just now depends upon the taste and good sense of the gardener; and in the disposition of the plants, see that the tallest are at the back of your border, and the dwarf plants in the front of all.

The cucumber-frames require careful watching during this fitful and uncertain month, and sometimes in a cold or chilly season some fresh manure must be added for the purpose of maintaining or renewing the heat. And in the kitchen-garden the successional sowing of peas and other vegetables should be persisted in, so as to avoid a superabundance of them at one season and a dearth of them at another.

GOSS AND SONS.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IT was Friday evening, the busiest time in the week for Goss and Sons, for it was the night on which the country orders were sent out.

"Goss and Sons" were in the shop.

Goss was a country grocer; the sons were young fellows of nineteen and twenty, John and William; the shop was a low wooden edifice, with a window in front and a window round the corner crammed up with mixtures the most remarkable, and not set out at all with an eye to effect; but the place altogether was pretty roomy, for it rambled away into back shop, warehouse, storehouse, bakehouse, and even in the family sitting-room there was a cupboard full of patent medicines. It was in fact quite a small "store," for it was the only shop in Hepburn, unless we count two or three cottages with goodies and apples in the windows.

"Now, lads, look alive," said Mr. Goss, bustling about in his glory. He thoroughly enjoyed his business; the mixture of fuss, gossip, and money-making suited him exactly; and there was enough interest in the different fancies of customers and qualities of goods to occupy his mind amply. He looked upon the great shopkeepers in his own trade much as a clergyman looks upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, or even as a literary man upon Shakespeare.

The three worked on in silence for some time.

"Is it twopenny or threepenny sugar Mrs. Reece takes, father?" said William presently.

"Threepenny, of course!" struck in John impatiently.

"Will never knows what belongs," said his father, "he's always wool-gathering, Will is!"

"Will never supposes anything's worth thinking about that isn't printed in a book!"

"It doesn't want much thinking to tell him that Sir Benjamin Sykes' housekeeper doesn't want common stuff. What's this? If it's meant for half a pound it's uncommon good weight."

"Oh, well! I thought a few butter-scotch drops didn't matter," said Will turning crimson.

"Butter-scotch drops!" said John, pricking up his ears, "they must be for Miss Dulcie; she must be home again from school then."

"Yes, she was in the shop to-day. We had two carriages standing at the door at once!" said old Goss with pride.

John didn't speak, but he was very vexed indeed that he had chosen just that time to slip out about some potatoes. Even to serve Miss Dulcie across the counter with half a pound of butter-scotch drops was a privilege highly prized by either of these rustic admirers.

Will, tying up a parcel, gently hummed—

> "Tell me where is fancy bred,
> Or in the heart, or in the head?
> How begot—how nourished?"

"Nay, lad, you mustn't talk about fancies," said old Goss, "not for many a long year; you needn't blush

either, for I'm not going to have aught o' that sort here, so I can tell you!"

"I wasn't thinking anything of the kind. Miss Dulcie's miles above us, I know; not but what a great author's the equal of anybody."

"Miss Dulcie!" said John looking horrified—"besides, you're not a great author, Will, so it's nonsense talking."

"Not yet, but there's many a one has had worse beginnings than me—than I have, I mean," correcting himself.

"I'll tell you what, young man," said his father sternly, "if you don't get a little more sense into your head with your readin', and writin', and poetry, and rubbish, I'll—I'll——"

"Here, father, let's go and draw the treacle for the Rev. Matthew Barton," said John.

Will, with a tremendous sigh—the sigh of the unappreciated, the misunderstood—the moment he was left alone, drew out a book from behind some rolls of calico, sat upon the counter, and was soon lost to the shop, the orders, the tea, calico, boots, and patent medicines—all but Miss Dulcie. Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Macaulay, and Shakespeare combined could not drive that little school-girl out of his mind.

* * * * * *

It is five years later. The village shop is shut, but only for the day. The villagers are standing about in groups; some of the more excitable ones have handkerchiefs to their eyes. Walking slowly along the white high road is a black procession, the group in front toiling under a heavy burden. Those behind are singing, as they draw near the churchyard—

"The saints of God, their conflict past."

"The saints of God!" What more noble and beautiful title? Who can it be who is now a saint of God? Only old Goss the grocer. Certainly he was a churchwarden also latterly. He was a decent old fellow too; honest when he could easily have cheated; kindly and generous when it might have been more to his interest to be suspicious and harsh; and if his "views" were "narrow," surely it is better to be too much afraid of doing wrong than not afraid enough! Besides, at the last, in his illness, he shook off his old shop as a butterfly shakes off its chrysalis, and his heart went home to heaven. Perhaps the blacksmith who headed the choir, and had chosen the hymn for the sake of the tune, had not made such a bad hit after all.

After that heavy burden walked the two young men and their mother, a rather lady-like little woman.

She had been a governess and married the well-to-do shopkeeper, partly for a home perhaps, but not altogether. She felt his death very much, and leaned heavily upon the arm of her manly son John. But Will was the one she was proud of. "He's more of a gentleman than John," she said, and certainly he was thin and pale and fond of books, while John was tall and strong and fond of work.

They were left comfortably provided for—about three thousand pounds apiece besides the shop.

"Let us sell the business and go up to London," said Will.

"What for? What's the good of London?"

"Oh, London! Why, I might get some literary work if we only lived in London. Editors and people like that don't think anything of you if you live in the country."

Poor honest John, who knew nothing about editors or literature, or anything of the kind, looked troubled.

"I should have thought myself that it didn't matter where good work came from. I know when I am buying things, all I care about is the quality; whether they come from Reading or London, or America, doesn't matter a bit. By-the-by, brother, Mrs. Reece said Miss Dulcie liked those biscuits I had made for her, and wants some more. I'll have a whole lot done; I dare say I might get a little trade for them."

"You've no soul, John, I declare!" said Will, with impatient disgust. "You think your 'little trade' the most important thing in the world!"

"It is to me—it's my work."

"Now, if I were in your place I would never let another creature taste the biscuits that I made for Miss Dulcie; they are stamped with her approval, and no inferior person should have them for love or money. It's a trifle, of course, but it shows how utterly you lack poetry and sentiment, that your only idea should be of making a 'little trade!'"

"Well, a great trade, then."

"Pooh! And if you did, would it bring you any nearer Miss Dulcie?"

John didn't speak; but a sudden wild idea flashed into his mind. Perfect madness it was, but it made his heart beat and sent the colour into his face.

"Now, for my part," went on Will calmly, "I mean to be a gentleman—a literary man can get into any society. I have got a little thing coming out in one of the magazines, and I mean to go up to London at once and look about me."

We have all heard of the pride and exultation with which a young author receives his first proofs; but that was not at all the case with Will. He took them quite calmly, as a matter of course. It was the first thing he had ever sent to a magazine, and he never doubted for a moment that it would appear in the next number—oddly enough it did. It happened to be short, just to fit a spare corner, and just to turn up at the right time. But Will didn't know that. He simply counted the lines, and thought he would write something longer next time. Then he should get more money.

He made a little mistake, as most of us know by bitter experience. All he got was his old MS. back of course.

But he went to London, and frequented the British Museum, where he smelt the books, till his body was as upset as his mind would have been if he had read them. And, though the books in the Reading-room enter the brain chiefly by the nose, there are other studies which go through the eyes—studies of human nature.

The most interesting of these to unsophisticated Will was a sad-looking young lady who spent a great deal of time over the catalogue. She became so depressed that sometimes she was quite limp—certainly, the great volumes are exhausting ; and Will gradually gave her more and more help with her "studies." She was a pale, fragile girl, mostly dressed in a peculiarly made gown of dirty mustard colour, which Will, who thought Miss Dulcie's cheerful muslins and

"BAREHEADED HE MET MISS DULCIE AT THE DOOR" (*p.* 342).

handsome silks perfection, did not admire at first, though he learnt better in time. But she had an enormous amount of "poetry in her soul" and sadness in her heart, so he reverenced her as a type of the beautiful and artistic ; and, as he represented the literary, what a perfect whole they would make !

But this idea did not come for some time. Only, when a child has been crying for the moon, he will often be satisfied with an orange.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT is ten years later, and Miss Dulcie Sykes, now a lady of the mature age of twenty-eight, is sitting in a splendid drawing-room in Cromwell Road, Kensington. But these splendid drawing-rooms are little better than splendid prisons for many young ladies. Dulcie had been sitting here for the best part of three days, for her aunt wanted the carriage, and it was "not proper" for a young lady to go out alone.

She was envying with all her heart the middle-class girls who walked along the causeway quite free and happily indifferent to "society," when she saw a hansom pull up at the door, and a fine-looking man of about thirty-five get out. Some gentleman to see her uncle, no doubt ; but in a minute or two the footman threw open the drawing-room door and announced "Mr. Goss !"

She came forward, bowed, and said she was sorry neither her uncle nor aunt was at home ; then stopped perplexed. There was something oddly familiar about him.

"I am afraid you don't remember me, Miss Dulcie," he said ; "it is a long time since you were at Hepburn."

"Surely—surely, you are not John Goss—I mean Mr. Goss?" hastily correcting herself. He looked such a gentleman !

He laughed pleasantly. "I am glad you remember me, Miss Dulcie."

"And I am glad—nay, delighted—to see you, Mr. Goss. I am longing to hear some news of dear old Hepburn. Since my father died I seem to have been quite cut off from it ; my brother is a shocking corre-

spondent. How is everybody, and what is all the place like?"

"Well, I am sorry to say—at least, of course I am not exactly sorry either—but the place is not nearly so pretty as it used to be, and it is my fault; but I really couldn't help it."

"You have an immense manufactory, I hear."

"Well, yes, it is a good size, and I have had to build a great many workmen's cottages; in fact, the place is quite a town."

"I hear it is a beautifully clean and orderly town, too, and that you do a great deal of good, Mr. Goss," with a kindly smile. She felt she had been a little hard on him.

"Good? Oh, dear! no, you are quite mistaken! Of course, I built the schools and the workmen's club, and the cottage hospital; but they were almost matters of necessity." He said it in all simplicity.

"Well, if you don't call that doing good, I should like to know what your idea of good is. I only wish I did a hundredth part as much. I have all the will, and I don't think I am absolutely stupid; yet here I sit all the day idle, when I could earn my 'penny' as well as anybody, only I haven't the chance. It isn't fair."

There were positively tears in her brown eyes, and she was actually talking to the young man from the shop as if he were her father confessor—far more earnestly than she had ever spoken to any "parson;" but spiritual power is much more personal than official.

"Oh, Miss Dulcie! do forgive my saying so, but a few years' quiet is only strengthening, so long as your heart and mind don't go to sleep too; and I am sure yours will not!"

"You always had an exaggerated opinion of my merits, I remember," laughing and colouring slightly.

He longed to say "not exaggerated," but feared it might sound impertinent; however, he unconsciously looked it most successfully.

"I wish I lived down at the Hall again; I might do something for your workpeople, even if it was only the hackneyed ground of clothing clubs and mothers' meetings."

"Do you really wish you lived at the Hall, Miss Dulcie? I am so glad; that is just what I came about."

"Indeed!" Privately, she had rather wondered what he had come for; but she had been so dull, the visit was an agreeable interruption; and John was not the sort of man she could, even if she had wished, either snub or patronise.

"I don't know whether you are aware that—that—I bought the old Hall?"

"*You* bought it, Mr. Goss?" Certainly there was a touch of hauteur. She was shocked. The prejudices of a life are not overcome in half an hour.

"It was merely as an investment, Miss Dulcie, I assure you. I shouldn't think of living there myself—at least, not at present. What I should like better than anything would be for you to take the place. I am very old-fashioned in some things. I like old families better than new ones."

"Thank you all the same, but I could not possibly afford it. It is quite out of the question."

"But the rent or purchase-money, whichever you preferred, would not be a consideration at all. It could stand over indefinitely, and there is plenty of furniture there."

"You are exceedingly kind to give me the first refusal, and I would take it gladly if I could; but it is quite out of my power."

John was silent. He leant forward biting his lip, and there was a line between his eyes as he stared hard at the carpet. It was a crucial moment in his life, and he knew it. He had been working all these years with one object in view: at first a faint far-off star, lately nearer, this morning apparently almost within reach; and now, unless he could bridge over the difficulty of access, he would be baffled after all.

Dulcie little knew what was going on in his mind.

"I suppose you wouldn't care about letting it just for the summer, Mr. Goss?" she said calmly.

"Ah!"—and the thought revived him—"she's coming after all."

"Oh! yes, I would, with pleasure, if you would like to come for a short time."

"I have no doubt I could persuade my uncle to take it for three months, and I should very much like it myself."

"And all your old tenants—every one about the place—will be delighted to see you again."

"You must introduce me to your wife, Mr. Goss."

"Oh, Miss Dulcie!" in a pained tone. How could she think it possible? "I haven't a wife!"

"I beg your pardon." She laughed a little uneasily, but coloured under his incomprehensible look.

"But my brother Will has a wife," he added hastily, as if it was a sort of excuse for himself.

"Oh, indeed! I forgot to ask after him. Is she a Hepburn lady?"

"No; he met her at the British Museum in the first instance."

"A literary lady?"

"Not exactly. She used at one time to be rather fond of art, but she has quite given up all that sort of thing. She is a very cheerful, pleasant sort of woman, rather stout; but Will's as lanky as ever."

"I rather fancy I have seen a story of his somewhere."

"Very likely—he writes a good deal, but not half of it gets into print. It's shocking the waste that goes on in that profession—waste of the worst kind, too. Far worse than having a batch of biscuits burnt!"

About a month later, the proudest day in John's life arrived. His workpeople could not think what in the world made him so fidgety. Every single article in the mill had to be cleaned and polished and set in order, though it was always as nice as ever it could be; but he bothered even over the brass knobs and bars about the engine, and gave the women's overlooker a hint to tell them to make themselves tidy.

At eleven o'clock a carriage and pair drove up to the door, just as in old days Miss Dulcie used to drive up to the little shop. John remembered.

The day that he had pictured to himself for years had come at last, as bareheaded he met Miss Dulcie at the door. She looked like a queen, he thought; and she certainly was beautifully dressed in grey and silver, with a bunch of yellow roses in her dress and in her hat. He was glad she looked so nice, for he hoped this was her future kingdom, and the admiration of his workpeople was not a matter of absolute indifference.

Many curious eyes were cast upon her as she went from room to room, and many a knowing look passed between the "hands."

And if it was a proud day for him, it was an astonishing one for her. Why, the place was magnificent—far finer than a mere house, however furnished—it was a palace. John Goss was a king: his very glance was a command. Hundreds of men and women looked to him alone as their earthly providence; and there was the huge engine feeding all the world by coolly waving its arms about. And such millions and millions of biscuits! One would think nobody in all creation ever ate anything else. What a modern version of the old primitive bread-making!

Dulcie felt to her heart's core the stupendousness of the place, and the work and the power of the man beside her.

"Won't you take one?" he said, offering her a biscuit of a certain kind.

There was a gravity and solemnity about him as he offered it; and she took it as a kind of token—not the mere offer of a biscuit, but something signified beyond.

"Doesn't it remind you?" he said gently.

"Why, these are the very ones you made for me a long time ago!"

"The very same. It was in pleasing you that my fortunes began."

She looked up. "Shall we—shall we go into another room?"

The three months passed away only too quickly, and John was no nearer his heart's desire than on that day. In vain he tried to comfort himself with the thought that in society wealth such as his was considered a fair equivalent for birth such as hers; and in vain Dulcie's worldly aunt, who recognised a good match when she saw one, invited him to dinner, lawn tennis, and picnics. He went to them all, but Dulcie gave no sign—not so much as the droop of an eyelash. She was too proud to take up the ungenerous part of trying to attract the man now he was rich, whom she had despised when their positions were reversed. But how did he know that? He thought she simply did not care.

It was almost the last day of their stay, and John was standing in a very disconsolate mood by the workmen's entrance to his mill, watching some casks of sugar being hoisted up to the top storey—an immense height, six or seven flats.

As the great iron clamps were being fitted on the last barrel, he caught sight of a pretty white dress flitting by.

"Oh, Miss Dulcie!" he said impulsively, raising his hat, "could you spare me a minute or two? I wanted to speak to you about—something." He hadn't an idea what, only he did want her; even a few minutes would be precious.

She stopped, and they both watched the cask being swayed up, till it looked quite small, so great was the height; then a hand was stretched out, and it was drawn in.

Dulcie's upturned face was very sweet. John thought he would like to kiss it; but it suddenly changed horribly. She threw herself violently upon him, and literally banged him up against the wall with violence worse than unladylike—it was perfectly shocking. His hat was sent flying, his head rather sharply bruised. He seized her by the arms in horror. Had she suddenly gone out of her mind?

But at that instant, just at his feet, with a frightful crash, came down the heavy iron clamps on the very spot where he had been standing. Certain and horrible death it would have been.

The worse than stupid workman overhead had unfastened them from the cask and calmly given them a kick over to be ready for the next batch, without looking to see if any one was below.

"Are you hurt, John—are you hurt?" seeing the blood pouring from the bruise on his forehead, and his head thrown back against the wall, face pale, eyes shut.

"Did it touch you?" she said, taking his hand gently. "Do look at me—I did try to save you!"

He looked down upon her. "Dulcie, come into my office." They went across out of the way of possible eyes and ears—and he shut the door.

"Dulcie," he said, taking both her hands, "look up, my dear."

She just glanced up, then threw herself sobbing on to his shoulder. The strain had been great; the tension broke.

"This is the second time you have benefited me, my Dulcie. Your girlish whim began my prosperity, your woman's quickness saved my life; and now you know I want something else."

She didn't speak; but John had got the upper hand now, and he meant to keep it.

"You know what it is I want," he said persuasively.

She turned her tearful face up to his, and he got what he wanted.

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"HOW am I afflicted thus? What can it all mean?"

He stood in my study in the fading light of a beautiful summer's evening—pale, weary, woe-begone, and his voice had that irritable peevish ring in it, which speaks of debility of the whole system. He had come miles to see me, and, as he candidly confessed, he expected to go back again as hopeless as he had arrived. I determined he should not do that, at all events, for I believe in giving hope whenever it can be honestly given. He had been telling me all about himself, his symptoms, his struggles to get well, his despondency, his almost despair, till only politeness forbade my asking him to stop. But I had got up from my chair at last, and walking to the casement window, looked out at the evening sunshine playing among the clustering syringas. The hint had the right effect. He ceased talking, and I turned round.

"Perhaps," I said, smiling, "you will now permit me to have a word or two?"

"Certainly, and I really pray you will forgive me for taking up so much of your time."

"Of course I do, but you are no worse than many other patients, who fog their physician, if I may call it so, by their verbiage, till he has almost to 'glamp' in the dark for the diagnostic symptoms. Now let me see—your first marked deviation from health consisted in a feeling that you were not so happy and well as you ought to be; there was loss of appetite, which you tried to stimulate; there were fits of despondency, which you did your best, not in the right way, to banish. There was disturbed sleep, silly dreams, which made you start and toss and tumble, and left their effects on your nervous system during the whole of the day, or the greater part of it. You felt weaker, you perspired too easily, you were 'soft,' and you thought the system wanted keeping up, and you tried to keep it up, again, not in a rational way. You thought you were looking paler, your skin washed-out, as it were, and your eyes far from clear. Then, acidity of the stomach made its appearance, amounting at times to positive heartburn. For speedy relief you took large doses of the bicarbonate of soda, and this soon became a habit. It neutralised the acidity, it is true, but you soon found that your digestive powers were getting weaker, and this isn't the worst, for you now suffer from sciatica, of a periodic and most painful character, commencing in the lower part of the left side of the spine, and extending down the leg. This pain is always unpleasantly present, but comes on in fits which cause you agony and make, as you say, the sweat stand in drops on your brow. Of course your nerves are all awry, and the whole blood-making process enfeebled, and next to *nil*."

I need not continue the history of this case, dear reader, I but quote it for two reasons: first, to show how much pain and suffering may accrue from a very simple departure from hygienic rules. This gentleman was a clerk in a dockyard. He was hard-worked and had reasons of his own—which did him credit—for "hanging on," as he termed it, to his duty, as long as possible. But he *might* have taken exercise. Better he had done so at the dead of night than not at all. Secondly, I quote the case to show the evil effects of treating acidity as a disease instead of as a symptom, and dabbling with antacids. Nor is this the only case I could cite of painful neuralgia, sciatic, or otherwise, following the abuse of antacids, especially soda, and being cured by a more rational treatment of the digestive organs. Attention to diet, indeed, is of the first importance in the treatment of this terrible complaint, which, however, is at the worst amenable to reason.

Those who possess medicine-chests—and every *paterfamilias* ought to—should know a little about the therapeutic effects of the agents they contain, and they should certainly never be too familiar with the little mahogany case. The seldomer the key thereof is turned the better. "Oh! I know a remedy for that," you may say, and forthwith, for the relief of some trifling ailment, out comes some deadly drug. You relieve the trouble, perhaps, but after all what have you done?—merely dosed a symptom, and one which may return again and again. Better you had sought for the cause, left the cure to nature, and determined that if possible the prime cause should not have the same chance to work mischief again.

Hear what Nelligan says about antacids: "The action of medicines of this class is manifestly only temporary and palliative, as they do not correct that peculiar state of the digestive organs which causes the formation of acid; their protracted use, indeed, produces a tendency to acid secretion in the alimentary canal, and few individuals can bear the use, for any length of time, of free or carbonated alkalies, a state of general anæmia, usually attended with oxalic deposits, being caused thereby. When administered in full doses, or their use continued for some time, the fibrin of the blood becomes diminished in quantity."

So it must be evident to the lay reader that there is danger lurking even in such simple medicines as the bicarbonate of soda or potash.

As to soda, I must lift up my voice against the vile habit—it is nothing else—of putting a little of the carbonate in the tea. We swallow enough alkali in the shape of lime, in many parts of England, without adding more.

"The peculiar state of the digestive organs," referred to by Nelligan in the above quotation, "which causes the formation of acid," is just as often as not brought about by a badly-acting liver.

For want of, say, active exercise, want of the bath and rough skin-invigorating towel, owing to over-

eating, stimulating the system in any way whatever, and from many other causes, the liver gets out of order, is congested or what not, acidity follows, indigestion follows acidity, the food is spoiled in the system, the body is not nourished, and the sequence is debility, thin blood, and nervous exhaustion, with all sorts of sorrows and ailments, imaginary or real, bringing up the rear.

Well, that is the sequence. Are we to begin at the wrong end in our treatment?

"I'm horribly nervous," says a man to himself, "I'll take phosphorus, I know that is a good thing."

"Nonsense," I say, "look at the sequence given above, and you will find that debility has caused the nervousness and the shakiness you complain of."

"Well," my patient replies, "iron and quinine are fine things for the blood; I'll go in for these."

"Again glance at the sequence: the debility is caused by indigestion, and indigestion by acidity."

"Well," he says, "now we have it! I'll correct the acidity."

"No, no, again. Back we go further."

"The liver?"

"Ah! *now* we have it. *Now* there is hope for us." And this leads me to say a word or two about biliousness so called.

We are a fast-living people, our cookery is too refined in many cases, hence the craving for stimulants, wine, beer, spirits or tea, which retard digestion and, therefore, in one way may be said to counteract the evils brought on by the over-studiousness of the French cook. But how often is the cure a thousand times worse than the disease!

Well, as a rule, the amount of food taken into the system is out of all proportion to the amount of bodily exercise taken. Hence the miseries of five out of every ten cases of those who live at home at ease.

It is the middle-aged, those between forty and fifty-five, who are most likely to suffer from biliousness from errors in diet. The errors are those of kind and quantity; I shall mention presently what should be avoided in diet.

The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent, however. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast-eater. Too frequently, alas! he has an excellent appetite for liquids, but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events. The digestive system is wholly out of order; diarrhœa, or constipation, may be a symptom, or the two may alternate. There are very often hæmorrhoids, or loss of blood even.

There may be giddiness, and often headache, and acidity or flatulence, and tenderness at the pit of the stomach. The pain felt in the right shoulder would indicate an extra bad case, but apart from this, there are aching pains and even stiffness in the limbs, with more or less of cramps in the limb muscles, or burning in the palms of the hands, with hot perspiring feet.

There may be drowsiness and torpor by day, and sleeplessness at night, and all sorts and conditions of mind, especially irritability: fits of bad temper that come on suddenly and go off again, and that none are so thoroughly grieved at as the poor patient himself.

Bilious people generally fly for relief to aperient pills, and there is no doubt that they often afford temporary relief by relieving the over-gorged liver. This really is antiphlogistic treatment, but it assuredly is not radical. When a fish-pond overflows its banks, we may let off a portion of the water, but after this we ought, methinks, to find our way to the other end of the pool and lessen the inflow.

Well, just a word about treatment. First and foremost, then, in sudden bilious attacks, that are often accompanied by great prostration, and by urgent vomiting, it is best to send for a medical man. Such attacks generally come on in the morning, at the time the body is most weak. I do not think upon the whole I should be justified in suggesting medicinal remedies in this paper, for the simple reason that cases differ so. The mineral acids and bitter vegetable tonics often do good. So does nux vomica, and aconite. Then there is dandelion, and chloride of ammonium, and alkalies. But I can only generalise. A blue pill and colocynth, followed next day by a glass of Pullna water, will ward off many an attack, if the patient goes in for preventive measures afterwards, and follows a course of rational living. The podophyllin pill, from a quarter to half a grain of the extract, in three to five of extract of hyoscyamus, may do as well as the blue pill, if not better.

Soda-water or lithia-water and milk should be drunk next day, and very little solid food taken, though beef-tea mixed with arrowroot will be found very nourishing; or a raw egg beaten up in milk.

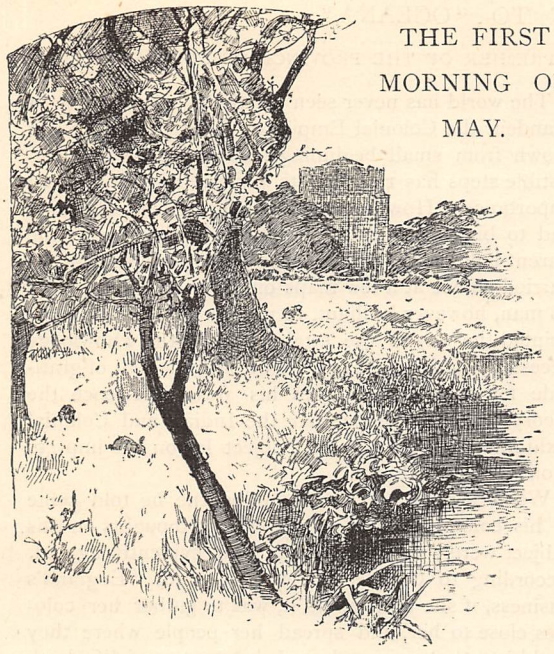
Little good will accrue from treating a case like this, however, if, when he is once more well, the patient returns to his old non-hygienic habits of life.

"What am I to do then?" may be asked. I will tell you what you are not to do. You are not to over-eat; you are not to use sugar or fat to any extent, potatoes, puddings, pastry, or cheese. You are not to touch alcohol. You are not to sit in over-heated rooms. You are neither to over-work nor over-worry yourself. And you are not to shirk the morning tub, nor plenty of exercise.

What are you to do for the acidity? Abstemiousness, and regulation of diet and habits, will entirely banish it, and you will have the pleasure of knowing that its absence is a sign of rejuvenation of the liver.

If you but try a week of the treatment I suggest, I feel convinced, you will once more feel a pleasure in life, and an interest in all your surroundings.

But acidity often leads to rheumatism, and on this subject I hope to have more to say another day. I shall be quite satisfied with my present paper if it puts a few of my readers on the right road to health, and that can only be got at by seeking for and removing first causes instead of treating symptoms.



THE FIRST MORNING OF MAY.

"THERE'S song on the earth, and there's song in the air,
Melody floats round us everywhere ;
Carols the lark soaring up in the sky,
Warbles the thrush from the underwood nigh,
The grasshopper chirps in the mead, and the bee
Drones away on his honey-quest murmuringly,
Chanting the river goes bubbling along,
And the breeze shakes the trees till they rustle with song.

"Yet still there's a song that is wanting to-day,
The heart longs to hear this first morning of May,
A song that is soft as the coo of the dove,
Tender and ardent—the sweet song of love.
Oh ! let me sing this sweet song to you now—
Listen, dear maid, to a fond lover's vow
Pleading a passion that's faithful and true—
Give me your heart as I give mine to you."

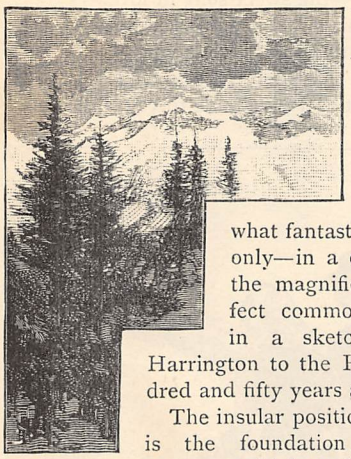
Silent the maid heard the words of the youth
Telling the tale of his love and his truth ;
Blushing and trembling she made no reply
Save the heave of her bosom, the breath of her sigh.—
Still carols the lark, still the thrush pipes his song,
The grasshopper chirps and the bee drones along,
River and breeze wake their music in vain—
The lovers hear naught but love's heart-thrilling strain.

Needless to tell how the hours sped away
Heedless of time that first morning of May.
Long ere the sun bent his course to the west
The maid found her voice, and her love was confest.
Many a summer has come and has gone,
Happy and calm many years have rolled on,
And the man and the wife are still blessing the day
When they told all their love that first morning of May.

J. F. WALLER, LL.D.

MR. FROUDE'S VISIT TO "OCEANA."

BY THE HON. PHILIP CARTERET HILL, D.C.L., LATE PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.



IF Mr. Froude had not disclosed the origin of the title of this able and deeply interesting volume* we might have thought it somewhat fantastic. It is, however, only—in a crystallised form—the magnificent ideal of a perfect commonwealth presented in a sketch by Sir James Harrington to the Protector, two hundred and fifty years ago.

The insular position of Great Britain is the foundation; the naval supremacy which enabled her to stretch out her protecting arm to the ends of the earth is the result. Many suns have risen and set, many generations of men have passed across the stage and disappeared since that sketch was drawn, and marvellous strides have been made towards the realisation of Sir James Harrington's dream. Indeed in extent "Oceana" exceeds his most sanguine anticipations. "Harrington," Mr. Froude tells us, "contemplated that Oceana would be a single commonwealth embraced in the arms of Neptune, but," he continues, "the spell which can unite all these communities into one has not yet been discovered." To discover this spell is one of the great problems now forcing itself upon the attention of statesmen, and the visit of the distinguished historian to South Africa and Australia, and the book in which he gives an account of it, form a most important contribution to its solution.

It was a happy thought which led Mr. Froude to see for himself the stage of progress at which some, at least, of the most important members of Oceana have arrived. What untold difficulties and blunders might have been avoided, had the statesmen who for many generations have ruled the destinies of the colonies from Downing Street, only adopted Mr. Froude's method of acquiring a knowledge of the regions affected by their decisions! "Sir Arthur Helps," Mr. Froude says, "told me a story singularly illustrative of the importance which the British official mind has hitherto allowed to the distant scions of Oceana. A Government had gone out; Lord Palmerston was forming a new Ministry, and in a preliminary council was arranging the composition of it. He had filled up the other places: he was at a loss for a Colonial Secretary. This name and that was suggested and thrown aside. At last he said, "I suppose I must take the thing myself. Come up-stairs with me, Helps, when the council is over. We will look at the maps, and you shall show me where these places are."

* "Oceana." By J. A. Froude. Longman and Co., London.

The world has never seen anything approaching in grandeur the Colonial Empire of Great Britain; it has grown from small beginnings, and by slow but irresistible steps has reached its present magnitude and importance. How to consolidate its various elements and to bind them in an indissoluble union with the Parent-land and with each other, is a problem which a hurried glance at a few maps on the wall will qualify no man, however brilliant, to master; Mr. Froude has pointed the way to the attainment of the knowledge necessary to this end, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for teaching us from his own experience the theory. We may hope that the Indian and Colonial Exhibition will act as an "object lesson" to impress it on the national mind.

When Mr. Froude was in Melbourne he told some of his colonial friends what Carlyle's thoughts on this subject were; with which his own evidently agreed. According to Carlyle, Mr. Froude said, "England's business, if she understood it, was to gather her colonies close to her, and spread her people where they could breathe again and send the stream of life back into her loaded veins. Instead of doing this, she had been feeding herself on cant and fine phrases, and delusive promises of unexampled prosperity. The prosperity if it came—which it wouldn't, and wouldn't stay if it did—meant only that England was to be the world's great workhouse. We were to be a nation of slaves—slaves of all the world, slaves to mechanical drudgery and cozening trade, and deluded into a dream that all this was the glory of freedom while we were worse off than the blacks of Louisiana. It was another England that Carlyle looked forward to—an England with the soul in her awake once more—no longer a small island, but an OCEAN EMPIRE, where her millions and tens of millions would be spread over their broad inheritance, each leading wholesome and happy lives on their own fields and by their own firesides, hardened into men by the sun of Australia or the frosts of Canada—free human beings in fact, and not in idle name: not miserable bondsmen any more."

Can this magnificent idea be realised? or were Harrington's germ-thought and Carlyle's nobler ideal of an Ocean Empire only idle dreams?

The future of millions of the human race is bound up with the nature of the final answer to this question. And we cannot but hail with pleasure everything which tends to throw light upon it. It is precisely this that Mr. Froude has done; he has shed a flood of light upon the subject, not the result merely of profound study in a well-filled library at home, but of actual contact with the very soil, the mountains and rivers, the cities and villages, the laws and institutions, the manners and customs and life of the men and women who dwell upon the great Australian continent.

Nothing can be more interesting than the account which Mr. Froude gives of the impressions made upon him by his first sight of the land. Thus of Adelaide

he says: "Its streets are laid out in anticipation of a larger future—broad, bold, and ambitious. Public buildings, law courts, Parliament House, are on the grand scale. Churches of all denominations are abundant, and handsome—symptoms of a people well-to-do, and liking to have an exterior worthy of them. It was busy England over again, set free from limitations of space."

Of the Botanical Gardens of Adelaide he writes after visiting them: "It was my first experience of the success of the Australian municipalities in this department. Whether it be the genius of the country, or some development of the sense of beauty from the general easiness of life, or the readiness of soil and climate to respond to exertion, certain it is that the public gardens in the Australian towns are the loveliest in the world, and that no cost is spared in securing the services of the most eminent horticulturists."

From Adelaide, Mr. Froude proceeded to Melbourne with its "population of 300,000 who are as well off as any equal number of people in the whole world," and where he found public gardens eclipsing even those at Adelaide.

"Adjoining the grounds of Government House," he tells us, "and connected with them by a private walk down a picturesque ravine, are the public gardens of the city, which eclipse even those of Adelaide in size and the opportunities of the situation. The Melbourne Gardens are on the slope of a valley, at the head of which, and where the incline is nearly precipitous, the tower and battlements of the house stand out conspicuous. The gardens themselves extend for a mile, with a large sheet of winding water in the middle of them. Here was all which heart of visitor could desire; avenues to stroll in, which a vertical sun could not penetrate; with the glory of colour which nature lavishes on leaf and petal to look at."

But men and women are of more importance and represent more truly the character of a country than buildings or gardens or forests, however magnificent. Let us hear what Mr. Froude has to say of them. "Meanwhile in-doors we were studying the Victorians and Victorian society. Party followed party, and it was English life over again; nothing strange, nothing exotic, nothing new or original, save perhaps in greater animation of spirits. The leaves that grow on one branch of an oak are not more like the leaves that grow upon another than the Australian swarm is like the hive it sprang from. All was the same—dress, manners, talk, appearance. The men were quite as sensible, the women as pretty, and both as intelligent and agreeable."

A country will always be judged largely from its public men. During Mr. Froude's stay in Melbourne he was the guest of Sir Henry Loch, the Governor. This gave him the opportunity of meeting the leading men of the country. "Several of the Victorian Ministers," he says, "dined with the Governor while I was there, and other gentlemen of past or present distinction. They seemed all to be persons who would have been distinguished anywhere—made of the same material as our public men at home. They would have gone to the front in the English House of Commons as easily as in their own Legislature, and have become members of Cabinets in London instead of at Melbourne."

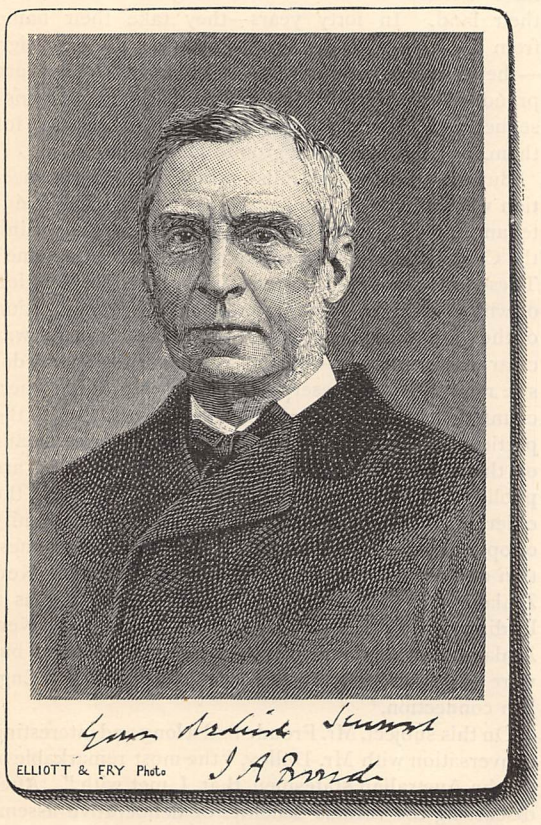
And after a full study of the land, Mr. Froude sums up his impressions of Victoria in the following words: "On the whole, considering that they have been nursed in sunshine, and have never known adversity, the merit of the Victorian colonists is very great. They have worked miracles in clearing and cultivating their land. In forty years—they take their name from the Queen, and are only coëval with her reign—they have done the work of centuries. They are proud of themselves, and perhaps assert their consequence too loudly; but their country speaks for them, and they have fair ground for elation."

But what do the Australians think about the connection with the Parent-land? Do they value the maintenance of the connection, and what form do they think the Confederation of the whole Empire should assume? These are the important questions, to find a solution of which Mr. Froude undertook the circumnavigation of the globe; and happily the answer he received was clear and emphatic—that is, so far as the general desire not merely to preserve the union with the Mother-country, but to strengthen the bond, extends. On the particular mode of effecting that object and the details of the process they were as hopelessly divided as are public men in England. But by whatever means the object was to be attained, there was entire unanimity of opinion on the importance of the fundamental question of a real binding union of the whole Empire. New Zealand was as strong on this point as Victoria; as a leading man in that country said to Mr. Froude, "New Zealanders were democrats in their own country, but were Imperialists to a man in the insistence upon English connection."

On this subject, Mr. Froude had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Dalley, "the most remarkable of all the Australian statesmen that I met with." After discussing the various schemes of deliberative assemblies proposed, and dismissing them as impracticable, Mr. Dalley said there was something of immeasurably greater importance which might be thought of, and he referred to the subject of the Colonial Navy. Oceana, the great Empire of which Great Britain was the stem, and the Colonies the branches, was the creation of the naval enterprise of England. The fleet was the instrument of her power and the symbol of her unity. British ships of war were the safeguard of Colonial liberty and the natural chain which held the scattered communities together. The fleet therefore ought to be one. Let there be one navy, Mr. Dalley said, under the rule of a single Admiralty—a navy in which the Colonies should be as much interested as the Mother-country, which should be theirs as well as hers, and on which they might all rely in time of danger. Thus the Empire would be invulnerable on its own element, and invulnerable there, might laugh at the ill-will of all the nations of the earth combined.

But Oceana includes many lands besides Australasia. The sails of her ships whiten every ocean; her arms

embrace regions as widely separated as Canada or the West Indies are from Australia. The only regret we feel in closing Mr. Froude's most interesting and opportune volume is that he had not extended his visit to Canada. He would have found there, under different conditions, the same deep attachment to the "Old Country" and to its laws and institutions, and the same loyalty to its illustrious Sovereign, which he witnessed



THE AUTHOR OF "OCEANA."

in the Australian Colonies. Indeed he would have seen the interesting spectacle of Harrington's ideal advanced one stage nearer realisation by the Confederation of all the British North American Provinces into one great Dominion.

The principles of British law and order have been carried with them by the Colonists into their Transatlantic homes, and even the outward symbols of those principles are clung to with tenacity. An amusing illustration of this conservative characteristic occurred in Nova Scotia while I was a member of the Government of that Province. For upwards of a century a Great Seal had been in use, which was affixed to all grants of land from the Crown and other important documents. When the various Provinces were confederated, the Dominion Government sent a new Great Seal for the use of the Provincial Government, directing it by an Order in Council to be used in lieu of the old Seal. The new Seal was certainly a monstrosity as a work of art, resembling the most hideous of mediæval seals, but it was not probably on that ground that the Government of the Province declined to adopt it; the reason was rather political than æsthetic; but, without going into details, the result in brief was that the new Seal was never used, and its existence had been almost forgotten. Some years had elapsed when the validity of a patent having the old Seal affixed was called in question in a case before the Supreme Court of the Province, and the Court decided that the patent was invalid. Instantly the whole Province was convulsed; the question was raised with great solemnity by the Opposition in the Provincial Parliament; the various grants of land and other documents issued since Confederation were affirmed to be illegal; titles to land were declared to be shaken; nay, every Act passed by the Legislature, summoned by writs sealed with the Old Seal, was said to be destitute of legal force. Much was said of the mysterious power residing in the true Seal—the very *clavis regni;* the people were reminded that when James II. fled from London the Great Seal of England was thrown into the Thames, so important was it deemed that this symbol of power should not fall into the hands of William and Mary—in short, utter chaos and confusion were gravely affirmed to have fallen on the land. Of course, the tempest was soon allayed, and the whole affair is now only remembered with a smile.

The newspapers in the United States made merry over the affair at the time; to the American mind it seemed hardly credible that a whole Province should be agitated in the nineteenth century over such a "bauble" as a Seal; but the excitement aroused by the incident in the Province showed how deeply seated was the attachment of the people, not only to British constitutional principles, but even to the material emblem which shadowed them forth.

Had Mr. Froude been able to extend his visit to Canada, there is little doubt that the views which he formed in Australia would have been greatly strengthened. It is much that so distinguished a writer has seen a great part of Oceana for himself, and has in such picturesque language shown his fellow-countrymen the vast importance of a united Empire; and I cannot better close this brief sketch of his work than by quoting the impressive words which occur in the last chapter of the volume:—

"The holding of the Empire together is of a moment to us which cannot be measured. Our material interests, rightly judged, are as deeply concerned as our moral interests, and there lies before us, if the union be once placed beyond uncertainty, a career which may eclipse even our past lustre. But, in theological language, it is the saving of our national soul, it is the saving of the souls of millions of Englishmen hereafter to be born, that is really at stake; and once more the old choice is again before us, whether we prefer immediate money advantage, supposing that to be within our reach, by letting the Empire slide away, or else our spiritual salvation. We stand at the parting of the ways."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STOCKING-DARNING.

BY A. M. HELLIER.

STOCKING-DARNING has both a science and a history. Of the science I shall not treat, because most darners believe that they have sufficient practical acquaintance with the art to serve their purpose. And employers of darners are more interested in the results than in the process; or, rather, it is the absence of result that chiefly concerns them. For if the lords of the creation find a well-darned supply of hose to meet their oft-recurring needs, they accept it, like we accept too many of our common blessings, as a mere matter of course.

Nor shall I explore the history of darning, for its records are scanty, and we are not wholly past the Primitive Age, as the lone bachelor at the mercy of washerwomen can testify. And though the distance is very great between the coarse efforts he deplores, and the prize specimens shown to the School Board inspector, or the delicate repairs on a silken stocking that every lady can achieve, it is to be hoped that the art is still far from perfection, and that future generations may discover less tedious modes of darning the more durable stocking which I trust will fall to their lot.

There are other, more interesting aspects under which we may consider stocking-darning. It has been chosen as the type of minor domestic duties. If a lady, especially a married lady, takes an active interest in public affairs—if she speaks on a platform or agitates for votes—certain circles in society begin to talk darkly about "neglected stockings." We must all of us, at one time or another, when women's rights were discussed, have heard some impassioned orator hold up for scorn and ridicule "the woman who cannot boil a potato, or darn a stocking."

If a woman, again, has a reputation for learning, slander asserts that her stockings are in holes. This is especially the case when she has the temerity to study any of the dead languages. No woman will do that, if she wishes to be thought a notable housekeeper. She may learn French, she may study music, or singing, or painting for years, with no serious result. But once let her begin Latin or Greek (one hardly dare mention Hebrew), and her competence to darn will be held in doubt. "Look to her stocking-heels," is a Yorkshire proverb often quoted in this connection.

Nor can it be denied that there does exist, here and there, a Jellaby among women, just as every now and then one finds a man who has never shown himself capable of earning his daily bread. But the phenomenon is rare. Personally, I have never known any woman who was not alive to the importance of ordinary domestic duties, and I trust I never shall.

It is often said in disparagement of women that they have not originated or invented much. They have not; but it is their devotion to the minor details of life which has set men free to distinguish themselves, and in all men's achievements women have an unacknowledged part.

Home, especially the English home, has inspired volumes of poetry and floods of oratory. It is a subject on which we can all speak from the heart. But when we come to consider any one home in particular, we soon realise how entirely its essential character, its home-likeness, depends on the details of comfort supplied by the women who care for it. The family sense of well-being does not consist in the romantic surroundings, or architectural beauty, or artistic furnishing of a house, so much as in the cleanliness, the order, the serving of the meals, the homely work—in fact, the stocking-darning of the establishment. It is impossible to conceive of *perfect* family love permitting a state of perpetual discomfort, or of mutual affection remaining unruffled and undiminished amid the friction which such a state would occasion. That home only can be serenely happy where the daily homely duties are well done—not intermittently, not in a whirlwind of bewildering activity that scares the male population from the scene, but—I need not say how; I appeal to the inner consciousness of woman. What dignity, what beauty and delight it gives our humblest work to think of it as essential to the peace and comfort of English homes, and as enabling those to labour undisturbed who win our bread, and create our literature, and rule and teach our people!

And verily women need some such consolation. Consider how much of their work perishes in the day that it is done, and has all to be repeated day after day, and then say whether it is matter for great marvel that some of them have been ill-advised enough to talk occasionally about their "narrow sphere." The changes are rung on washing, and ironing, and cleaning, and mending days, while every morning the same familiar objects demand washing or dusting, that have been washed or dusted thousands of times before. Tangible results are not what woman chiefly accomplishes, and she often works long and hard without having "anything to show" in the end. There is poetry in her life, it is true, but there is an enormous amount of prose. And sometimes I wish, when a man expresses horror at some woman's escaping from her house-work to a wider field of action, that he would try a long-continued course of dusting, washing up, and mending stockings, and see if he ever found it at all monotonous.

But the consolation of affording leisure to the great, and comfort to all, is by no means a woman's chief inspiration. There is another she loves and longs for—one she ought always to have, yet often lacks. It is appreciation. The drudgery of household life is glorified by the love that fulfils it for the sake of the love that receives and rewards it. And the mistress who passes over her servants' faithful work in silence, only speaking of the neglected duties; the children who are slow to see where their comfort is studied, and quick to complain if their least exaction is not

satisfied; the husbands, sons, and brothers that take all service as their due, and make capital out of a small omission; the being, whoever he or she may be, whose only evidence of being satisfied is the negative one of *not* complaining, deserves a life of unmitigated stocking-darning. There are too many people who, like the kitten in Mrs. Gatty's Parable, never "purr when they are pleased." The reader will remember how this misguided kitten gave so much dissatisfaction, and missed so much comfort out of life, that at last he strove to conquer his reticence. He choked a little to begin with, but was finally rewarded by a permanently brightened existence. To receive kindness with grace, is an art that needs and repays cultivation.

It must be borne in mind, however, that we all, though working cheerfully for the most appreciative of mankind, shall yet do much work for which no one is ever the wiser. Stocking-darning is a fit emblem of obscure work. It is tedious, it is slow, it is not showy, and thus it becomes a test of conscientiousness. If there is a great heap of stockings, and if they are to go on heedless feet, how great the temptation to cobble! What patience, what principle is required to produce regular, even darns! How true a picture this is of much of our daily work; of the tiresome job that could so easily be scamped, and no one apparently be the worse for it! But second thoughts come to the rescue, and we know that our work, though done in solitude, and hidden in corners, will harm at least ourselves if not faithfully performed. If any one allows himself to bungle the work that does not show, and only takes pains with that for which he can get credit, alas for the work and the workman too! Alas for his self-respect! Alas for the canker that has begun to eat into his life!

But this point needs guarding. There is a difference between honest work and *fadding*, and there is such a thing as going on after we have done. There is a stage in the history of every stocking when further labour spent on it is wasted; and it needs judgment to strike the balance aright between economy of stocking and economy of time. Women are peculiarly liable to spend over-much strength and sweetness in fads. Housekeeping possesses a potent spell that has sometimes charmed them into living more for their furniture than for their families; into taking unto themselves more and yet more goods to protect, dust, and arrange, till life becomes one mere round of housekeeping; as if houses were more than souls, and furniture than hearts. Too much stocking-darning is a more common evil than too little, and while proper attention to it, with all it represents, is as essential to most women's lives as having dinner and tea, on the other hand, if it is not kept in its proper place—if she allows herself to be always talking and thinking darning, so that the magic beauty of spring only inspires her with the desire to "clean down," and the glory of autumn suggests nothing more than winter jackets and petticoats—she will become more and more uninteresting to herself and every one else.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY AT OXFORD.

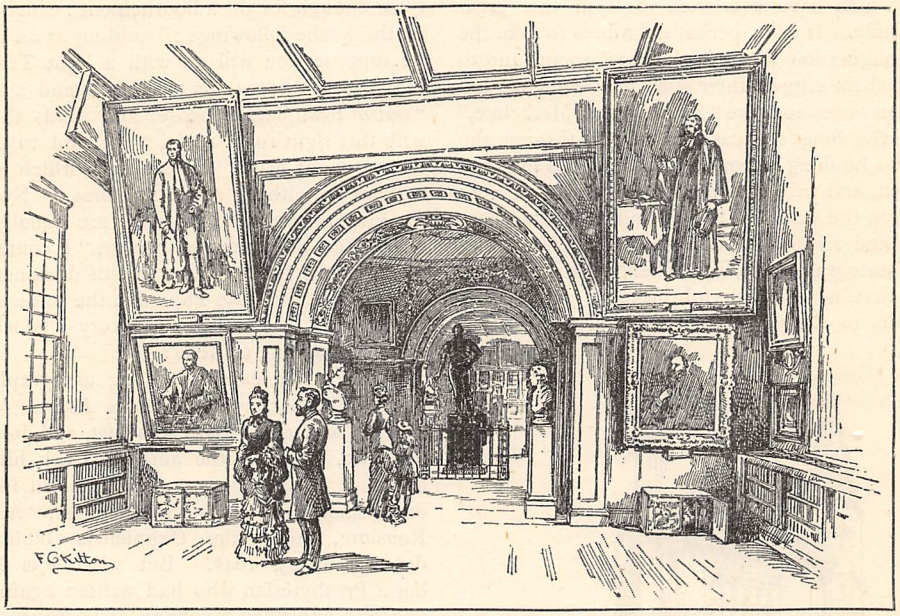
TENTH in size among the libraries of the world, second in importance among those of English-speaking people, and first of the institutions of the University of Oxford, ranks the library founded by that true worthy of Devon, Sir Thomas Bodley. And not only from its size and importance, but also for its varied annals and its venerable and striking buildings, it is well worthy of our consideration in some detail,* so far as our brief space will allow. It was, moreover, the first public library in Europe, and the one great English repository of books and manuscripts for the century and a half which preceded the formation of the British Museum, and has thereby not ill deserved the title often given to it by enthusiasts of the seventeenth century, the "English Vatican." But its very magnitude will make necessary some order in description: let us take then in turn the buildings, the growth and present state, and (at more length) some curiosities of the library.

Few, if any, who have ever been members of the University, are ignorant of the Quadrangle of the Schools—that scene of inevitable anxiety and uncertain issues, where, as it has been said, every form of examination which a man can undergo has been tried, except the *post-mortem*. And, though the Bodleian has ousted examiners and examinees, yet, for one who stands beneath the Tower of the Five Orders and looks westward across the Quadrangle, the whole system of mediæval education is still spread before him, if he sees the significance of the old inscriptions above the doors, as they lead up through the thirteenfold† groundwork of the Arts course to the higher faculties of Law and Medicine, and, in the central and most conspicuous place in front, Theology. Over one entry, in the south-west corner, we read the label "Bibliotheca Bodleiana, Schola vetus Medicinæ." Let us ascend the stairs worn by the feet of Selden and Casaubon and other heroes of learning, and enter the "Arts end" of the reading-room, which occupies the west side of the Quadrangle; turn to the left

* Our readers may be referred for full particulars to the Rev. W. D. Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library," Lond., 1868, of which a second edition is in preparation.

† The Trivium (Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric); the Quadrivium (Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy); the two tongues (Hebrew and Greek, for every one knew Latin!); the three philosophies (Natural, Moral, and Metaphysical); and History.

when we reach the centre of that side, and in front of us is the oldest piece of the fabric, "Duke Humphrey's Library," completed in about 1480, and once stored with furniture and books, but ruthlessly cleared even of the very readers' benches by the Commissioners of Edward VI. Yet it was this pitiable bareness which moved Sir Thomas Bodley, when old and weary of Court life and diplomacy, to "set up," as he describes it, his "staff at the library door in Oxon." With his own money, and the help of friends at Court, but above all by his personal activity and influence, the nucleus of a mighty collection was formed, and the room was formally opened (or rather re-



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

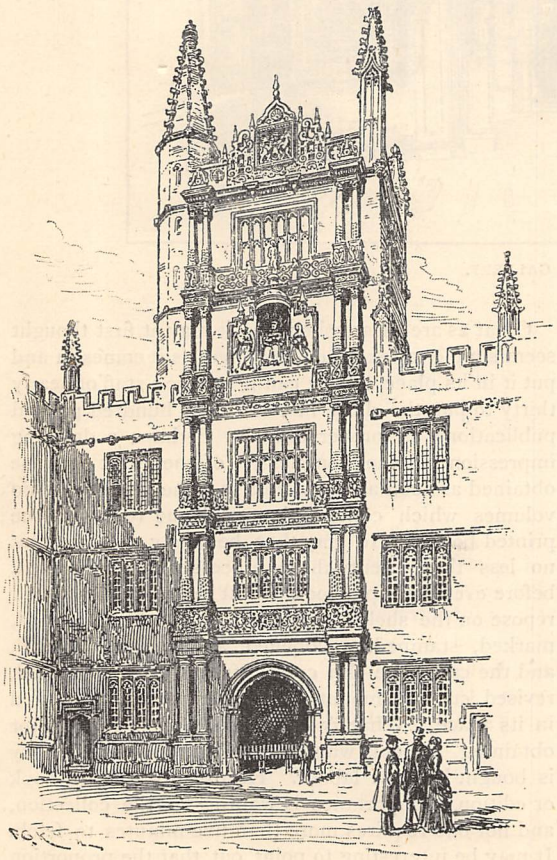
opened) on November 8, 1602. In 1612 the "Arts end," in which we are standing, was added to the growing institution: soon after it spread to the second floor of the new Quadrangle, and in 1638 the "Selden end" was built, so that the whole fabric presented, as it does now, the shape of a quadrangle with a T-shaped projection from the west side, the Selden end forming the cross of the T. Room after room was annexed, till in 1860 the whole of the Radcliffe was added, and, finally, the lower rooms of the Schools and the basement of the Sheldonian.

As a proof of the position at once taken by the library, we may note that the Chapters of both Exeter and Windsor (in 1602 and 1612) seem to have regarded Bodley's foundation as a safer home for books than their own libraries, for they transferred a large number of MSS. to Oxford, including some invaluable volumes, such as Bishop Leofric's bequests to Exeter Cathedral. And Cromwell presented to the library a part of the Barocci collection of Greek MSS. The most honoured names in the long list of benefactors since the founder's time are: Sir Kenelm Digby, Archbishop Laud, the "learned Selden," Richard Rawlinson, Edmund Malone, Francis Douce, and Richard Gough. Besides gifts from these and others, the library has since 1610 had the right to receive, without payment, one copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. No wonder then that the stores of learning grew apace, until where there were 2,000 volumes at the opening in 1602, there are now perhaps 1,200,000 separate works, and 26,000 MSS. The Bodleian has also been the museum of the University, and still retains many pictures, coins, and relics of antiquity presented from time to time, which were not specially bequeathed to the Ashmolean.

Great as are these collections, it may at first thought seem simple to take each new book as it comes in and put it in its place. How can it require a staff of nearly thirty to put the daily in-come of a hundred printed publications in proper order? Perhaps a dawning impression of the complexity of the work may be obtained as soon as the visitor sees the 726 large folio volumes which contain the catalogue (only) of the printed books. He may then be ready to learn that no less than twenty-three processes are required, before even a simple book is left to its hardly-earned repose on the shelves. It has at least to be classed, marked, stamped, catalogued, and perhaps bound, and the catalogue slip corresponding to it is copied, revised, cut out, mounted on stiffer paper, and pasted in its place. What *is* simple is the procedure for obtaining a book when wanted, but that simplicity is bought by hard labour. Hardly any English book or edition of importance is wanting in the collection, and not one requires more than five minutes to fetch. It may be interesting to point out that the proportion of books on various subjects—if the whole library be

counted as 100—is nearly as follows: Theology, 28; History, with Biography and Geography, about 20; Belles Lettres, 14; "Philosophy," including education and social questions, 10; Law and Classics, each 8; Medicine, with Natural Science, about 5; the rest, 7.

Let us now consider some special incidents and curiosities of the Bodleian. It is the peculiar interest of an old building such as this, that every nook and corner has its own history and associations: associations which unfortunately it is only too easy for a restless or superficial mind to overlook, but which, if thought about, help greatly towards the appreciation of the heritage handed down to us by the piety and learning of past centuries, and of the far-drawn influences which have combined to form this great home of study. It will, perhaps, be best to take the visitor in imagination through the chief rooms and to let some of them suggest their story as we pass. Let us enter then once more the "Schola vetus Medicinæ," and climb the long staircase, and press through the green door. Looking down on us as we pass in is the quiet, settled, and wise face of the founder, as it were inviting us, in the words of the formula of admission, to "study and silence." Let us begin by glancing at the case of autographs on our left beneath the window. The very first is a wonderful piece of paper. It transports us to the Council-chamber of Charles II.,



SCHOOLS TOWER.

the king at one end of the long table, and the president, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the historian of the Great Rebellion, at the other, with my Lords of the Council ranged on either side. Suddenly a page is beckoned by the king to bear a small sheet of paper to the earl. Is it a query about the dissolution of Parliament, or the dismissal of a high officer of state? Not exactly: it bears written near the top, "I would willingly make a visite to my sister at Tunbridge for a night or two at furthest, when do you thinke I can best spare that time?" The earl gravely replies on the same paper, "I know no reason why you may not for such a tyme (2 nights) go the next weeke, about Wensday or Thursday, and returne tyme enough for the adiournement: which yet ought to be the weeke followinge:" adding as an afterthought, "I suppose you will go with a light Trayne." Now that the king sees his way to spend a night or two "out of town," he is jocose, and sends the page back with this right royal reply, "I intend to take nothing but my night bag:" the answer to which is, "Yes, you will not go without 40 or 50 horse." Now, however, the king's paper and patience are equally at an end, and he has only room to answer, "I counte that parte of my night bag." Such is this document, and such are some other State Papers in the same volume; but does it not admit us to the very Council-room, and show us the king as he is?

In the same case is a long autograph of Milton. The Bodleian copy of Milton's *Poems, both English and Latin* (Lond., 1645) was lost, and John Rous, the librarian, wrote to the author to ask him to supply another. Milton does so, and adds in his own hand on an inserted paper a Latin poem, "Ad Johannem Rousium, Academiæ Oxoniensis bibliothecarium," dated Jan. 23, 164$\frac{6}{7}$. But what was Milton then but a Presbyterian who had written against the king, and had published a volume of poems? So his book was just marked "8° M. 168 Art." and sent up to the gallery over our heads, where it remained until, perhaps long after, the interest of the book was seen, and it was brought to its present place of honour.

Next let us pass by the catalogue and look down the vista of Duke Humphrey's Library, with its recesses on either side and its ivy-circled windows overlooking the quiet Exeter gardens. As we gaze we may remember that what we see was almost precisely what met the eyes of Charles I., when he spent hours in the library during the Civil War, the same black and gold doors concealing the Bodley Archives, the same oak fittings, the same ranges of folio volumes of Theology, Law, and Medicine—not, indeed, now chained, but often in identically the same places. As we walk down, if we obtain leave to do so, we try to imagine the quiet readers to be the true successors of Selden and Wallis, Warton and Pusey and Pattison. It were rude to look too closely at their books, though, perhaps, it might be disenchanting. We reach the unbroken silence of the Selden end, and notice on either side of the large window the *only* known copies of the earliest plans of Oxford and Cambridge, and close by the only copy of the earliest view of

THE READING-ROOM.

London, some fifteen feet in length. These are treasures indeed, but exceeded in value and interest by that supreme example of Grangerism, the Sutherland collection, on our right hand. Not less than £20,000 were spent on expanding an edition of Clarendon's *Great Rebellion* and Burnet's *History of my own Time*, by the insertion of every possible portrait and view which could illustrate the text, so that, for instance, there are 740 portraits of Charles I., and 450 views of London! This collection was presented in 1837.

But we must turn back, and if, as we pass again the gate separating the readers from the public part, we glance into the study on the right, we shall see one of the neatest quotations ever made. A student (a "*savant inconnu*") came to the library door on the morning of April 19, 1806, but found it shut; the officers were lazy and not in their places to open it. He just wrote on the piece of paper we are looking at, in Greek, the words, "Ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye neither enter in yourselves, and them that are entering in ye hinder!" This he pinned on the door and departed.

On the left are the precious cases containing examples of illuminated MSS. of every age and kind, both Oriental and European, with other specimens of writing and early printed books. But for us Englishmen, perhaps, two stand out above the rest in interest; one is a volume of the Acts of the Apostles, in Greek and Latin, undoubtedly handled and perused by the Venerable Bede,* who died in 735; and the other—most precious of all—a Latin copy of the Gospels believed to be one of the two given by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine, when the latter came to Christianise England about A.D. 600. Is it too much to say, even when we remember Perran-zabulo, that it is the very book in which the complete Gospels first entered England?

Fortunate is he who is taken round the private rooms of the library—the *Auctarium*, where the most precious manuscripts are stored, such as the Oxford Catullus, the Clarkian Plato, the D'Orville Euclid, the Carte Papers, and the huge "Vernon" MS., a vast collection of English literature written in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and almost too heavy for one man to lift—the Wood room, with the precious Oxford collections of Antony à Wood and Elias Ashmole; the Douce room, of English literature; the Oriental rooms; the Gough room, containing English topography, with countless monastic charters, deeds, and rolls; and other such. Our guide may at one point surprise us by putting side by side the "Vernon" MS. and the tiniest MS. of all, measuring $\frac{3}{4}$ in. × $\frac{5}{8}$ × $\frac{3}{16}$, and at another may unroll before us some forty feet of parchment, containing a pedigree from Adam to Henry VI., richly studded with emblazoned arms; or show us the "Wicked" Bible, or

* A dip into a Bodleian MS. of Virgil some years ago showed the extent of Bede's influence on succeeding generations; in MS. Auct. F. 1.16, where the text of Virgil has notes in the margin written by a German scribe in the eleventh century, just opposite a hypermetric line, before the difficulties of which the commentator seemed to think that the learned world shrunk back dismayed, occurs a note exalting Bede as the very champion and representative of mankind: "*Difficilis scansio, sed Beda soluit eam*" ("Hard is the verse to scan, but Bede read the riddle").

the little ephemeral children's books, printed by Newbery ("Goody Two Shoes" and her friends), in their pretty Dutch paper covers. But enough of this: let us only visit the Malone collection. A narrow cottage staircase leads us to a little old-fashioned room, all corners, with antique beams across the ceiling, and a quaint casement, but having pre-eminently a look and feeling of undisturbed quiet, far from the rush of life. Yet those books which clothe the walls are priceless. The folios of Shakespeare, and nearly every quarto known, rest in the dimmest corner, and all about is the collection of English plays, which makes the name of Malone rank with Douce and Rawlinson in the annals of the place. It is not amiss that these great collections should preserve their donors' honoured names, and that each should be taken as a nucleus round which to group additions, such as the giver would himself have rejoiced to make.

Such, then, quite roughly and unconventionally described, is the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the great storehouse of learning for Oxford students, a standing witness both to the immensity of knowledge and the necessary limits to man's attainment of it. Central it is in every sense, importuning none and repelling none who are worthy to make use of it, ignorant of distinctions of rank or wealth where a spirit of inquiry is found, promising just what it can perform, appealing by its very site and fabric to a history of nearly three hundred years, and showing the affection and help of every generation of its friends. The books alone might tempt us merely to form collections and to amass facts; it is by the accessory influence of its past history and of its storied buildings that the Bodleian silently teaches us that it is better to be wise than learned, and to feel a thing than to know it. And, once more, it is this power of teaching and impressiveness that gives to the library its real permanence and stability, and enables it, the fourth library which the University has possessed, to adopt, in a new sense, the singular scroll of its founder, *Quarta perennis erit.* A hundred labels with these words look down from the ceiling on Bodley students, but between every two may be seen that other motto, which is still more gladly borne, the beautiful one of the University itself, *Dominus illuminatio mea.*

LOCRINIDES.

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE-STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," &c.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

WHAT HAD BEEN HAPPENING IN LONDON.

"IF all that Mrs. Morton says is true——"

"It *is* true."

"That Percy fell in love with Veronica Browne?"

"Yes."

"And that she rejected him, and that then you fancied—pardon me, my dear child"—a vivid blush had overspread the face of the young girl who was listening to these words—"let us say that he fancied he was in love with you, and that you found it out, and took leave of them all in a hurry."

The speakers were in a little half-dark ante-room, separated by a curtain from a crowded drawing-room. They were two—a lady of a certain age, stately, handsome, and well dressed, who sat on a sofa, with her eyes on the illuminated curtain, fearing that at any moment the conversation, which she considered of high importance, might be interrupted; and a young girl, dressed in a simple white gown, with flowers at her throat and flowers in her hair. The girl is Letty Morrison. The lady, own sister to Lady Flora Winstanley, is Lady Glenaveril, said to be at once the proudest and most ambitious woman in London.

When Lady Glenaveril took occasion to call Letty out of the drawing-room, which was full of Mrs. Morton's Christmas guests, the young girl's heart beat joyfully. Could it be that Lady Glenaveril had any message for her from Ettrick?

In a few moments her pleasure was gone; she stood by the sofa, her head drooped like a lily when the wind has swept over it, and her fingers, which she could not keep quiet, clutching nervously at the trimmings of the sofa-cushions.

"But why do you ask me such questions?" she cried out at last. "I will not trouble them. I was trying to find something to do, and I will try again; only—her head bending still lower—"a friend—a kind friend—oh! the best friend in all the world—made

me promise not to do anything until I heard from him again."

"So I thought," said Lady Glenaveril. "That dear, amiable, charming old colonel of ours, who knows no more of the world than a baby, and who is, I believe, in love with you himself——"

"No, no: how dare you say such things!" cried Letty.

"My dear child, you are too simple to live," returned Lady Flora's sister. "Now, stop here a moment. She held Letty's unwilling hands, and made her sit down on a stool at her feet. "Do you suppose I mean to blame you for having a winning face and a charming manner, and for making all the men wild about you? Of course not—you can't help it, but you can help making serious mistakes."

She paused, and Letty asked her, in a faint voice, what she meant.

"I am going to be very rude," answered Lady Glenaveril. "I am going to answer your question by asking another. Colonel Lyndon has, it appears, told you and my cousin that he was leaving London. Where do you suppose he is going? Now, don't tell me"—she put her finger under the girl's chin, and made her lift her burning face—"that you have made no guess. You think, what I happen to *know*, that he has gone off to the North, and that he means, if his oratory can effect anything—and he is a most irresistible person—to have you brought back in triumph as——"

"Oh! stop, stop! for pity's sake," cried Letty. "I cannot bear it."

"You *must* bear it, my dear child. You must think of others as well as yourself; we all must," said the devoted-to-herself lady, as she touched caressingly the delicate and almost priceless fabric with which her dress was trimmed. "You cannot think," she went on softly, "that it is pleasant for me to talk to you in this way. If I had consulted my own feelings, I should have let things take their course; but when I see that, for want of a few plain words, three or four lives may be ruined, what am I to do?"

She had touched the right chord. Before she had come to the end of this last little speech, Letty had lifted her head and set her lips together. For their sakes—oh! she was ready to do anything—everything! If she suffered—if she died—what matter?

"Please say whatever you think right," she said, in a firm voice. "I hope I shall be able—I hope God will give me strength to do what is right." We have no space to put down fully the conversation that followed. What Letty gathered from Lady Glenaveril was that she stood in the way of Percy's interests. But for her he would have persevered in his suit with the heiress, and there could be little doubt that he would in the end have been successful. "But now," said Lady Glenaveril, "he will hear of you from the colonel, and he will fancy himself wildly in love—one of his loves must be fancy, you know—and he will rush back here and throw himself at your feet."

"That he never will—never—never," said Letty, who was trembling from head to foot.

It was all so natural—that he had guessed her secret—ah! poor Letty! where—how—did it escape you?—that his generosity—that the generosity of the others—Colonel Lyndon, her dear Lady Flora, Mr. Winstanley—should lead them to have pity upon her and upon him. He could be so eloquent. Not loving her, but pitying her, perhaps admiring her, wishing, after his generous nature, that another should not suffer as he had done, he would plead with his parents, and the colonel, her true friend—he would plead too, and they would yield—they would send for her. He would do what Lady Glenaveril had said, he would ask her—ask her what he had asked Veronica, and even now, knowing all she knew, how could she resist him?

All this, and much more, flashed through Letty's brain in less than a moment of time—and meantime Lady Glenaveril warbled on: "But you must do nothing desperate—no running away, you know, or anything melodramatic of that sort. Just remain here, and when he comes, try to look stony. There, if you put on that expression, it will do charmingly. And then somebody more suitable—that dear, self-sacrificing old colonel, perhaps—a much richer man than Percy, by-the-by—why"—Letty was swaying to and fro as if she would fall—"what is it? You don't, surely—"

I am not very strong just now," said Letty. "The heat, I suppose—or—ah! yes, it is winter——"

"The depth of winter, my dear, and this little room is as cold as a cellar. I think I will see what my cousin is about."

With a friendly nod towards Letty, Lady Glenaveril glided out of the ante-room, and resumed the task which this unpleasant little interlude had interrupted, of making herself agreeable to her friends. As for Letty, she sat for a few moments where she had been left. She was trying to realise herself—trying to understand what had happened. It had come upon her with the suddenness of an electric shock, and at the first moment she felt as if she had been dreaming. What was all this that had been sounding in her ears? She had, of her own free-will, left Castle Ettrick. This might be one reason for their thinking—Letty was alone and yet the burning colour swept over her neck and brow—thinking—what would they think? She buried her face in her hands. Oh! if she might only hide herself where no one would ever find her again.

Like a song with a burden of passionate meaning some of the words she had lately heard began to repeat themselves in her brain. Run away or do anything melodramatic of that kind. Run away—melodramatic. It was curious how the words became linked in her mind. Would it be that to run away? She did not exactly understand the meaning of the term, but thought it had something to do with acting—playing a part. Then there was some one who judged her running away so, who thought that she had gone, letting her friends know where she went, and expecting them to follow her. Cold as it was in the little darkened room, Letty felt as if she were being wrapped in a garment of flame.

She came to herself with a shudder. This time, if

she went away, no one should know where she had gone—no one—not even Colonel Lyndon, who was so kind—too kind—who had asked her to be his daughter. He would be sorry. Hot tears—the first she had shed since Lady Glenaveril spoke to her—filled Letty's eyes as she thought of his disappointment. He would think her ungrateful. So would others—kind Mrs. Morton, perhaps even Lady Flora: the one had taken her in, the other had provided this refuge for her: but when she had gone, and when everything came right—then they would understand and forgive her.

But it must be really going away. She wished she might go on board a ship bound for a distant country. Here the girl stopped in her thinking, and began to tremble violently. Going on board a ship! Surely she had heard some one speak of such a thing lately! A wild springing-up of hope, followed immediately by such a sinking of heart as she had never before felt in her lifetime, made her, for a moment, faint and sick. In the next moment, she drew herself together, passed her hands over her hair, tried to compose her face, and went into the next room.

A little old lady was sitting on a settee alone. Letty made her way towards her, and the old lady, who had been won before by her pretty face and charming manner, gladly made room for her.

"I had missed you from the room, my dear," she said.

"I have not been far away. I was speaking to Lady Glenaveril in the ante-room. Will you pardon me," said Letty abruptly, "if I ask you a question?"

"Pardon you! Of course I will. Ask me anything you like."

"Oh! it is nothing very wonderful," said Letty, blushing to the roots of her hair, under the old lady's kindly but rather inquisitive glance. "Only you were telling me just now something about your daughter."

"I have three daughters, my dear, and I am afraid I am always talking of them," said the old lady. "If it is not one, it is the other."

"You said she was going away."

"Ah! my poor little Indian! Yes, I remember. I was pouring out my troubles. Is it not melancholy? That poor dear girl has three children—steps! the youngest a baby—the eldest little more. She is taking them all out to India, with her husband, who is just a baby of a larger growth. At the very last moment her nurse, one of your perfect treasures, as mild as milk, devoted to my poor girl, devoted to the children, takes herself off—yes, positively, without rhyme or reason—says she has changed her mind. I think there ought to be a law to punish such people," said the old lady, her little bright eyes twinkling fiercely.

"And does your daughter sail soon?" asked Letty.

"Yes, indeed, that is the wretched part of the whole business. They start early to-morrow morning."

"I wish," said Letty, her heart springing up wildly, "that you would give me your daughter's name and address."

"Do you think you know some one?" cried the old lady. "Oh! if you did, I should be everlastingly grateful to you. But whoever it is, she would have to apply early to-morrow. My daughter is staying at the Euston Hotel."

"That would do very well," said Letty, in a low voice.

"But do you know this person? Can you rely upon her?" said the old lady.

"Indeed, I can, as if it were myself," answered poor little Letty.

"Well! All I can say is that if you succeed it will be the strangest thing in the world. That is what comes of talking of one's children. Here is her name, my dear, and this is the number of her room. You are going?"

"Yes; I want to make the arrangements myself," answered Letty. "Good night, dear Mrs. Marchant, and thank you."

"It is you who ought to be thanked, my dear," said the old lady, very kindly.

It was on the evening when Colonel Lyndon started for Scotland, and when Percy Winstanley and he met so strangely at Berwick, that the conversations, a part of which we have given, took place. We know what the weather was that night—how a heavy fog hung over the country, and how the snow came steadily down until all the familiar landmarks were blotted out. When, having made her little arrangements, put up a few small necessaries in a bag, and written a note to Mrs. Morton, Letty slipped, unobserved, out of the house, she was for a few moments staggered. What had she done? How was she to find her way in this bewildering darkness? She walked on blindly for a few moments, and then—she had begun to despair of ever finding her way—a hansom, that had just put down some people at a neighbouring house, passed slowly by. She hailed the driver, and he pulled up.

"Can you take me to Euston Square Hotel?" she said.

"Charge you a sovereign, miss."

"You shall have it," answered Letty.

"All right! jump in," he shouted.

They went very slowly. There were many other vehicles in the streets, and once or twice they had to pull up with a jerk to avoid being run into. Once they did actually come into collision with something, and Letty shut her eyes and set her teeth together, thinking that her last moment had come. With the help of two or three policemen they were soon set free again, and when they reached the quiet streets that lie about Euston their progress was more rapid.

At last they reached the hotel. Here a new difficulty awaited Letty. It had been her intention to take a room, and not to apply to Mrs. Marchant's daughter until the following morning. But when she presented herself at the hotel office, she was told civilly, by the clerk, that they had no empty room.

"But I cannot go further," said Letty.

"That's not my fault, miss."

"I know some one at the hotel," she faltered; "that is, I know something of them. They are starting very early to-morrow. I have come from the lady's mother."

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"Mrs. Stanhope. Her number is ninety-four, I believe. Perhaps she is up still."

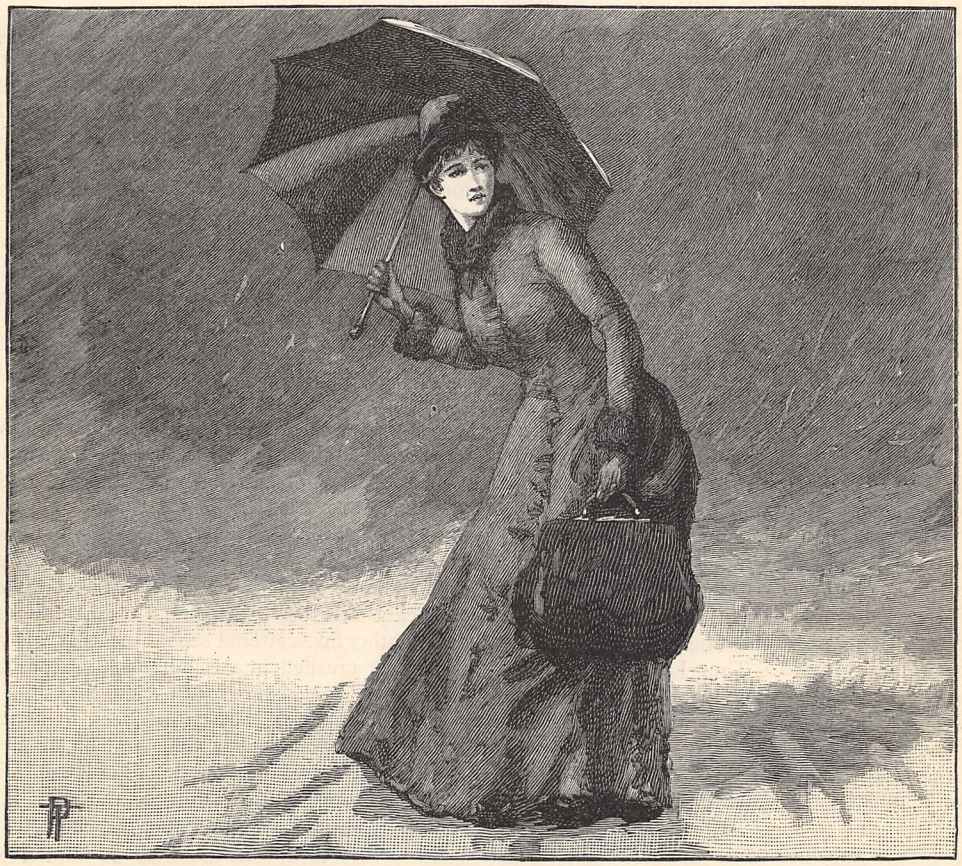
"See if ninety-four's gone to bed," shouted the clerk to one of the waiters. "If not, say a lady wants to see them."

Mrs. Stanhope, a pleasant, fussy, kind-hearted little woman, was still up. Thinking that some friend, who wished to take a final leave of her, had been belated by the terrible weather, she sent down word that the lady should be shown up. When Letty entered the room, and, throwing back her veil, showed her sweet young face, all tremulous with anxiety and fear, she was, at first, so transfixed with surprise that she could scarcely speak. Her silence frightened Letty, who began pouring out apologies and explanations.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I did not intend to ask to see you to-night, but they would not take me in—and—and——"

"You don't mean to say that you are out alone on such a night?" cried Mrs. Stanhope. "Why, this is dreadful! Sit down! Sit down—here, close to the fire. Wouldn't take you in? Is the world made of stone, I wonder? I don't know why you came to me, my dear; but having come, I could not take the responsibility of allowing you to go away again."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," said Letty, whose eyes were full of tears. "But may I not explain? I came because it was your mother—Mrs. Marchant—told me. She said you wanted a nurse—some one to look after the children on the voyage."



"SHE HAD BEGUN TO DESPAIR OF EVER FINDING HER WAY" (*p.* 356).

"So I do; but it is hopeless to think of finding any one now. You don't mean to say that *you* could tell me of a nurse?"

"Would you take me?" said Letty. "I have been a governess, not a nurse; but I love little children. I am sure I should be able to manage them, and—and—I have no one belonging to me in England. I would pay my own passage gladly," she went on, for Mrs. Stanhope, who was again too much taken by surprise to speak, could only look at her in a bewildered way. "I have money enough in the bank, and if I had time to-morrow, I could get it. I should go away in any case; but I should like to go with you, and to take care of your children."

"And I should like to have you. I have taken a

fancy to you," said Mrs. Stanhope. "But it is so sudden. Are you sure I should not be doing wrong?"

"I am perfectly sure. Indeed, indeed! you may take my word," cried Letty. "I have no one. I have neither a father nor a mother. I have not even a brother or sister."

"You are running away because some one is persecuting you?"

"Persecuting me! Oh, no, no! Because they are too good," cried Letty tremulously. "Because, though they have not told me, though they would never tell me, I know I am in their way. Dear Mrs. Stanhope, this is all I can say. Will you take me?"

"I will make you up a bed here on the sofa by the fire, and I will think of it, and early to-morrow morning I will see you," answered Mrs. Stanhope.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE SEARCH.

THE anguish of Mrs. Morton, who loved Letty almost as much as if she had been her own daughter, when, late on the morning that followed that terrible night, she found her room empty, it passes the power of words to describe.

Her house was full of visitors, for those of her guests who came from any distance had been obliged to put up with her for the night. Mrs. Marchant, who lived only a few doors away, was not amongst the number of these, nor was Lady Glenaveril. Those in whom Mrs. Morton did confide could tell her nothing. They had seen the girl; they thought she looked very well, and some of them remembered that she had left the drawing-room early. The servants were still more at sea. They remembered nothing whatever about Miss Morrison. They had not even seen her leave the house. One of them, however—Mrs. Morton's lady's-maid, a person of a melancholy turn of mind—had heard, towards the small hours of the morning, the sound of low sobbing by her bed. It was her belief that Miss Morrison had done herself a mischief.

"I will do you or some one else a mischief if you talk to me in that way," cried Mrs. Morton. "Why should the poor child hurt herself?"

"There's no saying, ma'am. She's gone, any way. And such a night too! I shouldn't wonder if she was found buried in the snow somewheres, when it breaks up."

Mrs. Morton spent the day in frantic inquiries and desperate efforts to trace Letty. In the evening she made up her mind to telegraph to Castle Ettrick. It was too late, however, for her telegram to be sent, Ettrick being many miles from a railway station, and by the time it arrived, which was not until noon of the following day, both Colonel Lyndon and Percy Winstanley had started for London.

Thinking that the telegram, which was addressed to the colonel, would arrive in London almost as soon as he would, Lady Flora did not open it, but enclosed it in an envelope and sent it by post to his chambers. And so it came about that when Percy and his friend, the colonel, reached London, they were totally in ignorance of what had taken place at Mrs. Morton's.

They travelled at night, and arrived very early in the morning. Percy, who had been in the wildest spirits through the journey, was persuaded by the colonel to take a little rest; but the day was still young when, dressed faultlessly, with a flower in his button-hole, and a smile of the serenest satisfaction on his face, he started to see Letty, and hear from her own sweet lips what, in his heart of hearts, he knew already—that she loved him.

Before going out he wrung the colonel by the hand. He did not know all he had done for them: this was a dead secret between Colonel Lyndon and Lady Flora; but he knew that it was to him he owed it that he was going to Letty with his mother's consent and approval. "I shall never forget what you have done for me, colonel," he said. "If everything comes right, I shall feel that I owe it to you."

"You will owe it to yourself, my dear fellow," answered the colonel. "If I had not seen that you were manly and true-hearted—if I had not been sure that you loved her, I should not have tried to help you."

Before the last words were out of his lips, Percy had gone.

For some time the colonel stood at the window, looking after him, then, rousing himself with difficulty from the fit of abstraction into which he had fallen, he turned to his table, where lay a heap of unopened letters and papers that had come for him in his absence. He became interested in the task of looking over them, and was taking no note of the flight of time. Suddenly his door was flung open, and before he could gather his scattered senses together, his shoulder was being crushed in a vice-like pressure, and a pair of fierce, wild eyes were looking into his.

In a moment he was on his feet. "Percy!" he cried, in a horror-stricken voice—"You!"

"Yes, I! No wonder you don't know me."

"Letty must be dead," thought the colonel, a wave of tenderness and pity sweeping over his great heart. "My dear boy," he said earnestly, "my poor dear boy!"

"Do you know?" cried the young man, leaping up. "I will call you to account. It was you brought me back. I was on my way to find her. I should have found her if I had spent all the night searching for her. She would have known—known at least—Forgive me, colonel" (he had met his friend's sorrowful gaze—met those clear, kind eyes, which no one who had once looked into them could distrust)—"if it was your fault, you did it innocently."

"But what is it?" asked the bewildered colonel.

"She has gone."

"Gone? Who? Letty?"

"Yes, Letty. My Letty! My little darling! Think of it. Three nights ago! Three days and three nights, alone—without friends—wandering about—who knows?—in the cold and the darkness."

By this time the colonel was as white as a sheet, and almost as agitated as Percy.

"Who told you this?" he asked sternly.

"Mrs. Morton."

"Does Mrs. Morton know why she went away?"

"She has not the slightest idea; but I hear that Lady Glenaveril had been talking to Letty. You know her?"

"Yes, I know her. She is a proud and selfish woman. Her heart was set on your marrying Veronica Browne. She has said something to Letty, and the poor child was frightened away. But I think I shall hear from her. She has every confidence in me," said the colonel. He put on his hat as he spoke.

"Where are you going?" asked Percy.

"To see Mrs. Morton."

"It will be of no use—only losing time. She has told me all she knows. No one saw her go."

The colonel stopped for a moment. "Letty had friends in London?" he said.

"No intimate friends—so at least Mrs. Morton tells me—except one, Miss Browne. Do you think she can have gone to her?"

"There is just the chance," answered the colonel. "But even if not, she is a woman, and a good and clever woman. She will help us, if any one can."

Time fails us to tell of the various efforts made by these three—the colonel and Percy Winstanley, and Veronica Browne—to find Letty. Every well-known paper in England was advertised in; but she, as we know, was upon the sea, and there was no response. If, on that snowy night, she had gone body and spirit out of the world, she could not have more completely disappeared from her friends. The only person who could have given any information that would have led to her discovery was Mrs. Marchant, and she was seriously ill. She had tried to make her way to Euston the morning of her daughter's departure, but was driven back by the inclemency of the weather, and the disappointment, with the results of the exposure, had been too much for her. She did not leave her room again that winter.

A fortnight went by in fruitless efforts. At last came the moment to which Percy had been looking forward with sick dread—the moment when his leave was up. Twice it had been prolonged, and he knew now that he must either give up the army altogether or return to his regiment. His first idea was to take the former course, but the colonel and Veronica, who was strangely old and motherly in her ways with him, pointed out to him how foolish this would be.

"When we hear of her—and we shall be certain to do so sooner or later," said Veronica—"we will let you know at once. You know she would be the first to regret it if you gave up your career for her."

"I know it, I know it," answered Percy; "but how I shall manage to live, go about my ordinary duties and that kind of thing, I can't conceive."

"To have to go about your duties will be just the best thing in the world for you, my dear fellow," said the colonel, with a smile.

And so it proved, for when Percy found himself amongst his old friends again, and going about the little round of tasks which his position demanded of him, he recovered himself a little. Not that he was what he had been. His gay-heartedness, and that pleasant assurance in his own power to please, that had made him so delightful a companion, had gone. He was much quieter, far more thoughtful, and his consideration for others, especially for the women, of any rank, whom he came across, was touching to witness. There were moments (for he still paid occasional visits to Ettrick, though it always gave him pain to go there) when it made his mother weep to watch him. Not once, but a thousand times, she blamed herself for ever having allowed Letty to leave her.

A year passed away, and no news of the wanderer came. Colonel Lyndon and Veronica, who had never ceased to search for her—their variously-worded advertisements were well known, by this time, to newspaper-readers—still believed that they would hear of her some day. But Percy made up his mind that she was dead. "I don't think she could have held out so long," he said to his mother.

In the absence of other distractions, he had given his mind with increasing ardour to his profession. He had been studying for the Staff College, and in the course of that year he passed his examination brilliantly.

Lady Flora Winstanley and her sister, Lady Glenaveril, had some interest in high quarters. It was partly due to this, and partly to his own fine soldierly qualities, that in the autumn of the year that followed Letty's disappearance—it was the year made memorable by the opening of the second Afghan war—he was given a staff appointment in the magnificent little army that Sir Frederick Roberts held ready to march into Afghanistan, should the Viceroy's final remonstrance with Shere Ali fail of its effect.

Percy was a soldier to the very backbone, full of patriotic ardour, and he lost no time in preparations or farewells. As fast as steam and rail could carry him, he hurried out to India, and, feeling happy for the first time since the blow which struck him to the heart had fallen, reported himself to his new chief.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE WAR.

IN a large darkened room, with matting on the floor and books and ladies' work lying on the scattered tables, sits a fair-haired girl, with three pale-skinned children about her. The youngest has just fallen asleep on her knee; the two elder ones are sitting at her feet, and looking up eagerly into her face, for she has been telling them a story, and, as part of it is true, they are very much interested in it.

"What's his name, Letty?" asks the eldest.

"I don't know, dear; but we shall soon hear."

"Is he coming to-day?"

"This evening, I expect. He will stay here until he can go on board ship. I hope you will be very good, darlings, and make no noise. You must think of what I told you—that he got himself hurt in striving for England."

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse," said the eldest little

girl. "I'm English, and I'm going to England some day. Are you English, Letty?"

"Yes, I am English," answered Letty, smiling.

At this moment the curtain of matting that took the place of a door was pushed aside, and a tall, slender lady, with a harassed expression on her face, peeped in.

"Oh! Letty," she said, "I have been looking for you. Leave the children with the ayah. Baby asleep? So much the better: she was fretting all night, poor little thing! Come you to my room, dear, I want to speak to you."

The ayah took Letty's place, and she followed the children's mother to another darkened room.

"You are doing too much, dear Mrs. Stanhope," she said. "Had you not better lie down? I will call the men and have the punkah set going; then, perhaps, you may sleep for a little."

"I really think I will try to take a nap," said the distracted lady. "My head is in a whirl. If I let myself get excited like this I shall have fever again. We really must start for the hills at once. You are looking pale too, you poor child! And you had such a lovely colour when you came away. I feel sometimes as if I had done very wrong in taking you to this dreadful place."

"But it is not dreadful in the winter, and you say we are going to the hills soon, and everybody gets pale here," said Letty brightly. "I hope you are not really sorry you took pity on me that terrible night."

"Sorry!" cried Mrs. Stanhope. "I never was so glad of anything in my life. Dear me! my eyes are nearly closing. I can't keep awake, and that brave young fellow—! I wanted to receive him myself."

"I will look after him gladly," answered Letty. "I am sure you ought to rest."

It was the spring of the year 1879, when the second Afghan war was near its close, and England and British India had been stirred to their centre by the fine achievement of Sir Frederick Roberts and his gallant little army.

The Stanhopes, who lived for the greater part of the year in Bombay—Mr. Stanhope being a Civil official of some standing there—had, during the past weeks, been thinking and talking of scarcely anything else but the war, and our little Letty, who had been with them ever since the night she became lost to her friends, and who was now Mrs. Stanhope's companion and trusted friend, had heard with the deepest interest of its progress. She did not know that Percy was with Sir Frederick Roberts. Eager for any news whatever about him and his friends, she had watched the papers to see if his regiment would be sent out; but he had been given, as we know, a staff appointment, and had consequently left his regiment for a time.

It had been a fine opportunity for the young soldier to show what mettle he was of, and he had amply justified the trust reposed in him. Throughout the brief and brilliant campaign he had, by his courage and endurance, his happy temperament, which gave him an extraordinary influence over those he commanded, and his readiness to face danger, won golden opinions from men whose good opinion, as Percy knew, was more priceless than the richest treasure.

When he was passing through Candahar—he formed part of the advance guard—he was struck. A bullet, fired from an upper window, hit his right arm. He grasped his sword with his left hand, and, though the pain made him set his teeth together, kept his place in the line of march.

There were other soldiers and officers wounded that day, and their names were seen in the papers and sent home to their friends. Percy had his arm dressed, refused to go to hospital, and begged that he should not be reported as wounded. With his left hand he wrote a few lines to his mother, telling her that he had received a slight wound, which prevented him from using his right hand, but that she need not be the least anxious about him.

In the meantime it was thought advisable to send away some of the invalids under armed escort to the coast, whence they could embark for England. To Percy, as an unattached officer, who had shown courage, coolness, and resource, the command of the convoy was given, and in the month of May, shortly after Yakub Khan had entered the British camp as a supplicant for peace, he and the men under his orders started for Bombay.

It was not yet full summer, and, for a great part of the way, they were able to travel in boats; but it was a long and wearisome journey. Captain Winstanley had not completely recovered from the effects of his wound, and the ceaseless excitements and hardships of the campaign had weakened him. By the time they reached the railway line which runs from Baroda to Bombay—the real difficulties of the journey were over then—the Indian fever had him in its grasp, and he was compelled to give up his command to the officer next him in rank.

This was the first convoy of wounded that had come down, and the excitement in the stations through which it passed was intense. Mr. Stanhope, who, with several other gentlemen, had travelled as far as Surah to see if they could be of any use, was told at the station of Captain Winstanley's illness, and (Percy being then unconscious) took him in charge, and telegraphed to his wife to be ready to receive a wounded officer in the afternoon of that day.

We now return to the quiet and roomy bungalow, where good Mrs. Stanhope, who had been exhausting herself in her effort to think of everything that could be pleasant or necessary for an invalid, was snatching a few minutes' rest, and where the young English girl, who had so strangely taken refuge with her, was expecting, with a little natural excitement, the arrival of one of the heroes of the war.

"Most likely they will carry him here first," she said to herself, looking round on the comfortable sitting-room, with its cool matting and dark windows, and light cane lounging-chairs and couches.

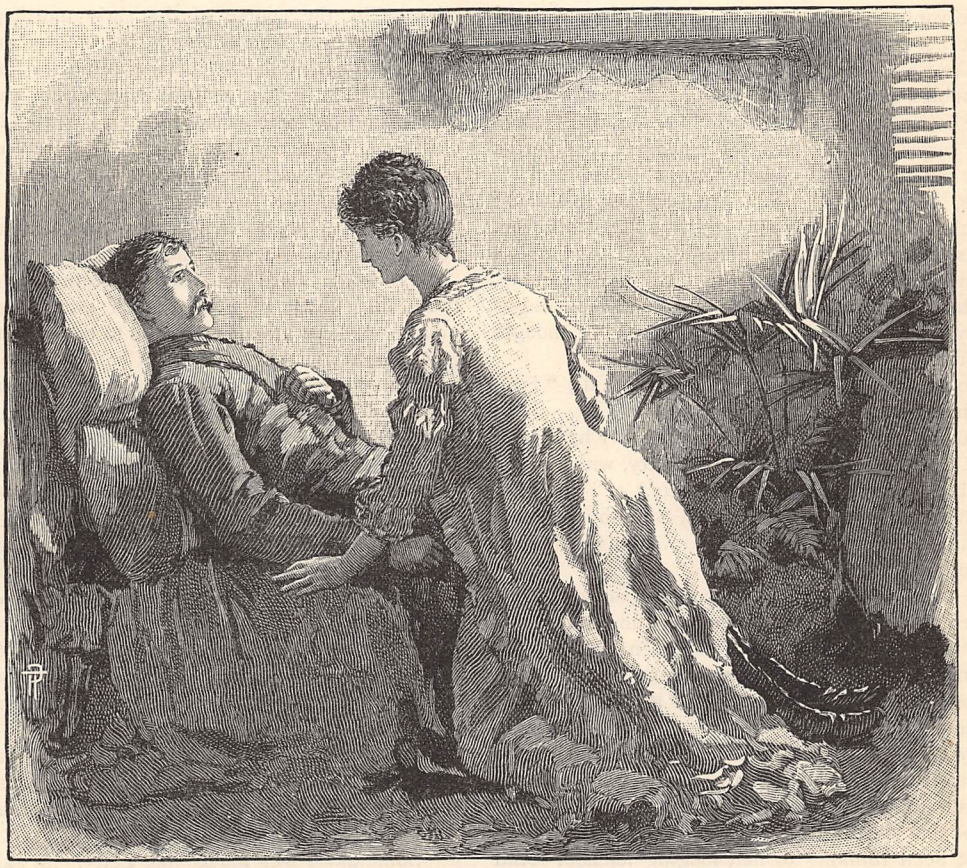
This room opened on to the verandah, and the verandah was only separated by a curtain from the avenue that led up to the house.

Letty set everything in order, drew the most com-

fortable of the couches into a cool corner, and ordered up cooling drinks, a pail of ice, and a light little meal, which she arranged herself, so that it might look as tempting as possible, on a table close by the couch.

Her thoughts were with her own young soldier as she moved about the room. She called him hers, though most likely, by this time, he belonged to another. For Letty had recovered from the burning sense of humiliation that had weighed her almost to the ground when she ran away from her friends. She had been saved from what Lady Glenaveril had called "a serious mistake," and she was not ashamed now of having loved the man who, in her young eyes, was worthier than any other she had ever seen of a woman's devotion. She had loved him because she could not help it, because it was natural. There was no shame, no wrong in that. If she had imagined, for one moment, that he loved her—well! our little Letty had said to herself, with a sigh, that perhaps was natural too. For this she thanked God that her fancy had not betrayed her into doing anything that could have narrowed his life.

Letty was not unhappy in those days. From the very first she had set herself to live her suffering down. "What am I?" she had said to herself, "to make the lives of others miserable, because I am not given the very best that nature offers to her children? I will not. With the help of my God, I will love the good things He has given me, and help others to love them too." So she schooled herself to patience, and the fruit of her effort could be seen in the calm serenity of her gentle face, and the quiet cheerfulness of her manner.



"SHE SANK ON HER KNEES, FOR SHE COULD NOT STAND" (*p.* 362).

She had scarcely finished her preparations when she heard the sound of wheels in the avenue. Presently the curtain was set aside, and Mr. Stanhope, who looked pale and haggard, came in. "Where is my wife? They are just bringing him in," he said.

"Mrs. Stanhope was very tired this afternoon. She is resting," said Letty. "Can I not take her place?"

"There does not seem anything much to do. He is very bad—nearly off, I am afraid. Try and get him to take something, while I go back and hurry up the doctor."

While Mr. Stanhope spoke, two of the servants were half leading, half carrying the invalid in. "On this

sofa," said Letty. She was not frightened, for she had lately nursed Mrs. Stanhope through an attack of fever, but she was awed. To come so far on his way home, and then to fail! How pitiful it was! So far she had not looked into his face. She was sending for ice-bags to apply to his head, and was pouring out the mixture that had been of most use to Mrs. Stanhope. When these were ready she turned to the dark corner of the room where he was lying.

Mr. Stanhope had gone out. There were only two dark servants in the room, and they were busy carrying out her directions. She saw him clearly, and a cry broke from her lips. He had been lying like one in a troubled sleep. At the sound his eyelids lifted, and he looked at her. Strange! so strange! there was no surprise in his face. They might have parted the day before. "So it is you, Letty?" he said.

"Yes, dear, it is I." She sank on her knees, for she could not stand, and tried to make him drink from the glass she had mixed for him.

To her awe and distress he seemed to be looking, not at her, but beyond her. "I had been dreaming of you, my darling," he said, in a low voice; "I thought you would come to me, if you could."

"Look at me, look at me, Percy," she said; "I am here, close beside you."

"You are floating above me, darling. I hear your voice. Oh! it has been dreary, dreary, without you. But I think I am coming to you, Letty."

By this time the doctor and Mr. Stanhope were in the room, and Letty, trembling and weeping, withdrew into the background.

She heard them say that his mind was wandering, and then some remedy was given to him, and he was carried into the bed-room that had been prepared for him, and Letty, whose heart was beating wildly, was left alone to try and realise what it was that had happened.

Percy here! Percy speaking to her—calling her—what was it that he had called her? Her heart spoke the words that her lips refused to utter. Would he have spoken so, even in the delirium of fever, if he had not been thinking of her, longing for her? And if so, then—her heart almost stood still, and every particle of colour left her face—if so, she had been mistaken, mistaken from the beginning. For the first time since her troubles began, Letty lost her self-control. She covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

A touch on her shoulder aroused her, and she jumped up. "Is anything wanted?" she faltered—"I—I—am all right."

"I hope you are all right, Miss Morrison," said Mr. Stanhope gravely. "You were such a good nurse to my wife, and she has only just recovered, so that I cannot let her be over-fatigued, and I was just going to ask you to look after our guest a little, to see that the doctor's orders are obeyed, and that the servants do their duty. I would do it myself, only——"

"Oh! please say no more. I am quite ready to help," answered Letty.

Percy had been restless and uneasy, half conscious, as it seemed, and looking from one servant to another, as though he expected to see a face that was not there. But when Letty went into his room, the look of distress left his face. In less than an hour he was asleep.

The doctor gave some directions to the young nurse, and went out.

He returned late at night, and found the invalid sleeping still. "The best thing that could happen to him," he said in a whisper to Letty.

Once in the course of the early morning Percy opened his eyes. Letty was at his side at once with the refreshment that had been ordered for him. She spoke to him in her natural voice, and it was like a spell over him. He asked for her hand, and held it until sleep relaxed his muscles. That second sleep, in which the worst of the fever passed away, lasted until late in the following afternoon. When he awoke, Letty saw to her rapture that, although still very weak and ill, he was himself once more.

In a feeble voice he asked her how he found her there, and Letty, believing that it would excite him more to be kept in darkness than to be told the truth, gave him a brief history of what had happened to her since they parted. It cost her something to tell why she had left Mrs. Morton, and why she had made up her mind that, if she could help it, her friends should not find her again; but his questions, and the dark eyes, full of a joy that no one could mistake, fixed upon her face, gave her courage to go on, and at last Percy knew everything.

"Forgive me," she said, when she came to the end of the story. "I did not think that—that—you would have felt it so."

"And I did not think so either, darling," he said, taking possession of her hand. "I have been too confident all along. I have thought too much of myself."

"Too much!" cried Letty; and then she interrupted herself, and broke into a little laugh, that was very near tears. "If I were to tell you all I have been thinking of you!" she said.

"Some day I will make you, Letty," he said; and then, with a joyful smile, "Letty! Letty! Letty! What a lovely name it is! I should like to go on saying it all day. Letty, where are you?"

"I am going for your medicine; it is close by. Take it, Percy, it will make you strong."

"I will take nothing. I will lie here and starve, unless you make me a promise."

"But drink this first."

"No, no."

"Then make haste with your question."

"You will never leave me again, Letty? You will be married to me here? There are such things as special licences, you know; we might be married to-morrow."

"But your mother, Percy?"

"My darling, I had gained her consent. You ran away in such a hurry that you did not hear what had been happening. I rather wish you had nothing; but I believe you are a woman of property, and——"

"Percy, *will* you take your medicine? You will get exhausted presently, and then—ah! dear Mrs. Stanhope, I am so glad you have come. He is giving me trouble."

"Why, Letty!" cried that lady, looking with bewilderment at the girl's radiant face, "what has happened?"

"Captain Winstanley is better," she said, turning her blushing face away.

"So much better," said the patient, "that if you, dear madam, will give him your assistance, he means to be married to-morrow."

"Married! To-morrow! Are the children mad?" cried Mrs. Stanhope. "Letty, tell me instantly, what is the meaning of this?"

Letty told her, and, before the story was over, the good, kind woman was weeping profusely. "Of course, you shall be married, my darling," she said, embracing Letty tenderly. "I will see Mr. Stanhope about it at once." Then she began to sob hysterically. "I always knew you would leave me suddenly, Letty," she said; "and how am I ever to do without you? But I must not be selfish."

And she bustled away to indulge in a good cry, leaving to Letty the difficult task of persuading Percy to rest.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

CONCLUSION.

THEY were married, very quietly, not on the following day, for Mr. Stanhope, who was more prudent than his wife, would not hear of such haste; so letters were sent to England, relating what had happened, and letters were received back again, full of congratulations to the young people, and thanks to the Stanhopes, before any decided step was taken.

We can imagine, but it is difficult to describe, our little Letty's amazement when she heard that while she had been hiding from her friends, a fortune which made her rich was lying at home, in the hands of trustees, for her use.

How this fortune had come, neither of them knew, Percy being as vague on the subject as she was.

He referred her to Colonel Lyndon for explanation. As Colonel Lyndon was in England, all Letty could do was to write to him, thanking him, with all her heart, for the interest he had taken in her, begging him to forgive her, if her running away had vexed him, and asking to know how the change in her circumstances had come about.

To this Letty received an answer, as soon as the answer could reach her, and the letter contained a sum of money that amazed her. It was the interest for eighteen months on twenty thousand pounds, which sum, the colonel said, had been lying in his hands for her since the winter she left England.

The money, he went on to say, was her own. It was impossible for him to send out to India all the correspondence relating to it; but when she returned he hoped to be able to show her, to her satisfaction, how it came into his hands, and why he had chosen to look after it. The letter ended with a reproach, so kind that it made Letty's heart contract. She had promised to look upon him as a father, and her promise had given him the deepest pleasure. Why, then, had she not told him of her flight? Could she not trust him?

"That was just it," said Letty, as, with her eyes full of tears, she showed the letter to her husband. "He was too kind to me. I was afraid he might——"

"Tell somebody your secret," filled in Percy.

"Oh! but I had not told him, only I thought—I believed he could guess it."

"And so, you perverse child, you rushed away from us all, rather than make me happy."

"If I had known then what I know now, Percy! But I did not. I thought—oh!" with a catching back of her breath, "I hope she will not feel it."

"Feel it? Who?"

"Veronica Browne."

"Veronica! My dear little girl, if that is troubling you——" Percy broke into a laugh, and then became suddenly serious. "Do you know what I found out while I was looking for you in London?" he said.

"No; tell me."

"That your Veronica is in love with the colonel."

"Percy, you are dreaming."

"I am certain I am not. I happen to know how people feel and look under such circumstances. You take my word for it. She is a grand creature."

"And he!" she cried, clapping her hands rapturously. "He is one of the best men in the world. It would be like a poem, like a romance. Yes; I see it all now. I wonder I never thought of it before. When are we going home?"

"I think next spring."

"Oh, dear! what a long time! I should like to be there now. Percy, we must bring them together."

"We will try, Letty, but we must not be too precipitate. From all I hear, their friendship is progressing satisfactorily."

"But friendship—that is so cold," said Letty.

"It may pave the way for something warmer," said Percy, smiling. "It is, at least, a good beginning."

With this Letty was obliged to be content; but, through that autumn and winter in India, she often thought of her friends in England.

That Percy proved a true prophet is almost all that we have space to say here.

Common interests had drawn Colonel Lyndon and Veronica Browne together. During the months they were searching for Letty they met almost every day. He began by admiring her. No one who came in contact with her, who saw her high spirit and vigour of mind in constant exercise, and had the opportunity of observing her superiority to the ordinary feminine weaknesses, could have failed to admire Veronica. She was, as Percy had said, a grand creature. The colonel soon came to rely upon her. They were both in positions of almost singular isolation; they had both powers of mind and body which they longed to employ for the good of humanity; and neither of them was quite sure how to employ them. Few but those who have been actually in such a situation know

what it means. For most of us our task is mapped out. There are certain objects we must pursue: only the fragments of our time are our own.

Colonel Lyndon and Veronica were free to choose their own tasks, and it was their similarity of position, with the anxious sense of responsibility, not towards man alone, but towards their Divine Master, which first drew them together in the bonds of sympathy. That they struck out between them large plans of usefulness—that, long before they came finally to realise how much they were to one another, Veronica's money and talent, and the colonel's time, power of influence, and unusual gentleness and benignity had proved of good service in some of the darkest corners of our great and terrible London—this is too well known by those who have the honour of knowing them to require to be told here. When, in the spring of the year that followed the Afghan war, Percy—he was Major Winstanley now—returned from India with his wife, this was the state of affairs between their friends. It required but a spark to fan the slumbering embers of affection between them into a flame.

That spark was kindled by the hand of Percy.

It was after an evening party at Veronica's house, given in honour of himself and his wife.

Letty had gone to the hotel where they were staying, and he and the colonel had strolled to their club to finish the evening there.

They had been speaking of all that had happened since they met. All at once, Percy said, looking at the colonel smilingly, "Letty and I have been hoping that, when we came back, we should be able to congratulate you."

"On what?" asked the colonel.

"Don't pretend not to know, my dear fellow. We should be blind if we did not see what was going on."

"You mean my friendship with Miss Browne. Really," said the colonel, with a little irritation of manner, "you are as bad as the rest of the world. Isn't it possible for a man and a woman to be friends without every one jumping to the notion that they must be lovers? I have the greatest respect and affection for Miss Browne."

"Respect *and* affection!" said Percy mischievously.

"I repeat the words. There is nothing singular in them."

"And do you suppose that Miss Browne has respect and affection for you, colonel?"

"My dear fellow, pray don't ask me such foolish questions!"

"Are they foolish questions, colonel? What if Letty and I had come to the conclusion, having watched Miss Browne narrowly, that she had respect and affection for you—that she had more—that so long ago as the summer when she showed so much interest in Castle Ettrick she had felt the same? That, in fact—I am making you angry, colonel."

"I think it a pity to make ladies the subject of conversation," said the colonel, with dignity.

Percy was silent at once, fearing he had gone too far. Whether this were so or not, what he had said remained in the colonel's mind. He, too, began to watch Veronica, and a thousand little incidents meaning little alone, but almost overwhelming in their evidence when taken together, sprang to his mind.

He was a man of the deepest humility, and it was long before he could convince himself that he was not the victim of illusion. What could she, a rich, handsome, and high-spirited girl, have seen in him to win her heart? It was impossible. He could not believe it.

One day he made a discovery. It came to his ears, through a side wind, that High Cliffe, the old property of his family, had been bought by Miss Browne.

When he spoke to her of this—for he could not keep his knowledge of it a secret—spoke to her tremulously, being strongly moved—Veronica, for the first time, betrayed herself.

"Colonel Lyndon," she said, when for a few minutes she had given way to her agitation, "forgive me my folly. I should never have told you this. I tried to hide it from you. I bought High Cliffe that—that—it might be yours again. I thought I was going to die. That was very foolish. I had left it to you by will."

"But why—why—," cried the colonel—"my dear—— why did you do this?"

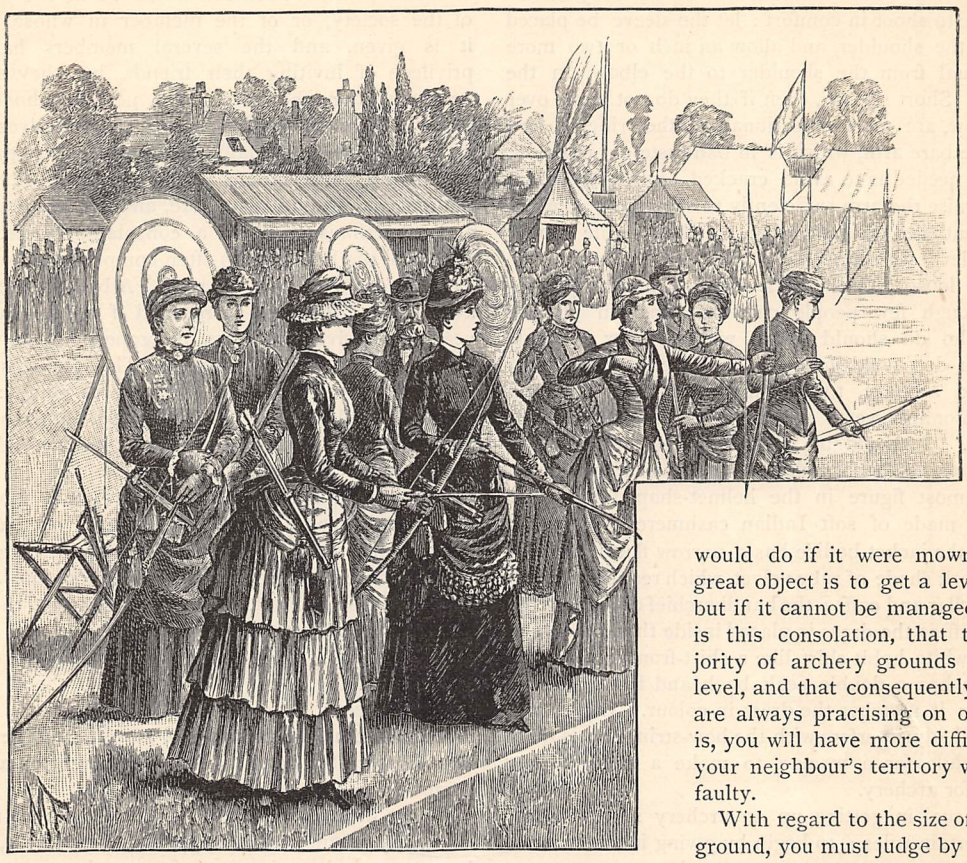
"Because you are my hero and my king," answered the young girl proudly. "Colonel Lyndon, you are answered. Let us bid one another good-bye."

* * * * *

That they did not bid one another good-bye—that they lived to be better and nearer friends than ever—it is scarcely, perhaps, necessary to add.

THE END.

THE PASTIME OF ARCHERY.



"Stout arm, strong bow and steady eye,
Union, true heart and courtesie."

THE above is a very appropriate motto for that pastime on which Roger Ascham, great scholar as he was, did not disdain to write one of the most exhaustive treatises now extant. The subject has never since been more carefully and thoroughly dealt with, and if you are an archer you will know that the cupboards in which bows, arrows, &c., are kept, are now called, after him, "Aschams."

Considering the enlarged population, the number of people who practise archery is not increasing, though the standard of proficiency has gone up considerably. It is so healthy and so enjoyable, and there are so few difficulties in the way, it is a pity that the art does not revive as a general amusement in the country. All that is needed in the way of implements is a bow, about six arrows, a quiver, an arm-guard and finger-stalls attached to a sort of glove.

Ladies' arrows are lighter than those men use, and must be selected according to the strength of the bow, which for the stronger sex is from 25 lbs. to 80 lbs., and for ladies from 25 lbs. to 40 lbs.

In selecting the ground, almost any grass field would do if it were mown. The great object is to get a level one, but if it cannot be managed, there is this consolation, that the majority of archery grounds are not level, and that consequently if you are always practising on one that is, you will have more difficulty in your neighbour's territory which is faulty.

With regard to the size of such a ground, you must judge by the distances which I will now give. In the old-fashioned archery club meetings in the country, the men used to shoot at 80 yards for the long distance, and 60 yards for the short; the ladies, at 60 yards long distance, and 50 yards short; the number of arrows being determined by the rules of the club; now what is called the York Round is adopted by gentlemen. It was first used at the Great Northern Archery Meeting held at York in 1844, and is as follows:—72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, and 24 arrows at 60 yards.

The ladies adopt the National Round—48 arrows at 60 yards, and 24 arrows at 50 yards. The targets are placed at 85 yards distance, and the point at which the shooter is to stand is marked by a cork sunk in the ground, or some easy method of the kind, and the prevailing rule is that they are only allowed to extend it on either side to the length they can step from that mark in a straight line.

At prize meetings the gentlemen generally shoot in the morning, while the ladies shoot in the afternoon. There are two shooters to each target, and mostly three targets.

Our illustration shows a bevy of ladies at a popular country archery meeting where no particular uniform is enjoined: a plan which prevails largely just now. In

old days white dresses, relieved by green, found most favour; and on a damp day very miserable such costumes looked. One valuable hint to my lady friends who care to shoot in comfort: let the sleeve be placed high on the shoulder, and allow an inch or two more than usual from the shoulder to the elbow, in the length. Short sleeves, even if they do not come over the elbow, are most objectionable; they ride up and show the bare arm, which is in bad taste out of doors. What is needed is to avoid cracked seams, and to be able to raise the arm sufficiently to secure the straight line essential to good shooting, which as a rule should be on a level with the nose.

Large loose gloves are a comfort and a protection, though few people care to shoot in gloves; those who do should select wash-leather. Whatever you do, avoid long ends of ribbons, which in the wind are apt to become entangled, and the full fashionable vests are anything but the correct costume. I should be inclined to select from our illustration, as the best-dressed woman of the group, the foremost figure in the helmet-shaped hat; her gown is made of soft Indian cashmere of a green shade; the jacket bodice has a narrow flat inner vest of the dark shade of ruby velvet, which reappears again in the collar and cuffs; the handkerchief drapery of the same stuff as the dress is placed inside the bodice, and a small white habit-shirt like a shirt-front inside that. The cap has a double peak, back and front, shading the face; it matches the dress in colour. Large hats, though shady, interfere with the bow-string. It is quite worth while for a woman to make a study of her toilette for archery.

It is usual in getting up an archery society to lay down certain rules; to begin by giving it some name, to choose patrons, patronesses, an hon. secretary, an hon. treasurer, and a committee, and to admit members on a certain fixed subscription and entrance fee; and they are required to give a month's notice of removal. Once or twice a week, days are fixed for practising from April to the end of October, and in the interval members can practise when they like.

There are usually in every society two or three annual prize meetings held in the different grounds of the members, if the society have no special ground of their own; a luncheon is served at the expense of the society, or of the member in whose ground it is given, and the several members have the privilege of inviting their friends, but they are not generally the people in the neighbourhood, who ought, it is considered, to subscribe themselves. The prizes are either specially presented, or are provided out of the subscriptions; they are mostly given for the first and second best score, and for the best gold, and sometimes there is a consolation prize. The winner of the best prize is often compelled to be handicapped for the rest of the year. A badge is generally awarded for the best score, and if gained for three years successively becomes the property of the winner. Strangers' prizes are also given. The scoring is mostly founded on the following counting of points:—1 for white, 3 for black, 5 for blue, 7 for red, and 9 for gold; and occasionally in some clubs the hits are added to the score, but it is a bad plan.

One word or two more as to the ground. Look well after the drainage, if you are planning one; a damp swamp will not do at all. Among the prettiest grounds we have are those of the Royal Toxophilite Society in the Regent's Park, surrounded by trees, the birds singing and telling of the country.

Each shooter chooses arrows of a distinguishing colour, and the ladies and gentlemen shoot at different targets. At prize meetings these are placed as far apart as the ground will admit, for otherwise a stray arrow of a bad shooter might alight on a wrong target.

I have little space in which to lay before my readers the many virtues that appertain to archery, for I have been desirous in a very few words to practically point out how they may set about the practice of the same, so I shall content myself, in conclusion, by giving four lines, which tersely and truly sing its praises—

> "It lengthens life, it strengthens limb,
> It adds to beauty's glow;
> Disease flies off on rapid wing,
> From her who twangs the bow."

ARDERN HOLT.

AUNTIE'S ROSE.

IT is only a rose, my darlings,
Do you ask what the tale can be—
Why a rose that is withered and faded
Should be so dear to me?
Somebody sent it me, darlings,
Back in the days of yore,
On the night that his ship was sailing
Away to the dreadful war.

But I had my rose, my darlings,
To comfort me day by day,
As I read the bitter tidings
Of the fighting far away.
Till it drooped and died, my darlings,
And I read its message plain,
That he who had given that little rose
Would never come back again.

And now I am old, my darlings,
And life draws near its close,
You know why my heart is happy
As I watch my sweet dead rose.
Our life has another chapter
To read in the world to be,
And love like a new rose, darlings,
Will blossom for him and me.

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

"IT IS ONLY A ROSE, MY DARLINGS,
DO YOU ASK WHAT THE TALE CAN BE?"

"*AUNTIE'S ROSE*" (*p.* 366).

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: BY OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

STRANGERS in Paris at present will, I am sure, be struck with the remarkable mixtures of colours which hold good when French dames appear in full dress. Pale pink and green are a fashionable combination. Every evening dress is veiled in lace, covered with pendent tassels of beads, and the pink in this case is softened by cream lace; sometimes maize ribbons are blended with the pink and green. Pink is likewise mixed with heliotrope, and also with blue; violet with pearl-grey, claret, and blue; but the French understand the science of harmony so well that the combinations are always pleasing to the eye. The embroidery on crêpe lisse finds special favour for bonnets and gowns, on the latter only where not much wear is needed, for the foundation is so thin; but never has anything been discovered which shows up the beauty of the embroidery so thoroughly, the groundwork being all but invisible.

Young girls wear white, but there is white and white, indeed there are four whites—the bluish white, or dead white of our childhood; moiré, between ivory and cream; cream, and straw, which last has a positive yellow tinge in it. Then yellow, the colour peculiarly nature's tone in spring. There are three shades worn in that—straw the lightest, the fuller tone of the buttercup, and Tuscan; for Tuscan straw and Tuscan colour have come to the fore again. The best bonnets of the kind are made of wide Tuscan straw in fancy plaits, mixed with green of the mousse tone, with bunches of flowers placed perkily above, so that they stand up some five inches at least over the face. There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the latter will be too easily attained in any effort at home millinery which has not mastered the art of placing these bouquets, or the fans of plaited lace, now used in Paris to give the idea of height. The bonnets I have seen are by no means high in front themselves, but were rendered gigantically so by the trimmings, through which large-headed gold pins were thrust. Among the newest notions are bead bonnets strung on wire so that they can be easily bent to form, and which are quite transparent. Many are made in black jet and in blue oxidised, and also in garnet. They are bordered either with wired bead lace with a scalloped edge, or with a thick row of beads, and have box-plaitings of velvet often under the brim, as well as the superstructure of plaited lace and flowers.

The ribbons have all picot edges; some are striped and a few brocaded; some have fringed edges; in others the edges are slightly scalloped, with a tassel at short intervals, while in a few the picot is gold. For early summer milliners seem to be principally using a soft ribbon with an unobtrusive picot, covered with small pin-sized spots in the form of dice, black on maize, white on blue, and so on.

Dark navy blue finds much favour in Paris, especially with large bunches of poppies. There is a new kind of straw, bright and glistening, coarsely plaited—more like willow, in fact, than straw—and this Frenchwomen greatly affect. Some most curious hats and bonnets have been brought out for children, just like fruit baskets, as far as the material and plait are concerned; the latter at least six inches broad, and apparently very loosely united. They are by no means pliable, so are best adapted to high-crowned hats and bonnets; they are picturesque, and, when well treated in the matter of trimming, are most becoming to the fresh faces and flowing hair of children.

Pink is a fashionable colour, chiefly affected in the new shades; the most worn is the so-called "Venus," which has a mauve tinge.

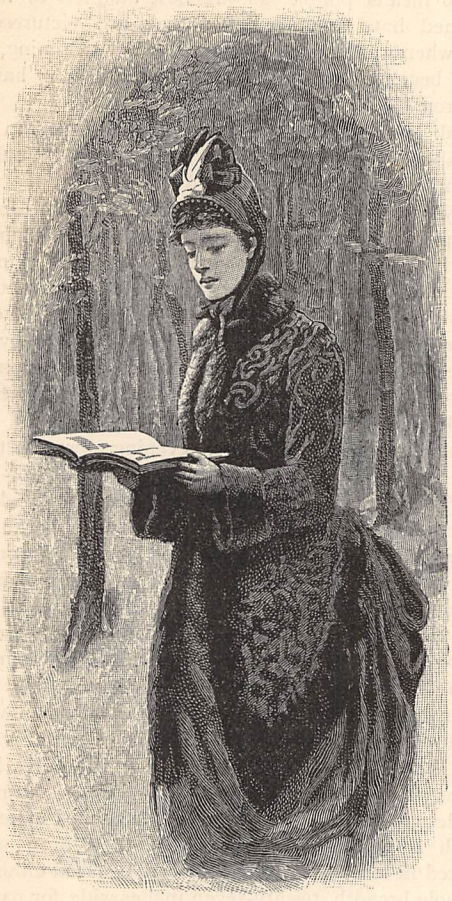
Sky-blue is always worn, and it is often blended with pink; but the newest revival is a deep sapphire dark blue, which we used to call "Alexander" blue; in Paris it is now "Orleans" blue; and there are newer tones with a grey tinge in them, which may be considered either blue or green, though they go by the name of "sphinx" or "serpent." There are any number of greens, and for evening wear Nile is very general; myrtle and cypress for day wear.

There are several fabrics for evening gowns, but the most thoroughly Parisian are the piece laces—"all over" is the trade term—with the pattern carried out in a wide width, with no lace edge. Wonderful are the improvements in the make of laces. It requires the eye and touch of a veritable lace connoisseur to distinguish the Chantilly and Spanish machine laces from the real, especially when a real pearling is tacked at the edge. The newest and most fashionable make of the season is a heavy guipure; there cannot well be anything richer. The Dentelle Roubaix, having point d'Alençon patterns on a silk ground, is the lace the French mostly employ for trimming light gowns; the silk ground much enhances the beauty of the design. There is a feature in the beaded materials which is worth noting, viz., that they are mostly worked in stripes, so that they can be used either as a whole breadth, twenty-seven inches wide, for panels, &c., or cut into strips for bordering. Cotton embroideries on net find far more favour in France than in England, and many of the prettiest washing dresses are made of them.

There has this year been a panic in Calais, which has considerably brought down the price of lace; it has this advantage, that it will possibly clear off the extra production, and flood next year's market with more decided novelties.

Crêpe and aërophane, with crêpe de Chine in all colours, are used on some of the best gowns of the season.

The crowns of bonnets to be seen in the Champs Elysées and elsewhere are quite a study. Most of them are sunk, some are horse-shoe, some heart-shaped, others bordered with beads. Many are made with two wing-shaped pieces of jet on wire placed side by side, with a puffing of velvet plush or some other material between. The crowns, like the end of a sack standing up square, cannot be recommended on the score of grace or beauty, but they are fashionable, and with some people that is everything. What would women not wear if it were the mode? There was a time when they did not disdain to stick black plaster on their foreheads, in the form of a coach and horses!



THE MAY NUMBER.

In our illustrated group on the next page, three distinct styles of dress are shown—a matron in a handsome grey faille costume trimmed with dark crimson velvet, and rich grey and crimson brocade, the latter forming panel and waistcoat; the clasps at the side are oxidised silver. The bonnet is of garnet beads trimmed with velvet and an osprey aigrette. The young girl is in Tussore silk, the skirt being striped, and the bodice plain; the skirt has a frill of pinked-out silk to match round the edge. The hair is tied with blue satin ribbon. And lastly is a young lady wearing a demi-toilette of pale blue striped plush and plain faille, the two materials combined with much skill. The waistcoat is of striped blue and pink silk, and the same forms the cuffs. The tucker round the throat is blue plush edged with gold beads, the most becoming and durable style of throatlet that has appeared for some years.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

YOU will be wanting to know how to make your dresses. Well, it is easily told. Dresses are now made as simply as possible—yes, as simply as possible—*apparently*, but the simplicity is not inexpensive. The skirts, when you come to investigate them, are, in fact, three. One, an under foundation; make this of silk or satin if you can; a good old silk answers perfectly; or, if impossible, use sateen or alpaca, but they must be good and firm. Over this comes mostly a kilt-plaited skirt, the plaits an inch wide, or arranged in box-plaits eight inches wide; and lastly, long straight draperies opening at the sides to show the kilts only, or sometimes handsome panels of embroidery or material. I am sure I have seen some sixty dresses this past week, in cotton, woollen stuffs, silks, velvet, and gauzes, and it was curious to note how in all of them this was the key-note of arrangement. For dinner and more dressy gowns than ordinary day ones, the front is often distinct from the rest: just a deep lace put on very full, often worked in gold, caught back with a gold or beaded girdle. Short dresses are very much worn for dinner and full-dress occasions, the older matrons and tall and more stately young ones, it would seem, affecting long ones; but long or short, the back is nearly always straight, full, and plain, occasionally slightly caught up to form a puff, and sometimes sufficiently so to show a good deal of the under-skirt, but this is the exception. The variety in skirts lies mostly in the panels and the modes in which they are shown.

Tailor-made gowns in thin fine cloth, and slightly checked tweeds, are often now trimmed with waistcoats, collars, cuffs, and panels of the finest embroidery in good gold or silver cord and braid, after the order of what appears on uniforms, but it makes the dress costly. Still, a good tailor-made gown cleans well in the dry-cleaning system, and wears so well, never a stitch coming undone to the very last, that they are the cheapest in the end, and nothing is better wear for even summer mornings.

Tuckers to dresses are quite going out, but linen collars and cuffs are worn with the tailor-made ones. For others, a bias band of silk is considered sufficient.

I saw the other day a useful and, at the same time, smart little dress for a young lady, made of black woollen stuff with a coloured waistcoat of the Pompadour velvet, grey stripes with pink rosebuds, a tiny

cuff of the same, and bias bands of pink silk at neck and wrists, with a coquettish rosette of pink ribbon on the left side of the throat.

All the striped materials in wool, which I have described to you in a former paper, are being utilised for panels and waistcoats and plain skirts, with over-skirts of the soft wool; the chief novelty in gowns is the fabrics and the extra fulness of the skirt. The bodices are not very different from what have been worn for the last six months, save that epaulettes are coming in, the passementerie ones standing up very high. Occasionally the bodices are trimmed like a Zouave jacket to match them. No bodice would seem to be made now without a waistcoat, single or double-breasted, plain or full, and some show no fastening at all.

The new buttons are large, some being made of wood, and others of *repoussé* metal. The newest are of vegetable ivory painted in Pompadour sprigs, the very things for cotton gowns.

Banded bodices are not as yet much worn, but a great many clasps have been brought out, which are placed at the waist to confine the fulness of the vests of jacket bodices. These have mostly habit basques at the back, and are quite short in the front. Young girls wear laced corselet bodices, and the Louis XV. coats are being brought in, but they are too masculine-looking, and require to be so well worn, they are not to be generally recommended.

You will want to know what parasols to choose. By all means have an *en-tout-cas;* our weather makes one most desirable; and in cardinal they are quite the fashion. There are two new shapes in the more ordinary kinds, one square and one star-shaped. The squares have eight points, and are really two squares, one laid over the other, so that the points of one square come between the others; the stars have very deep falls of lace, which, in my opinion, make them too transparent; indeed, it is a most difficult matter to get a substantial parasol. All the new ones appear to have been made by the milliner, of lace or muslin. Black parasols are going out, and the majority are lace or muslin, which in a shower of rain would be ruined. The handles are very wonderful—balls studded with gold, hooks and crooks, animals' heads and tails, &c.

The stockings match the dresses most exactly, and where money is no object, are elaborately embroidered, but, as a rule, they are simply ribbed.

BEARING THE PALM.

The point in dress now seems to be to discard dowdy darkness of tint, and to trust to a return of gayer colouring and sunshine. We are likely to have, so say the weather prophets, a very hot midsummer to make up for the dreariness of our winter and its intense cold. Washing dresses are to be a great deal worn, or rather materials that ought to wash.

Tussore and its kindred fabrics have been wonderfully improved upon. This year they are brought out printed, brocaded, and striped, with bright colourings, and they make cheerful serviceable dresses, which young girls who have to dress well at little expense should take care to invest in. Moreover, they will wash and clean more than once. They need no trimming but long flat bows of ribbons.

The spring mantelet illustrated on the opposite page is made of the new beaded lace canvas, which is both silky and strong in texture. It is black, and lined with crimson silk; but the material being somewhat thick, the bright colour only shows through in certain lights. The trimming is a silk ruching. This lace canvas is the newest fabric that has yet appeared for mantles. The straw bonnet is edged with the new straw balls; a bird, and an upright bow, or rather a cluster of crimson ribbon loops, form the trimming. The short strings are tied at the side just beneath the left ear.

A Knight of Old.

Words by J. T. Burton Wollaston. *Music by* C. A. Ranken.

Voice.

Piano.

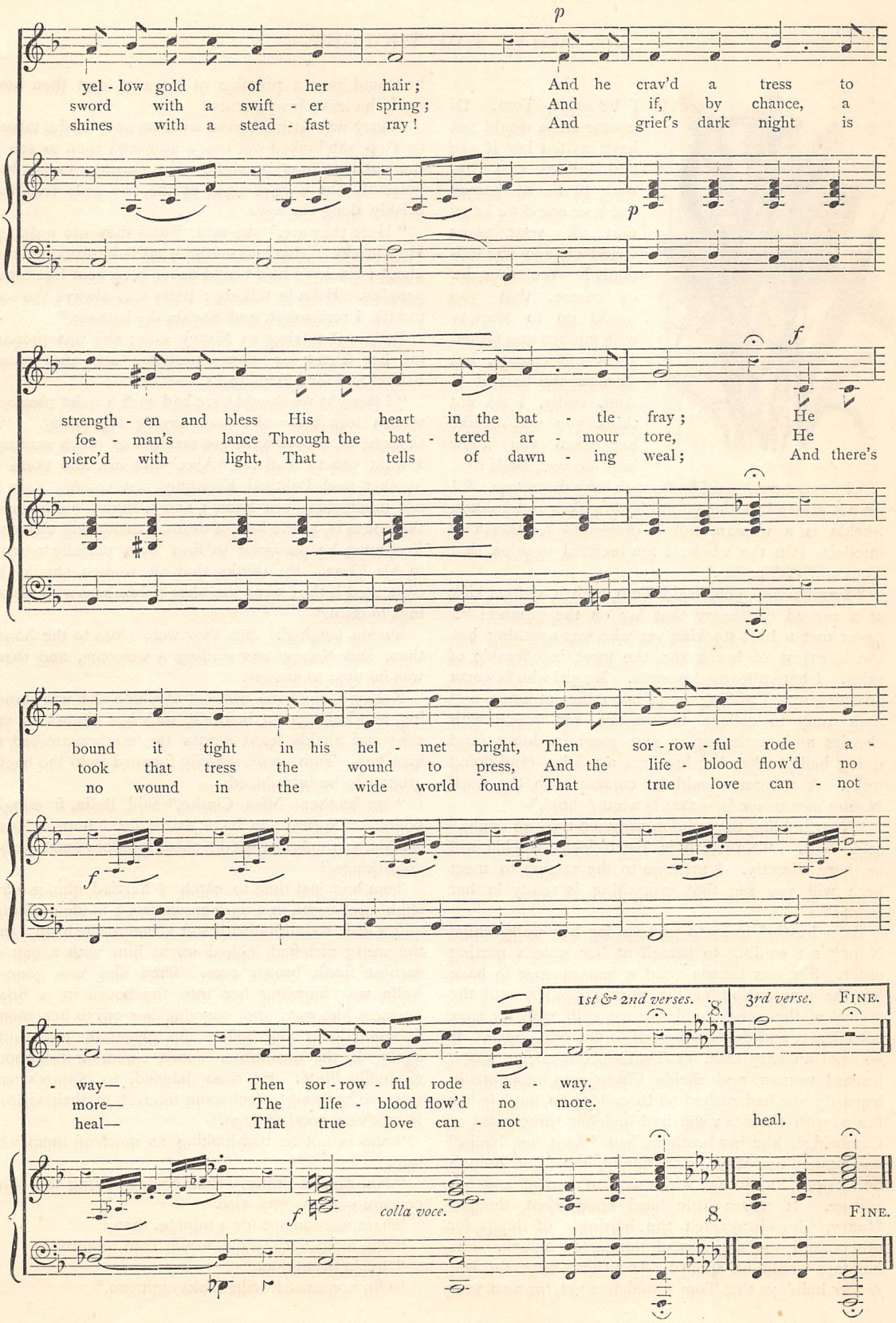
Moderato.

p

1. A sto - ry is told of the days of old, Of a Knight and a la - dy
2. He rode and fought as a sol - dier ought Who fights for his land and
3. The Knight is dead! but the blood he shed Is bear - ing its fruit to -

mf

fair: He fell in love with her yel - low gold— The
king; His arm with a full - er strength was fraught, His
day; For the light of love round a faith - ful head Still


p
yel - low gold of her hair; And he crav'd a tress to
sword with a swift - er spring; And if, by chance, a
shines with a stead - fast ray! And grief's dark night is
p
f
strength - en and bless His heart in the bat - tle fray; He
foe - man's lance Through the bat - tered ar - mour tore, He
pierc'd with light, That tells of dawn - ing weal; And there's
bound it tight in his hel - met bright, Then sor - row - ful rode a -
took that tress the wound to press, And the life - blood flow'd no
no wound in the wide world found That true love can - not
f
1st & 2nd verses.
8.
3rd verse.
FINE.
- way— Then sor - row - ful rode a - way.
more— The life - blood flow'd no more.
heal— That true love can - not heal.
f
colla voce.
8.
FINE.

WHAT TOM THOUGHT.

I.

"DON'T be cross, Tom. Of course Bella would not have invited her if she had known that you were to be at home; but how *could* we know that all your plans would change so suddenly? We thought, of course, that you would go to Norway with mother and father. It is unfortunate, but *do* make the best of it. And, really, I do not think you will dislike her when you know her—do you, Bella?"

"I cannot say," said Bella, with lofty discretion; "I do not pretend to understand Tom's likes and dislikes. Shelda is a woman, not a doll—and a woman of intellect. On the whole, I am inclined to think that Tom *will* dislike her."

"I agree with you," said Tom, with a vicious kick at a ragged dictionary that lay on the ground; "I never met a blue-stocking yet who was anything but the intensest of bores and the most insufferable of prigs. I hate a learned woman. No girl who is worth anything wants to fling up all her duties at home, and rush away to college to muddle her brains with classics and mathematics, and glory in doing (and doing badly) what her brothers are doing (and doing well). A woman should be content with the work Nature meant her for—that is what *I* hold."

"Your holding the opinion proves it true, no doubt," said Bella. "Nancy, it is five o'clock; Shelda will be here directly. I must go to the station to meet her; will you see that everything is ready in her room?"

Bella bustled away to prepare for her walk, whilst Nancy sat smiling to herself at her sister's parting order. She was far too good a housekeeper to have left the preparation of the guest-chamber until the arrival of the guest; and she sat still, with an easy conscience, and devoted herself to pacifying Tom. It was not an easy task, for Tom's pet aversion was a learned woman, and Shelda Clarke was undoubtedly learned: she had rushed off to college to muddle her brains with classics; she had had her three years at Cambridge, like her brothers, had "kept her Halls," and "taken her Mays," and finally, had "got through her Tripos," and that with credit to herself and her college. It *was* a little hard upon Tom, thought Nancy, who always felt the hardness of things for others and the easiness of things for herself. His holidays would be spoilt! And these were the last *proper* holidays that Tom would ever get, for next year he would have a practice of his own, and then how could he leave his patients?

Nancy was sitting by the window, and, as she talked to Tom, she looked out every now and then to see if the carriage was in sight. No carriage came, but presently she caught sight of the two girls trudging briskly along the road.

"Here they are," she said, "and they are walking. How breezy Shelda looks—the wind is blowing her hair about; Shelda's hair would never keep neat like other people's. Bella is talking; Bella was always the one to talk, I remember, and Shelda the listener."

Bella was talking, as Nancy said; she was preparing her friend for Tom's presence and apologising beforehand for his manners.

"I thought we should have had such a quiet pleasant month together," she was saying regretfully. "I thought we should have got through so much reading. I want you to read the 'Ajax' with me, and there is another new Political Economy just come. Tom is not intellectual, you know; and a man's presence in the house is, at the best of times, a disturbing element. You must be prepared to find Tom pitifully narrow in his ideas. He thinks that all women should be contented if they have the bliss of brothers with stockings to darn."

Shelda laughed. But they were close to the house then, and Nancy was smiling a welcome, and there was no time to answer.

Nancy opened the window at which she was standing, and knelt down before it with her elbows on the sill; and Shelda leant across the mignonette-bed to kiss her. Tom came sullenly forward from the background to be introduced.

"My brother—Miss Clarke," said Bella, freezingly polite. "Nancy, you have tea ready, I hope. Now, Shelda, you must be tired; come in-doors and take off your things."

Tom had just time to catch a hurried glance of a slight pretty girl, in a dark brown frock made quaintly, and a little round hat with soft velvet at the brim; and the pretty girl had looked up at him with a pair of earnest frank brown eyes. Then she was gone—Bella was hurrying her into the house in a brisk business-like way, and carrying her off to her room. It was half an hour before she appeared down-stairs again; in the meantime, Tom's cloud of ill-humour gradually lifted. He even deigned, to Nancy's surprise, to pretend to feel some interest in their visitor. It was very good of Tom.

"She is not as bad-looking as most of them," he said.

"No, she is pretty," said Nancy, letting the side-censure pass, as was wise.

There was silence for a minute, then:

"She looks very young," said Tom tentatively.

"She is twenty-one."

"Oh, nonsense! She looks eighteen."

"So she does," said Nancy, willing to agree on all points.

"What do you call her?" continued Tom—"Shelda—Why Shelda?—What an outlandish name!"

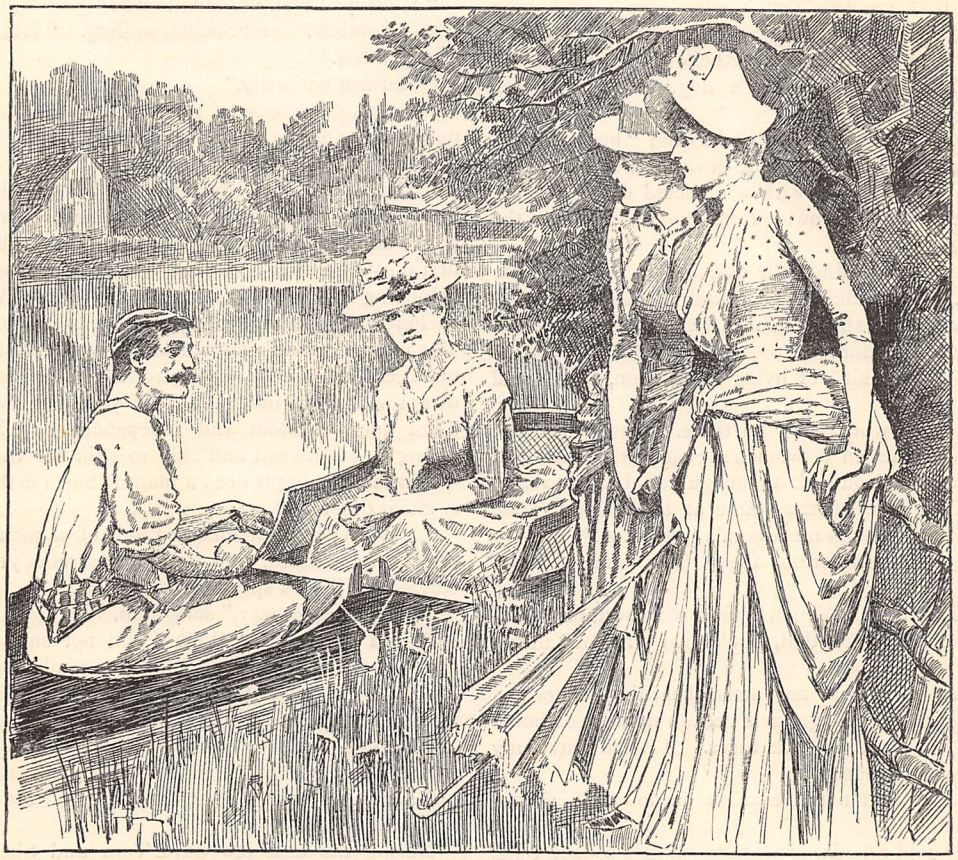
"Perhaps it is a little outlandish," said Nancy, still bent on pleasing. "I think it is *pretty* though."

Then there was another interval of silence. Tom moved restlessly from window to fireplace, and from fireplace to window.

"Why in the world is Bella keeping her up-stairs all this time?" he said at last. "She must be tired to death with her journey."

There were no signs, however, of excessive fatigue about Shelda when at length she and Bella appeared. Her dark eyes were bright and observant, and there was a pretty fresh colour in her cheeks. Her hair had been brushed and gathered up into a shapely knot behind, but already a few stray curls around her brow had escaped, and were giving her face what Nancy called its "breezy look." She had a quiet, decided, self-possessed way of speaking; and Tom had always declared that a girl who was decided and self-possessed was an abomination in his eyes; but yet he seemed to find a certain pleasure in watching her. She and Bella were talking eagerly, and presently he joined in the conversation. They were talking of women's work, and Tom disagreed with them of course; but still he stayed. It was a new experience, he told Nancy afterwards, by way of explanation, to meet with a girl who could be earnest without waxing shrill.

The discussion lasted until dinner, but after dinner, when Tom came into the drawing-room, Shelda and Bella had disappeared. Nancy was there alone.



"'ARE YOU WAITING?' SAID TOM CARELESSLY" (*p.* 375).

He took up the London paper, which had just arrived, and commenced to read, but everything was wrong in that paper. The leader was bad, the action of the Government was grossly misrepresented—everything was wrong. At last he crushed the paper together, and cast it from him in disgust.

"What has become of Bella?" he asked then indifferently.

"Oh! they are in their study," said Nancy; "Bella has a new little study in the garret, you know, and they are very happy there."

"Do they mean to stay there all the evening?"

"I dare say," said Nancy cheerfully. "You see, Tom, you won't be much put out by Shelda's being here. They will be up-stairs nearly all day long, I

expect. They are reading and talking, and Shelda is writing a paper to read at an association of some sort. You will scarcely see her at all. You are not going out, Tom?"

"Well, yes," said Tom. "I think I shall go for a stroll. It's a little dull staying in-doors all the evening. Good night." And Nancy found herself alone.

II.

A laugh—clear, ringing, full of enjoyment. Then another—deeper and louder. Those were the first sounds that greeted Nancy when she awoke next morning. They came from the garden. Tom and Shelda were down there together; Tom was throwing sticks for Nip, his collie dog, and Shelda was watching.

"There, that will do," cried Tom; "heel, Nip!—heel, sir," and Nip's tail came down between his legs, and he slunk behind with a dejected air, and Tom and Shelda strolled away from the house down the little avenue.

They seemed to find little difficulty in talking to one another. They talked of Nip and his cleverness, and of the aspect of affairs in the East, and of what was going on in London.

"You are thinking of living in London, then," said Tom.

"Yes; my work is to be there. I am appointed classical lecturer in a women's college that has just been opened. You look as though you disapprove."

"I disapprove of the name at least," said Tom. "Lecturing seems to me a man's profession."

"Call me 'instructress,' then. The name signifies little."

Tom laughed. "You will find that sort of boarding-school life rather dull, won't you?" he said after a minute.

"It will not be in any sense boarding-school life. I shall go to the college for a certain number of hours a week. I shall not live there. I shall have my lodgings somewhere near."

"But you will not live *alone* in lodgings?" said Tom anxiously.

"Yes," said Shelda, in a calm, matter-of-fact tone. "Why not?"

Tom's bronzed face took a ruddier tinge as Shelda looked up at him with quiet questioning glance. "It is not right," he said awkwardly, but with intensity. "You are but a girl."

"I am twenty-one," said Shelda quietly. "A girl is a woman at twenty-one. I am quite sensible—quite able to take care of myself. Why should I not live in lodgings alone if I choose?"

Tom had no answer to offer to this, or would not offer it. "I would not allow it if I were your brother," he said grimly.

"My brothers do not restrain my actions," said Shelda. "Indeed, they approve of my plan; it is so obviously the wisest. There are half a dozen small girls and boys at home to be brought up and educated. It is necessary that we elder ones should make our own way in the world. I have had an expensive education, and I am bound to prove to my father that his money has been well laid out."

Tom waxed visibly impatient during this speech; he struck revengefully with his cane at the lowest branches of the trees as he passed, and brought down little showers of leaves along his path. But when Shelda had done he made no reply.

She began to talk lightly about other things—things that had no connection with London, and lecturing, and lonely lodgings; but Tom was absent-minded, and answered at random. At last he said suddenly—

"Have you many friends there?"

"In London?" said Shelda, smiling. "Not many—I have a few."

"You will be lonely."

"Loneliness is one of those things one can make up one's mind against," said Shelda. "I shall be independent."

"That is the new jargon of the day," replied Tom impatiently; "the jargon that I hate. Girls ought not to be independent—ought not to wish to be. The first duty of a man is to take care of the women-folk belonging to him. Girls were meant to live quiet, sheltered lives—to be taken care of, to be protected. The men of a family should be the workers—it always has been so. We do not regard it as a hardship; we do not want to be independent of you, why should *you* insist upon freedom and independence? Men are strong and hardened and able to shift for themselves—a little roughing it does a man no harm in the world. A girl is different."

"It is very good of men to think of women in that way," said Shelda, touched by the rude yet tender chivalry of Tom's speech, "but——"

"It is the *right* way," said Tom.

Shelda laughed. "Well, I am not sure of that," she said. "We ought to learn to stand alone. We are much too fond of care and protection and all the luxurious side of life. Here is Bella coming; we will ask her opinion."

But Bella was by no means willing to enter upon an argument with Tom, and there the subject dropped.

During the next few days Tom and Shelda had many long talks together. If Tom's antipathy to blue-stockings and Shelda's devotion to books and Bella had not been such thoroughly established facts, it would have seemed almost as though Tom had *sought* Shelda's society, and as though Shelda welcomed his interruptions.

Two or three little incidents puzzled Nancy. One was this: they went boating one afternoon, and the sisters landed at a little beach by the river to walk to a cottage near, leaving Shelda to wait in the boat with Tom.

"We shall be ten minutes; not longer," called out Nancy, as she landed, and Tom pushed off again from the shore. But when she and Bella returned the boat was nowhere to be seen. It was more than an hour before it reappeared, and then Tom was rowing leisurely, and resting on his oars every few minutes to talk to Shelda; and Shelda in the stern was leaning

back luxuriously amongst the cushions with a look of entire contentment.

"Are you waiting?" said Tom carelessly, as the boat drew near the impatient watchers. "You have been quick!"

"Quick, indeed!" said Bella sharply. "If we had crept at the pace of a tortoise, we should have been waiting ages."

"We have waited for an hour," said Nancy quietly, whilst Shelda looked troubled, and Tom incredulous.

The days passed very quickly, and very little of the reading that Bella had planned was done. She and Shelda were together one morning in the garret-parlour, when Bella began to bemoan this.

"I cannot tell what we have done with our time," she said. "We have certainly wasted it."

"Oh, no!" said Shelda dreamily, leaning back in her chair, with her hands clasped behind her head; "we have been happy! I think happiness means goodness often. It gives one insight; it strengthens one's faith in good."

Bella roused herself, and looked sharply at her friend.

"Shelda, you puzzle me. I do not know what has come to you—you have grown so unpractical lately."

"I think I am a little tired of being practical," said Shelda daringly. "I will be practical again by-and-by; I want a little breathing-space. How warm the sunshine is! And listen to the birds—listen to that one up above our heads—

> "'He sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!'

Birds and sunshine are better than work."

"Shelda!"

"Yes, I know, Bella, I am wrong—dreadfully wrong! I am not sure, though, that I *am* wrong; the great truths of life are not the facts that our intellects can grasp. Life has deeper meanings—the birds and the sunshine know something about them, and we can get a glimpse of them when we are still, and let the birds and the sunshine speak to us."

"You are talking like a romantic girl in your teens, Shelda. Do set to work and purge your mind of such unhealthy fancies," Bella said shortly and authoritatively.

That same morning Nancy and Tom were engaged in an equally perplexing conversation in the garden. Nancy had come out to pick flowers for the house; Tom was sauntering to and fro in a purposeless way near her.

"When is Miss Clarke going away, Nancy?" he asked at length.

"Next week," said Nancy.

"Cannot you persuade her to stay longer?" said Tom awkwardly.

Nancy paused in her task, and looked curiously at her brother. "Do you wish her to stay?" she said.

"Well—yes."

"I thought you disliked her," said Nancy; "I thought you hated all learned women. You have said so over and over again."

"Have I?" said Tom. "Well, I retract. Let women be learned by all means if Shelda is learned."

"Tom," said Nancy, "I do not think it is quite right of you—quite nice, I mean—to speak of her like that. She might object. I should not like her brothers to call me 'Nancy'; I should think it most impertinent of them. You ought not to call her 'Shelda.'"

"Shelda—Shelda is the prettiest name in the world," said Tom a little irrelevantly.

"You said once that it was an outlandish name."

"What a fool I must have been!" said Tom. "I retract again."

The days went very rapidly. Monday evening arrived—the eve of Shelda's departure. After dinner, when Bella went up to her study, Shelda lingered down-stairs with Nancy. Tom was engaged in the library with a tenant of his father's, and the two girls had the drawing-room to themselves. They sat at the open window, and Nancy talked. At last her chatter took a personal turn.

"You have done one good work since you have been here, Shelda. You have converted Tom."

Shelda blushed, and looked up quickly, questioningly.

"He thinks now," explained Nancy, "that girls ought to have opinions, and are better for a college career."

Shelda smiled. She was looking out of doors, at the quiet sky overhead, and the trees waving lightly in the breeze, and the fields, in the distance, where the reapers were still at work.

"The world is a beautiful place," she said presently, with a sigh of contentment. "It is on evenings like this that one feels how good it is to live. And to-morrow," with a great sigh, "I shall go back to the prose of life again, and forget to be glad about things. One does not feel, after a day with Horace and Virgil, that it is good to be in the world, with the flowers and the sunshine and the birds, and other living people to be careful about one."

Nancy laughed. "Do you like people to be careful about you? I thought you were too independent to like being taken care of. Why, you are going to London of your own accord, to live in strange lodgings all alone! How can you talk as though you did not love to be independent?"

"Yes, I am going," said Shelda meekly—"of my own accord too. But I do not look forward to it now. It will be lonely—dreadfully lonely."

"It is odd," said Nancy musingly, puckering up her brows in her great perplexity. "You have come round to Tom's views, and he has come round to yours. It is strange."

"What is strange?" said Tom's voice from the doorway. "And what view of mine has Miss Clarke adopted?" And Tom came into the room, and took up his stand by the window, just facing Shelda, whose eyes dropped beneath his glance.

"She has adopted all your views, Tom—just as you have adopted hers. She thinks that independence in London is folly, and that learning is dry-as-dust."

"Nancy," expostulated Shelda, whilst her cheeks flushed crimson, and her voice trembled with eagerness, "I never said so—I never thought so—I never——"

"Well," said Nancy, "you acknowledged that you would be lonely. You said that you were going back to the prose of life again: I don't know what that means if it does not mean that all your views are changed."

Shelda said no more. The colour had died out of her face again, and had left it very white. She sat looking down, conscious of one thing only—that Tom's eyes were bent upon her and that he was reading her inmost thoughts, her very soul. A silence had fallen upon them all; it seemed to Shelda as though that silence had lasted for hours already: she would have given the world to break it, but her self-possession had deserted her, and she could think of no word to say. Presently a clear voice came from some upper room, calling, "Nancy!—Nancy!—Where are you?" and Tom said, with unnecessary earnestness, "Bella is calling, Nannie. Had you not better go?" And Nancy went.

Shelda looked up then. She and Tom were left alone, facing one another, looking in one another's faces, but both silent. But there is a silence that tells more than speech, and when Tom spoke at last, it seemed to Shelda as though she had known what his words would be.

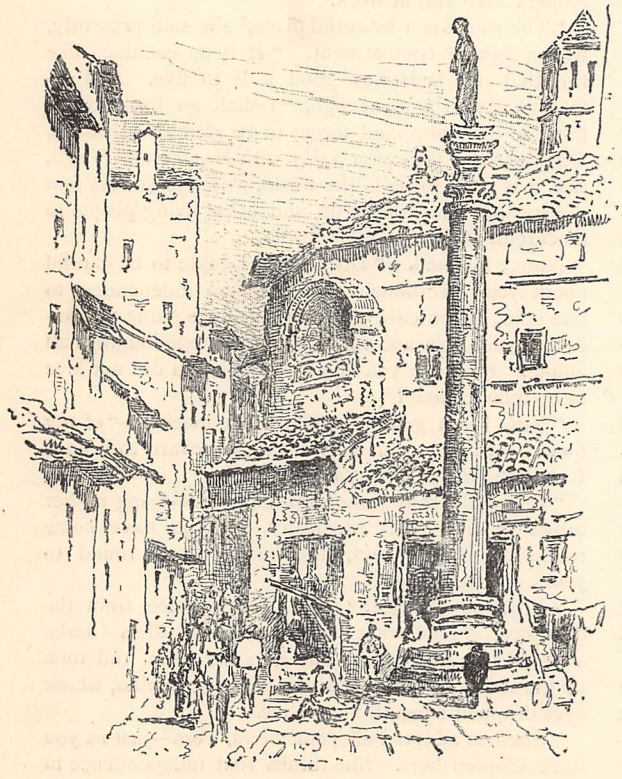
They were simple, direct, manly words: "Shelda, we love one another. Give me the right to be careful of you all through life."

She made no answer, but she looked up timidly and shyly at him, and love is clever to catch the consenting or dissenting of a glance. The next moment Tom had his arm about Shelda's waist, and her head was leaning against his shoulder, and a "girl-graduate" was the only woman in the world for Tom, and the charms of "independence" were forgotten by Shelda for ever.

Jane May.

A NEW PEEP AT OLD FLORENCE.

EVEN the casual traveller, whose tourist ticket allows him but a scanty sojourn within her walls, cannot fail to be fascinated by the extreme beauty of Florence, with her domes and delicate campaniles soaring from the banks of the golden Arno against a luminous background of purple hills. To the student of history Florence recalls a long list of illustrious names, while to the lover of art it is indissolubly linked with the memory of the mighty masters of the Renaissance, whose genius shook off the paralysing traditions of Byzantine art, and, by returning to naturalism, reached eventually the glorious perfection of the sixteenth century.



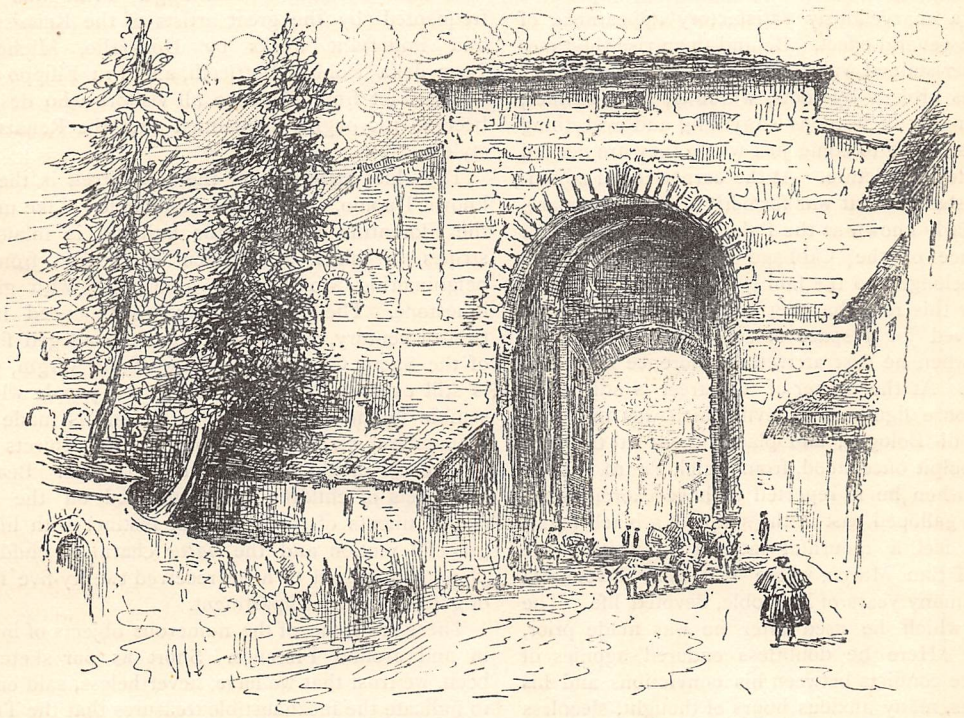
MERCATO VECCHIO.

The most striking objects of interest in Florence, such as Giotto's campanile, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, &c., have been so often described that we do not propose to speak of them here. We wish rather to try to interest our readers in some of the buildings of which less has yet been written, but which, in their own way, are equally deserving of attention. And the first of these is perhaps the Ponte Vecchio.

As one strolls down the Lung' Arno, which is a long street skirting the river, the eye is at once arrested by the quaintest of quaint old bridges. This is the Ponte Vecchio. Some of its features still remind us, when we reach it, of the Rialto at Venice; but here, at a distance, it resembles far more closely old London Bridge; for the Ponte Vecchio also is laden with picturesque houses, and under the arches that support them the river rushes swiftly in its passage to the sea. The Florentine bridge, however, far surpasses that of old London in antiquity. For, first, its piers are Etruscan, and have in their time supported two earlier bridges, till the floods came and swept them away. The present structure was erected by Taddeo Gaddi in 1345; since then it has stood strongly and firmly, resisting the fury and violence of the turbulent Arno.

It is when we walk across the Ponte Vecchio that we are struck with its resemblance to the Rialto; for both sides of the bridge are lined with little shops. A pleasing scene they present, with their glittering wares, old tiled roofs, and dark, mysterious doorways, and a general air of dilapidation and picturesqueness pervading the whole. Thanks to the Grand Duke Cosimo the First, the butchers who formerly occupied the shops were dismissed, and goldsmiths established in 1593 in their stead. From those days down to our own they have continued, in company with jewellers and other workers in metal, to pursue their more agreeable, if not more useful trade. A long gallery, built by Vasari, runs above the shops. In old times it acted as a secret passage to connect the Palazzo Pitti with the Uffizi. It now serves the more prosaic purpose of leading from one picture gallery to the other. No description of the Ponte Vecchio would be complete, which failed to notice the open loggia in the middle, and from which is afforded a view described by Charles Dickens as "a precious glimpse of sky, and water, and rich buildings," closed by the Apennines on one side and the mountains of Carrara on the other.

High up on a hill on the eastern side of the city rises the tower of the Church of San Miniato al Monte, majestic in its simplicity. A church was erected on this site in honour of San Miniato in very early times; and San Frediano, Bishop of Lucca in the seventh century, came here every year in solemn procession with his clergy to prostrate himself before the shrine of the saint. The church, however, fell into decay during the troubled times that followed, and the present building was commenced by Hildebrand, Bishop of Florence, in 1013. Five centuries later, Baccio d'Agnolo added the beautiful bell-tower. It was this hill that Michael Angelo fortified when the despairing citizens appointed him Commissario Generale, and he endeavoured to save the city from the tyranny of the Medici. The artist was so distressed at the idea of the beautiful tower being injured by the balls of the enemy, that he hung mattresses round it during the siege, but failed to save it entirely from injury.



PORTA ROMANA.

The old walls and gates of the city are still to be seen, and one of the finest and most interesting of the latter is the Porta Romana, which is on the high road to Rome. Leo I. and the Emperor Charles V. made their entrance into Florence by this gate in 1536, on their way to the Palazzo Medici, where they took up their abode, and Fra Bartolommeo lived near it in his youth, and thence obtained his nickname of Baccio della Porta.

In the centre of the city, beyond the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, is the Mercato Vecchio, the old market of Florence, where once stood the finest houses of the nobility. As one treads the dilapidated pavement, and gazes up at the tall, irregularly-built houses, with dirty children playing on their steps, one is forcibly re-

minded of the changes made by time; for here the most distinguished Florentines once resided. Now the quarter is inhabited by the poorest and lowest of the people. Business is still done here, however, and the Mercato Vecchio presents an intensely interesting sight to the lover of the picturesque, with the ragged buyers and vendors of poultry, vegetables, old iron, &c. &c., crying their wares in the passionate, harmonious Italian tones, dressed as Italians only know how to dress, in all sorts of odds and ends, which produce somehow a marvellously satisfactory appearance of colour and general effect. Behind them rise the time-and-weather-stained walls of the leaning houses, their gaunt lines broken by roofs, windows, little shrines, clothes hanging in festoons—anything and everything—but all seeming to come just where they are needed to complete the picture. At the corner of an adjoining street stands what was formerly a fine old palace, now popularly known as the Palazzo della Cavajola, or the "Palace of the Cabbage Woman," and which formerly belonged to the family of the Vecchietti. It was under this roof that Bernardo Vecchietti hospitably received for a space of two years Giovanni di Bologna, when he first arrived in Florence friendless and alone. At the corner of the street is still to be seen a bronze figure of a devil, which was made by Giovanni di Bologna, and placed there at the spot where a pulpit once stood, from which Pietro Martire preached when he is reported to have exorcised the fiend, who galloped past in the shape of a black horse.

All will feel a mournful interest in visiting the convent of San Marco, where Girolamo Savonarola passed so many years of his noble, devoted life. The little cell, which he used after he was made prior, is shown. Here he doubtless endured agonies of mind, fierce conflicts between his convictions and his inclinations, many anxious hours of thought, sleepless nights, and weary days. The writing-table is still pointed out on which he wrote many momentous letters and stirring sermons, some of the copies of which, written in his own beautifully clear, small-hand writing, are to be seen. On the desk stands his wooden crucifix; on the wall hangs his portrait, painted by Fra Bartolommeo, and showing the rugged, honest, noble countenance to great advantage. Opposite the window is a glass case containing his hair shirt, his rosary, and a piece of the stake at which he was burnt. In the adjoining little cell is a copy of an old picture, which represents the burning of Savonarola in the Piazza Signoria.

There are many delightful excursions to be made from Florence, and one of the most interesting of these is to the little town of Prato, some twelve miles farther west. It is situated at the point where the mountain valley of the Bisenzio opens into the plain of the Arno. The massive walls, dominated by the Castello dell' Imperatore, present a striking picture with their beautiful surroundings. Prato was much frequented by the great artists of the Renaissance, and important works by Donatello, Michelozzo, Luca della Robbia, Botticelli, and Fra Filippo Lippi now attract from Florence all visitors who desire to become thoroughly acquainted with the Renaissance style.

The chief attraction of the town itself is the well-known Duomo, with its fine campanile. Like most of the Florentine churches, the building is inlaid with stripes of black and green serpentine, from the neighbouring Montiferrato, alternating with greyish limestone. The cathedral was commenced in the twelfth century, to commemorate the alleged finding of the Sacra Cintola, or Girdle of the Virgin, which is still exhibited twice a year to the people who assemble in the Piazza. The exhibition is made from Donatello's celebrated pulpit, which projects from one corner of the façade of the cathedral. Beautiful bas-reliefs of children are sculptured on the seven compartments of the pulpit, all instinct with life and graceful motion and the *naïve* charm of childhood. Donatello is said to have received twenty-five florins of gold for each compartment.

These are some of the numerous objects of interest in and around Florence. Short as our sketch has been, we trust that we have, nevertheless, said enough to indicate the inexhaustible treasures that the Tuscan city contains. It is sad to think that in a few years some of these fascinating relics of the past will probably have ceased to exist, since plans are already being discussed for pulling down the quaint old houses on the Ponte Vecchio and the ancient market-place, which we have described above. We would advise those who have never seen Florence yet to take the first opportunity of paying it a visit, while the city is still intact. And when they have once been there, they will love to return again, for an irresistible charm hangs round its ancient walls.

BY THE RIVER.

EACH of them loving, each of them loved,
Gliding down with the river,
Nature smiled, and the sun above
Brighter shone to behold such love
By the fairy banks of the river.

Years had passed, and a woman wept,
Wept as she sat by the river,
Wept for the love that had died away,
Wept for the love that was lost for aye,
By the dull cold banks of the river.

Ever the careless streamlet flows
Ever on to the river,
Only the breeze a requiem sighed,
For the heart that broke, for the love that died,
By the fairy banks of the river.

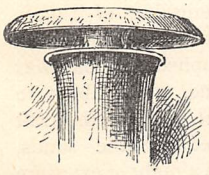
C. D. S.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A New Chimney-Top.

A chimney-top which prevents smoking in rooms, or rain coming down the chimney, is shown in the figure. The device is also useful for preventing down-draughts of cold air in bed-room chimneys. The tops are made of earthenware or metal, and they can be fixed to existing chimneys.



A Photographic Bag.

A new hand travelling-bag has recently been devised for the use of amateur photographers. It not only provides for toilet requisites, but contains a complete photographic outfit—camera, plates, and so on. Moreover, one of the sides of the bag can be turned into a dark chamber.

The Telemicrophone.

M. Mercadier, a French electrician, has combined the magnet or Bell telephone with the microphone in such a manner that it acts both as a transmitter and a receiver of telephonic messages. The microphone is so attached to the iron diaphragm of the telephone that the magneto currents induced in the coil of the latter when it is spoken to are superposed upon the microphonic currents, and thus a double effect is obtained, both currents conveying the speech. Acoustical tubes are fitted to the apparatus, which the inventor terms a "telemicrophone," so that it is unnecessary to hold it up to the ear or the mouth when using it.

The Best Lightning-Rod.

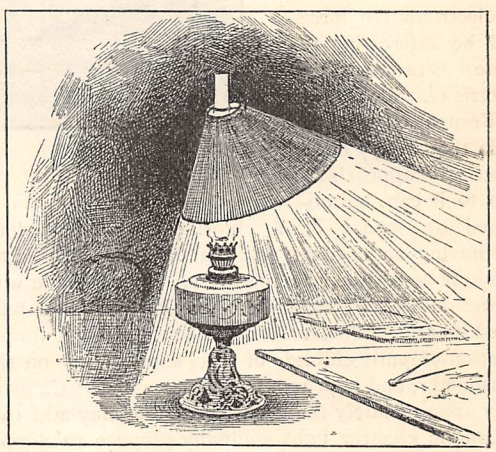
Professor D. E. Hughes, F.R.S., President of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, has made a series of experiments on the extra-currents set up by an electric current in its own conductor; and has from these experiments arrived at the conclusion that the best form of lightning-rod is a flat ribbon of copper, not a solid rod. The ribbon may be one millimètre thick and ten centimètres in width. A solid rod or wire of iron is, Professor Hughes thinks, the worst form of conductor. If iron is used, it should be not in the form of a single wire or rod, but as a ribbon, or as a strand of very many smaller wires of iron. These forms are good, in the professor's opinion, because the extra-currents self-induced in the wire by the electric flow oppose its passage, and in these particular forms this self-induction is greatly reduced. We may add that a new wire, with a niched or pinion-shaped cross-section, is recommended for long distance telephony or telegraphy. The pinion teeth, or niches, are formed by longitudinal grooves along the wire. This formation has been shown by Professor Hughes to diminish self-induction in the wire, and facilitate the speed of messages. Curiously enough a "spiral" was brought out some time ago, having four spiral grooves running along it; but, though ostensibly for telephonic purposes, it was not taken up at the time.

Eucalyptus Fluid.

In a recent GATHERER we stated that the leaves of the eucalyptus-tree were good for cleaning boilers; and we are now informed that a liquid is made from these leaves, which, when put into a boiler, cleans it of crust already formed, and prevents the formation of more.

Trimming Wood Pavement.

A machine for putting a new surface on worn wooden pavement has at length been devised by Arthur C. Bucknell. It resembles a steam traction engine, carrying a projecting set of revolving cutters driven by friction gearing. These cut into the wooden blocks at a depth which shaves off the worn surface, and leaves a new and level one. During a recent trial of the machine it was found to advance at the rate of one foot per minute. A machine of the kind was much needed in order to avoid the lifting and relaying of fresh blocks when the old ones were sur face-worn.



A Hinged Lamp-Shade.

The accompanying figure illustrates a new French lamp-shade which some of our lamp-makers might do

well to copy. The shade can be inclined so as to reflect the light in other directions than straight downwards. This is effected by the hinge or gimbal by which the shade is fixed to the collar that slips over the top of the lamp-chimney as shown. The collar is furnished inside with clasps which take a tight hold of the glass. The device can be so made that the shade can be renewed by fixing it between the inner collar and the outer, which is hinged to it.

A Pedal Fan.

A fan actuated by the feet is shown in our illustration. The advantage is that it leaves the hands free for work or reading. Inside the hollow standard, there is a rod which is connected by a hook and eye arrangement to the end of a short lever, pivoted on its centre. This lever forms the pedal, which, on being pressed up and down by the foot, raises and lowers the rod, the upper end of which is connected to the lever which holds the fan, thus giving the latter a gentle oscillating motion.

PEDAL FAN.

A Standard Volt.

The electric light is now established in many homes, and a means of producing a standard volt or unit of electromotive force will be interesting to some consumers of electricity. M. Gaiffe, a French electrician, finds that a very close practical approximation to it can be obtained by means of a chloride of silver voltaic cell having an exciting solution of a given strength, and kept at a given temperature. A cell made with pure zinc well amalgamated for one pole, and pure fused chloride of silver for the other, with a limpid solution of pure chloride of zinc, showing 107 on the densimeter, and kept at a temperature of 18° C., gives very approximately the legal volt. We may add that a London electric light company propose to supply standard Daniell cells of pure materials, and constructed after a design of Dr. J. A. Fleming, for the use of electricians and those using the electric light. The electromotive force of these cells is also very nearly one volt.

The Telephone on Lightships.

A lightship anchored about ten miles off Walton-on-the-Naze, in the Swin passage, is now in regular communication by telephone with that town, the connecting link being a submarine cable. The messages sent relate to the state of the weather and the sea, the passage of shipping, and so on. The name of every ship is telephoned to the Walton post-office, and some ninety craft pass the lightship every day. It is hoped that when the existence of this facility is better known, such vessels will avail themselves of it more than they do. One rough night a vessel got on the sands, and the lifeboat was telephoned for, but was subsequently stopped by telephone when about to start, because the craft eased off the sands, and a night of exposure thus saved to the lifeboat crew. The cable has once been broken, but was reunited within twenty-four hours.

Wire Stone-Cutters.

Continuous saws or cutters for stone are now made of wire strand. Instead of a flat metal band, three steel wires are twisted together, and run at a very high speed, to form the cutting surface. Water and sand are applied in the usual manner as with the ordinary flat saws for stones. Such wire cutters advance from 10 to 214 inches per hour through marble, according to the hardness of the stone.

A Use for Liquefied Gas.

The manufacture of liquefied and solidified carbon dioxide is in Germany becoming quite extensive, and Herr Krupp now uses the liquid carbon dioxide as a means of exercising great pressure on steel castings during solidification. It is also used to remove the outer rings from condemned ordnance. Experiments were recently made at Essen by heating the entire gun, then rapidly cooling it by the intense cold produced by liquefied carbon dioxide. Complete success was obtained, and the outer rings could be removed from the inner shrunk rings. The gas is also used in the preparation of soda-water and other processes where pressure is required. The Kuhnheim Company of Berlin, who manufacture the liquid gas, supply it in wrought-iron bottles, each

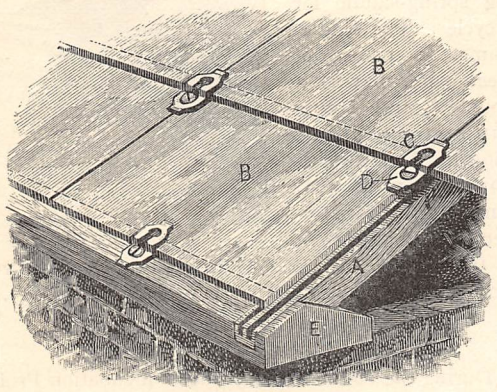
containing eight kilogrammes, and costing about sixteen shillings. Solid carbon dioxide is obtained by allowing the liquid to become gaseous, and to rush out through an outlet, over which is placed a porous bag. A portion of the solid gas appears on the bag like snow, and can be compressed into a substance like chalk.

Cobalt and Copper Alloys.

M. Guillemin, a French physicist, has produced alloys of copper and cobalt of a coppery tint, but possessing remarkable ductility, malleability, and tenacity. They are easily forged and beaten into plates, but do not take temper. They are formed in the crucible by fusing copper and metallic cobalt with a flux of boric acid and wood charcoal. An alloy of 5 per cent. of cobalt is especially useful. It is unoxidisable, malleable as copper, and tenacious as iron. M. Guillemin thinks that the new alloys will be useful for making rivets, parts of locomotives, tubes, and a variety of boiler appliances.

A Cable Tell-Tale.

In grappling for submarine cables, especially on soft sea-bottoms, it is sometimes difficult to tell when the cable is caught by the grapnel. In general the officer in charge judges by the feel of the rope under strain, but this is not always a certain guide, and requires much experience on the part of the officer. Sir James Anderson and Mr. Kennelly have devised an electric tell-tale, which rings an alarm-bell on the ship when the cable is caught by the grapnel. It consists of a chamber containing mercury, attached to the rope near the grapnel in such a manner, that when the cable is caught the mercury is tilted so as to complete an electrical contact, and send a current through the alarm-bell. An insulated wire runs down the grapnel-rope to the contact from the battery and bell on board the ship.

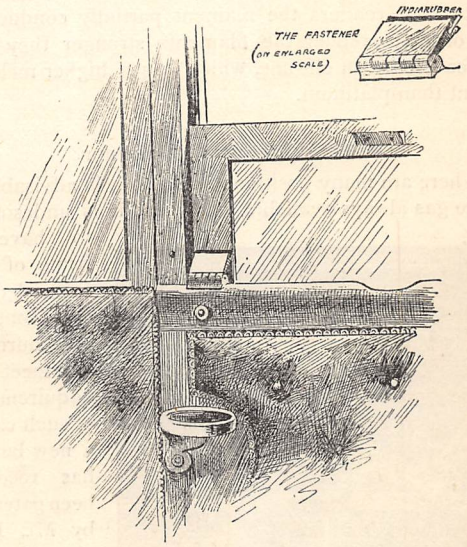


Glazing without Putty.

The figure shows a portion of roof glazed without putty by means of plates of glass, B, secured by metal plates or clips, C, fixed by brass screws, D. The rafters, A, are grooved to carry off condensed moisture, and terminate in a wooden sill, E. By this method of glazing the panes can be removed at will for repainting or cleaning; all the rafters being covered by glass, they are protected from the wear of the weather; the screws are not entirely withdrawn, and only need to be screwed or unscrewed a few turns to loosen or hold the glass.

A Carriage-Window Fastener.

A device for fixing railway or other carriage windows is shown in the accompanying woodcut. Its



principle is that of applying lateral pressure to hold the window fast, and this is done by an india-rubber pad attached to a bent metal bar swivelling round an attachment to the frame of the door. The downward force of the window tends to increase the lateral pressure of itself; but all pressure is instantly removed, and the window freed, by pressing a knob at the end of the bar, which is flush with the woodwork. Some such device is much needed for railway carriages, and should work well, provided the lateral pressure is sufficient to hold the window in its place despite the violent shocks the door is sure to receive.

Mirror Spectacles.

A minor novelty is a pair of spectacles having a silvered area on the inner edges of the glasses, so that objects out of the direct field of vision may be seen by the vigilant wearer. Other spectacles are now made, having microscopic transparencies fixed to them, and are intended for public speakers, who can thus provide themselves with the heads of their discourses.

A New Turkish Bath Heater.

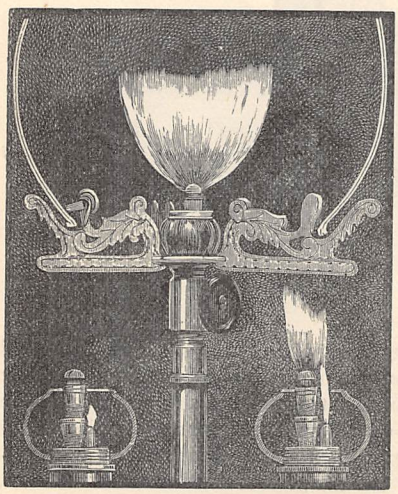
A novelty has recently been introduced by a well-known ventilating engineer in a Turkish bath heater, operating by steam-heat. The air is passed through a series of heaters without acquiring the offensive dryness produced by hot-air apparatus. The heat of steam is only a few degrees above that of the ordinary Turkish bath, so that there is no "scorching" of the air, as it is termed.

A New Incandescent Lamp.

A German inventor, Herr Max Muthel, has devised an electric incandescent lamp which requires no vacuum to protect the glowing filament from oxidation. His filament is prepared from magnesia, silicate of magnesia, and porcelain clay, formed into a fine thread, which is heated to incandescence and saturated with a solution of platino-iridium salts. The heat of the filament reduces the absorbed salts to the metallic state, and renders the filament partially conductive. In order to render the filaments stronger they may be covered with chrome, which has a higher melting-point than platinum.

A Self-Lighting Gas-Burner.

There are many positions in which it is advisable to have gas always available, but where it is undesirable to have a flame of any considerable size continually burning. To meet the requirements of such cases, a new burner has recently been patented by Mr. Kinnear, which is illustrated in the accompanying woodcut. The burner instead of being set, as usual, in the centre of the holder, is near the edge, and beside it is a small flash-light; both burners being surrounded by a shield of brass or porcelain. The flash-light is so small that when a porcelain shield is used the light can only just be distinguished. The supply of gas to the burners is so arranged that when by turning the button the gas is cut off from the large burner, the flash-light is still fed with the very limited quantity of gas it requires to keep it continually alight. But when the button is turned the other way the gas is admitted to the large burner, and the flame from the flash-light immediately ascends and ignites it. So small is the quantity of gas consumed by the flash-light that a pressure of half an inch suffices to feed it, so that less than one-third of a foot is burned in twenty-four hours. Any additional cost that would otherwise be incurred by the constant burning of gas by the flash-light, is more than counterbalanced by the saving effected by a governor attached to the large burner, to say nothing of the saving of time and matches. The shield round the two burners serves to protect the diminutive flame of the flash-light from draughts. For use in doctors' consulting rooms and other places where a light is apt to be suddenly required for a few minutes, this novel device seems well adapted.



A Red-hot Telephone.

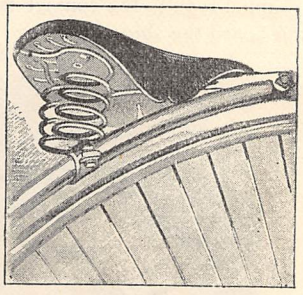
Experiments have been made by Mr. Preece and others with a telephone receiver consisting of a very fine platinum wire, stretched, and having one end attached to the centre of a tympanum or drum-head. When the current from a microphone transmitting telephone was sent through the wire, the variations in length of the wire, due to the passage of the varying current, caused the tympanum to give out sounds which reproduced the original sounds spoken into the transmitter. Recent experiments by Mr. Ross, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have shown that if the wire is ·004 inch in diameter, and has a length of about five to seven inches, the sounds are very good, especially when the current is sufficiently strong to heat the wire to a dull red heat. The effect is then remarkably good. German silver wire does not seem so susceptible to the heating as platinum wire. Copper and iron wires do not give very good effects. The battery used by Mr. Ross was ten Grenet cells. Why the heating of the wire should improve the effect is not, perhaps, very clear. Mr. Ross supposes it due to an increase of expansibility produced in the wire. Further experiments may elucidate the point.

Paper Rails.

A company is about to establish large works for making rails from paper near St. Petersburg. The paper is subjected to great pressure, and is extremely durable. The cost is said to be only one-third of that of steel rails. They are also lighter than steel rails, and can therefore be transported at less cost. Moreover, the wheels adhere better to them, and hence the working expenses of the traffic are reduced.

A New Bicycle Saddle.

The figure illustrates a new ventilating spring-saddle for bicycles. The saddle-frame is made of steel wire, having a double spiral spring supporting it as shown. The frame is covered with soft tanned hide, laced underneath to tighten it to the required degree. The saddle is therefore very light, while at the same time it is cool and springy.



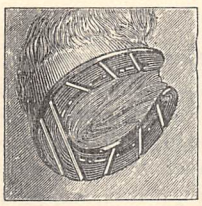
Magnetism and Embryons.

During the course of an artificial incubation Professor Maggiorani submitted a certain number of hens' eggs to the influence of powerful magnets, while keeping an equal number of similar eggs away from the magnetic effect. He found four more eggs were arrested in their development in the first group than in the second. After being hatched, thrice the number of chicks died out of the first group than out of the second. Among the survivors those of the second

group all developed normally, while out of 114 of the first group 60 showed imperfections or abnormal movements. Six chicks of the same group reached maturity, namely, two cocks, which were of remarkable size and appetite, and four hens, one of which never laid eggs, while the other three laid very small ones, weighing about one ounce, and incapable of producing living beings. Such is the account given in a scientific contemporary.

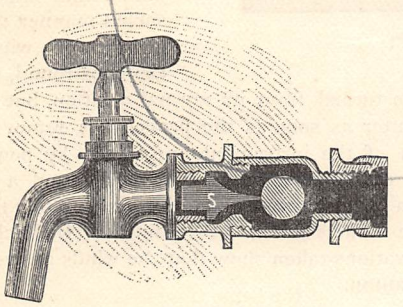
Safety Horse-shoes.

The severe winter has brought forward the question of non-slipping shoes for horses; and attention has been called to the pattens belted to ordinary shoes of horses in New York, when frost sets in. These pattens consist of a metal rim with flat spikes in front and behind, and leather belts to bind them to the horse's hoof. Another shoe used in America is that of Streather, which has an india-rubber pad at the frog of the horse's foot. Our illustration shows an English shoe, invented by Captain Floyd, which is so grooved underneath as to prevent slipping.



Log-Mines.

In parts of the State of New Jersey, U.S., there are numerous deposits of evergreen white cypress near the surface of the ground. The wood is in good preservation, and the logs are found by probing with a pointed iron rod, then dug up. Shingles for roofing are made from the logs in large quantities at Dennisville. Sometimes the underground timber catches fire and smoulders for a long time, thus causing a sinking of the ground.



A Stop-Valve for Pipes.

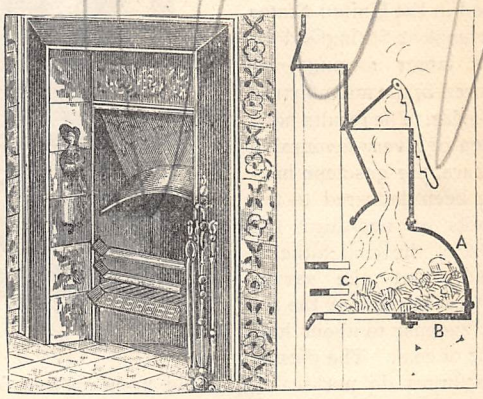
Householders are sometimes put to inconvenience by repairs to water-taps and valves as usually fitted, owing to the necessity of cutting off the supply at the cistern. A little device which we illustrate has been introduced to prevent this by allowing the tap to be unscrewed without spilling the water. It consists of a loose spigot-piece, S, inserted into the pipe behind the tap, and a ball-valve which closes the pipe unless pressed back by the spigot, as it is in the figure. The tap forces the spigot back and opens the valve; but when the tap is withdrawn, the flow of water is stopped by the ball.

Predicting Tornadoes.

The Signal Service of the United States Army have been making a special study of the meteorological phenomena attendant upon tornadoes, and have been enabled to predict their occurrence with remarkable accuracy. So much is this the case that intending settlers now seek information of the department in order to choose land where their buildings and crops will be least liable to devastating storms. It appears that such hurricanes are quite prevalent in certain localities, and not in others. In 1884, some 3,228 predictions were followed by 3,201 tornadoes. In June and July, 19 tornadoes were foretold, and 15 occurred. In every instance during the year when tornadoes were expected, either tornadoes or violent gales ensued. The tornado is distinguished from the gale by its rotary character, as the name implies. These facts show how much can be done by scientific meteorology.

A Grate Coking Chamber.

The annexed figure represents a front and sectional view of a new grate for economising coals and abating smoke, brought out by Mr. Frazer, an engineer, who



has given attention to these matters for a long time. In the section, A is a fire-clay back forming, with the fire-clay bottom B, a chamber which is filled with very small coals, while the grate C in front is filled with round coals. Coke and cinders from the previous day's fire may be mixed with the round coal in front. The small coal behind is coked by the fire, and in order to replenish the fire it is simply drawn forward.

An Iron Prison.

An iron prison of cylindrical shape has been built at Omaha, U.S. The cells are arranged round it, and the cylinder revolves about its axis in such a manner that only one cell is at the opening at a time. It is three storeys high, and there are ten cells on each floor. The cylinder weighs forty-five tons, and is hung from above instead of turning on a track

below. It can be turned by a simple crank with the power of a man. The cylinder containing the cells is also completely surrounded by a cage of iron bars.

Gasolene for Forges.

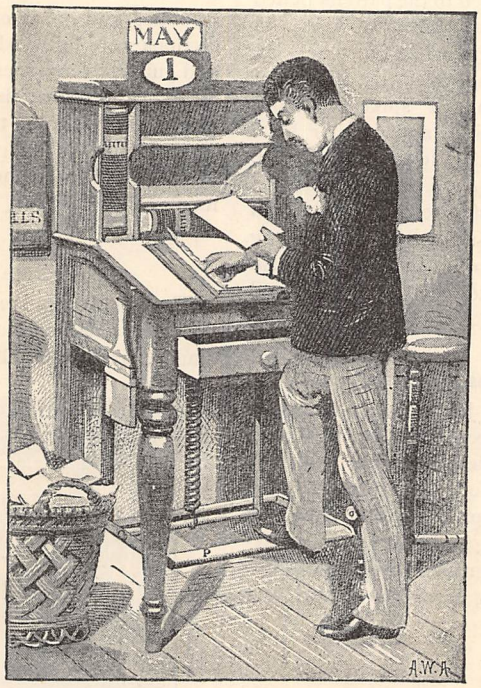
Gasolene vapour generated by passing an air current through naphtha is extensively used in the United States for isolated gas plants for dwellings at a distance from towns, or for city gas works. The light is very agreeable, although insurance offices object to it. The reservoir of vapour is placed at some distance from the building to be lighted, for safety, and below the surface of the ground. Thence it passes into a series of small chambers filled with fibrous material, and blown through; these chambers become saturated with the vapour, which passes into pipes, and is burned the same as any illuminating gas. The gas is also used for heating small metal works, such as the manufacture of spectacles and jewels, and it has recently been used in the United States Arsenal at Springfield for the larger forgings required in the manufacture of rifles. The results have been of a very favourable nature, the gasolene having been delivered to the works at one-third the cost of the coal hitherto used, and the saving otherwise reduces the total expense to about half that of coal. The dies in the forges do not scale, and the room is free from smoke and dust.

Uses for Toads.

According to an American scientific paper, toads have been tried for ridding a household of cockroaches, and with success. These unsightly but harmless animals are also kept in vineyards, where they keep down insect pests; and it is stated, too, that in the garden they are the enemies of slugs and snails, which prey upon green produce.

A Foot Copying-Press.

A copying-press, operated by the pressure of the foot, has recently been introduced. It is illustrated herewith; the pedal P being shown below, together with the spiral spring, which causes it to right itself when the pressure is withdrawn. The press will take several copies at once; and it leaves the hands free to manipulate the letter and copy-book. As shown in the figure, the press is in the form of an office desk.



FOOT COPYING-PRESS.

A Gust Anemometer.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Meteorological Society, a paper by Dr. Crema Brown, F.R.S., was read, describing a new anemometer for recording maximum wind pressure, that had been devised by him and used at the Granton Marine station. The instrument consists of eight cups, instead of four, as used in Robinson's instrument. The shaft passes through the room to the floor, where it works in a ball-gearing. A drum is attached to the shaft, and cords attached to spiral springs pass round the drum in such a manner that when a gust of wind turns the cups round, the drum is also turned from its normal position, but recovers the latter as soon as the pressure is removed. The twists of the instrument are traced by pencil on a sheet of paper which is wrapped round a cylinder driven by clockwork, thus giving accurately the times of the various gusts. According to Mr. Dickson, the observations taken show that the winds are very gusty at Granton.

NEW STORY BY MR. BARRETT.

A New Story by MR. FRANK BARRETT, *Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c. &c., will be commenced in our next issue.*

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Editor hopes to announce the details of a New and Important Series of Prize Competitions, open to all readers of the Magazine, in the June Number. The result of the recent Handwriting Competitions will be made known in an early Number.

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

MISS GREY'S NEW DUTIES.

SYDNEY had speculated at different points of her journey on what the "us" of Miss Hurst's communication signified.

Now whether to be glad or sorry, in the surprise of this recognition, she hardly knew. The feeling uppermost she spoke.

"I have seen your brother before, Miss Hurst, so we are not quite strangers."

"As I should have known, the instant I heard you speak," said Mr. Hurst, turning towards her voice with some eagerness, but as promptly dropping back into his first attitude. "I told you, Jean, that foreign aid made up to me that day for our missing each other's trains. I am glad"—with a bow towards Sydney—"to be able to thank Miss Grey more fully than I could then."

"Well, really," cried Miss Hurst, "this is extraordinary! for both to have met, both spoken to you! And then for you to have found a reason for taking the situation I was talking to you about without the slightest notion of your ever wanting it! That was a most remarkable morning! I hope its events may work for the benefit of us all, Miss Grey."

Remarkable truly! Sydney, yet bewildered over its curious climax, had forgotten her new personality and was thinking instead of responding. Miss Hurst felt uneasy. Whatever had induced this beautiful young woman to come to Wynstone, she did trust the prospect of the peculiar employment required was not going to scare her away, or make her a worse disappointment than that weak widow.

"I hope," she repeated, with emphasis, "we may none of us regret the events of that singular morning."

Sydney quickly recovered herself.

"Oh, no! Why should we? I," quelling a faltering of nerve, "I never mean to." And re-assured by this, her hostess, employer, whatever she was to be, shook hands once more to make up perhaps for her brother's not having done so at all, and led the new-comer upstairs, just uttering the audible warning—

"Gilbert, stand still till I come down. You are not used to this room. You may knock the chairs over if you move."

"It's a fearful trial to him, Miss Grey," she pursued, ushering Sydney to her room, "and in a less degree to me. I'm sure he's never off my mind a moment. And the better he bears it the more I've felt it my duty to keep with him, and make him cheerful, which is not easy. That re-acts upon myself, and is the real cause of my feeling we must have a third party. You understand, I couldn't enter on this in writing. It would have looked awkward to say, 'I want you expressly to help in taking charge of a blind man,' would it not? And I thought, if you'll excuse my saying so, that as you frankly said you were leaving home from circumstances you would rather not mention, why, *I* might be allowed a little reservation too. You see?"

"Quite," said Sydney, smoothing her dark hair back with tired hands. Peace from reproach, leave to earn her bread, was all she felt to want awhile. "This makes no difference to me, Miss Hurst; only show me how to be useful; I will do my best."

"And I will show you that fast enough," said Miss Hurst cheerfully, "but we need not begin to-night. Supper will be ready in a few minutes, if you can find your way down. There's not much space to go astray in. Your room and mine look out at the back, a lovely view by daylight. Through the swing door, the staircase, and my brother's room. His is shut in by poplars, but that doesn't matter. As I thought when your letter reached me——"

"Yes?" said Sydney, Miss Hurst having come rather inconsequentially to a standstill. "You thought?"

"Oh," hesitating, "nothing particular, Miss Grey; I shall run on till I tire you. But," turning back with a droll bird-like air of caution, "excuse my naming it; I hadn't mentioned anything about you to my brother. Odd, but I hadn't."

Very odd, as Sydney could realise later, for her new friend had not the faculty of keeping much to herself.

"So he knows nothing about you: age or anything personal. And it's as well perhaps he should not. You'll feel more comfortable if he imagines you, like me, about seven-and-thirty. It will put us on a pleasanter footing, won't it?"

Sydney scarcely saw the force of the argument, but agreement being expected, gave it without qualification.

"From seventeen to seventy," she said, smiling, "I don't mind the least: I won't announce that I am just twenty-one!" and Miss Hurst descended, well pleased.

"A nice capable person I think this Miss Grey will turn out," she informed her brother, who stood resignedly as she had left him, "intelligent, unless I'm much mistaken. So, Gilbert, I hope I've hit on the means of giving you pleasure and myself rest. No"—stopping at a disturbed gesture of her brother—"I didn't mean that, of course. I'm always ready to wait on you, Gilbert, my dear, and attend to you. I consider my time freely yours. Still, I mean, you'll naturally like a change of voice about you, and I can

get out now and then, which is what I've never liked to do, for fear you should have an accident before I got back. Now this—er—person" (an appellation so charmingly vague, Miss Hurst kept it sacred to Sydney for many months) "will be in charge of you as it were, and I shall be easy. And I can manage the extra expense. I do want you to be comfortable. You are sure of that, Gilbert?"

"Yes, Jean," he answered, the contraction of forehead, sign of distress more mental than physical, melting in a smile of singular pathos, "I'm sure I have a sister with the kindest heart in the world. If I seem to forget that, it is only because I ache under being a burden to her."

"Now, Gilbert, don't!" Miss Hurst stroked him affectionately with a huge crochet-hook. "How can you be a burden? you know I have no one—now"—with a querulous sigh—"to care for but you. It's my duty and desire to make you happy."

Than which nothing might be truer. And yet, poor lady, never was method clumsier than that she employed over the task. For Sydney re-appearing just then, Miss Hurst begged her to follow to the dining-room, and seizing her brother by the arm, drove him, like a huge schoolboy in disgrace, a few paces in advance; called volubly to Fanny, the young servant in attendance, to put a certain mat straight, unless she wished Mr. Hurst to trip and break his limbs; apologised to Sydney for ministering first to her brother's requirements at table, "because," in a stage-aside, "it might weary him to wait, as he can't see what is going on!"—and ere the end of the meal, by acts palpably well meant and exasperatingly tactless, plunged her brother into patient taciturnity, Sydney into sensitive discomfort. How she was to fill the singular position into which the evening inducted her became a prospect so formidable, that the tall figure of Gilbert Hurst in every variety of dilemma haunted each hour of her first night at Wynstone, while, as if to keep her task to the fore, he was the first object her glance lighted on when she looked from her window next morning.

He was pacing to and fro on the asphalted path bounding the garden, which sloped from house to river, his well-knit frame more upright than the night before, seemingly freer alone, than when under the cumbrous care of his sister. To the gate of an orchard one way, to a hawthorn hedge the other, he passed and repassed, turning with a certainty that told the way familiar. The sunshine, glinting through lilacs and acacias, fell on a face so full of resolute endurance, that Sydney took shame to herself for having for a moment shrunk at the idea of serving him by any effort she could command. No, she thought, with a generous commiseration, if it came within her scope to soften the angles of his sister's "excellencies," to ward off some of the blows by which affection buffeted him, why, hers be the task right willingly. Smoothing his obvious troubles might deaden her hidden ones. "Ah!" Her thoughts were travelling Rupert-wards when she dispelled them with the frightened exclamation. Mr. Hurst had gone through the orchard, traversed the sloping meadow beyond, and now stood on the very brink of the hurrying river, that gleamed sparkling and shimmering over pools and shallows, between this lower and the westward bank. Surely he must be in danger. Sydney flung up her window hastily, but might have spared herself alarm. Gilbert Hurst knew every inch of Wynstone, and, before her rising cry took note, had turned from the seeming peril and thrown himself on a rough bench among the tall grass, in an attitude that he must have assumed in her dreams, so certain she felt of having seen him thus before.

Ere she could trace this fancy, or half take in the fair scene of rising tree-clad hills, basking in pure morning light, undulating just enough to give a glimpse of blue Welsh mountain-tops miles away, Miss Hurst was heard below summoning her brother to breakfast, her voice keeping up a disjointed monologue about as *à propos* as her speeches of the night previous.

"Come along, Gilbert, I want you in. It's nice, isn't it," going to meet him, "if you are settled in your place before a stranger comes down? Let me open the gate. She'll soon be used to you, and will not notice anything much. I think you wonderfully handy—considering! Mind this corner. Jones put some pansies here and charged me a shilling. You wouldn't like to walk on them, so I warn you. My poor geranium, that you tumbled off the window-ledge, has not recovered yet. But you couldn't help it, so we'll forget about it, won't we?" She had got him by the shoulder now, and was trotting awkwardly beside him. "Don't you think, Gilbert, you might take your other tweed coat into wear for mornings? This is fraying at the cuff, and I put an odd button on. By ourselves it didn't signify. But really it's only fit to give to Jones. I'll find the money for a new suit soon. You must be properly dressed before a third party. Perhaps you'd better change now. Oh, it's too late! Here she comes!—Good morning, Miss Grey. My brother intends to honour you with a better coat. But I tell him it's no consequence till to-morrow. I trust you went to sleep soon. This brother of mine has a bad habit of sitting up after every one else—" ("lamp out, of course!" in over-distinct aside), "and I heard him stumble on the stairs. I was afraid he might disturb you."

"But he had not the least," Sydney hastened to assure them. "She had slept quite enough, and"—putting off embarrassing topics—"what a prospect there was from her window! The woods and the river made a perfect picture."

But at this innocent remark Miss Hurst, with nods and signs that infinitely perplexed Sydney, made answer, "Oh! the place was pretty enough. Newcomers thought much of it. Those who were used to it scarcely gave it a thought, though. *She* didn't! And now, would Miss Grey get a good breakfast, then she would like to unpack, and then"—more significant gestures—"they could have a talk up-stairs."

Which took place about an hour later, when Sydney had disposed some of her belongings about the ex-

quisitely neat, prim little room allotted her, and then she learned not only some of her new duties, but much of delicate rules of conversation and behaviour laid down by Miss Hurst for her brother's behoof.

"For," said the lady, taking an easy chair herself, and motioning Sydney to be seated, "I look at things in this light. I say, 'Here is my poor brother, who has lost the power of enjoying fine scenes, and, of course, every time these things are talked about, he feels the deprivation more. So I make a point of never speaking of them, or make believe I don't care about them. If he asks about the woods, I answer, off-hand, 'Oh, they're much as usual—green;' or if he talks of—well, sunrises or sunsets—he used to watch things of that sort—I say I haven't any time to look at them. So I draw him off from enjoyments he cannot share. You perceive?"

Sydney bent her head silently. It was not a plan that commended itself particularly to her taste, but she must follow it, unless she found a better.

"It is intensely sad to think of what Mr. Hurst has to bear," she said, "and difficult to realise. He looks only short-sighted."

"No. Which is a mercy," Miss Hurst agreed. I often tell him that he has much to be thankful for. I say, 'You don't look the least unpleasant, Gilbert. Some people afflicted in this way I couldn't sit down to table with. They seem to glare at one, or their eyes look like cats' eyes just as they're going to sleep: most disagreeable. But *you*,' I say, 'are precisely the same good-looking man you always were.' He really is nice-looking, Miss Grey."

"Very," Sydney acquiesced.

"So I cheer him up in a sort of playful way, which you'll hardly be able to imitate at present, but, no doubt, you'll help him somehow."

"I hope so."

"He's clever, as you will soon find out. He paid most of his way at college with coaching other undergraduates and getting prizes. I expect, poor boy—he's five years younger than I, Miss Grey—he worked too hard. But necessity knows no law, though I need not enter into that now. He was to have been a barrister, but it became needful for him to earn his living without loss of time, so he did anything that brought in an income. He never grudged his earnings to his poor father when he was living, or to me, so I willingly share everything with him now. He was tutor at a public school, and worked half the nights through at some book he meant to write. That helped the mischief with his eyes. Then, through a college friend, the Geographical Society sent him to Egypt. I can't explain what, but it brought travelling through all seasons and more writing. He never should have gone, but poor papa had to resign his living, and depended on Gilbert. So he kept abroad till papa died, and then came back with his sight ruined. A cousin of ours had just left me this little place, and I said to poor Gilbert, 'Come to Wynstone directly. Cousin Priscilla's money is not very much for two, but you shall have half and welcome.' And so," finished Miss Hurst, wiping away the moisture that suffused her mild light orbs, "here we are. And I've told you all this, Miss Grey, so you may understand why I'm economical, and can't offer you much."

"Oh, please don't mention that," said Sydney, unbusiness-like enough to wish she could have declined all payment. "Thank you for telling me, and let me begin whatever I am to do."

"Then, come down-stairs, Miss Grey, and we'll hear what my brother wishes. It's a great thing that you like reading. I don't. I like everything domestic, and I assure you it was no joke to be bound down to clever books, that I didn't understand, when cooking was going on, and perhaps I could hear my maids gossiping, and smell my cakes burning, and my heart was in the oven, so to speak! Oh, it was trying!"

"That I can relieve you of," said Sydney.

"And I shall certainly let you. Will you excuse my asking, but can you spell?"

"Spell? I—hope so."

"Another advantage! I can't. I mean anything out of the common. I wrote a little paper out for Gilbert once, for a magazine, but it was rejected, and I do believe all because of my spelling. There were marks pencilled under ever so many words. And I'd spelt architecture with a *k*, and, somehow, got three *r's* in paragraph. I never dared tell Gilbert. Not that he's hasty now. I dare say he wouldn't blame me. Still I'm glad you can spell."

For some time, however, this educational power was not called into play.

Miss Hurst informed her brother, privately, that the useful person was prepared to act as amanuensis, but he was too reticent or too shy to give her early opportunity of doing so.

From a pile of quarterlies Sydney read aloud each morning in the study, parted from the dining-room by a passage running to domestic regions, while in and out at the door or garden window Miss Hurst would bustle a dozen times an hour, vastly enjoying immunity from literary drudgery, and liberty to superintend a slow cook and a housemaid suspected of being flighty. Each afternoon another volume would be chosen. "Shall Miss Grey begin where I left off, Gilbert?" Miss Hurst questioned, handing down a stiff work on Coptic records, with a grimace expressive of distaste for its contents. "I've lost the marker, and don't remember where we were. I think about 170 B.C. No—I mean A.D. I get so mixed."

Mr. Hurst, however, thoroughly relishing his new reader's style, elected to begin afresh, listening with a close attention that inspired Sydney to throw more life into her labour day by day. To her nature, delighting always more in giving than receiving, it was keen pleasure to feel herself the channel of interest from the book's pages to the man's mind. That obtrusive "ego," which at first (small blame to her) obscured the subjects with visions of lost hopes, past struggles, past days, became, as week merged into week, less omnipresent. Theories, which drove Miss Hurst into gentle dozes, grew fascinating to the scholar trained by Robert Vaughan beyond schoolgirl standard. A

hard knot over differing opinions set Sydney reading slowly once, with long pauses at full stops. "This is dull for you," Mr. Hurst apologised; "I ought not to have let you go on. Pray leave off."

"I should be sorry to," she answered; "I only wanted it clear to myself. I wish I knew the bare elements of all this better."

"You do?" he exclaimed. "Then you shall. There's a book——" getting up impetuously, only to seat himself again, with a sadly subdued expression. "I forgot I cannot find it. But, Jean, you will. Asleep, is she? Then when she wakes, or, if it would do as well, I might tell you what you want to know."

"That would, indeed, be better. But it would trouble you."

"Not the least."

So leaning from his end of the table towards hers, *looking at* her as she always felt, so entirely his infirmity was lost sight of in the expressive mobility of the other features, he gave her the essence of much reading in few minutes, and after that, no matter what the subject started, Sydney had the clue to investing it with brightness. At every stage she needed explanation. This he had always ready, from books, from memory, or by-and-by from manuscripts of his own, and life began to lose, for him, its dreariness.

Mightily pleased at her discrimination in securing this well-adapted "person," Miss Hurst noted a change in her brother, complacently appropriating it as a personal compliment, while time and distance, though no whit diminishing Sydney's fond regard for all she held dear at St. Clair's, stilled the oppressive whirl she had gone through, and left her healthily tired maybe, but little disposed to brood over Mr. Villiers's defection, or over her stepsister's chances of becoming a countess presumptive.

About which it is our duty to return to the Dale, and see what goes on.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

LADY COMYNGHAM AND MRS. ALWYN UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

IT was a great misfortune, or she felt it so, that Mrs. Alwyn's conscience, worn fine under roughish usage, still asserted its existence sufficiently to keep her extremely irritable for some time after her younger daughter's departure.

With the common perversity which values what is lost or flung away, Mrs. Alwyn now acknowledged that the child of her second marriage had some rare endowments of brain and soul, and the notion that she had so worked them as to get no social credit thereout, but had let them go into paltry-paid servitude, was wormwood to her. For one-and-twenty years she had had that youngest-born to carp at, or be kind to, as the whim took her. Now she missed her, hugged her conceit too closely to confess it, and took umbrage at all whose questions constantly reminded her of the girl's absence, and of the entanglement she had drawn upon herself by promoting it. Suffering under this condition, described by her servants as "bein' so, nobody couldn't please her with nothin'," the *malaise* of Mrs. Alwyn pervaded the household, and set ever-widening circles of gossip astir.

It was on one of June's last days when Hills appeared at the glass door of the morning room, asking if his mistress or Miss Villiers would tell him what colour Miss Sydney wished "they stocks grafted. He'd promises of General Jacks and Madame Nomores, but was not sure which miss wanted."

"Either will do," Mrs. Alwyn answered, from her writing-table; "one just as well as the other."

But Hills was not going to be choked off in that summary fashion. Miss Sydney interested herself in his flowers, and he determined to pay her the compliment of consulting her taste.

"I know miss lean one way or other," he persisted, "so shall I wait for her views, ma'am, till she come back?"

"Oh, wait and welcome!" replied Mrs. Alwyn, with lips drawn into angry puckers.

"Werry well, ma'am. But as the sap's rising free, I hope Miss Sydney won't be long."

So Hills put the inquiry to Miss Villiers pointedly. "Could you say if she'll be back in a fortnight or so, miss?"

"No," said Leonora, "I really couldn't, Hills." And the man went off sulkily, to take counsel of Phillips.

"I've bin askin' 'em in there," with a jerk towards the ladies' room, "when they look for Miss Sydney, and neither on 'em 'll tell me. They hevn't took an' quarrelled with her, hev they?"

"Goodness knows what they're up to," returned Phillips. "Missus is as close as a nut, and, Miss Leonora don't say a word to such as we. But my advice is, Hills, bud your roses as fast as you please."

"Then ain't she a-comin' at all?" cried honest Dan Hills, discomfited.

"You leave me to find out, and when I know I'll tell you."

So Phillips took her turn at investigating matters, and inquired respectfully next day of her mistress when Miss Sydney's room was to be set in order. She didn't wish to be behind with it, and it would take a whole forenoon.

"Do it when I tell you," said Mrs. Alwyn shortly, an angry gleam at the back of her eye. And Phillips answered—

"Oh, *very* well, 'm," with such meekness that her mistress scented suspicion in the obedient syllable.

"On the whole, though," she said, with a good assumption of second consideration, "I think the room had better be thoroughly turned out. Help Walters with it to-morrow. Then it will be ready for Miss Sydney, if she returns next week."

"And for any one else if she doesn't!" commented Phillips acutely on this order. And she added, borrowing the phraseology of a game-keeping parent, that nobody was quicker at a double than her mistress, but she, Phillips, was not to be took in by no doubles, and it was her belief Miss Sydney was gone for good.

This disquieting opinion soon spread in St. Clair's. Reaching Patty Peggs, of whom, as of all her pupils and pensioners, Sydney had dared take no leave, it furnished her with courage to go bobbing, like a cork

"To an old friend like yourself, Mrs. Dacie," said Mrs. Alwyn, meeting inquiry with an overawing melancholy, "I confess that Sydney has disappointed me--oh! sadly—me and others—me grievously. She

"'WÆRE THE PEOPLE GLAD, THEN?'" (*p.* 395).

afloat, to Mrs. Alwyn the next Sunday, with "Please, mum, ain't Miss Sydney a-comin' to learn us our singin' no more? Mother an' me du want to know bad." And old Mrs. Hills lay in wait at her door, like an anxious spider, to catch the lady from the Dale with the same question; and even Mrs. Dacie, disturbed by some echo of this report, donned her black silk, and went over to Sydney's old home, determined to come at the truth, one way or other.

But the doctor's good wife was easily disposed of.

is best away till—till it has blown over. Excuse my saying more. It is too painful. And are you really stronger? And how is the kind doctor?" Et cetera, et cetera.

Mary's simple-minded mother went away, after a most affable half-hour, convinced that her favourite's banishment was only the outcome of a difference on matrimonial plans, and volunteered the opinion cheerfully that "her own notion always had been that Sydney was far too good for die-away Mr. Villiers.

Mr. Drayton, now, was far more worthy of her. How nice it would be if he came over again, and they two made a match of it, wouldn't it?"

This call, however, left Mrs. Alwyn deeply disturbed. One mysterious sentence, "Neither of your young ladies to be getting married, after all we'd expected," strengthened a gruesome dread which had stolen lately into her mind. Leonora coming in found her mother perturbed past explanation.

"This state of things distracts me!" the elder lady cried. "I can't keep up the farce of that unfortunate child Sydney being out on a visit for ever. And I *will* not be compelled to publish the truth. I keep staving matters off till something—happens—something gets—settled—for you—my poor Leonora."

"Ah!" said Leonora, "but nothing does happen."

"But it may, my dear. Oh, it must!"

"It's exactly three weeks and three days since Mr. Duvesne last called, mamma."

Mrs. Alwyn stood a couple of minutes as if focussed for a model of middle-aged perplexity. Her nerves were so unstrung, her patience so exhausted, that a decisive step she must take, whether right or wrong.

As it happened, she took the wrong.

"Ring the bell, Leonora," she exclaimed, flushed with rising determination, "and order the pony-carriage. Tell Phillips she must help me to dress. For"—kissing her daughter—"I am going to Oakleigh Place."

Some thirty minutes the lady devoted up-stairs to a more than ordinarily careful toilette. Then she descended, her still handsome countenance gone into visiting array of suave composure; her costume of rich steel satin; ostrich-tips of the same hue about her headgear; her slightly superabundant figure toned down by a costly Spanish mantilla. With perfect gloves, a card-case of oxidised silver, her eyeglass peeping forth from her bodice, no ornament save a necklace of superb onyx beads, Mrs. Alwyn might have passed for the peeress going to patronise the plebeian. Her mirror said as much, and furnished her with self-possession for the expedition. One glance she cast at Hills—the corduroyed gardener lost in the liveried groom—at the well-hung little carriage—at the glossy pony, and the neatly-monogrammed harness. These passing muster irreproachably, she took her seat, shook out her silken rug, unfurled her sunshade, with hope beating high, gave the order, "To Oakleigh Place," and off to Oakleigh Place they started.

Now, at that very hour Lady Comyngham was studying a letter received the same morning from Lady Avena Massey. It was not the countess's afternoon "at home," so in the *abandon* of well-worn morning costume her ladyship was reposing on her own small drawing-room sofa, her daughters Margaret and Gertrude posed attentively as she read scraps of their sister's missive.

"'Christening-day so fine! Baby behaved like a little angel. The girls'—Ah! that I read at breakfast. But I skipped a piece because of your papa. He's disposed to limit our visiting circle in a way that I tell him can't be done in the country. But he nearly rebelled at our *omnium gatherum* last summer, and would joke me for ever if he found I had taken people up whom now I wanted to drop. So I stopped at this bit about Mrs. Alwyn. Here it is. Listen, my dears. 'One singular thing happened on the christening-day. When I went up from dinner, I had to go for a peep at my boy. As a great treat I gave my maid Lewis leave to go to the nursery and assist in putting him into his bassinette. Imagine my vexation when I saw his beautiful robe, which Mrs. Alwyn sent him, scorching in front of the fire in the night nursery! The lace was ruined. It was Lewis's fault, it appears, and when I reproved her for her carelessness, she broke forth crying violently, and sobbed out that the lace was horrid stuff all through, and she wished it might not bring the dear baby ill-luck! Of course I insisted on this being explained, and then she told me that her father had lost *all* his savings through this Mrs. Alwyn's husband, and that when she had been at St. Clair's with me and seen the style of living at the Dale, she wrote in her mother's name, begging a trifle for the old couple, and got an angry letter back and the noble sum of two-and-sixpence!'"

"The cold-blooded creature!" cried Lady Margaret. "Mamma, I never liked that woman! But is Avena sure it's true?"

"Well, hark. 'I quieted Lewis, and I made an opportunity of asking old Lady Wynne about these Alwyns. It seems that years ago they lived near each other, and Mrs. Alwyn, according to Lady Wynne, was a handsome, pushing person, who forced her way into society where she was not so welcome as her husband would have been if he had cared to enter it. He was a lawyer, and immensely respected. He was rich too, but after he married his wife gave him no opportunity of saving. And when he failed through some mining catastrophe, Mrs. Alwyn gathered all the valuables together that she could, and decamped with them, and refused to spare one penny of her handsome settlements, to save her husband's unlucky creditors from any misery whatever!'"

"Horrible woman!" chorussed the countess's daughters.

"'The Wynnes and every one at Stillcote considered her conduct most grasping, and I assure you, dearest mamma, the notion of being under an obligation to such a person is most painful to me. I felt relieved that the robe was destroyed. I shall let Lewis sell that Mechlin she gave me and pass the price on to her poor father. I need not say, pray don't let the girls get intimate at the Dale! And, in future, Edward——' Oh! that's all."

"And quite enough too, mamma!"

"Yes, annoying, is it not? But it's quite impossible to enter a new neighbourhood without making a blunder. We must get over this as civilly as possible, but let Mrs. Alwyn distinctly see we intend no visiting in future. Which owes a call, my dears, Mrs. Alwyn or myself?"

"You do, mamma. She came a day or two after lunching here."

"Obtrusive, very. However, we go to Scotland in

August. Till then we'll take care to see nothing of her——"

The door opened, and a footman appeared. "Mrs. Alwyn, my lady."

"Not at——" began the countess. But too late. The soft sweep of the visitor's skirt was on the steps. Mesdames Gertrude and Margaret vanished into an adjacent conservatory. Mrs. Alwyn sailed gracefully into the room, and Lady Comyngham lurched inelegantly from her sofa to receive this undesired guest.

With silent satisfaction Mrs. Alwyn perceived her hostess at a disadvantage. Gauging other people's feelings by her own, she attributed to her *déshabille* the annoyance that swept over the countess's features, and proceeded to offer apologies, which she half considered her own due. To be found not *bien arrangée* after luncheon, struck Mrs. Alwyn almost as a sin!

"How exceedingly kind of you, dear Lady Comyngham, to admit me on one of your off days! I felt sure you would." ("Why?" the countess's suddenly stiffened figure seemed to ask.) "Or, rather, I hoped you would. I so much wanted to see you."

Then Lady Comyngham, smoothing her crumpled frills, replied, unsmilingly, that "Mrs. Alwyn was very —kind."

"I had been thinking of leaving St. Clair's for a few weeks. The Dale is so relaxing. My daughter requires a more bracing air, but——"

"Ah!" interrupted the countess, with real interest, "one daughter *is* gone out, I hear." (Mrs. Alwyn flinched. What was coming?) "But not, I think, as you expected when you last spoke of her. Not as a bride?"

"No—oh dear, no! She is merely away"—boldly —"on a long visit."

"Not a ruptured engagement, then, I hope," returned the countess civilly. ("For," as she said to her daughter afterwards, "that younger girl was a gentlewoman. I am not ashamed to admit I liked *her*.") "I should be sorry to hear of any disappointment to Miss Alwyn. She seemed so radiant when we last met."

"And might have remained so, had she taken my advice," replied Mrs. Alwyn, vastly relieved to find no idea of the truth concerning Sydney existed at Oakleigh; "but," going on more confidently, "my younger child is not like my elder, and she must abide by her own independence. Some day, dear Lady Comyngham—but not now—I do so wish to tell you part at least of my last month's vexations" (the countess just bowed, without any appearance of being charmed at the prospect). "To-day it is pleasanter to dwell on my Leonora's trust in her mother. She, dear girl, leaves all things, her closest hopes, in my hands."

"Very becoming," said the countess drily.

"And to be very, very frank, it is this confidence my child puts in me which brings me here now."

"Indeed!"

The ejaculation was cold. Mrs. Alwyn felt the ground terribly delicate; the sympathetic atmosphere not exhilarating. She endeavoured to impart warmth into the situation by a touch of sentiment, and with her diaphanous square of lawn at her eyes, murmured—

"Mothers will do anything for their children, dear Lady Comyngham."

"Of course they will," answered her ladyship, wondering why in the name of fortune such a truism was launched at her just now.

"And—I was most unfortunately prevented seeing Mr. Duvesne when he called at the Dale." (Her hearer's eyes suddenly shot forth apprehension, then contracted with a dangerous sparkle.) "So when I saw my dear girl anxious, *distraite*, reluctant to leave St. Clair's, though her health is suffering, I took my resolve for her sake. I said to myself, 'Don't let false delicacy stop you. Elders may set everything right easily.' So I came straight to you."

"Oh! really!" said Lady Comyngham, upright and about as yielding as a post. "And pray, Mrs. Alwyn, what is it you wish us elders to set right?"

Unpromising, this, but Mrs. Alwyn rallied her forces round Mr. Duvesne's many remembered attentions, and pushed on.

"Your son has been our frequent guest, Lady Comyngham, as you are aware."

"Your guest, I believe, Mrs. Alwyn, some five or six times during the past year. I have begged him often not to intrude. He has told me he found it difficult to decline your frequent invitations."

"We were most delighted to see him, dear Lady Comyngham." ("Why so often 'dear'?" thought the countess, getting restless.) "Only too delighted. Had you been with him you would—you must, I believe, have put the same construction on his visits that we did."

"The construction I should have put," said the countess, in a very business-like manner, for she saw now what impended, and resolved to nip it in the bud, if practicable, "would have been that you made much of my son, and, consequently, he relished your entertainment. Edward always liked ladies' society. Young clergy enjoy that sort of thing. But I am sorry he imposed himself on you so much."

"Sorry! Oh, we need not be that, if all ends well!" said Mrs. Alwyn, her handkerchief at play again. "I assure you we felt him, we treated him as one of ourselves." (The countess had some ado to repress an indignant interjection.) "He consulted us continually, on all connected with his new house. He took my dearest Leonora's opinion on every arrangement. What could I think but that he desired to—to——"

"Get his rectory as pretty as possible for his wife?" (The countess had made up her mind the sooner further confession stopped the better.) "And you were right, Mrs. Alwyn. That is my son's aim. He gave you, I fancy, since you showed such politeness to him, many hints on the subject. More than were wise. For only within the last month has he been at liberty to speak out——"

"That," interposed Mrs. Alwyn, "is why I came."

"And say that for years he has been engaged to a daughter of General Lermit." (Poor Mrs. Alwyn's onyx beads jingled with her start.) "They are just returning from India, and my son is at Southampton, waiting to meet Miss Lermit, whom he is to marry

next month. The general is peculiar, and begged no engagement should be made public till close on their return. Of course, we had to respect his wishes. Dear me, how warm this room is!" walking off without a glance at her listener, to fling a window open. "There, that makes it better."

Mrs. Alwyn wanted air. A chagrin, intensely real, displaced her well-acted smiles and sentimentalism. Mortification nigh choked her. As for that ill-dressed earl's wife so loftily ignoring her semi-confession—fool that she had been to make it!—if fate ever gave her the chance of repaying the slight, shouldn't that debt be wiped out with compound interest! There was battle within her bosom to fetch a syllable of decent courtesy to her twitching lips. But after brief silence she contrived to say, with emphasis as little bitter as might be, for acquaintance with the nobility must not be lightly resigned—

"I regret that Mr. Edward Duvesne gave us no chance of—congratulating him earlier. Of course, we do so now——"

"Much obliged," said the countess frostily.

"And beyond this I say no more. It is useless to dwell on the—unfortunate—concealment he adopted."

"Kindly remember," said the countess, nettled, "his reticence was not his choice. We Comynghams are not secretive, whatever our faults. *This* concealment was purely unavoidable."

Mrs. Alwyn felt as though, if denied retort, she must die of spleen. Rashly she answered—

"Unavoidable! Possibly. Some people might—I don't say I do—consider it dishonourable."

It is dangerous to attack a woman's son. Lady Comyngham swiftly brought an unexpected weapon to the front. Drawing her inches to their fullest height, and looking from top to toe the countess, spite of her tumbled muslin gown—

"Mrs. Alwyn," she said, "according to what I hear through my friend Lady Wynne, in Worcestershire, you can scarcely claim to be an acceptable critic on what is or what is not honourable. Allow me"—her fingers on the bell—"to wish you good day."

Cowed out of ready speech for once, John Alwyn's clever widow was in another minute gone from Oakleigh Place, never to return.

"Give me a fan!" cried Lady Comyngham to her re-appearing daughters. "Open all the windows. That woman has poisoned the place with frangipanni. I hate frangipanni. I'm afraid I hate *her*. By her own showing, girls, she lured Edward to her house, and had the effrontery to imagine she had secured him for her daughter Leonora! I told Edward he was foolish to praise that Miss Villiers's complexion, even before me. He said it was like Mary's, so he couldn't help the compliment. This is what comes of it. Your father is right: we must draw the line closer. From this day forth, that woman from the Dale goes off our list."

The countess need not have troubled to make this amendment. The "woman from the Dale" speedily betook herself beyond the range of the most noble Comyngham circle.

From that day's disastrous drive Mrs. Alywn went home so exasperated with this fresh stroke of ungracious fortune that, had she been a South Sea Islander badgering her blessings out of a wooden idol, the probability is, in her last access of downright rage, she would have had that idol off its pedestal and thrashed it soundly for its baneful contrariness. Denied that consolation, she took the best that circumstances permitted. Leonora, her vanity smarting most poignantly, was only too ready to quit the scene of her unsuccessful youth. Preparations for lengthened absence were hastily made. A stack of cards, *pour prendre congé*, went forth by post, and almost as soon as these reached their destinations, the senders were gone from the dwelling they had graced so many years.

Later, Mr. Russel and railway vans put in an appearance. The Dale was dismantled. From the earl's agent it eked out that the property was in process of purchase for the Comynghams, negotiations being carried on through the late owner's brother. Having long before risen on the village, from no one knew where, they disappeared none could tell whither, but thenceforth St. Clair's knew nothing more of stately Mrs. Alwyn and her handsome daughter, Miss Villiers.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

IN WHICH MR. HURST MAKES AN AWKWARD DISCOVERY.

AT the end of one month Miss Hurst conceived it her duty to inquire whether Miss Grey found her residence at Wynstone sufficiently satisfactory to hold out hope of its being prolonged.

"Plainly," said Sydney smiling, though she felt none so jubilant, "do I like my place? Yes. I have no wish to leave it, if I suit my mistress."

She faltered over that bit of bravado. Now and then came a day when it was difficult to keep a happy bearing. Such a wrench of old ties as Sydney had achieved, is not allowed by Madam Nature to sink into the great past to the beat of an ever-placid pulse. There were times when the girl born to, at least, moderate wealth, felt prisoned in the small house at Capel Moor, with its prim furnishing and garniture, when the sense of having no other claimable shelter appalled her. A panic of this sort was on her to-day, which had brought her tidings that her mother and Leonora were leaving England for months, and her isolation seemed complete: when in her hand she held the coins that represented thirty days' hire, and felt staggered at the fact that she was in humbly-paid service.

But she was sorry for her utterance when she saw Miss Hurst took it as complaint.

"Mistress!" the lady repeated reproachfully—"Now, Miss Grey, is it fair to use a word that insinuates I have given myself airs? when I've been so careful to speak of you as a friend who found it convenient to share our home; and I'm sure I have always treated you as such. I wouldn't even let Mrs. Preece, the other day, call you my companion, for I said, 'No; "lady's companion" always reminds me of those nasty little work-cases, with scissors too small

to get your thumb in, and thimble too large, and nothing that fits anything, and that's the very reverse of Miss Grey.' But if it's as a mistress you regard me, why, I should be sorry to detain you in a situation which, of course, I can see is far beneath you."

haps you have the same. Very likely, as you are younger, things seem harder; though, indeed, Miss Grey, neither the teens nor the twenties have a monopoly of very tender sorrows. A—h!"

A deep sigh courted invitation to confidential dis-

"INTO HIS RIGHT HAND SHE PUT HER OWN" (*p.* 396).

Sydney grew repentant as this speech proceeded.

"Dear Miss Hurst," she said, "please forgive me. It sounded ungrateful, but I did not mean to be so. I am thankful to be here, and I am not likely to go till you send me away."

"Which won't be in a hurry, then," said Miss Hurst, as easily mollified as moved, "and as for being down sometimes, why, every one is that. I am. I've things to grieve over, that won't bear looking back on. Per-

closures, but Sydney, conscious that her own story must remain sealed, kept silence, with a blush so deep that Miss Hurst drew therefrom her own conclusions, and with self-denial carried the conversation to other channels.

"If it is any pleasure to you to hear it, I will say I consider our arrangement quite perfection. If you had seen my brother before you came, which is impossible, but you know what I mean, you would under-

stand how different he is now. And in pastry, too, the change is astonishing. Time after time Rebecca used to send up crust that really might have been tossed over the roof with less injury to itself than the tiles. Now, you can testify, Miss Grey, our dinners are not disgraced by such cookery. And why? Ah, h—a! Rebecca knows better than to let her fire out when I'm near! And Gilbert's spirits are so improved too. Why, I heard him laughing yesterday. What was it at, Miss Grey?"

"Only a line from Horace in the paper I was reading."

"And you could pronounce it properly!"

"I tried."

"I envy you. What a muddle I used to make of those foreign bits. First I hopped them, hoping he wouldn't miss them, but he always did. Then I spelt them out, but that didn't answer. But I laboured to amuse him. I used to get bits from the comic papers, and say, 'Here's something so droll for you to hear, Gilbert,' and I would tell him the funniest jokes, and yet he hardly ever laughed. But I said to him last night, 'Gilbert, Miss Grey is quite valuable. Worth much more than the salary I can afford her. But rather than lose her I would work for a poor gentlewoman's fancy repository.' So if ever you require a little rise, Miss Grey, tell me, and I'll manage it."

But Miss Grey had no intention of asking for a rise. The light addition she carried off now to her store swelled the total to thirty-six pounds; and that would afford Christmas boxes for a long while to St. Clair's. The money outlay of her present life was next to *nil*. The fateful loan, advanced by her mother, was repaid, for Jacob Cheene had sent her, in six notes, the residue of her six thousand. Now she, who had longed to be in some ways lavish, must only be so in coin less mutable than gold, must spend youth and energy in brightening this home that the waves of her self-will had cast her into, and for lack of nearer interests, must beat the bounds of this narrow dominion till, perhaps, she grew into an old maid like Miss Jean Hurst. Well, she thought, rather than have been wed and then waked up to find herself bartered for metal that rang false, her lot was one she would have chosen open-eyed, for it was by no means despicable, from its lowliest function of improving pie-crust, to its worthier of lifting some gloom off Gilbert Hurst's career.

In this last direction her powers waxed stronger week by week. As summer waned, day only seemed to break on Gilbert Hurst with the first sound of Sydney's voice. Her presence transformed his life. Did he ask himself "How?" Well, by countless womanly intuitions: by the contact of a most animated intelligence. If by aught else, the time to formulate other influence had not come. It was yet hidden, unsuspected, but—growing.

September took Sydney for her first *exeat* from Wynstone. The dispersing of her money accomplished, Jacob Cheene urged that they might meet. The asked-for hours were given instantly, though Miss Hurst was disappointed that the object and destination of her journey were not explained.

Quite early, when the sun was showing a copper-coloured disc behind an autumn haze, Sydney set out to the railway station. Footsteps had already brushed the dew-spangled cobwebs from the path by the poplars. The white gate stood open. Outside was Mr. Hurst. He heard the first fall of her foot and, his face lighting up with that full expressiveness that made his deprivation seem incredible, asked, might he make his morning walk beside her.

"Gladly," she answered, "if," instinctively choosing words that would not wound, "if he knew that road as marvellously as he did others about Wynstone."

"Thank you," he said, "but my memory is only canine. I was our cousin's godson, and came holiday-making to Capel Moor, till I learnt every nook about the place. I was to have been her heir, but she changed her mind."

"Oh! What made her do so?" Sydney exclaimed, with more impulse than discretion.

"Common-sense. In those days I had a notion I could carve out what fortune I liked. Our worthy cousin took me at my own estimate, and left her little property to the one she thought would want it most."

Natural, this, yet Sydney couldn't help feeling that, as events had disposed themselves, it was something like leaving a managing magpie in charge of a disabled eagle! Then she chid herself for this ungracious metaphor, and made amends.

"Perhaps it does not signify, Mr. Hurst, which had the money. Your sister delights in using it for you."

"Poor Jean!" he answered, with a smile that had sadness in it. "Her small estate is eaten up by one pensioner. When I was young I was arrogant, I fancy. I've fallen on lines that take that sort of nonsense out of a man, Miss Grey. Poor Jean!"

That reiteration was the nearest approach to complaint Mr. Hurst ever made over his own and his sister's relative positions. But Sydney, looking up shyly, saw how the grave serenity of the whole face betokened mastery of strong passion and will rather than the placidity of inborn composure, and the pity that welled up within her was less for "poor Jean" than for Jean's brother.

"Mind," he said, as they reached the valley through which the coming train was sounding like distant wind, "there are the roots of a tree across the path a little way on. Don't forget them if it is dusk when you return."

"Thank you; but it will not be dusk. I shall be home at six."

"Good news. We shall be wanting you. Good-bye till then."

He lifted his hat. His words were grateful to her. At the Dale her adieux were differently phrased. She could have shaken hands for short farewell, but one of Miss Hurst's super-refined rules restrained her. "I tell my brother it makes him look ridiculous to stand with his hand extended, and the person who is going, perhaps, never noticing it. So I advise him only to bow. I spare his feelings in all these little ways, you know." So, with "Good-bye," Sydney let him turn back, standing some seconds to watch with what

perfect ease and certainty his tall form took the homeward way. Wynstone regained, Mr. Hurst heard footsteps pattering near by the door.

"Who is it?" he asked, stooping, for the steps were of a pigmy, and a juvenile treble responded—

"Please, sir, me."

"And what may 'me' be wanting?" He was always gentle with children. Not one in Capel Moor feared the blind gentleman.

"Oh, if you please, sir, it's some foxes' gloves mother have sent the lady."

"What lady? Miss Hurst?"

"No, sir, the young lady, if you please, as come by yesterday and give mother sixpence 'cause she've sprained her wris'."

"And you don't know her name?"

"No, sir. But, if you please, she's the pretty lady."

He took the flowers carefully in-doors, and summoned Rebecca to put them in Miss Grey's room.

Miss Hurst met the flowers *en route*, and learned their story from her brother. The little messenger's adjectives, however, escaped repeating.

"It would be Ruth Jones, I expect. Miss Grey likes the road past their cottage, and she's a person that, I've no doubt, poor people would take to."

An opinion on which penniless Mr. Hurst entertained no doubt whatever.

Arrived at Stillcote-Upton and Mr. Cheene's dwelling, Nancy, in stiff lilac print, her carroty locks skewered away under a white muslin helmet, ushered Sydney through what had been Miss Ambler's shop, but was now promoted to the dignity of a private sitting-room, up stairs splendid with American cloth, to the lodger's apartment, which, rehabilitated by drugget and curtains, polished windows, and fresh paint, looked quite an elegant apartment, full five shillings a week more lettable than three months before.

Suggestions of replenished purses filled the air. Jacob, in his Sunday suit, was waiting for her. The odour of excellent coffee, prepared by Miss Ambler's hands for Mr. Cheene's visitor, blended with the scent of a gorgeous nosegay, and a scheme to make this day as festive as possible was effectively carried out, with only a few minutes' unpreventable collapses.

"I have worked you too hard, Jacob," Sydney said anxiously, when, Nancy having stumped off with the breakfast, she fetched her father's office stool, and seated herself at the old clerk's feet; "you are thinner and paler. You are tired with all our talking."

"Tired with pleasure, then, Miss Sydney; and that never kills."

"It had not need kill you—our one friend—my father's and mine."

"No fear. If it could, it would have done it these last few weeks."

"Were the people glad, then?"

"'Glad' isn't word enough, Miss Sydney. They were nearly dazed with delight, some of them."

Then he told her how the few score pounds here, the few hundreds there, had come like a gift on those who had thought their savings lost. How some could not believe their luck till hard cash proved their glad surprise no dream. How all—Sydney exulted over this—had said, "Wasn't it the very thing poor Mr. Alwyn would have done if money had come to him before he died?—for he wasn't the man to injure a soul willingly." And he showed her letters of blundering orthography, but unmistakable gratitude, and described his poor, hard-pressed landlady's outburst of joy; how she had refused her share till assured none came out of his, Jacob's, pocket; and how, when convinced her fortune had come back in a golden lump, she had insisted on embracing Mr. Cheene, and poured out such blessings on her anonymous benefactor, mixed with such self-obloquy at having overstepped the bounds of justice in the matter of her lodger's "leavings," as, confessed Jacob, smoothing his shaggy eyebrows, "made a simpleton of me, Miss Sydney, though I hadn't felt so happy for fifteen years."

And he told, too, of poor John Lewis; how his old cottage would be free at Michaelmas, and he was to get back to it; and how, with Nurse's money and his own, poverty would never hang about their door again.

Sydney's eyes overflowed at that.

"If only dear old Taffy could have had her share! You put what I told you for her, Jacob?"

"Yes," he answered, "it's there. Her grave won't be forgotten now. But I felt I hardly ought to let you do it, Miss Sydney. You've left yourself poorest of all."

"Poor!" She looked up, a light in her beautiful eyes which prosperity could never have kindled. "Jacob, I never felt so rich! But I still am in debt. There is interest on interest. Shall I ever be able to pay it?"

"And I wonder," said Mr. Cheene, "if ever you will get anything for yourself. Money burns holes in your pocket, Miss Sydney."

She laughed, though tears twinkled on her long lashes.

"It's little gets the chance! And, if I were as rich as Crœsus, there are people I couldn't pay. You, for example."

"That's nothing, Miss Sydney, seeing what I owed your father."

"Ah! you say that to ease me."

"No, I say it to take what you might feel a burden off your shoulders. For I'll tell you the truth, as no one on earth knows it. Yes, take hold of me; that helps me, just as your father did when he'd come up and down High Street with his arm through mine. Miss Sydney, when I was a lad, and your father was just head of the office, I got into ill company. I'd joined a glee club, as they called it; but our evenings that began with glees ended with loo. And I lost at that, and—and——"

"Oh, Jacob, dear! don't tell me this. It doesn't matter now."

"And the only way I could pay was by borrowing of my master. There, that's not the word. I—stole. No one found me out but your father. He bowed me to the very ground; not with anger—with forgiveness.

He made a man out of what might have been a felon. I was a coward, and I should never have dared face the world if it had not been for his help. But he turned my snare into a safeguard. He made me work at true music under his very own teaching. And he never despised me, though he knew my sin. After that, Miss Sydney, don't you cumber your mind with the thought of owing me anything. The greatest trouble I have is that I've not a farthing to leave John Alwyn's child."

"Who will never want it, dear old Jacob. You give her a better heritage in her father's praise!"

It was after a triumphant dinner, cooked by Miss Ambler, reckless in the way of sauce or vegetable, served by Nancy in a stuff gown and white cuffs, that Jacob Cheene and his guest strolled through the streets of Stillcote, and he showed her the way to Guyswick, his old lodgings, which he had quitted to share small means and short commons with Miss Ambler; "Stuarts," owned now by a wine merchant; and the big church of St. Clement, where——"

But there he broke off to ask of those with whom Sydney lived, their age, their bearing to herself.

As far as she knew it she gave them the Hursts' history, and admitted that they were kind enough to make her sometimes wish she could drop the *incognita* her mother had imposed upon her. But, for a marvel, Jacob agreed with Mrs. Alwyn.

"If you are fairly happy, Miss Sydney, let well alone. If you want to leave them—you are not so far off now—come to me."

That Sydney promised, seeing that it pleased him to count himself her guardian; and, anyhow, another June she was to ask a whole week's holiday, and they were to pass it together. With which prospect the station was reached, and farewells said between these May and December friends, whom the day had drawn together by kindlier ties than ever.

Capel Moor was reached as the last gleams of sunlight kissed the crests of the golden woods, and Sydney hastened towards Wynstone, till at the angle where lane joined road, and the weather-beaten church stood on the hill-summit, a figure waited, leaning on the lichen-tinted wall.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hurst, as she drew near, "my sister prophesied you would enjoy your freedom till the last train. I was sure you would not disappoint us."

Sydney's sympathies had been too much on the alert the whole day through not to catch quickly now at the implied need. It brought back old times, when her father counted every moment of her absence. There was sweetness in being again wanted, yet, out of a full heart, she had no words to acknowledge it. Mr. Hurst marked her silence.

"Will you come through the churchyard? It is the nearest way. You are tired?"

"Not very."

Something in the still scene, the quiet tombs, the silent house of many generations' prayers, unsteadied her voice. Mr. Hurst turned to her suddenly:—

"Sorry to leave those whom you went to see? Sorry to be in this dull spot again?"

"No, no; indeed, no."

"For that, thank you," he said. "You are getting me into such ill habits, Miss Grey; it seems like losing my sight again not to have you at Wynstone."

From this strong vigorous man, the confession of dependence took Sydney's pity so unawares that she utterly forgot Miss Hurst's deep device for sparing his feelings. He was holding the gate open for her. Into his right hand she put her own, warm, soft, ungloved, and said very gently—

"Now, I shall not want to be away for months and months, and the more you let me do for you the better."

Miss Hurst wondered volubly the evening through why her brother preferred wandering outside in the moonlight, "which, though it's lovely, as I say, he can't enjoy," to coming in and enjoying her society and Sydney's. She had fancied he would be pleased when Miss Grey got back. But gentlemen were odd. She supposed he preferred the company of his own thoughts.

They were thoughts Gilbert Hurst longed, with all the throes of despair, to be rid of: thoughts of a tender throbbing touch that still seemed lying in his own broad grasp—a touch waking a joy and an anguish that must needs run side by side till death extinguished them.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE LONDON POOR.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. S. A. BARNETT.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

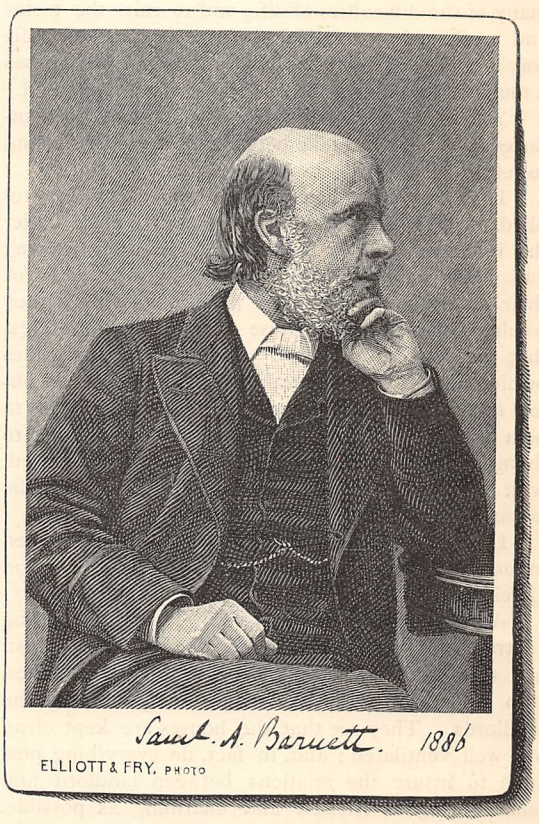
GREAT cities are full of contrasts; and in London, the greatest city of them all, these contrasts are oftentimes grotesque in their completeness. There are few things more wonderful, even in London, than the difference between the City, splendid in riches, gloomy of aspect, always animate with life at high pressure, and the East End, which immediately adjoins it. One walks up Cornhill and thinks of "The Monarch of Mincing Lane." Money-changers abound, and the very windows are full of bullion. Up the broad Bishopsgate one's thoughts are of princes, for there is still the Crosby Place of Crookback, and what remains of Sir Paul Pindar's house is suggestive of the merchant-princes whose gardens once made the air aromatic. One turns up Brushfield Street into Spitalfields, and

all such memories are forgotten. Commercial Street is by no means one of the poorest streets in Whitechapel; yet Spitalfields Church overlooks an amount of poverty and wretchedness which can only be fully appreciated by those who have made themselves familiar with the inner life of the East End. The change from the City is startling in its suddenness. But a street away there is life and glitter; every man wears broadcloth; the streets are thronged with carriages. Here in Spitalfields and Whitechapel a black coat is rarely seen, and the number of carriages which pass through the streets in a day might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Colour and variety are absent; all is one dull sordid level. The houses and shops are poor and mean; the pedestrians are thinly clad and often in rags. No flowers brighten Spitalfields Market, which is entirely given up to the stern utility of the most ordinary vegetables.

Happily, however, this dreary, impoverished, overcrowded town is not without its centres of spiritual and intellectual life. Toynbee Hall has been lately founded, and the work which Mr. Barnett, the Vicar of St. Jude's, Commercial Street, has been doing for years past is very well known. No man, probably, has a more extensive acquaintance with the wants and needs of the East End; and it is in no small degree owing to his benevolent exertions that the inhabitants of other parts of London have had brought home to them the necessity for the "Palace of Delight," which will soon take tangible shape. St. Jude's Vicarage is a centre of restless endeavour to brighten the unlovely lives of dwellers in this refuge of poverty and ignorance. The Vicarage, like so many other residences of the London clergy, is forbidding in outward aspect; but within it is busy and hospitable, and it is easy to forget the squalor of the East End in Mrs. Barnett's large roof-lighted drawing-room, with its alcove in musharabyeh work, cushioned with crimson. Mr. Barnett greeted me with hearty cordiality. He has the brisk manner of a busy man accustomed to crowding much work into a short time. He is somewhat below middle height, slightly grey, with an earnest face, and that easy flow of clear, expressive language which George Stephenson thought to be the most enviable of natural gifts.

Upon the housing of the London poor, Mr. Barnett is an authority. His views upon the subject are decided, and differ in some respects materially from those held by many people who have a less intimate acquaintance with it. He considers that the good management and administration of tenement houses are much more important and infinitely more likely to produce the wished-for results than new legislation; and that Sir Richard Cross's Act, properly worked, is amply sufficient to meet all needs. I asked him if he deemed it possible to procure the lowering of rents paid by the poor.

"I do not see any way to get lower rents" was his reply. "The result of reducing rents is that the cheap houses are at once filled by the higher class of artisans; and the very poor, with large families, are more crowded than before. I am therefore driven to believe that the only remedy for the present state of things lies in better administration, partly by the local authorities and partly by the owners of the houses. The sanitary inspectors should see that the laws are kept much more strictly. The drainage should be improved, and the water supply rendered more abundant. Pressure should be brought to bear upon landlords who would not do their duty by their property; and if they did not like it they would soon sell their houses. Then



the administration of the property should be left much less to agents than it is at present. The relations of landlords with their poor tenants ought to be much closer than they are, and there is no reason why the owners of London property should take less interest in their tenants than a country squire takes in his cottagers. Let them collect the rents personally or through friends, who will have pleasant relations with the tenants, and will learn what their grievances really are."

I remarked that with such a system, made general, there would be admirable opportunities for raising the tone of the tenants.

"Undoubtedly; and I have great faith in that. Improve the tone of the dwellers in these houses, and they will no longer be content with filthy rooms, but will endeavour to better their position."

Detailing the efforts that are being made in East

London to provide better homes for the poor, Mr. Barnett said the East London Dwellings Company had purchased land, relatively speaking, very cheaply; but that to pay 4 per cent. on their capital they could not afford to let rooms at less than half-a-crown a week. In the Peabody Buildings some rooms were let at as low as about two shillings a week, and there the result had been to attract a much more respectable class than had been intended. The company entrusted the management of its tenements to ladies, who were able, by their personal influence, to smooth over many of the difficulties of life, and to raise the tastes and awaken the aspirations of the tenants. In this way it had been found possible to keep in the houses a much lower class than could otherwise be retained.

I asked Mr. Barnett if the tenants had been induced in this way to take better care of the fabric, and to refrain from destruction.

"They knock the houses about much less," he replied. "People of that class are much more under the influence of their feelings than of their reason; and if they take a liking to the lady who calls for their rents, they will do for her things which they would not do simply because it was to their interest that they should do them." Some of the companies owning blocks of industrial dwellings, he added, object to letting single rooms; but that he deemed to be a mistake. When a man had been accustomed to living in one room it was necessary to meet his need, with the object of gradually getting him to see the advantages of occupying two rooms.

"Have any private individuals," I asked, "been induced to do the same thing as the East London Dwellings Company?"

"A good number are doing it. They are building central blocks intended purposely for the very poorest, and they likewise work them with the aid of ladies, who are regarded by the tenants as practically the landlords. They see that the houses are kept clean and well ventilated; and, in fact, do everything possible to insure the relations between landlord and tenant being as friendly and charming as possible. Mrs. Leonard Courtney collected rents in Whitechapel for several years, and was to all intents and purposes the landlady. Many people who had been in the habit of living anyhow, under her influence got into better ways, and some of them were, after a time, able to take two rooms. But progress in this direction is slow. It is necessarily a matter of years, and it is unfair to judge of results by a week or two. Owing to the success of the system in Whitechapel, Mrs. Leonard Courtney has built a block of houses at Chelsea, which she manages in the same way; but it is fair to say that the idea originated fifteen years ago with Miss Octavia Hill."

In answer to a question as to the extent to which the visiting system had grown, Mr. Barnett told me that it was applied to about two thousand persons in the parish of Whitechapel, and to many others in new blocks of buildings in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Barnett went on to say that the lady collectors were often able to render substantial material as well as moral service to their tenants. If a girl were at home doing nothing they could sometimes get her into service; or a place might be found for a boy; or even for the father of the family if he had the right stuff in him. When a family had been got into regular and self-respecting habits, it was found that the rent was paid much more punctually. "It is a great mistake," added Mr. Barnett, "to be too easy about the payment of rents. The tenants suffer in the end very much from the irregular collection of rents which is common. The ordinary collector gets what he can, loses a good deal, and then has to increase rents to others to cover the deficiency. The tenants consequently get into the way of thinking that they can sometimes be excused from paying. Many people think that the only thing worth giving to the poor is money; but they are wrong: teaching them regularity and a knowledge of better things is a far more precious gift."

"Then you do not think that farther legislation would be of any use?"

"I do not perceive how it could help at all. I like Cross's Act, and I think it would be sufficient if it were properly administered. We do not need any more legislation. You have seen that there has been no outcome from the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, and there is not likely to be any."

"You have no specific of your own, Mr. Barnett?"

"Vague ideas one, of course, has; but as such it is not worth while to formulate them. One thing I should tell you: we are hoping to try a kind of co-operative house. We propose to tell the tenants that we will share among them the whole of the profits above 4 per cent., and by this means we hope to induce them to keep down the bill for repairs, which sometimes amounts to 40 per cent. of the entire income from houses of this class. That is a form of profit-sharing which has not, I think, yet been tried in this connection."

"So that you would sum up the two essentials as improved local administration, and the development of the sense of duty on the part of the landlord?"

"Exactly. And I feel sure that it would be a disadvantage all round for rents to be artificially lowered. The difference would go ultimately into the pockets of employers, for wages would inevitably fall sooner or later; and, in addition, people would be attracted from the country, and would elbow out our weak Londoners."

I asked Mr. Barnett if he thought the farmers of tenement houses made the enormous profits of which so much is heard; and he answered that he was sure they did not. Many of them were small men, and they collected so badly, and the cost of repairs was so great, that it was impossible they should make very large profits. The system was, however, a very bad one, since it compelled the sober and steady to pay higher rents to make good the losses caused by the drunken and vicious.

Then we fell to talking of the effect which a great London municipality might produce upon this question

of the housing of the poor. Mr. Barnett expressed the belief that improved local government would not only simplify the task of keeping tenement houses in better condition, but would reduce the rates and make it easier to acquire open spaces. In reply to one of my questions, Mr. Barnett said he thought the bitter and socialistic feelings of the poor towards the rich, of which so much has been heard, have been greatly exaggerated. "But," he went on, "it seems to me inevitable that there should be some such antagonism so long as the rich and the poor quarters of London are so widely sundered. For the most part, however, the people are dumb on this point; and those who do talk, don't talk for the million. At the same time, I feel very strongly that the best cure for the discontent that does exist would be a more constant mingling of rich and poor. That is the idea upon which we work at Toynbee Hall, and my experience there has confirmed my opinions."

I asked how the movement for inducing people of education and position to live in Whitechapel, with the object of bringing classes into closer connection, was progressing. Mr. Barnett told me that quite half a dozen families—people of wealth and culture—had gone to live in his own parish; and that he looked to an exodus from the West to the East to do far more to improve the position of the poor than anything else could do. "East London," he remarked, in the tone of a man himself keenly influenced by surroundings, "is so terribly dull; there is so little to raise men's hearts or lead them to believe in the existence of a better condition of things. You go for a walk, and see no shop window that is interesting in itself. You meet thousands of people in dirty garments, and you never see a carriage, unless it be a doctor's brougham hurrying along. The streets are never brightened in any of the ways familiar at the West End. The Horse Guards are never sent through our streets, and a uniform is rarely seen." The experiment tried by the lady collectors of inviting a number of their poor tenants to their houses and giving them an entertainment, and of taking some of them down to their country houses for a day's holiday in the summer, had been very successful. It was better to make a break in these people's lives than to give them money, for—

> "The gift without the giver is bare;
> We only give in what we share."

"In short," exclaimed Mr. Barnett, "the development of the sense of responsibility on both sides is the only cure for existing evils. If the rich and well-to-do would become more sensible of their duty to their poor neighbours everything would be righted. Legislation, of whatever kind, would, in this particular case, always let through the people legislated for."

THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

THIS month, let us say we are entering upon a very critical and important period of our rose culture. Our already established standards are fast breaking into bloom in all directions, and we shall find it here and there advisable to sacrifice some buds, where several have made their appearance in too close proximity to each other, the side buds pressing all the shape and beauty out of an opening rose that is in the centre of a small knot of buds. But it is towards the end of the month more particularly that we find ourselves preparing for the interesting operation of budding upon our new stocks. At present, then, we must redouble the watchful care that we are bestowing upon the stocks themselves, by going over them every two or three days, and rubbing all the little buds off that are making their appearance along the stock, while anything in the shape of a sucker must also be grubbed up. Still more important is it to watch the stocks we budded last year, the shoots of which will now be making rapid growth, and into which it is most necessary that all the strength of the stock should be thrown by this persistent removal of all superfluous growth. It may, however, be more practical to give a few general hints as to the monthly routine management of our roses.

In January, then, see that the stakes are well secured in the ground, and that the standards are also well secured to the stakes; for in this month they are exposed to another peril besides that of gales of wind—we mean being overweighted by a heavy fall of snow. The damage caused by the snow-storm of January last to our old-established standards, and, indeed, generally, to trees of all sizes, was enormous. Many of us must have then noticed, in passing along our gardens, that the tops of many handsome shrubby trees were broken off short by the weight of the snow. Yet we noticed our careful old gardener, while he shook the worst of the snow from such shrubs as laurels, &c., allowed the snow to lie along the branches of standard roses that seemed well supported, for the purpose of protection from the keen frost that then set in. Stocks may in good open weather in the month of January be yet planted out, and secured to a rail if you have a row of them, in the way that we have often suggested. In February, any roses that you may be forcing—should you have the luxury of a forcing house—will want syringeing and fumigation; but outside, in the month of March, we prune all our standards, and from this time we must be regular in the removal from our stocks, whether new or established, of all the

superfluous growth, which detracts from the strength that we wish to be wholly thrown into the head. April is a very late month for pruning, but not a moment later should that operation be delayed. Of their present treatment we have already spoken; but in July we begin budding. The operation, while it is an interesting and a familiar one, yet requires some considerable ingenuity, dexterity, and experience.

If, on making a small incision in the bark of your stock, say an inch long, you find that you can lift each side freely, the stock is then in a condition to receive the bud. Buds that have struck well may have their worsted or bass matting loosened slightly in September, while in October we shorten

AB

A MAIDEN'S DREAMS.

(*Page* 401.)

the long, spindly, and straggling boughs of our established standards, which if too long, or allowed to remain on, would only expose the whole tree to increased damage, from the gales that usually happen about that time. And in November and December we can procure new stocks from the florist, unless we prefer the adventure of going to the woods to procure them for ourselves, planting them out afterwards in our garden in open and seasonable weather.

Thus much, then, for our roses. Old-fashioned pink and pansy beds should now be in all their luxuriance. As for the pansies, get in a succession of cuttings for a supply of young plants: set them out in a cool situation and in a good loamy soil. As your blooms fade, remove them, except, of course, in the case of any good specimens you are wishing to save for seed. Your pinks, too, should be watered in a dry season, so as to enable them better to open their flowers, while towards the end of the month they can be propagated by pipings.

By the end of May we complete what is popularly known as the bedding-out system in our flower-garden. This, however, is a practice that we have uniformly condemned when it is carried out with too great a formality and stiffness. Just at this time, then, we take care to have our borders well supplied with a few annuals, and still keep sowing them, and forcing on a few, so as to have a perpetual relay of them to intersperse among our perennials and bedding-out plants, such as geraniums and calceolarias, &c.

Yet a little notice must surely be taken of our kitchen and fruit gardens, as also of our frames. Let the little branches of the cucumbers and melons be regulated to lie uniformly and evenly over the beds: let your frames have plenty of air in the day-time, and, in a backward or chilly season, some re-lining with hot stable manure may even be necessary, though this, let us hope, can hardly be the case in the month of June. As for the kitchen-garden, the chief attention that can be paid to the growing crops is to keep them watered in a very dry season, and to have them at all times free from weeds. Then, again, there is the successional sowing of peas, as also of spinach, to be seen to. Spinach already up can be thinned out for use, and not necessarily thrown away, for where there are four rough leaves, they will do to eat. Another sowing of onions may also now be made for drawing small, while other beds that are in a more advanced state should be both thinned and weeded. And in any spare piece of ground plant out cabbages, a vegetable nearly as much in demand as our potatoes, which last, by the way, will require earthing up. And this operation needs neatly carrying out, as potatoes carelessly earthed up will probably have their produce exposed on the surface of the soil, and where this is the case, or even where there has been merely a thin coating of earth over them, such potatoes will only do either for seed or for the pig-sty.

In the fruit-garden this month we must carefully thin out the wall-fruit, and especially where there is a promise of a heavy crop. A good syringing will occasionally benefit the trees, and a sharp look-out kept in the evening time for slugs and snails. And do not have on the borders either any tall vegetable crops near your wall so as to overshadow it, or any crops that thoroughly cover over and exhaust the soil, such as beet or horse-radish: lettuces, and perhaps French beans, are the best near your wall, if you are crowded for space. Vines should be shortened to the first joint past the bunch, and all branches removed that are not required for next year's fruiting.

A MAIDEN'S DREAMS.

NO foot-fall wakens the mansion
Asleep in the sun's warm rays,
The Lady Clare is aweary
Of silence and lonely days,
Love's magic of late has stolen
The charm from her life's still ways.

She turns from her book, and rises,
To gaze through the casement low,
The languorous lily perfumes
Towards her on soft airs blow—
White lilies! Ah, once she loved them,
She gathers red roses now.

Oh, when will the noon be sunset,
And over the green hillside,
And up through the beechen shadows
The lover she looks for, ride?
And when will this life be ended,
And bring the bright life untried?

While thus she waits in impatience,
Nought guesseth the Lady Clare,
That sweet as are Love's red roses,
Full often a thorn they bear,
And the new life that seems so joyous
May bring with it weight of care.

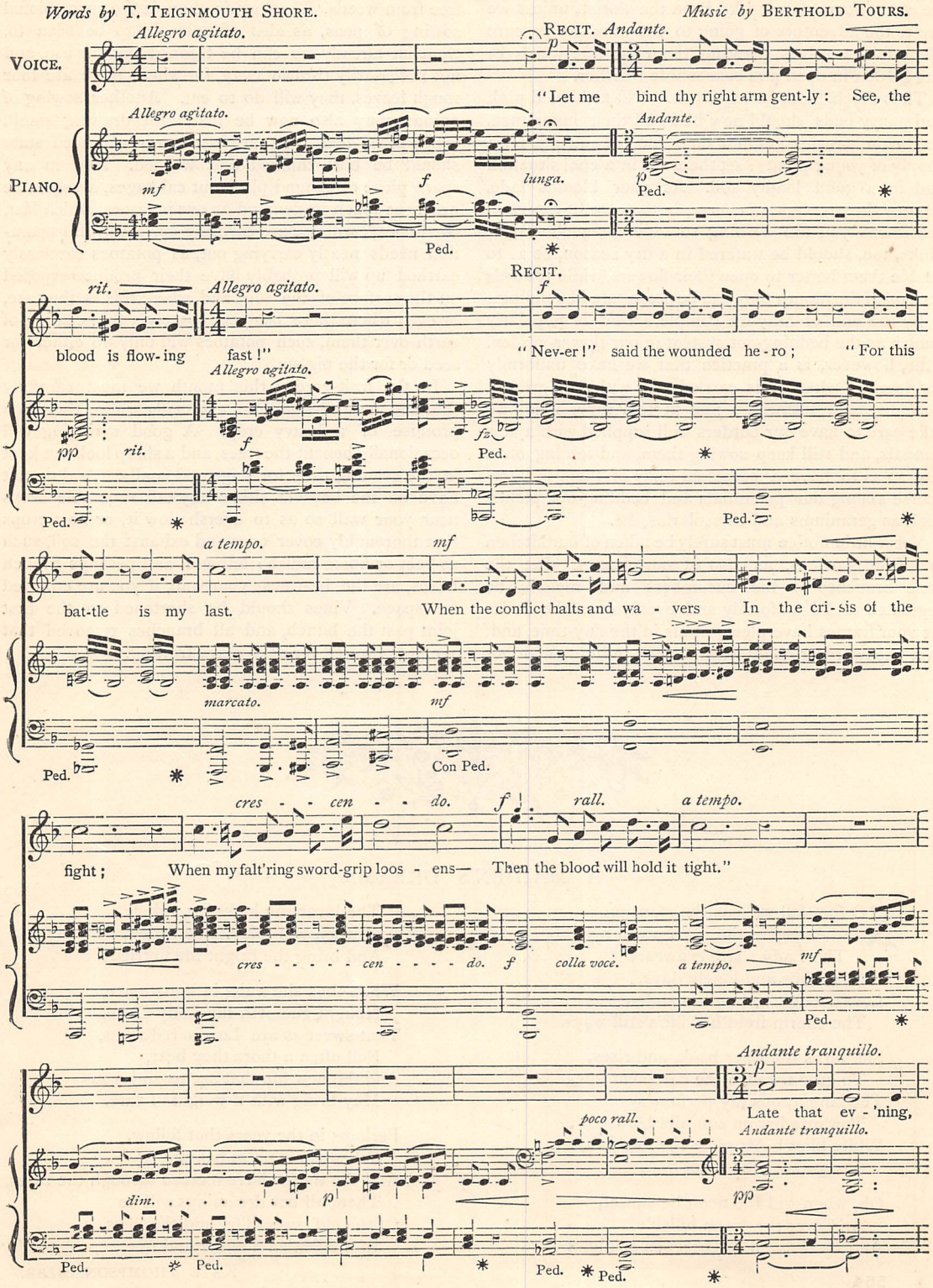
Perhaps in the years that follow,
When cares press heavily,
And the thorns have pierced through the roses,
Then, all her dreamings will be
Of the old, sweet life 'mid the lilies,
In maidenhood blithe and free.

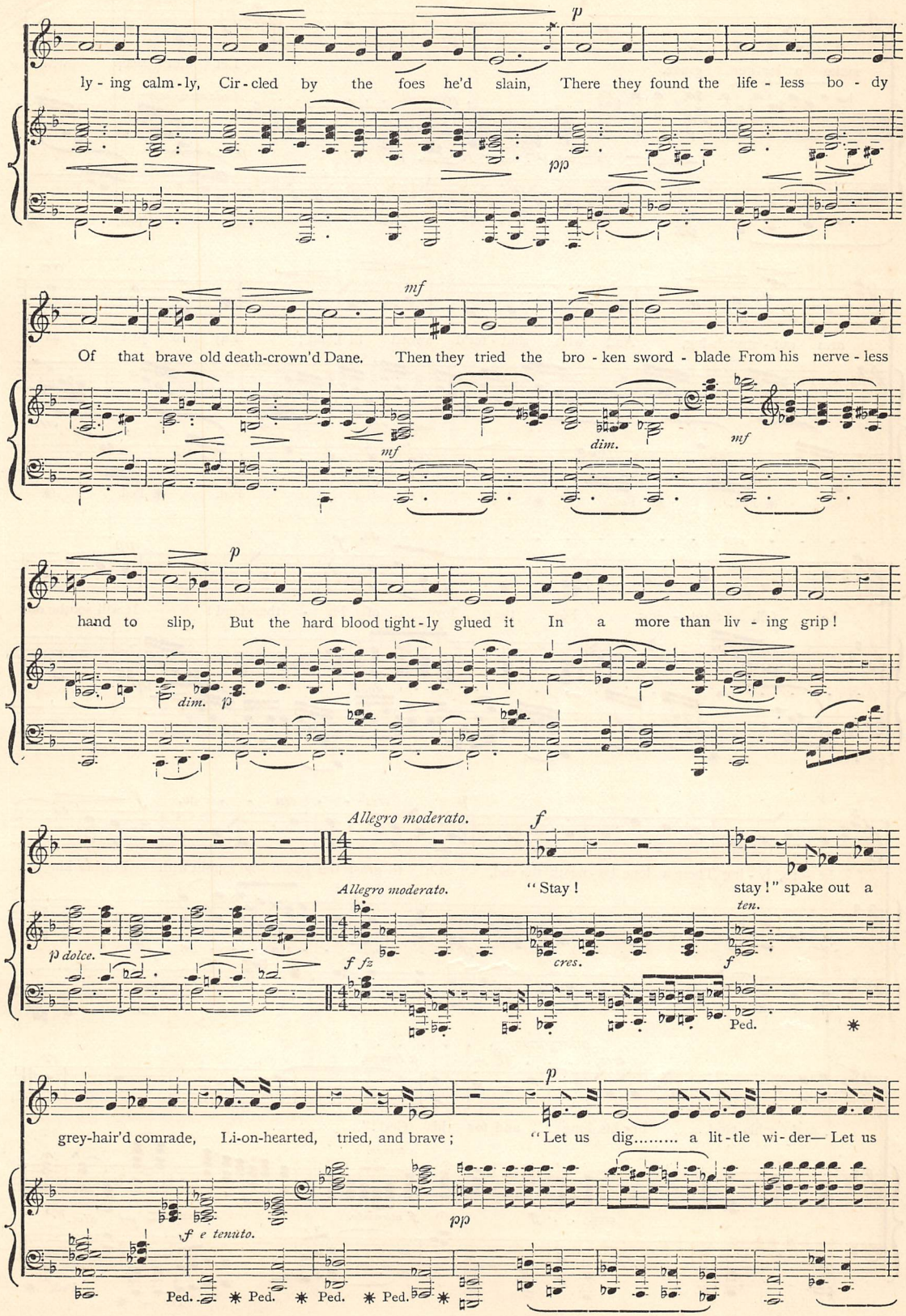
KATE THOMPSON SIZER.

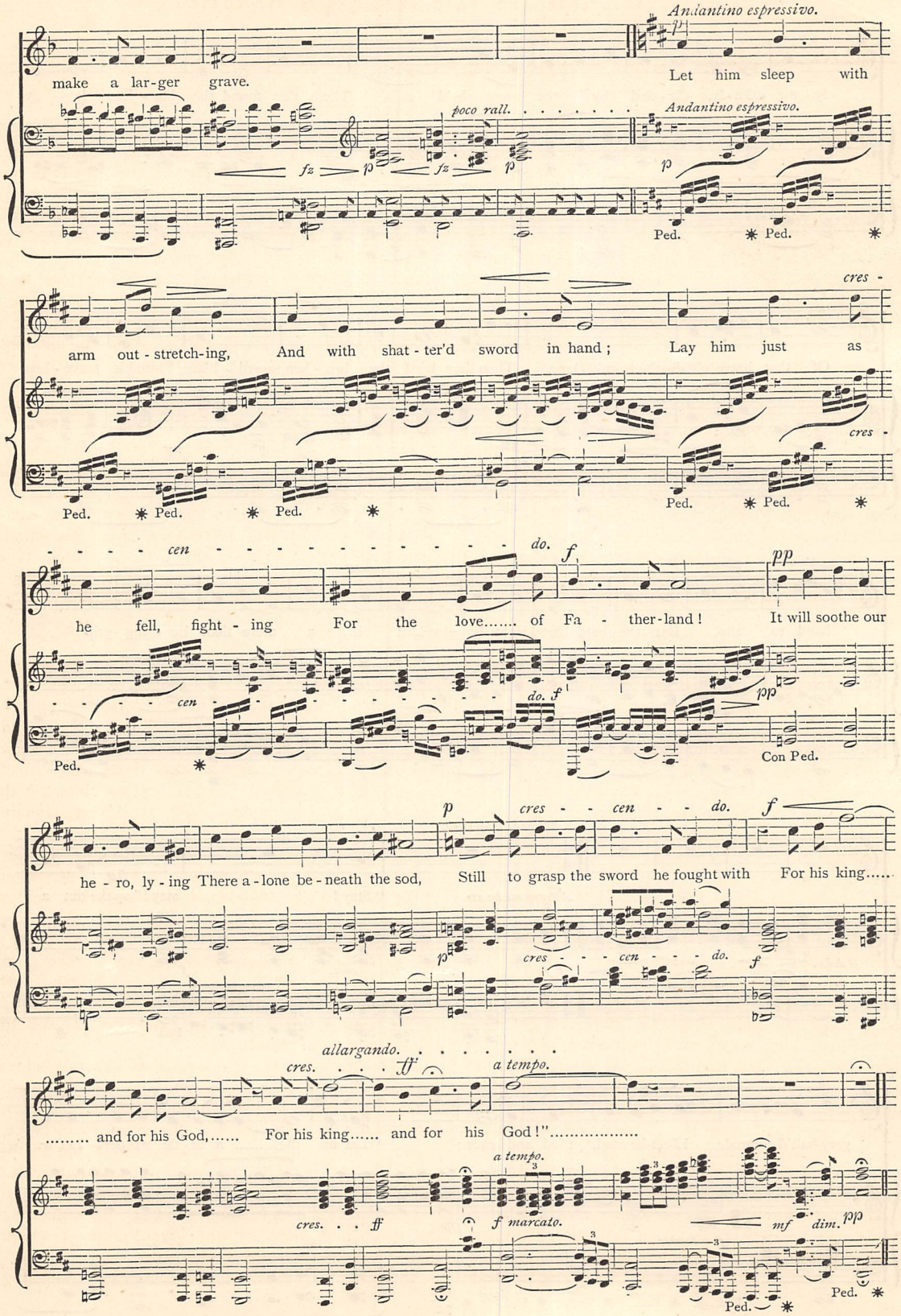
A Danish Hero.

A LEGEND.

Words by T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. *Music by* BERTHOLD TOURS.

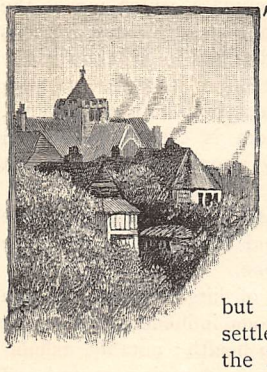



p
ly - ing calm - ly, Cir - cled by the foes he'd slain, There they found the life - less bo - dy
pp
mf
Of that brave old death-crown'd Dane. Then they tried the bro - ken sword - blade From his nerve - less
mf
dim.
mf
p
hand to slip, But the hard blood tight - ly glued it In a more than liv - ing grip!
dim.
p
Allegro moderato.
f
Allegro moderato.
"Stay! stay!" spake out a
ten.
p dolce.
f fz
cres.
f
Ped.
p
grey-hair'd comrade, Li-on-hearted, tried, and brave; "Let us dig..... a lit - tle wi - der— Let us
pp
f e tenuto.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


Andantino espressivo.
make a lar-ger grave.
Let him sleep with
poco rall.
Andantino espressivo.
fz p fz p p
Ped. * Ped. *
arm out-stretch-ing, And with shat-ter'd sword in hand; Lay him just as
cres -
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cen do. f pp
he fell, fight-ing For the love..... of Fa-ther-land! It will soothe our
cen do. f pp
Ped. * Con Ped.
p cres - - cen - - do. f
he-ro, ly-ing There a-lone be-neath the sod, Still to grasp the sword he fought with For his king.....
p cres - - cen - - do. f
allargando. . . . . a tempo.
cres. ff
..... and for his God,..... For his king..... and for his God!".....
a tempo.
cres. ff f marcato. mf dim. pp
Ped. Ped. *

CLIMATE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THREE years ago, having a press of literary work to accomplish in a given time, which required freedom from care of all kind, and leisure to concentrate, I settled matters comfortably at home, and went to reside at Bournemouth. I did not—so I reasoned—require a bracing air, but quiet was essential, so I settled among the pine woods of the East Cliff. I worked and worked, pretty hard too, but never with a will; it was all a toil. The truth is, the air was too relaxing; there was nothing bronchitic about me, so I changed over to the West Cliff, where no woods are, but only a wide bracing moorland, which was then covered with heath and heather in richest bloom—a paradise for the bees. I was as much a bee as any of them, and had to work quite as hard. Well, I had suddenly changed from a relaxing to a bracing climate: too suddenly, for I caught cold, so that—though all my own fault—my stay at Bournemouth was one I cannot look back to with unalloyed pleasure. But from this experience of mine we may cull a lesson or two. One thing we should remember is, that there is really no need to go abroad for change of climate, and expose ourselves to expense and the danger of a vile *cuisine*; another, that we cannot be too careful in the choice of a climate; and a third, that we ought not to change climate too suddenly, or without making some preparations for the change. As regards this last, I may say that were a patient to leave this country for Madeira in, say, November, the change would be a gradual one, owing to the long voyage betwixt our island and that; but an invalid coming directly from the high Highlands, for example, from some place about 1,000 feet above the sea-level in Inverness or Ross-shire, and being whirled along in a mail train to Torquay or Bournemouth in about a day, would very likely find the change a dangerous one.

I wish my readers to bear what I have just said in mind, for I know it is only a too common thing for ailing people to come to health-resorts which, theoretically speaking, ought to be just the places to suit their complaints, and find themselves worse instead of better. They at once conclude the place does not agree with them; it never strikes them that the change may have been too sudden, and that no one can get acclimatised in an hour. However, off they hurry to some other spot which some one else has recommended as an earthly paradise; and there are, I happen to know, in this world, a race of roving invalids, who are ever on the move in search of health, never staying long enough in any one climate to acquire it. Now, in this paper I am not going to speak of particular climates or health-resorts, but simply to give some plain advice that will enable my reader to choose for himself.

It might be asked what is meant by the term "climate." The simplest answer, if not a direct one, would be that what is termed "climate" includes the normal condition of the atmosphere *plus* the soil of any place. The atmosphere would be considered according to temperature, its pressure, its humidity, and its prevailing winds, the soil according to its substance, its clothing (vegetation, including trees, &c.) and its surroundings, whether hilly or the reverse; and I may add, its electric tension.

I have spoken in former papers about the different classes of climates, dividing them, if I remember rightly, into (1) exciting, (2) bracing, (3) sedative, and (4) relaxing, and also into summer and winter climates.

The ailments for which change of climate is to be recommended are, among many others, dyspepsia of almost every kind, disorders of other parts of the digestive canal, as well as the stomach, liver complaints, kidney troubles, nervousness, neuralgia, ennui, hypochondriasis, or low spirits, asthma—which, as I took care to point out in a former paper, is a nervous disease with functional or organic causes; gout, rheumatism, and various ailments of the lungs or air-passages, including consumption.

Now, no one who was of a highly nervous and irritable temperament, or who made blood too fast, and therefore was liable to inflammation, would seek for change in one of the exciting climates. Nor would such an one choose a very bracing climate; but for the over-worked and over-worried, those who wished to re-build a shattered frame, a bracing climate with sea-air would be suitable, while a relaxing climate would do positive injury.

But though climates are thus easily divisible into four classes, we hardly ever find them partaking altogether of the nature their names would indicate. All climates fluctuate; all are in some measure compound. The majority of days, however, will bear out the name; and on those that do not—when the climate seems to change all of a sudden, and the bracing health-resort becomes moist and relaxing, or the sedative one grows exciting for a time—then must the invalid take all the better care of himself.

Are we to study the death-rates of climates before we choose one that we think may suit us? To some extent we may be guided by these, but we must not forget that they are deceiving. In places, for instance, where invalids congregate to a great extent, the death-rate may read high, for we know well—and it is sad to think of it—that many sick people change only as a last resource, and it becomes the last. In estimating the death-rate, then, of any given place, I would rigidly exclude the comers and goers.

Another thing to be well considered before making

up one's mind to go anywhere is the season. I happen to know that many people run down to Hastings, Brighton, Torquay, &c., at altogether wrong times.

"Brighton"—we may imagine some one is saying—"is a bracing place, and it isn't the season now, so it will be cheap; I'll go there, and have a month or two."

Well, I do not say that Brighton is not a healthy town all the year round, but there is a prevalence of cold, raw, north-east winds in March and April that render it somewhat the reverse of wholesome for any one except the really robust, or those once fairly acclimatised to the place. You see, every health-resort has its season; and depend upon it, those seasons are well chosen by medical men who know what they are about.

I mentioned the word "acclimatised;" and there is a great deal more in that than, it seems to me, most people think of, or trouble themselves to think about. I will give an example that must be familiar to many. Take an inhabitant of inland Ross-shire, of fairly good health, and bring him in spring to one of the Southern counties of England; he will hardly be here a fortnight before he will be found wrapping up against the east winds—perhaps even wearing a top-coat and under-clothing; when spring gives place to summer, he gets no harder in muscle, no stronger in nerve, though he sleeps longer of a night than he ever did in Scotland; the heat annoys him, too, and makes him languid and inactive. He gets through the summer, and perhaps a very hard winter comes. "Richard is himself again!" the sky is clear and frosty, there is an honest foot of snow on the ground; he throws aside the top-coat; the blood once more mantles in his cheeks; he will have his cold bath every morning; and should the ice be an inch thick, he will smash it with his brawny fist or with the hard-frozen sponge, but have the bath he will, and is happy in consequence; all his hardiness returns, and his very footsteps ring on the ground as he marches along.

Two extreme cases illustrative of the dangers of a too sudden and extreme change of climate might be thus supposed: Let an Eskimo Indian change places with a native of Zanzibar; it could not be done all at once, but for hypothesis' sake we will suppose the change effected within a week. In less than another fortnight your Eskimo would be sleeping in his sea-laved grave on the beach, and the Zanzibarite would have gone to his long home under the snow.

The most suitable *aspect* for a house in this country would be a southern and western (combined) exposure, sheltered behind either by a ridge of hills, cliffs, or woods.

Our islands afford most healthy all-the-year-round climates, because the temperature is more equable.

The air of most of our large towns and cities is very impure, and loaded with poisonous gases, sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, the emanations from sewers and from polluted rivers. Can we wonder, then, at the inhabitants being, as a rule, puny, pale, and sickly?

"We live in air," says a recent writer, "and this air flows continually into our blood. No marvel, then, that we are influenced by climate, which means the condition of the air. In temperature, however, citizens have some advantage over dwellers in the country."

In villages in England the air is, as a rule, very pure. Around these there may even be marshy lands, but the emanation therefrom is diluted, and even neutralised or blown away altogether, by the fresh pure winds of heaven.

The higher these villages are situated, the more pure is the air; the more dry and bracing it is, and more laden with health-giving ozone.

Villages by the banks of large rivers like the Thames are subject to various influences that are by no means very conducive to health; notably, exhalations from the river itself, from decaying animal and vegetable matter on its banks, from the malaria of low-lying adjacent lands, and from haze and fogs. These are worst in the heat of summer and in autumn.

Houses or villages built near to fens or swampy moors are not to be desired, and the inhabitants are liable to ague or typhus fever, or both.

The same is to be said about dwellings near wet, unwholesome, or swampy woods.

We hear great talk of night air. "A land of meadows," says a reliable authority, "and parks, and ponds, and rivers, and woods is a thousand times more hazardous than all the nights of all the winters that ever were. This is the real night air to be dreaded, even though the grey mist should not rise, or the dew should not fall. To take a pleasant evening walk by the banks of the river or lake, to watch the trout rise at the evening flies; to saunter among wet groves till the moon rises, listening to the nightingale: these, and more of such rural amusements and delights, are the true night air—the malaria and the fever."

Well, I have to add to this, that though the strong and robust may withstand any amount of malarious darts aimed at their life through the medium of this true night air, invalids who frequent such districts ought to be cautious. Yet, is this not a mistake most commonly made—an invalid or delicate person *wrapping up* and going out at night, thinking it is the *cold* alone he or she has to avoid?

Gravel soils are most healthy, and next comes chalk.

Let me conclude this paper by remarking that thousands of city-folks, business and professional men (except medical men, who must remain in town), would be consulting their own interests by living at night out of the city altogether. In these days of hourly fast trains, how very speedily one can get whirled away from the emanation-laden atmosphere of town to pure and salubrious air!

If any one thinks of acting on my advice, he will do well to consider what part of the country around town will suit his constitution best; which an interview with his own medical man will the more easily enable him to do.

GIDEON GRASPER'S TEMPTATION.

BY LUCY FARMER.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

SOWING THE WIND.

I WAS not sorry when the Martyn-Henrys left the Manor, for I felt rather ashamed of my suspicions. They never knew all I had fancied. Autumn went, and February came round, but the year left us a legacy in our village, one Gideon Grasper, an agent for Captain Henry's mining business; a half-sailor man; hard, business-like, powerful and bold; yet so crafty, that he had in less than four months managed to win Miss Kate Canton, of the Hill-Farm. What I have to tell now concerns this man and Miss Katie.

When Captain and Mrs. Martyn-Henry left us, the family came back to Cardewe Manor. Mrs. Cardewe was just as kind to Charley and me as ever. Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, did not know what I had said about the Martyn-Henrys, and Fanny promised to keep my secret. Therefore I soon got better, and it's well I did, else the business about that Gideon Grasper would have killed me, I verily believe! This is how it happened.

One February night we were all roused from sleep by the sound of a cannon. Our house was, as you remember, by the cliff, and the wind carried the sound bang against our little windows. They shook and rattled more than ever, though the wind had nearly tugged them open many a time.

"What's that, Charley?" I cried.

"A gun, I expect," he answered, sitting up.

"Why, whoever would be out poachin' to-night?" I exclaimed. "Is it likely—this time o' year, too?"

"It's a ship in distress out yonder. She'll be on the Deadman Sands," cried Charley, jumping up. "Poor creatures!"

He was soon dressed and out of doors. I could not sleep, so I rose and looked out of the window. It was five o'clock in the morning; pitch dark; raining and "sleeting" at times, though the wind was west, and blowing half a hurricane. I dressed, and went to the gate.

Such a roaring in the trees I never had heard before; and when the lull came now and then, the roar of the sea was as plainly heard down far below. When I ventured to the edge, where the slope was railed, the salt spray was carried up the cliff into my face like wet steam.

A flash! then a boom—there was the ship! I could see nothing but the white foam as the tremendous waves came rolling in. What those broken waves were on the Deadman Sands I could guess!

Then I saw lights on the beach. Then a cheer came up to me. The lights swung about for awhile, but as I couldn't see anything else I went back, and lay down in bed waiting till Charley came home. I suppose I went to sleep, for when I woke with a start I found him standing beside the bed like a ghost, all wet and draggled, and blown about like a fisherman.

For a second I half fancied it was not really Charley. But when he laughed at my scared face I sat up, and said, "Why, Charley, whatever *have* you been about?"

"Out in the lifeboat, Lucy; savin' a few o' them poor fellows. We had a rough time; but we got nine out of ten, and the one lost was only a boy."

"*Only*, Charley! His mother, maybe, thinks different. He may be an only son."

"Ah, well!—we couldn't help it," replied Charley. "He jumped short and fell into the sea. Nothing could have saved him. Even Captain Cherton tried."

"The lifeboat captain? Was Grasper there?" I asked.

"Yes, and yes. Grasper was *all* there. He would have left the men and looted the brig, I believe, had we consented. But the captain stopped him. Between you and me, Lucy, some o' these half-fisher chaps care more for loot than lives!"

"Hush, Charley. Now let me get up, and I'll soon have breakfast."

After breakfast we saw the "Deadmans" all covered with foaming breakers; the stump of a mast was sticking up about three feet above water—that was all that was left visible of the wreck. The sea was still rough, but when the wind went round again we had a spell of fine weather; and there the wreck remained, the mast in the air as a warning.

One evening Captain Cherton came up to our little place, and who should accompany him but Gideon Grasper. I didn't like Gideon; he always seemed to me underhand and cruel. It was instinct, I suppose; but he's gone now, and it's not for me to judge!

Still, he had a great influence on his mates. Even Tom Cherton, the captain's son, was under Giddy's thumb—all the lifeboat men obeyed him as much as the coxswain himself—the captain, I mean. Gideon was brave, reckless, and aspiring: a man who wanted money, and to make a "splash," as he called it. He did make a splash in a way he little expected, though.

He wanted to marry Kate Canton, a very pretty girl, whose father was a contractor near us. She was

a dark-eyed brunette, with a nice figure of her own—shape and money too—beautiful, slim, soft hands, as seemed as if they could do—not much—but were only made for fancy-work.

That is why Gideon wanted money. He loved money, and was fond of Miss Kate, who liked him, I believe, for he was a presentable man, and shared in two smacks, as well as the agency.

Yet he was cruel. I am sure the soft-handed Kate would never have been happy with him, lovable as she was. She was very lovable, but it was not quite so easy to make her *love*. She would be "great friends," but I think her heart was not so much affected then.

Well, the coxswain and his mate, Grasper, came in and sat down.

"Fine weather, ma'am," said Mr. Cherton.

"Yes, indeed. What a storm that was, captain!" I replied; "and the poor ship is there still!"

"Ay, ay, there she'll be as a beacon and a warnin' unless the Board pulls her up!"

"I've gone shares in her hull," says Gideon.

"*You* have!" exclaimed the captain; "why, I never knew *you* were in it."

"Well, I am, then," retorted Grasper. "The wreck is ours—mine and nine others. There's ten of us, ma'am, has bid for the wreck," he said, turning to me.

"No good will ever come of it," said the captain. "I never knew any good come to them as bought a wreck off the Deadmans, and I've seen some there, too."

"That can't be anything but accident," said I, to cheer him, for he seemed low.

"*Wrecks isn't all accidents*," he muttered; and then Gideon broke in—

"Come, this is doleful talk—eh, Mrs. Farmer?—Me and some of our men are goin' out to the Sands to-morrow afternoon for a sail; would you and Mr. Farmer, here, go with us?"

"I can't," replied Charley, looking at me; "but my wife can, I dare say."

"I dare say; and leave the child, Charley?" I said.

"Oh! take the child," said Grasper. "The sea's like a pond. I wouldn't ask you else. I'll answer for you."

So I consented, and as the captain was going too, we made the agreement.

When we got to the beach, there I found most of the lifeboat men—those who generally went out—and fine fellows they were. They had saved near a hundred lives, these men had, and got plenty of money by it in presents, and rewards, and salvage. So they wouldn't have let the boat go without them. As to the captain, he was a fine old fellow; and Charley, too, had often wished to go out. He did sometimes—when a hand was wanted—a thing I dreaded most of all.

This time there seemed something wrong. Gideon and the captain had been having some words, for the latter looked proud and scornful, and Grasper was "dark" and "sneery."

"I won't have any hand in it," the captain was saying. "I have not been on this coast, man and boy, for nigh sixty years, to go destroyin' land-marks and water-marks. No, Gideon Grasper, go your own way, not with me!"

"Why, where's the harm?" exclaimed the other. "We only want to cut away that mast—below the water-line. We've been and bought the timber, and can take it home, I suppose?"

"Don't talk to me!" exclaimed the old man. "Can't ye let it alone? It's known now, and can be seen; but suppose a smack runs over the stump, or a schooner touches it at high water, where is she? The Sand's bad enough in stormy weather, without your wishin' to make it worse in the calms. Something will run on it, and——"

"And then we'll run out and get the salvage, eh, mates? The bearings of the wreck are laid down, and no proper pilot ought to run in so close. They must take their chance. Come along, lads."

"Well, I protest," replied the captain. "Come, Mrs. Farmer, we won't stop your pleasuring for the sake of an old mast of a wreck. And after all, in rough weather, it makes no difference."

"We must take the rough with the smooth," muttered Gideon, with a smile; "eh, mates? The next 'fish' that comes will, mayhap, pay all our insurances."

It was a lovely day. The sun was bright, the wind was warm, March though it was. The month had come in like a lamb; it would go out like a lion, we thought, and said so.

The wreck was not far away, and I enjoyed the sail very much. Little Charley was asleep all the time, wrapped in my shawl. We reached the wreck, and Gideon began cutting away the stump of the main-mast.

"You might have cut it lower had you waited till the last of the ebb," remarked the captain, who was busy taking the bearings of the place.

Gideon smiled, but made no answer. Was he calculating his chances of reward?

I looked at him, and he averted his eyes. He cut away the stump, and the ragged and jagged remains, with one sharp point, looked up from the depths of the rippling waters.

"Well, I hope I sails over here on the flood," muttered the captain, "and then I'll give it a wide berth. It's out of the track of most vessels, that's a comfort!"

"Of course it is!" replied Gideon. "We all know that."

But I am sure he didn't *hope* so. From that moment I pitied Katie Canton, and hoped she would never marry Gideon Grasper. She was too pretty, too dependent, too trusting, to be left to his "tender mercies," which, I was sure, were cruel.

All the rest of the day Gideon shunned my eyes, and when I got safe on shore I promised myself I would never go in a boat with him again. I never did.

And now, when I look back on that afternoon, I wonder, knowing what I now know, that the calm, shining, rippling water did not swallow us up, guilty and not guilty alike, and rock us to sleep in its bosom to death!

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

THE weeks passed on without anything unusual happening. No wrecks occurred, and we visited Cardewe Manor House as usual, as Mrs. Cardewe was still there. But one afternoon the housekeeper said, "Lucy, have you heard the news?"

"What news?" I asked, naturally enough.

"Miss Katie is going to be married to Gideon Grasper."

"I'm sorry for her," I said. "She's too good for him."

"So I say," replied the old lady, in a low tone, "but you mark my words, Lucy Farmer, the wedding will never take place."

"Whatever do you mean, ma'am?" I asked. She was so mysterious, I was rather frightened.

"You mark my words. He'll never marry Kitty Canton."

"She won't marry him, you mean?"

"GIDEON ASKED FOR THE TELESCOPE, AND WATCHED THE VESSEL CLOSELY" (*p.* 410).

"No, it's the other way. He's well enough off, and well enough himself, but he's doomed. I know it; I see it in his face!"

This figurative language puzzled me more than enough; and Charley agreed with me that as we didn't like Mr. Grasper we needn't see much of him; but with Kate we did get on. She was very friendly.

Every time I met the girl I could not help thinking that all the preparations for her wedding were useless. But *she* did not think so. She had made up her

mind to marry Gideon, and her father had not said "Nay," though I do not think he quite liked the match.

March had nearly gone, when one evening a vessel was seen approaching the coast. It was a barque, not a full-rigged ship—a clean-looking barque, too; "taut and trim," as our old captain might have said.

Gideon Grasper and pretty Kate, with her sister Rosina, were up at our house that evening. Gideon asked for the telescope, and watched the vessel closely.

"Who is she, Giddy?" asked Rose.

"I believe she's the *Sandymount*," he said. "If so, as I know Jasper is aboard as pilot, I'll go down."

"There's no hurry," said I. "She's miles off yet. The wind's light: the sea is calm enough. She'll run up to Upperstown, and lie-to till the tide turns."

"Not she," muttered Gideon, who looked flushed and, for him, excited. "Not she; she'll make the river here."

"She's a fool, or the pilot is a fool, if she does," remarked Kate tersely.

"*You* know nothing about it," retorted Gideon. "She'll come in here. Jasper knows what he's about!"

"Who's Jasper?" I whispered to Rose, whose bright eyes looked up warningly at me, as she replied—

"Giddy's partner, or one of them. *I hate him!*"

"My dear child, hush!" I said. But a terrible fear was in my heart.

"Well, I'm off," said Gideon suddenly. "I want to hurry down. Come, girls!"

"Why, they've had no supper yet!" said I.

"Never mind. I can't wait. Now, Kate, no loitering. 'Love, honour, and obey' is your motto. Be smart, or I'll leave you behind."

Kate had a spirit, and answered, but gently, "Very well; go on. We will stay to supper, and go back alone."

"Don't be a fool! Now, Rose, do as I bid you! Come."

"Not a step," replied Rose. "Go by yourself, Giddy."

He muttered an oath, and seized Kate by the arm.

"*You* shall come, anyway," he cried angrily. "I can't wait. Be off!"

"Mr. Grasper," I said, "these young ladies are here at my invitation, and if they like to remain they can. My husband will see them home."

It was falling dark, and something darker was on Gideon Grasper's mind, for he turned and said—

"Very well, ma'am! If you like to separate two lovers, you can do so. Kate, come, I command you; or stay away—altogether! I'll have no rebellion!"

Kate's eyes filled with tears. The man's true nature was peeping out. Rose looked alarmed; Kate resolved. Kindly, but firmly, she said—

"No, thank you, Gideon. I will wait with my sister. You are not yourself to-night."

"Good-bye, then," he retorted. "You may whistle for me next time you want me. This is all your doing, Mrs. Lucy Farmer, and I'll pay you out. I'll wash my hands of you all. You'll never see me again!"

He flung out of the house, banging the gate. I was glad when he had gone.

Kate burst into tears, and hid her face.

"Oh, Mrs. Farmer! have I done wrong? But I could not really go. He was so strange, I was frightened. He's been like this nearly all day."

I tried to comfort her, but my heart was as heavy as lead. A dread suspicion had crossed my mind, and a terrible fear lay at my heart. I wished Charley would come home. He was at the Manor, helping.

We had supper, and still Charley did not come. So, when ten o'clock struck, I put on my hat and said I would walk, at any rate, part of the way. Our little servant could be trusted, now baby was asleep, so I had no fear. At a quarter past ten we started.

It was nearly dark, but fine. There was a goodish breeze, but nothing much to mind. The clouds came up and the young moon went down as we descended the cliff.

We kept wondering what Gideon had been about, and why he had turned so "crusty." Then the conversation came round to the barque, and the pilot, Jasper Midding, who was a bad associate for Gideon.

As we reached the Manor gates Charley met us, and, putting the young ladies under his care, I returned home, for the wind was rising a little, and it was a good step back for me, not being very strong just then.

I put the supper things aside for Charley, but eleven o'clock struck, and he did not come. This was strange.

As I was listening for his step there came a sound like a gun. I ran to the door, and I declare there was a rocket swooping across the sky—a signal of distress, but, fortunately, away west of the former wreck.

I breathed more freely. That guilt was not on Gideon's soul, but the pilot must have been out of his senses to bring the vessel so near at low water! Even I know that the current sets round the headland like a sluice, and may easily carry a light barque, in ballast, on the West Deadman. With a wind setting in the thing was almost a certainty.

Another rocket, and another. Now I knew why Charley had not come.

"Can you mind baby for an hour, Sarah? I want to go down to the beach awhile."

Off I trudged, well wrapped up. It was as I fancied. But Charley had not gone in the lifeboat this time. I was so thankful.

The boat disappeared in the darkness, and Charley came home with me. We heard more guns; but, after awhile, they ceased, the wind blew harder, and, perhaps, the vessel had lifted with the tide.

This was the case. When we looked out in the morning at six o'clock the barque was no longer there. There was a crowd on the beach, though; but we

didn't much mind, until the still-room maid from the Cardewes' came up the hill and "flopped" into one of the chairs in the kitchen.

"Oh, Mrs. Farmer! ain't it awful?"

"Isn't what awful, Susan? What is the matter?" said I.

"Haven't you heard? Mrs. Jones told me to come and tell you; she said she was sure of it."

"Of what, you silly? Go on. What has happened?"

"The boat—the lifeboat," she stammered.

"Well? Has it saved the crew?"

"No. Oh, it's dreadful! They're nigh all of them drowned. Only the captain, and his son Tom, and John Cattley's saved, they say."

By degrees I elicited her news. The lifeboat had been swamped, and almost the whole crew had been nearly, if not altogether, lost.

It was terrible! "Is Gideon dead too?" I asked.

"Yes," said the girl. "So they say. Well, I must go. Mrs. Jones, she sent me up, and I must return, ma'am."

I kept pondering over the catastrophe which had happened on a calm night in spring: a disaster unparalleled. Seven men drowned! Five wives and families deprived of support in one night in our little town—and poor Kate, too! It was terrible, *if true!* But it wasn't all true.

Charley told me the real facts when he came home to dinner. "The lifeboat went out soon after midnight about low water, and made for the vessel. The water was smooth, and all pulled with a will. Suddenly old Captain Cherton cried out—

"'Steady, lads, let me haul aft the sheet a bit; we're goin' too free. We shall pitch into that wreck in a few minutes. Let me get the bearings!'

"The night was very dark, but the old man knew where he was; and Grasper grumbled at him, as the coxswain lifted up the sail to see how she lay.

"'Pull away, mates,' he said. 'We're many a yard to windward of the wreck. Never mind him. The vessel's what we have to mind!'

"The men pulled hard. The wind helped, but before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' a crash was heard. The boat stopped dead short; the mast went over, carrying the sail with it; a great point of wood stuck into Gideon's ribs—— "

"*They had struck the old wreck*, Charley!" I exclaimed breathlessly.

"That's just it," replied my husband. "*Gideon's trap caught himself!* Whether he will ever get over it is a question for the doctors. The captain, who had protested against the cutting of the mast—for had it been left standing the accident could not have happened—was the only one really unhurt. It was a mercy all were not drowned!"

"How *did* they escape?" I cried, as Charley paused.

"Old Cherton, he seized an oar, and put it under his son's arm. 'Hold on, Tom,' he said, 'I'll cast about.' Then he caught the boat and two more oars, and each man helped the other. 'I'm goin', father,' says Tom, after awhile, 'I can hold no longer. I'm so cold.' But a smack was comin' out. The master had seen the accident, and helped them aboard, after awhile, near dead."

"And the barque, Charley?"

"She's off: half full of water—cargo all damaged. It seems the pilot made a mistake — whether by accident or on purpose is no matter now—but when he saw the lifeboat, the smacksmen said he shouted, 'It's a judgment!' But what for he never told, though he is Gideon's partner hand and glove."

"What do *you* think of it, Charley?"

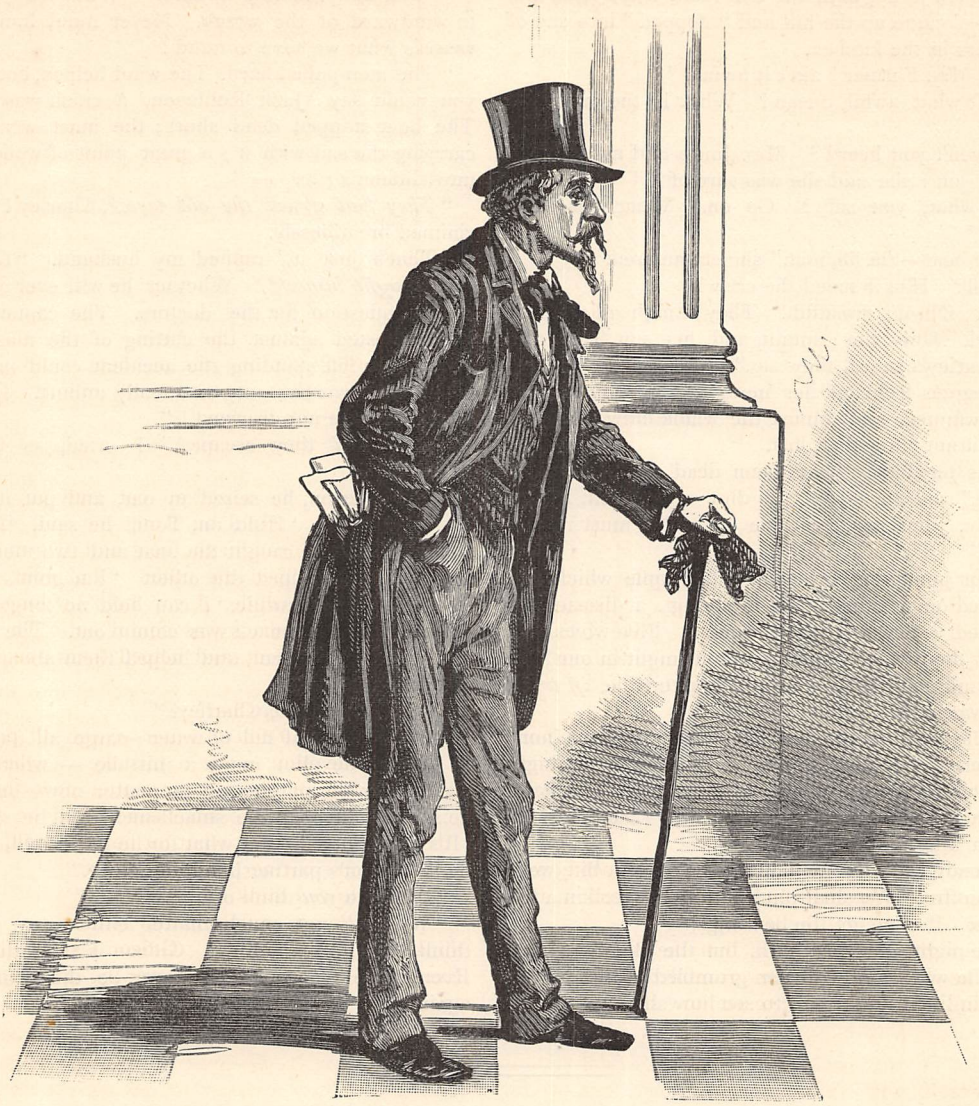
"Well, it's not much matter either way what *I* think, for I'll say nothing. Gideon is at death's door. Even if he recovers he'll never be the same man again."

ATHEISM.

(*Written in a sleeping-berth of the yacht "Santa Maria."*)

THE sun shines on the waters; and the waters to the wall
Of my poor cabin, narrow, dark, and small,
Fling a perpetual unpurposed flow
Of luminous pulses dancing to and fro;
And from the wall the many-flickering show
Shoots to my eye,
Far-travelled from its fountain in the sky.
Suppose me born and bred in such small home,
Cabined and cribbed, with never a look outside
Into the heaving tide,
Or upward to the bright expansive dome
Which men call Heaven, what should I say of LIGHT?
I'd say, belike, it was a tangled maze
Of freakish rays,
Flitting about to feed my wondering gaze,
Redeemed such-wise from Chaos and old Night,
A bright confusion without law or rule.
And for the SUN, the glorious lord of day,
And his all-permeant, all-plastic ray,
For that I knew no Sun, mayhap I'd say,
There is no sun in Heaven—and be a fool,
As Atheists are—blind guides who go to school
With outward sense, and what mere sense compels
Alone believe. Be wiser thou, and know,
Behind all shadowy show
A causeful Substance dwells,
Behind all tangled maze
Of crowded things that try the wondering gaze,
In air, in water, and in teeming sod,
A Reason works, which wisely men call GOD.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



"EQUIPPED WITH NUMEROUS LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION."

THE AMERICAN OFFICE-SEEKER.

BY AN AMERICAN.

"GENERAL M——, of Ohio, is said to have spent $2,600 while waiting in Washington for an office, and to have gone home disappointed."

This paragraph, which appeared a few days ago in a New York evening paper, is typical in more senses than one. First, as to the word "General:" it is safe to say that at least one-half the office-seekers in America have a military title more or less authentic; and of these, one-half write the word "General" before their names. As the office-seeker has a number of titles from which to choose, he is not content with anything but the highest rank; and be it said that he chooses this military prefix advisedly: it helps his cause. To have been a general, to have suffered and bled, perhaps, for one's country, gives, he thinks, a claim upon his countrymen's bounty.

It will be observed, secondly, that General M—— spent $2,600 in his fruitless endeavours. Again is he typical of a large class of the office-seekers. They come to Washington prepared to lay siege to the White House, and equipped with numerous letters of introduction and recommendation from the great ones of their respective districts. They endeavour to enlist their Congress-man in their behalf. They visit the departments day after day, waiting their turn at the ear of the great man who has patronage at his dis-

posal, and to whom the appeal to the President has been referred.

A system of office brokerage has sprung up in Washington, whereby the broker, for a commission or percentage on the salary of the office for which his client applies, engages to use his influence, whatever that may be, and however exerted, in order to obtain the office.

Thirdly, it will be observed again that General M—— went back to Ohio. In other words, he went home, a disappointed office-seeker without the office. He is thereby representative of at least nine-tenths of the office-seeking class.

The figures mount up to strange proportions when we consider that for every office in the gift of the President there are, on an average, ten applicants; and as there are one hundred thousand Federal office-holders in the United States, it almost takes one's breath away to learn that there are in round numbers one million of the office-seeking class, of which nine hundred thousand must needs be disappointed.

It is not necessary in this place to compare the Civil Service of America with that of England, further than to say that at the change of the National Administration from one party to another, every office within the gift of the Executive becomes, in the eyes of the members of his party, a sort of legitimate prize for their avaricious self-seeking.

Happily the current of public opinion is strongly setting against the system embodied in the words of Andrew Jackson, "To the victors belong the spoils;" and we have good reason for hope that the time is not far distant when the Civil Service of this country will be put upon such a basis that rotation in office will not mean the displacement of every Civil servant, from a Cabinet Minister to a letter-carrier.

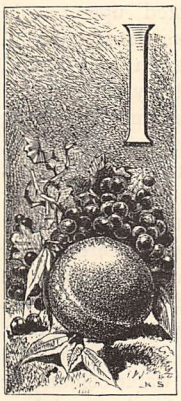
Suffice it to say that under the pernicious system so long prevalent in this country, and which is, at present, altogether too firmly established in the political workings of the Federal Government, there has naturally been bred this multitudinous horde of place-seekers, who, if they do not sink to the degrading infamy of a Guiteau, are certainly a menace to the well-being of the body politic, and a reproach to the good name of the Republic.

Many think that an Independent party, which is now springing up (and whose adherents did good work in the last election), will, in the end, stamp out this evil. Others say—and perhaps wisely—that the Presidential term should be extended two or four years, thereby making less frequent the wild scramble for office; to say nothing of the paralysing effect on all business caused by the general excitement of a Presidential election.

Whatever the particular remedy may be that is to prove successful in this case, it is evident that time and education will do most of all; and when the memory of the late war sinks deeper into the past, and the word "General" loses its tender historic interest, let us trust that the trade of office-hunting, thus shorn of half its dignity, will attract smaller crowds to Washington, and that the good men of Ohio will remain quietly at home.

A. Z. S.

MODERN DINNER-TABLES.



I SUPPOSE that never were decorative articles of every description to be had in such variety, and at so small a cost. Certainly this is the case with those suitable for dinner-table adornment.

It must be taken for granted that many are unsuitable for middle-class families, at the same time they are subject to modifications, and all who are anxious to improve the appearance of their dinner-tables may gain many ideas from those of a more elaborate kind.

Just now there is a rage for plush of every colour, and it is, unquestionably, one of the most lovely fabrics for the table. Rich shades of crimson, claret, old gold, myrtle and moss greens are all in good taste, and generally chosen, though it is easy to substitute others when these would clash with the dinner service or general surroundings.

In combination with plush, plate-glass plays an important part, and, if bought judiciously, is not so expensive as many would suppose. Very good quality may be had from a glass merchant (not at a retail shop) in any large town for about half-a-crown per square foot; thus a piece six feet long and eighteen inches wide would cost but twenty-two shillings and sixpence, and—it is almost needless to remark—could be converted to other uses eventually.

At a recent dinner for ten, the table was arranged as follows:—A sheet of plate-glass, seven feet by eighteen inches, occupied the centre of the table, the latter being sufficiently large to leave a good margin for the dinners. *On* the glass the dessert was placed in such a way as to give every guest an uninterrupted view of the rest of the company.

The centre-piece—very little higher than the others—was an exquisite little fountain, which discharged sweet-scented water; round the base, moss, ferns, and various grasses, with pieces of ice, were artistically grouped.

The dessert service consisted of shallow glass dishes of varied sizes and shapes, of shell-like, ever-changing hues. The time of the year being late autumn, an exquisite garnish for the fruits was obtained from ferns, ivy, marguerites (both white and yellow), and gracefully arranged sprays of the leaves of the blackberry briar, elderberry, and wild geranium; their vivid

orange, scarlet, and dark crimson tints contrasting charmingly with the pale star-like flowers and the varied greens of the other foliage. Nothing artificial, it will be noted, found place here! To proceed: down the sides and at the ends of the sheet of glass, strips of plush, about six inches wide, were laid. The colour was a rich ruby, and all round the outer edge what may be termed glass troughs were set to form an entire border. These were two inches high and about the same width, and in them more of the flowers and leaves before mentioned found place, in addition to scarlet and white fuchsias, which were placed among the dark leaves, and hung carelessly over the edges of the troughs.

On the margin of plush, viz., between this outer arrangement of flowers and the fruits in the centre, were ferns of various kinds, alternating with maiden-hair, growing in natural shells, the supports for which consisted of three sticks silvered over.

The finger-bowls were novel in shape—rather as if a square piece of glass had been gathered in the hand by the four corners, so that the middle formed an irregular half-sphere, the flat parts resting on the table; and, the opening being small, the four corners standing out from it in irregular curves and peaks. They were of ruby glass, the salt-cellars, water-jugs, &c., being all of the same rich hue.

The dinner service, of the shade of cream known as "Queen's ware," just relieved by a band of ruby and gold, and a monogram and crest of the same colours, was harmonious and unobtrusive.

The room was entirely lighted by wax candles, a tiny ruby shade over each shedding a softened glow, and adding to the general effect.

We may mention another dinner, where the guests numbered thirty. Here the prevailing tone was a rich golden-brown. The middle of the table was covered with plush of this shade, edged with a heavy gold lace. All round, close to the plush, were narrow sheets of plate-glass, at each edge of which, on the glass, was a moss border, out of which, as if growing, peeped waxen bells of stephanotis and superb Christmas roses alternately, sprays of golden jessamine fringing the edge of the moss on each side. The time of year was Christmas, but, of course, other flowers could be substituted to suit the various seasons; we may mention that white jessamine and plumbago would make a very effective border if dark claret plush were used; wild strawberries and white field roses would look equally charming placed in proximity to myrtle or olive-green plush. The flowers mentioned may be varied indefinitely, but care must be taken in selection, only such as will lie tolerably flat on the moss being suitable for the purpose.

The same floral specimens, which we have named as used on this particular occasion, reappeared in tiny pots, each encased in gold wicker-work, and were placed plentifully about the table. Nothing was set *upon* the plush; the dessert, in rare old china of gold and white, being put on the glass, between the borders of moss and flowers.

Perhaps it may seem superfluous to remark that in each case the damask cloth and serviettes were faultlessly placed, and of exquisite quality.

If any of our readers care to adopt this style of decoration, but do *not* care to go to the expense of the plush and plate-glass, they may yet make their table "a thing of beauty" without these adjuncts by careful arrangement of the moss and flowers alone, or by using strips of cloth of rich colours (in the place of the strips of glass), bordering them on each side with the moss (on which the flowers must be arranged as before directed), and placing the pots of flowers at regular intervals down the centre of each strip.

In table-linen, like all else, fashion has wrought many changes. It is often embroidered somewhat largely with the monogram or crest of the owner; sometimes both are seen. The colours are generally gold or crimson, or a combination.

Dinner-mats—used by those who cling to the old custom of carving on the table—of "Lincrusta Walton" are a good deal used. This material is produced in plain colours, as well as in richly embossed designs, and is both durable and inexpensive.

Dessert d'oyleys of plush, edged with lace, find favour, while hand-painted satin ones are equally popular. We saw lately a set of a delicate shrimp-pink, edged with a deep coffee lace. In the centre of each a spray of white flowers was painted, there being twelve varieties in all, as follows:—Hawthorn, black-thorn, pear-blossom, snowdrop, convolvulus, jessamine, stephanotis, spiræa, field rose, anemone, crocus, and ox-eyed daisy. White plush, edged with lace, looked suitable and rich at a wedding *déjeûner;* they were a present from, and made by, the bride's sister.

Equally pretty decorations for the table may be made from the thick gold paper which is now so much used for artistic purposes; it may be cut to any shape, but must be mounted on stout cardboard, or something equally strong, before being painted upon; gold American cloth is used for similar purposes, and both look well if placed down the table in long strips, bordered with natural flowers, and plenty of foliage.

Of *menu* and guest cards there is an endless variety, hand-painted on china, porcelain, or card, being equally popular according to position and requirements.

For ordinary home dinners, the tinted cards, with gilt or silvered edges (such as are used for birthday or Christmas cards), are sufficiently elaborate, and there are few homes where, in this artistic age, there is not at least one member capable of giving the required embellishment. Simple sprays of flowers may be painted on these, either in oils or water-colours, or small landscapes etched in one corner in Indian ink or sepia. Even caricatures, if well drawn and in good taste, make a pleasing variety. We would suggest, however, that it is well to adopt the same style of decoration for *menu* cards and dessert d'oyleys; not, for instance, to have flowers painted on one set and landscapes etched on another.

Many comparative novelties might be enumerated if space permitted; one is a dish in shape similar to a vine-leaf, divided into three sections, for cheese,

butter, and bread or biscuits. The cheese should be cut into small pieces, and the butter moulded in tiny shapes, as varied as possible. Antique glass and silver, and when these are unobtainable, imitations of the antique are becoming general.

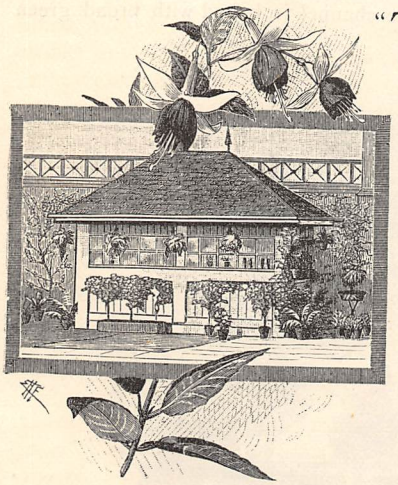
Most delicate in design and workmanship are the small lamps so much used for dinner-tables, and, although very pretty shades may be bought, many ladies find pleasant occupation in making some tiny original ones. Perforated cardboard, gold, silver, or white, is a good foundation; it may be lined with a contrasting colour, and worked with a monogram to match. Some of the Japanese designs, too, are striking, and may be worked very quickly with crewel wools. Many satteens and muslins (Oriental) would make novel and pretty shades. Or here, again, the gold paper referred to would be useful; it should, to be effective, be lined with some bright colour, and may be turned to account by artistic fingers in any way which is suitable, at a nominal cost. Tiny stew-pans of silver, in which to serve *ramakins* and *soufflés*, are another innovation; their price, necessarily, restricts their adoption, but ere long we shall probably see the same shape in a cheaper material.

We hope that these slight suggestions may prove of such use to our readers that they will, at least, be able to adapt them to suit their own needs, as there are so many little ways by which a dinner-table may be lifted from the commonplace, and made fit to rank among really artistic objects.

At the moment of going to press we saw a plush centre-piece, made to order, as much in design and colouring like a Turkey carpet as it well could be; and although more uncommon and expensive than the self-colours we have referred to, we liked it far less; the general appearance, as it was fringed at the ends, being suggestive of a hearth-rug.

BEAUTY IN UNLIKELY PLACES.

PRETTY RAILWAY-STATIONS.



SIGNAL-BOX, LANSDOWN STATION, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

"THERE never was more flagrant nor impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railways or near them." Such is the explicit conviction of that arch-enemy of steam, Mr. John Ruskin. The Brantwood philosopher, in his fervently illuminated "Seven Lamps of Architecture," decries the decoration of railway-stations as one of the most strange and evil tendencies of the present day. He conscientiously contends that if there be any place in the world in which people are deprived of the disposition necessary to the contemplation of beauty, it is there. Mr. Ruskin says that he would as soon "put rings on the fingers of a smith at his anvil," as make a railway-station pleasing to the eye. The railway-station, by the way, may be compared to the home of the smith—would he deny him Longfellow's "spreading chestnut-tree"? "It is," he continues, "the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. . . . The whole system of railway travelling is addressed to people who, being in a hurry, are therefore, for the time being, miserable. . . . The railroad is in all its relations a matter of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmutes a man from a traveller into a living parcel. For the time he has parted with the nobler characteristics of humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion."

After these vehement remarks it would, perhaps, be idle to reason with Professor Ruskin. He can find no romance on the railroad. The carriage-windows of the train that conveys him from London to Coniston frame no pictures that come and go with ever-changing flight, relieved from monotony by comparison and kaleidoscopic contrast. Even the gigantic engineering works that excite the average mind by their sublime domination over the forces of nature; the lofty bridges where the traveller is

"Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air;

the romance of river and rock made more ravishing by engineering realism; the graceful viaducts whose curving arches span rainbow-like deep and devious valleys, with wood and water far away below, and which are quite as engaging as the ruined Italian viaducts that Turner idealised, convey no more intelligent expression than that of grovelling commercial greed to the supersensitive soul of the author of "Modern Painters." I quite agree with my friend Mr. M. J. Baddeley in his protest in this connection. He says: "Railways, in regard to their effect on natural scenery, have been abused wholesale. Poets have led the way, and everybody with a 'soul for the beautiful' has followed. They are straight and square, and altogether out of harmony with the flowing lines of nature; yet Turner's pictures abound in

straight or square palaces, and level-topped bridges in the mid-distance. The churches of a rugged region, says the canon of taste, should have square towers, and not tapering spires. Why, then, should the regular lines of a railway be regarded as fatal to the natural beauty of the country through which it passes, or the express locomotive, stronger than Samson, swift and smooth as the swallow in its flight, be æsthetically regarded as a 'shrieking monster'? . . . To a great extent railways are bound to accommodate themselves to nature. They traverse a picturesque country in a succession of graceful curves, with here and there a lofty viaduct, and to the credit of our railway potentates be it said, they have shown more regard for the claims of Nature, while encroaching on her domains, than any other class of men engaged in mercantile enterprise. No unprejudiced man can assert that the pass of Killiecrankie has been spoilt by the Highland railway, or that the beautiful valleys of North Yorkshire have suffered from the splendid viaducts by which the Settle and Carlisle line spans them. If there be any genuineness in the outcry against railways, it is the genuineness of a selfish, niggardly spirit, which wishes to shut out the beauty-spots of the earth from ninety-nine hundredths of its inhabitants."

This is a long quotation, but it is to the point. The railway is not the contemptible and prosaic affair that Mr. Ruskin would have us believe it to be. There is poetry in railways. Let no one, pleads Goethe, say that reality lacks poetical interest. There is sentiment in steam.

> "Is this the power that has transformed the world?
> This fainting thing the tenderest glassy blade
> Can pierce, torn by each bramble in the glade;
> Or as it floats in thinnest wreaths uncurled,
> Caught in the little ashen palms empearled,
> That chafe and fret it in their babbling shade
> To nothing; this that is and is not, swayed
> Lighter than thistle-down by light airs whirled;
> A momentary breath that scarce in May
> The bedded gold can tarnish by the brook;
> That yet bound in by strong necessities,
> Nor at its wayward will left free to stray,
> The earth beneath its flying thunder shook,
> And poured behind it streaming vales and skies."

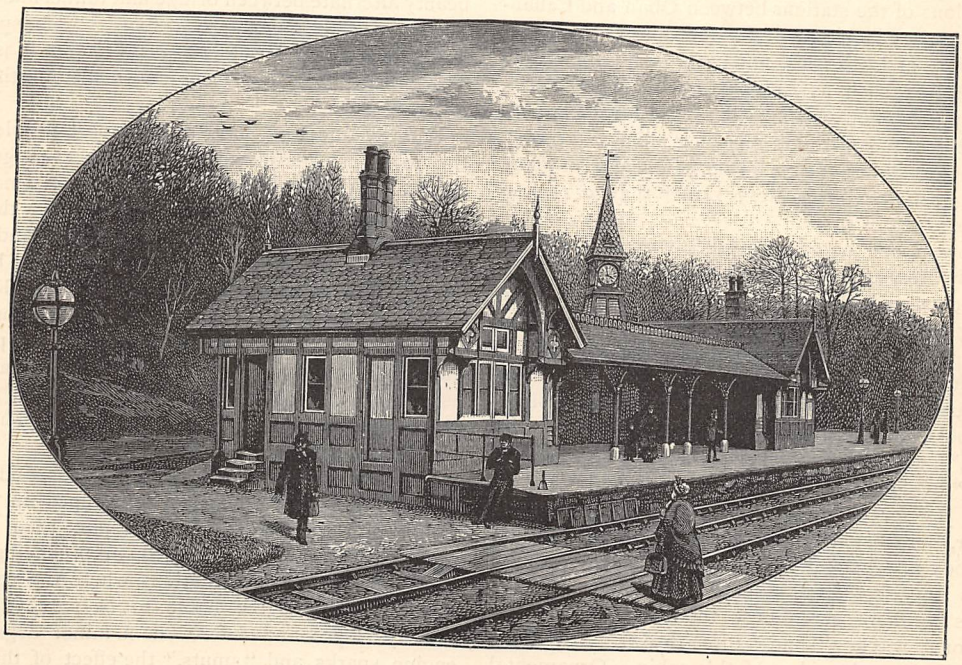
Then there is certainly something more bracing in the swift, straightforward, energising action of the rapid express than there was in the lumbering, jerking, and jolting progress of the old stage-coach with its benumbed and petulant passengers, its heavy charges, and the dangerous vicissitudes of the road that caused the traveller to make his will before he started from London to Exeter, or Carlisle to York.

Slow trains even have their compensations, especially when they traverse a picturesque country, such — for example — as the hop-fields of Kent, or run through the pleasant Devonshire district, or skirt the Llandudno coast, or follow the Dove from Uttoxeter to Ashbourne, or the Eden from Kirkby Stephen and Appleby to the sea—the railway following the river-course where the channel is belted with broad green spaces of lush meadow and flanked with picturesque heights.

The train pauses at wayside stations that are pastoral poems and pictures of happy indolence—"the negation of work in its greatest energy." The booking-office

ALTON TOWERS (NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE RAILWAY).

and waiting-rooms are embowered in flowers. Trim and fragrant hedges serve for fences. The guard stops to gossip with the station-master. Fresh-faced farmer-folk idle about the platform. The driver is evidently waiting for the squire's carriage that is being driven over the bridge, with two pretty girls, a large trunk, and a collie dog. The fast train flashes by these idyllic country-side stations, and the scream of the engine-whistle does not even waken their somnolent echoes; but the town-tired traveller catches "hurrygraphs" of them sufficiently tempting for him to wish that the "limited mail" were a City omnibus, so that he could order it to stop just where he pleased.



FURNESS ABBEY STATION (FURNESS RAILWAY).

But it is of pretty railway-stations that I am bidden to discourse. Mr. Ruskin and his school would, perhaps, deny the possibility of such utilitarian institutions existing in artistic shape, despite the convincing evidence afforded by the grand Gothic pile at St. Pancras, one of the noblest architectural ornaments of the metropolis, whose booking-hall, by the genius of Sir Gilbert Scott, has a cathedral-like appearance. A vivacious American writer (Mr. N. P. Willis), speak-of the railway palaces of England, says that when London shall have become the Rome or Athens of a fallen empire, the termini of the railways will be amongst its finest ruins. The arches, gateways, and pillars of Euston remind him of "that flower of sumptuousness, the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples." Mr. Willis wrote his diverting "Loiterings of Travel" forty years or more ago, and the termini of the great railways have grown more impressive since the days when he sketched our scenery and society. To the modern American tourist, however, nothing is more pleasing than travelling by train through the English counties. The railway route seems to be a ribbon of gleaming steel wandering through a prolonged garden of green mixed up with old-world villages, ivied manor-houses, ancient churches, and russet farmsteads. The wayside stations with their healthy country life, trellised with flowers, and half-smothered with trees, the gentle civilities on the platforms, the milk-cans and barrows laden with the produce of field and garden, present to him so many fleeting pictures to be recalled when far away from their surroundings.

Pretty railway-stations! I mind me of Matlock Bath, with its châlet-like appearance among Swiss-like surroundings—the Willersley cutting behind you to the south, in summer the walls of the ravine a grotto of ferns, in winter an alley of icicles hanging, apparently from the sky, in pendants of crystal and diamond; the Masson heights to the left; limestone "scars" to the right; in front the tunnel burrowing its way under the majestic High Tor, like a pin-point perforating a huge sheet of grey paper. I think of the picturesque station at Furness mixed up with the ruins of the grand old abbey, uniting the Victorian Era with the monastic life of the Middle Ages. I recall the quaint little station at Alton Towers, with its rose-garden and tree-shaded nooks, in the romantic Churnet Valley, a station that supplies the artist with

a picture at every point, whether from bridge or platform, riverside or adjoining heights. I try to remember the names of some delightful Yorkshire stations which have no ambition to be thought æsthetic, or "early English before it is too late," but are, notwithstanding, most charming revelations in the swift landscape of the line. I have most agreeable recollections of the stations between Oban and Callander (Professor Blackie out of the question !), the châlet-like stations at Loch Awe, and other calling-places on the Oban line, such as Ach-na-Cloich, Connel Ferry, and Dalmally—not to forget Oban station itself, with its wonder of nasturtiums climbing pillar and girder, and hanging ferns under a cheerful expanse of glass, that suggests a conservatory rather than a railway terminus.

I know of one or two tunnels that are externally positively picturesque. Travellers from the North to London, *viâ* Trent, must have noticed when entering Redhill tunnel the wealth of woodland at the portals, with grey baronial battlements at either side, and the telegraph masts with their web of wires carried far away up among the trees. Pointsmen's boxes even can, with their "levers" and "repeaters," and tinkling bells, eloquent of the "block system" of signalling, be made "things of beauty," if not "a joy for ever." How many passengers each summer, for instance, admire the handsome station signal-box at Cheltenham ! It is during the summer months a perfect "basket of flowers," and more resembles a radiant greenhouse than a prosaic receptacle for "switches" and "three-throws." Creeping plants climb up the sides of this cabin. Ornamental baskets are suspended from the eaves, from which droop festoons of flowers. The signalmen look out of windows bright with fuchsias and geraniums. Wire-stands filled with flowers are placed on either side the box, while behind is a fernery, where bright flowering plants mingle their colours with the cool greys and greens. Wild birds build in the station-roof, and become almost tame despite the rush and roar of the passing trains with their vibration and smoke.

On the lines of the West of England pretty railway-stations are numerous. In the opening summer time, when the orchards of the beloved Western country are in flower, the stations appear to nestle amid the red and white blossom of apple and pear trees. I do not intend to convey that these stations are models of ornate architecture. Railway shareholders, eager for their dividends, would scarcely approve of that. But still there are quaint designs of gable, delicate suggestions of pretty windows, and artistic points about many of these wayside stations, picturesque enough for all painting purposes.

The cultivation of flowers is a pleasing characteristic of English railway-stations. There are some stations—such as Dumfries, on the Glasgow and South-Western main line, and Didsbury, on the Manchester South District—that owe their prodigal show of shrubs and flowers on the platforms to the professional nurseryman displaying his horticulture as an advertisement. It is not to these elaborate instances that allusion is here made so much as to the country-side stations, where the station-master and his man and lad spend their spare time, from the booking-office and the lamp-room, in beautifying their platforms with borderings, and plants, and flowers.

And how charming is the result of their recreative efforts to travellers in passing trains—what visions of beauty alternate between bridge and tunnel and cutting —what pleasant glimpses of colour ! "The speech of flowers excels all flowers of speech," and it is heard above the screech of the engine-whistle and the noisy rattle of wheels.

Railway directors, supposed by most people to be the most case-hardened of men, are even guilty of cherishing this taste for floral cultivation among the workers on the line. They not only give their *employés* garden allotments to cultivate peas and beans, cabbages and potatoes, fruit and flowers, but one Board of Directors (that of the Midland Railway) votes an annual sum of £100 to be distributed in prizes over the line for the most neatly-kept platform gardens at the passenger stations. Last year (1885) as many as seventy-six stations competed, and the prizes were graduated from £10 to 5s. The result was very gratifying.

Even stations such as Armley, at Leeds, and Brightside, at Sheffield, which are enveloped in foundry smoke and vitriolic vapours, despite their antagonistic surroundings, succeeded in producing pretty floral effects. At other stations, where the vegetation was in a less degree liable to be parched on the railway slopes, and suffered in a minor degree from engine sparks and "smuts," the effect of the efforts put forth was most encouraging. At Kinnersley, a station on the South Wales section, clay banks were converted into terraces of flowers, and "the desert was made to smile." At Bakewell, banks before rough and unsightly, were planted with carpet-like turf, and diversified with flower designs and devices in shining Derbyshire spar. In the spring they were gay with tulips and hyacinths. People came from a distance to see them. In the summer bedding-plants were substituted ; while rustic baskets with ferns and trailing flora were suspended from the roof of each platform.

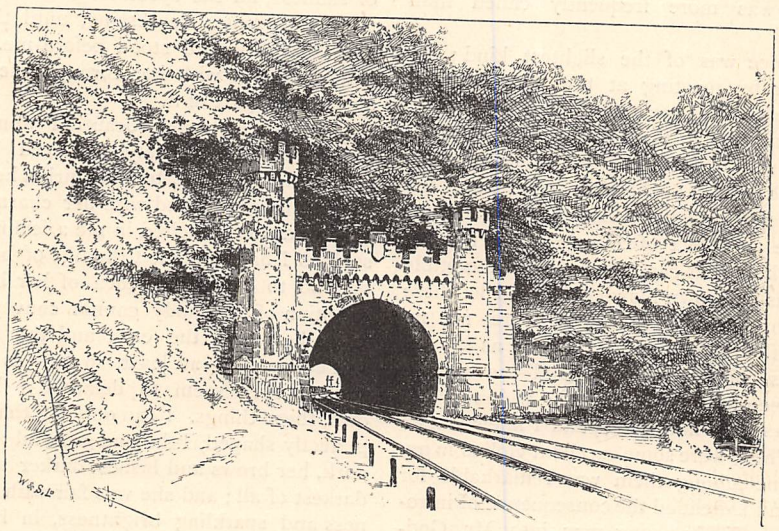
It is eminently satisfactory to learn that at the stations where the borders are kept the best, the public have most assisted in preserving the plants. Where the flowers have been most profuse, the customers of the line have been their most zealous custodians. The much-maligned "cheap-tripper" has refrained from plucking them ; and even on thronged excursion platforms, during the busy summer months, not a single bloom has been missed. This encouragement gives hope of even better results in future years.

Of course there are ugly railway-stations that admirably answer all Mr. Ruskin's requirements of uncomeliness. Even those at "show-places" are not in the best of taste. That at Stratford-on-Avon is the apotheosis of the common-place. It seems to act as a foil upon the old-world charm of the classic streets

of Shakespeare's town. But, as Mr. Ruskin *might* possibly urge, with his sweeping method of generalisation, if you make Stratford station a half-timbered edifice with quaint gables, the traveller will only care less for the house in which Shakespeare was born ; and if you plant the platform with old-fashioned flowers, he will only have less pleasure in the green and bowery wilderness surrounding Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. Still, the world cannot be made too beautiful ; but while appreciating the beautiful we must not forget the practical. Even Mr. Ruskin's ardent arguments are not strong enough to make a "permanent way" ; and his most fervid utterances are not sufficient to drive the Scotch express ; although he may with Tennyson find—

"——— enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind."

EDWARD BRADBURY.



RED HILL TUNNEL, TRENT.

HARLOWE'S HELPMATE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"ONE of my girls wants to learn the violin, Mr. Holderness ; do you know any one who gives lessons?—not a big swell, you know — can't afford that, but a decent musician who can give two or three lessons a week for moderate payment."

"Yes," said I, "I know several musicians who give lessons."

"Well, I shall be much obliged if you will send one of them to my place. Begin at once—Monday, say, I'll tell Madge—that's where we live." Saying this, Mr. Goddard gave me a card on which was his address—"Sunnyside Cottage, Highgate."

A friend at the other side of the room nodded to him, and he left me with a shake of the hand and thanks for the trouble I was about to give myself on his account. It was odd, this careless manner of settling a serious matter. But then Mr. Goddard himself was odd and affected oddness.

To me it seemed that if he combed his long hair at all, it was to make it lie more ragged and untidy than if he had left it uncombed. He wore an old velvet jacket that one would have been ashamed to offer to a beggar—the buttons gone and the sleeves daubed with colour. He was not particular about the shade of his shirt-collar, but he prided himself on neck-handkerchiefs of the most violent colours, which were tied with scrupulous carelessness in a half-bow.

He was an artist ; and at that time not a successful one, to judge by his eccentricity and Bohemian tastes. Men correct all that when they rise above mediocrity and their talents are recognised. I have seen sketches of his, oils and water-colours, on the morning-room chimney-piece, that might be bought for ten shillings each—but they rarely were.

Men talked about him and were witty at his expense. He was continually "going in" for something ; but he

stuck to nothing except that old snuff-coloured velvet jacket. They said that if he changed his linen as often as he changed his style, he would be a more respectable artist.

At one time he devoted his talent to cattle; then he called himself Paul Potter Goddard in honour of the great Dutch painter. He wished to substitute Veronese for Potter when he tried his hand at large imaginative pictures, but the old name stuck to him. There was something appropriate to him in the name of Potter, and Potter he was more frequently called than Goddard.

Our acquaintance was of the slightest kind; we knew each other by meeting at the "Bayard"—a little club of professional men near Covent Garden. I was musical conductor at the "Orphean."

I am not without my faults—who is?—and the young fellows in my orchestra or at the club poked fun at me because I am careful—to a punctilious degree, perhaps. But I prefer to be an object of ridicule rather than of contempt, and I hold that carelessness is contemptible in a man who has outgrown his youth. So I let these youngsters laugh, knowing that they bore me no malice, and had their good qualities as well as I.

Mr. Goddard's commission perplexed me a good deal, for I had been told that he was a widower, and that his daughters were handsome, and I knew that he was careless. There were some excellent violins in my band, but not one among them was remarkable for high principle, and I dreaded the consequence of introducing one of these lively young men into Mr. Goddard's family. I hesitated, moreover, from another consideration. I foresaw the probability of having to pay for Miss Goddard's instruction out of my own pocket, for Mr. Goddard I knew was more ready to get into debt than to get out of it, and the teacher might hold me responsible for loss entailed by my recommendation. So after much cogitation I determined that I myself would teach Miss Goddard— that being the surest way of avoiding unpleasantness.

The following Monday I presented myself with my violin at Sunnyside Cottage. A servant-maid led me up-stairs to the studio. There I was left to myself long enough to note the peculiarities of the room.

Had I not known Mr. Goddard, I think I could have imagined his character by the look of his workshop. It was as disorderly as any man of genius could desire. The two windows were draped with pieces of buff calico and green baize, nailed up to direct the light according to the artist's requirements. A gas standard with a reflector and three Argand burners stood between the windows, to replace the light of day when the demands of the public should oblige the artist to work by night. A far-seeing spider had spun his web over the apparatus, and left the husks of last autumn's victims in the meshes. In the middle of the floor was a patch of carpet; I learned from Potter later on that it was Turkish, and had been in a great man's studio; it might have been in Noah's ark for any external evidence to the contrary. There was a massive easel with machinery for raising a canvas six feet high, and another for ordinary use; a third with a white umbrella for summer campaigning stood in a corner. The walls were decorated with peacock's feathers, Japanese fans, the scrapings of palette knives, and a rack of pipes, mostly broken. On a shelf were a few plaster casts, and some broken pottery, dusky with smoke and the dust of many months. In a corner was a pile of canvases, studies, and works begun. At one end of the room was a piano, and this alone looked as if it were in use.

I sat on a stool regarding these things with a feeling of sadness, for the spectacle of abandoned enterprise is at most times depressing, until the door opened, and Miss Goddard stood before me. A ray of sunshine came in with her through the open door, and she seemed part of it.

I have seen many beautiful women at our performances, their beauty enhanced by every cunning device known to art, but this girl in her simple morning dress, unadorned, and with her charms as nature had bestowed them, excited in me a feeling of admiration, such as I had never felt the like of before. I cannot pretend to convey an idea of her beauty. The description of a melody cannot convey the impression it makes upon the ear; and the beauties of form and colour are—at least, to me—as difficult to transcribe; they seem to demand a language of their own, these things. I can only tell that she was tall and perfectly shaped, lithe and graceful; that her hair was dark, her brows and lashes darker still, and her eyes darkest of all; and she was fair with a wonderful freshness and sparkling brightness, in her open, fearless countenance, and a certain audacity in her bearing that inspired one with the belief that she could conceal nothing, and must be a good girl as well as a beautiful one.

"Papa is not at home," she said; "he must have forgotten that you were to come this afternoon. Perhaps you would like to arrange with him about—about terms before beginning."

"There will be no difficulty about that," I replied; "if you are willing to take a lesson, I am quite ready to give you one. We can settle about payment later on—I know your papa."

"You are the gentleman engaged by Mr. Holderness, I suppose?"

"I am John Holderness."

She seemed a little embarrassed on hearing this.

"Mr. Goddard asked me to find a decent musician who was not a 'great swell,'" I explained, "and I have not been able to think of any one who answered better to that description than myself."

This, and the tone of voice in which I spoke, seemed to put her at ease; a little smile parted her lips and made her eyes prettier than ever; then, growing suddenly serious, she said in a tone of anxiety—

"I am afraid you will find me a troublesome pupil."

"I hope you will not find me impatient," I answered. "You know something of music?"

"Oh! I can play the piano—not well at all. I don't like the piano."

"Then no wonder you do not play well. Nevertheless, it is a fine instrument, the piano."

"I can't think that. It makes you so angular, and you must turn your back on half the audience, and you must jerk your arms and hands about like a horrid piece of machinery, and there is nothing whatever graceful in it."

"Oh, oh!" thought I, "now I know why you want to learn the violin."

"Besides," she continued, "every one now plays the piano, and there are so many of us anxious to teach that it is the hardest thing in the world to get a living by it. My sisters teach at a school every day; fancy scales every day and all the year round! They come home quite fagged out at night, and their pay is miserable. If they were not the most persevering, self-denying, dear girls in the world, they would throw up their engagement in disgust—I did."

"And you hope to do better by teaching the violin?"

She shook her head, and with an expression of self-reproach said—

"I failed utterly as a teacher. You see, I could only instruct the lower class. Well, when the children were good I was obliged to keep hugging and kissing them, and when they were naughty I smacked them, and when they began to cry I cried too, and there

"SHE MADE ME A LOW BOW."

was an end of it, before I had been at the school a week."

She dropped her eyes abashed; and it was well for me she did so, for had she regarded my face she must have seen that I was laughing within myself.

"Don't you think I should have a better chance of success with the violin?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"As a means of earning money?"

"Oh, yes! we cannot afford to be idle. I ought to have been helping the others for years past; but instead of that——"

She paused, bending her pretty brows, and straining her delicate fingers which were knit one within another as if to punish herself for her faults.

"I dare say a lady who could teach the violin would be better paid than a pianist," said I; "at the same time a certain amount of excellence——"

"Oh! I don't mean to teach," she said, looking up, "I intend to play in public."

"That is quite another thing," said I, knowing how an audience, looking at this young and beautiful girl, would magnify the good and ignore the bad parts of her performance. "As a public performer you may make a fortune."

"Then let us begin our lesson at once," she cried, springing up from the piano-stool on which she had seated herself.

"Have you a violin?" I asked.

"There is one amongst papa's properties," said she, and opening a long black box in which I caught sight of a broken lay figure and a mixed collection of costumes, she brought out a violin and a bow.

"Only," she said, coming down with a laugh, "there's not a sound to be got out of it."

That was the truth. The back of the instrument was split, strings and bow were innocent of resin. The one passed over the other as if they had been greased.

"No matter," said I, "it will be sufficient for to-day if you learn how to hold the violin and use the bow, and these are good enough for that purpose. The first thing is to know how to move the bow with a free swing of the arm and a fitting turn of the wrist."

"I think I know that already," said she.

"Good," said I, not a little amused at her naïve presumption, for I have found a proper use of the bow the most difficult thing to teach, "good—show me what you can do."

She took the violin and bow from me, and walking with a stately grace to the middle of the room, stood on the edge of the square of carpet and made me a low bow. Then she drew herself up, and looked beyond me as if waiting for the moment to begin. Again I lost myself in admiration of her beauty—her hand, her wrist, her arm, exquisite in form and colour; her young yet well-developed figure; the lines of her shoulders and throat; her small head crowned with a coil of hair that, catching a ray of sunlight, took a deep brown tint; the well-opened eyes, the white nose a little arched, the round under lip raised to meet the short upper one, and drawing her full chin into prominence, and adding pride to the natural audacity of her expression—all these charms together were enough to turn a head greyer than mine.

I do not think she saw me; she looked as if in imagination she regarded an admiring and expectant audience, and was prepared to meet their expectations—it was the pose of a real artist. And the effect was so strong that I myself entered into the imaginary scene; instinctively I raised my bow to beat time.

She set her violin in position, resting her round chin upon it, raised her elbow, and holding the bow lightly between her thumb and three first fingers with the fourth delicately raised, she dropped the heel upon the strings, and as I gave the signal, drew the bow down with a fine free sweep of arm and wrist to the full extent; then dropping her wrist, she brought the bow back to its first position with a masterly grace.

But not a sound came from the useless instrument. The illusion was not to be kept up; with her chin still on the violin she looked at me laughing and said—

"Is that anything like it, Mr. Holderness?"

"It is admirable," said I; "you have surely taken lessons already."

"No, but I have seen the violin played, and I have practised using the bow."

"Ay, ay!" thought I; "and before a glass too, I'll warrant."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I PROCURED a proper instrument for Miss Goddard, and did my best to teach her to play it, going three times a week to Highgate, and sometimes four, for it occurred frequently that from one cause or another she could not take a lesson. There was a dress she must alter, or a friend she must visit, or some such excuse; but more often she would say—

"It's not a bit of good trying to teach me to-day, for I'm not in an inclination to learn. I shall lose my temper and tax yours to no purpose whatever."

The fact is, she had no deep love for music, and her ambition to become a public player was not sufficiently strong to make her overcome her disinclination to serious study.

Nobody scolded her for her want of perseverance; people are just as illogical in their indulgence to an amiable and beautiful girl, as they are in their harshness towards girls who are ill-tempered and plain. And her faults were not the outcome of an ill-conditioned nature, but rather the result of careless education.

"We are more to blame than she is," said Joan, the eldest of the three sisters, and a remarkably plain, sensible young woman: "we have flattered and petted her, humoured her caprices and encouraged her extravagance, and we must not be intolerant because she is—what we have made her."

Nevertheless, Madge suffered for her faults. She was extremely sensitive, and when her sisters were unwontedly quiet, she would conclude that they were brooding over her faults or follies.

Sometimes, stung by self-reproach, she would work with surprising energy and assiduity.

"If you see me growing idle, tell me to do my duty," she said to me one day.

At these times she made great progress. Unhappily, the times were of short duration, and at the end of a fortnight or so she would present herself without her fiddle, and in a coaxing tone say—

"Don't talk to me seriously to-day. I—I shall cry if you do."

It was no good reminding her of her duty then. And I was as ready to indulge her as any one else. To tell the truth, I was a bad teacher, for she fairly turned my head.

"Miss Goddard, it is useless for me to pretend to teach you. I am an old fool, and cannot command proper respect and attention from you; therefore it is my duty to give up the pretence, and tell your papa to find some one more capable to fill my place." That is what I *ought* to have said. But I did not say anything of the kind, and was ready to talk about my orchestra, or play snatches from the new work in rehearsal, or anything else, at Miss Goddard's bidding.

My scruples might have led me to resign my position as her teacher, had I been paid for teaching. But I was not paid. Potter Goddard never mentioned a word about terms, or offered to reimburse me for the violin I had purchased for his daughter.

There was a very good reason for that: the man never had any money. He was unconscionably lazy, and as vain as a peacock.

Joan and Cicely paid all the bills and kept things going on. They were hard-working, excellent girls both: Joan plain and matter-of-fact, with a great fund of good sense and good feeling; Cicely simple, naïve, and very pretty—though not for a moment to be compared with Madge in anything except the clearness and peach-like softness of her complexion.

Cicely was engaged to Horace Clinton, and they were a very fairly-matched couple. Clinton was a gentlemanly, good-looking young man, amiable and estimable in most things, though not so strong and virile as I like men to be. His hair was very soft and curly, and one little lock would fall over his forehead, and he could not pronounce the letter R. But I believe these peculiarities were natural, and not the result of affectation, so he is not to be thought ill of on this account. He was an artist, clever in painting pretty faces. He made money by designing pictures for the lids of bon-bon boxes, though he tried to keep the fact secret, feeling that this style of work was derogatory to his character as an artist. But it enabled him to keep his mother and father, and to offer a home to Cicely, which was more than Potter Goddard could have attempted to do; so he did wrong to scoff at bon-bon boxes, as I think.

Joan was not engaged, nor had she any admirer at that time.

"Madge and Cicely must marry and go away before any one will look at me," said she.

It looked as if Cicely would marry first; I think she postponed her marriage for the sake of her family. It was as much as her efforts, united with Joan's, could do to make ends meet at Sunnyside. Alone, Joan could not have avoided debt and difficulty.

Madge hinted this to me when we were alone one afternoon.

"Cicely wants to be married, and she could marry to-morrow if she chose," said she. "But she toils like a little slave, and hides her trouble, and all for——oh, I am worse than good for nothing!" Then she ran up-stairs and brought down her violin, and worked hard for three weeks after that.

As Joan pointed out, it was useless for her to seek engagement as a teacher of the piano. She was so beautiful that she would be sure to get into trouble. She couldn't help people falling in love with her. It would never do for her to go into a private family; and schools have to be careful. All that was no fault of Madge's.

Of course there was the probability that she would marry before long; only the probability was rendered vague by the fact that ever since the age of sixteen she had been surrounded with admirers, and had never yet found one that she could like well enough to engage herself to.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," said she, when she was under one of her fits of depression. "I try to do right, yet all goes wrong. I can't even like any one well enough to be his wife."

These fits of depression were frequent. Most people saw her when she was in high, boisterous spirits, and thought her careless and giddy. Yet I know that she was more frequently unhappy than gay.

"STRUCK THE NOTE."

And she deserved to be unhappy, some would say, thinking only that she was idle and vain and frivolous. But that is not my way of thinking. I say that beautiful women are more to be pitied than envied; and the next blessing to a good heart that can be bestowed on a girl is a plain, homely face.

One day when Madge had mastered her part in Hérold's *berceau* (arranged for violin and piano), I asked Potter to stay at home on the following Monday, and hear her play it, by way of encouraging her in further endeavour. He gave me his promise, and as Monday was a day of pouring rain, he kept his promise.

We made a music-stand of an easel, and set it in the middle of the room where Madge wished to play. I went to the piano, and Potter seated himself on the black box which contained his properties.

Madge was in high spirits that day, and as she took her place a little on one side of the easel, her young fresh face sparkled with blushing gaiety.

Potter was very proud of his daughter, and fond of her in his selfish way, and as he swung his foot to and fro, filling his pipe, he looked at her through his half-closed eyes, his head on one side, critically. I struck the note for her to tune her instrument.

She had brought it to the proper pitch, and was drawing a long note to make sure, when she caught sight of her father, and a roguish smile broke over her face.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Wait a bit!" cried Potter, who had put his pipe in his mouth, and was now, with his hands held horizontally, forming an imaginary frame. "Come here, Holderness." I crossed to his side. "Wouldn't that make a jolly picture, eh?"

Madge knew what was going on in her father's mind, and maintained the pose that had excited his admiration: her bow over the violin—with the most exquisite turn in her beautiful wrist—her rose-tipped little finger up, her white chin dimpled on the brown violin, her head a little inclined, and that arch smile animating her lovely face and eyes.

"Capital subject, eh?—that ought to take, Jack."

I admitted that if he could paint a picture like the original it must command success.

"I'll do it!" he cried, with enthusiasm—"there's that forty-eight by thirty-six I framed in the autumn will be just the thing," and he turned to the pile of unfinished canvases behind him.

"What do you think of my grey velvet, papa?" asked Madge, who was as mad as her father.

"The very thing with a thundering strong background" replied Potter, still searching for the canvas. "Look alive: nothing like striking the iron while it's hot."

Madge wanted no incentive; she threw down her violin, and sped away to change her dress. I crossed the room, sadly disappointed, and closed the piano, for which there was no further use.

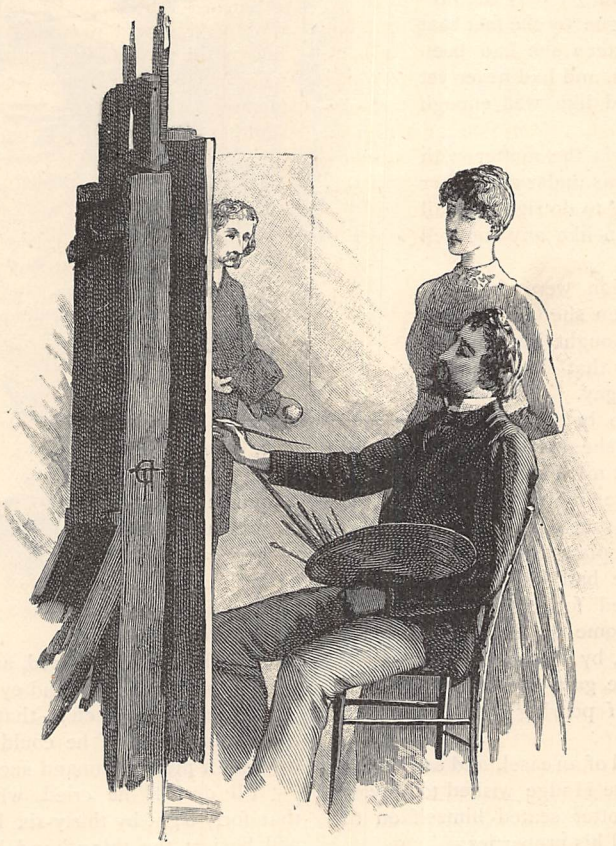
"A pretty method of encouraging a girl in serious studies," I grumbled: "a wise course to take with a vain, spoiled child, whose future happiness depends upon her becoming staid and reasonable!"

When I think now of the vital influence that picture had upon the girl's destiny, I wonder what the consequences would have been had her father at this juncture acted like a prudent man.

"Never mind," thought I, as I left Sunnyside; "his

enthusiasm will have worked itself out by to-morrow, and on Wednesday we can return once more to serious things."

But on Wednesday I found Madge standing in her grey velvet, and her father smoking and painting, just as I had left them on Monday; and on Friday it was just the same, though the weather had cleared up and the sun tempted people into the open air.



"PAINTING, JUST AS I HAD LEFT THEM."

"It is a most extwa'wdinawy thing," said Horace Clinton. "Potter has never been known to work for thwee consecutive days in the whole course of his extwa'wdinawy caweer."

He surprised everybody, and those most who knew him best.

One can account for his perseverance in two ways. In the first place, he had succeeded in painting a remarkably good picture in a very short space of time; and secondly, his daughters had conspired to flatter him to the top of his bent, impelled thereto by the hope that he might be got to finish the picture in time to send it to the Academy.

Potter had always expressed great contempt for the Royal Academy, declaring that those artists who were out of the exhibition had more reason to be proud than those whose works were accepted; nevertheless, when the work was finished and set up in frame, and he had admired it as much as any one else, he consented, though with pretended indifference, to its being sent in. After that it was rather amusing to see with what caution he packed it in a case, and how carefully he held it as the cab drove away with him to Burlington House.

We were all anxious for the result. There was a fortnight of suspense, and then we grew more hopeful when the first batch of rejections were out, and Potter had received no message from the hanging committee; from that time Potter was never absent from the house when the postman called. I was at Sunnyside when, at length, the official letter was handed to him. He had not the courage to open it; Madge took it from his hands, and having broken the seal, exclaimed—

"A varnishing ticket, papa. Oh! I am to be in the exhibition;" and then she flung her arms round her father's neck, and kept her face on his shoulder to hide the tears that had sprung to her eyes.

I had got four stalls from the manager for that night, and it was arranged that Joan and Cicely should meet us at the doors of the hall, so I had the pleasure of seeing them when Madge put the varnishing ticket in their hands. It was touching to see their delight. As

I went up into the orchestra I saw all their heads together, and I knew what they were talking about. I glanced round from time to time during the performance, and found them more often whispering together than listening to what was going on. Nevertheless, I am sure that no one in the hall enjoyed the evening more than they did.

When I saw them, on coming out, it had been decided that Madge could not go to the Academy in the grey velvet, because it would attract attention, and look as if she wished to identify herself with the portrait ; but they were to go through Regent Street after school the next day, all three, and choose something to be made up at once for the first of May. The two elder sisters never for a moment seemed to think that new dresses were necessary for them. It was like the story of Cinderella reversed.

"I wonder if many people will stop to look at my portrait," said Madge, "and whether the newspaper critics will say anything about it."

"Oh ! of course they will," said Cicely, who, as I have said, was very simple and naïve ; "they always must find fault with something."

"Perhaps no one except us will know it's in the exhibition," said Joan, with her usual common sense ; "it may be stuck right up in a corner, as Horace's picture was last year."

"If they sky my work it's the last I shall let them have," said Potter, as if in a vision he saw the general public and the whole hanging committee all agog for the paintings of P. P. Goddard.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE picture was not skied ; on the contrary, it was hung on the line, and in a very fair place—according to the opinion of everybody except the artist. This astonished the artists at the Bayard Club, who, in Potter's absence, spoke their minds pretty freely about it. They said it was sixth-rate painting, not art at all, bad in colour and bad in drawing (I admit that to my uncritical eye the violin seemed incorrect). The best that could be said about it was that it had a certain fetching prettiness, but that was not due to Potter's skill ; with such a model the picture couldn't help being pretty, and because it was pretty it had been hung on the line. The Academy was nothing more than a shop, and the shop-keepers were more interested in pleasing the vulgar taste of the public than in trying to elevate it, and so on, and so on. But that which astonished (and, I think, exasperated) these brother-artists still more was to hear that "L'Allegro" (which was the title we had given the picture) had been sold on the very first day of the exhibition, and for fifty guineas—a price which to me seemed prohibitive, considering what capital oleographs can be bought for a pound a piece.

I could not go to the Academy with my friends on the opening day, for a new work had been put up for rehearsal, and that kept me from eleven in the morning until tea-time every day for a whole week. But on Tuesday in the following week I got away after a couple of hours' rehearsal, and arrived at Burlington House shortly after two.

The galleries were crowded to excess, but I knew the room in which "L'Allegro" was hung, and I made for that at once, with a kind of presentiment that I should find my friends there, this being only their second visit. I was not mistaken.

I caught sight of Potter first. He was planted in the middle of the room, with his arms folded and his eyes screwed up, criticising the skied pictures. His strange, not to say disreputable, appearance attracted some attention, and indeed his large hat, ragged hair, flaming neckerchief, and old velvet jacket were more than sufficiently conspicuous among those well-dressed people. Some of the simple folks regarded him with awe and admiration, while others nudged each other and laughed ; but he did not see them, for they were careful to laugh behind his back. Then in the distance I caught sight of Madge in her white hat and new dress, looking the most beautiful and most elegant of all who there represented beauty and fashion. Every one turned to look at her, but not as they regarded Potter. She was with Cicely. Poor Joan had a headache—having been there since nine o'clock in the morning—and was seated alone. Cicely looked tired also ; but nothing seemed to affect Madge: her physique was perfect, she looked as though she had but just entered the room.

With a blush and a little hesitation, she took me to see her portrait. There were many people before every one of the pictures, but it pleased me to observe that the crowd was thicker before "L'Allegro." It looked smaller there than it did in the studio, but it charmed me just as much as ever—the arch lovely face, the graceful tall figure, and the delicate hand poising the bow—still, the fiddle was certainly out of drawing, as they said at the club.

It was strange to listen to the remarks ; the people who had come to enjoy themselves saying, "How lovely !" and the clever people using up all the queer terms one reads in the newspapers, to express the same thing or the reverse. A student was looking carefully into the work to find out what was admirable, but the fashionable people gave their verdict at the first glance, and those were loudest in judging who seemed to know least about it.

We looked at each other and smiled, Madge and I, to hear the remarks of a lady just in front of us. She was about forty, and very fashionably dressed, and she addressed herself to a stout gentleman about ten years older than herself: him I had seen as I entered giving an order to a footman who stood beside an open carriage, to which were harnessed two magnificent horses, that pawed the road impatiently, shaking their heads up and down, and jingling their silvered bits.

"Ah ! this is it," said the lady, consulting her catalogue: "'L'Allegro' ; P. P. Goddard. Don't like it. Preposterous, I call it. The texture, you know. Look at the complexion : is it natural ? And then the tone ! Look at those eyes : absurdly large. One wants feeling in art. You never see a girl of that complexion with

black eyes ; well, it may suit some people's taste, but *I* like consistency."

I wished with all my heart that she would turn and see Madge, whose beauty was only faintly represented in the picture. But the people were too intent upon the picture to look to the right or left. The stout gentleman who was with the lady, however, and who could only nod and say, "Yes," and "Ah !" and "Hum !" in reply, finding himself inconveniently warm in the press of the crowd, blew a long breath in the air, and turned to see if he could get a little more room. His eyes fell on Madge. After regarding her for a moment, he looked back quickly to the picture. Perceiving that she was recognised, Madge turned away, taking my arm, and I led her to the seat where Cicely was sitting beside poor Joan ; and two people rising at that instant, we took their places.

Naturally our eyes turned towards the crowd in front of Madge's portrait. I observed that the stout gentleman and his companion were no longer there. But I caught sight of him presently, a little further along the room, standing in the rear of the lady, but looking covertly at Madge. It seemed pretty clear that if he had identified her with the figure in "L'Allegro," he had not communicated his discovery, for the lady showed no curiosity with regard to Madge. He could not keep his eyes off her, and wherever they went I could see his round red face turned towards us, yet in such a manner as not to be observed by the lady with him. From this I concluded that she might be his wife.

When Potter joined us, I proposed that we should take some refreshment, and the proposal being acceptable to all (and to none more than Potter), we made our way to the refreshment room, seated ourselves at a table, and ordered sandwiches. Madge was next to me, at the end of the table. While we were thus seated, the gentleman and lady I have spoken of above passed us, and going further up the room, the gentleman placed a chair for the lady, the back towards us, and seated himself opposite to her, so that once more he could look at Madge without exciting his companion's attention. I do not think this was the result of accident, for there was no sign of surprise on his face as his eyes fell upon her. He must have seen that I was watching him, but it made no difference—he stared all the same. As for Madge, she may or may not have noticed his persistent rudeness ; a pretty girl has to endure, and in time disregards, this kind of persecution.

I had opportunity to observe him—too much for my taste. He was a ponderous, plethoric, middle-aged man, with a broad red face, a pronounced double chin ; the back of his short neck formed a pink ridge over his stiff collar. His chin and upper lip were shaved ; his whiskers were sandy-grey, and his hair, a little darker, was turned with the irons. One could see that he was fond of good eating and drinking by his complexion and thick lips, and his puffy cheeks. He was high-shouldered, and when he wished to look round he put his hand on the table, and moved the upper part of his body with his head, as though he had a stiff neck. That was because of his stiff collar, which, despite the form of his throat, was rigid and straight up all round, like a young man's. His hand was fat, with short fingers ; on one sparkled a prodigiously large diamond. The expression of his face was not repulsive ; on the contrary, there was good humour and joviality in it ; his little grey eyes twinkled constantly ; they were the slyest, funniest little eyes imaginable, yet shrewd and sharp ; their activity seemed to compensate him for the unwieldiness of his body. He was dressed in black cloth ; his coat fitted him to perfection ; his hat and gloves seemed to be quite new. He was served with an expensive lunch ; I saw him leave half-a-crown on the plate when the waiter brought his change. But for these signs of wealth, and the magnificent equipage I had seen outside, I should have said he was a small tradesman, or something of that sort.

We had finished our sandwiches, paid for them, and were rising to go, when a lady and gentleman passed between Madge and me, and walked up to the table beyond. The lady was young, rather short, and dressed in the height of fashion ; the gentleman was tall and straight, his figure was that of a young man. I only saw his back, for as he came up the stout gentleman rose with a hearty smile, and after shaking his hand, held it while he conversed until we turned to leave the room. I know *now* that he purposely kept him in that position in order that Madge might leave unrecognised.

I saw no more of him that day, for we left the exhibition soon after ; I had come to see Madge's portrait, and that only. Potter's vanity was satiated for the day; and though Joan made light of her headache and wished to stay (not to shorten our pleasure), we felt it would be well for her to get out into the fresh air of the park.

The piece we had been rehearsing was to be produced the next evening. Madge had a great desire to hear it ; she had a constant desire, indeed, for any sort of distraction, and late events had unfitted her more than ever for serious work ; and as Potter pleaded other engagements, I undertook to pass the sisters into the hall, and take them home after the performance. Madge spent the day with a friend, and in the evening I met the three girls with Horace at the doors of the hall ; and there I joined them again after the performance.

It was about a quarter to twelve when we reached Sunnyside Cottage ; to our astonishment, we saw an unusually brilliant light on the first floor. Joan had taken the key of the door, that the servant might not be kept up, so we let ourselves in and went up-stairs, wondering greatly what was the cause of the unusual illumination ; we could not believe it was Potter, for he had spoken of engagements, and that we knew meant an evening at his club. Nevertheless, it was he. We heard him whistling like a blackbird as we approached the door —apparently unconscious that we had come in. We opened the door, and found him busy with his palette before a canvas on the easel, perspiration standing in beads upon his forehead—not so much from the effect of hard work as from the intense heat of the three Argand burners in the reflector, which were all alight,

and turned up as high as the chimneys permitted. It was such an extraordinary sight that the girls all three exclaimed in one breath—

"Papa!"

"Halloa, girls! you there? How do, Holderness?" he cried gaily, and rubbing in the colour, continued: "Hard at it, you see. Well, Horace, how's the bon-bon trade?" With this, Potter turned from the canvas, allowed his brows to retract, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the cuff of his everlasting jacket.

"What *does* it mean?" asked Madge.

"It means, my dear, that I have received a commission for a replica of the thing in the Academy. No question of price. Of course I shan't let it go for a miserable fifty pounds. Say I let him have it for twice that, and do the job in a week. Well, a hundred a week represents a decent income—about five or six thousand a year, eh?"

We were all so astonished we could say nothing at the moment, but presently Cicely said, in her quiet way—

"What a pity it is that you despise money so, papa dear!"

"Of course, money is no object to me!" said Potter cavalierly, and indeed with some truth, for there was generally very little at his disposal; "but one naturally likes to have one's talent recognised."

"And who wants the other portrait of me?" asked Madge, who perhaps saw quite as much flattery of herself as of her father's talent in this commission.

"Perfect stranger. Called this afternoon just as I was going out," replied Potter. "Came in a carriage—magnificent horses—footman and coachman in livery—silver mountings to the harness." He gave a short whistle to express magnificence too great for words.

I cast an apprehensive glance at Madge; she was blushing with delight. Joan looked at me significantly, as much as to say, "This will turn her head, and make her more vain than ever."

"He is impatient to have the picture, so I set to work at once," Potter continued.

"And how long did he stay?" asked Madge.

"About half an hour."

"Then you've taken a good long while to pwime your canvas," observed Horace.

"But what sort of a gentleman is he?" asked Madge.

"Oh! a jolly old fellow——"

"Old?"

"Well, about fifty. This is the sort of man he is." Saying that, Potter took up a piece of charcoal, and began a sketch on the wall of the gentleman, beginning at his feet and working upwards. "There you are," said he—"black trousers, black frock coat, white waistcoat——" he had got up so far when Cicely said—

"He doesn't look like a real gentleman."

"What nonsense, Cicely!" exclaimed Madge—"gentlemen can be stout as well as common people."

"I should think so," said Potter, still drawing. "The man next door says he's a millionnaire—there, that's how he looks roughly."

"MADGE WAS NEXT TO ME AT THE END OF THE TABLE" (*p.* 426).

Rough as the drawing was, I recognised a strong resemblance to the stout man at the Academy, who I had thought might be a tradesman.

"Then you know something about him?"

"I know that, and I know that his name is Motley — you've seen that name about, Holderness — 'Motley and Harlowe,' tallow merchants, or something of that kind, and bankers as well—he's the senior partner."

"And does he want an *exact* replica?" asked Madge.

"Well, no. He says he should like the face a little more in profile."

I saw, and Madge saw also, that it was the portrait Mr. Motley wanted, and not merely the picture.

"I told him," continued Potter, "that if he called to-morrow he could choose the pose he prefers. He replied at once that he would do that with pleasure."

"Then he is coming to-morrow, and I—I——"

"Oh! you'll have to be at home, of course."

Madge sat down, with a little laugh. It was plain to see that she was delighted.

* * * * * *

As I walked home to my lodgings in Lambeth, my spirits were strangely depressed. What was there to dread? That Mr. Motley was infatuated with Madge—that he was free to marry—that Madge would consent to be his wife! Well, would that be to *her* disadvantage? Should I hesitate to make her my wife if she could find me acceptable as a husband? Was I younger, better, more suitable than Mr. Motley? Was I concerned for her happiness purely and simply? I could not answer this last question, for I knew that I loved Madge, and that I was an old fool.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A PORTRAIT.

THE pictured face which here you see
Is like, and yet unlike, for she
Had that surpassing loveliness
The artist's skill may not express ;
For who with colours can convey
The glow of feeling, and portray,
As in a glass, the charm and grace
That made a marvel of her face ?

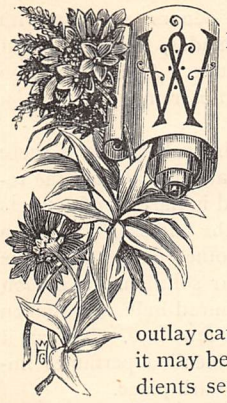
And who can paint the sweet surprise,
The looks of love, in lifted eyes ;
And all the joy and grief at times,
Recurring like a poet's rhymes,
That are of change and beauty made ;
The grief that was a passing shade ;
The joy that beamed on brow and lips
Like sunlight breaking through eclipse ?

Lo, when the artist strives to paint
The features of some lovely saint,
With heavenward eyes, and lips apart
With speechless language of the heart,
His genius, burning to express
The beauty, truth, and tenderness,
Is powerless to depict the whole,
And with his colours fix the soul !

And so the face which here you see
Is like, and yet unlike, for she
With sweeter eyes, and brighter hair,
And life and thought, was lovelier ;
I miss the soul that now is far,
And shines in heaven, as shines a star ;
The soul that for a little space
Shone bright for me in her sweet face !

J. R. EASTWOOD.

HOW PERFUMERY IS MADE.



WHATEVER objections have been, or may be, urged against the use of perfumes, the fact remains that they are still largely used, and in all probability would be more so if they could be obtained at less cost. With alcohol at six shillings a quart, and the limited supply and consequent high price of perfumes, the outlay can never be inconsiderable ; but it may be lessened by buying the ingredients separately, and mixing them at home, as neither expensive apparatus, nor extensive knowledge, nor manipulative skill is required in the ordinary work of perfume-making.

It is intended to describe here, concisely and clearly, the preparation of what are called "simple extracts or essences," and afterwards to show how these may be blended to produce what are known in the trade as "nosegays," "bouquets," or "handkerchief perfumes." The "simple essences" constitute the ground-work of perfumery ; from them any of the many formulæ now easily obtainable can readily be prepared.

An indication of the probable cost—often wanting in connection with published formulæ—will be given. For obvious reasons, only the wholesale price of the materials used can be stated ; but however small the quantities purchased, the cost should not exceed that given here by more than fifty per cent.

The necessary apparatus consists of a stock of glass-stoppered bottles, about twenty-ounce size, and costing fourteen shillings a dozen ; a glass or enamelled funnel costing about threepence ; and about threepennyworth of filtering paper.

The materials required are the perfumes and alcohol. The former are selected according to taste. The latter is the ingredient most largely used in perfumery, and by no means the least important. It is also known under the names of "rectified spirit," "spirit of wine," and "spiritus vinus rectificatus," or "S. V. R." The terms are all loosely applied. "Spirit of wine," legally, may be of any strength above forty-three over-proof ; the rectified spirit of the Pharmacopœia is fifty-six over-proof ; but a strength of sixty over-proof and upwards is best suited to the requirements of the perfumer. Brandy is, strictly speaking, the spirit of wine ; but brandy, as ordinarily met with, cannot be used for two reasons : first, it is not strong enough ; secondly, it is rarely pure. A respectable chemist, or a wholesale druggist, will supply alcohol sufficiently pure for about six shillings a quart, or twenty shillings a gallon if purchased in quantities of five gallons or upwards.

Alcohol serves two purposes in perfumery—(1) a solvent ; (2) a diluent ; and the two conditions upon which its value depends are—(1) a strength of about sixty over-proof ; (2) freedom from empyreumatic or other foreign odours. If not strong enough, its solvent powers will be too feeble ; if not scentless, or nearly so, it will destroy the more delicate odours altogether. On no account be persuaded to buy methylated spirit. Before it can be used it must be purified, and to purify it involves a very serious breach of the law.

A few terms used in perfumery are so confusing that a word or two of explanation are necessary. "Extract," "essence," "spirit," and "tincture" are practically the same, viz., an alcoholic solution of a pleasant odour. A "tincture," strictly speaking, is an extract prepared by treating dry substances, such as musk, orris, &c., with alcohol ; but in perfumery, at least, the distinction is not necessary. If the term "extract" alone were used to represent all these, there would be a great gain in simplicity without any loss through ambiguity. Some manufacturers, too, make a distinction between "essence of rose" (prepared from pomade), and "spirit of rose" (prepared from otto). A better way to distinguish them is to name the former "extract of rose pomade," and the latter "extract of rose." "Extract of violets" and "extract of orris" are terms sometimes applied to the same thing, but should be no longer so. A "pomade" is a fat or oil holding certain odours in solution. The more delicate odours are best collected in this way ; and some cannot satisfactorily be collected in any other. The term "otto" is usually restricted to oil of roses, but it might with advantage be extended to all the essential oils. These oils are generally obtained by distilling the odoriferous substances with water. The oil distils over with the water, and then readily separates from it. "Simple essences" contain only one odour dissolved in alcohol ; "bouquets" or "handkerchief perfumes" are mixtures of two or more "simple essences."

Perfumes are brought to the market in three states —(1) pomades, (2) oils, (3) the raw or natural state. The following are the odours ordinarily employed :—

Pomades.—Cassie, jasmine, jonquille, orange-flower, rose, tuberose, violet.

Oils.—Almond, bergamot, clove, citron, citronella, geranium, ilang (ylang), lavender, lemon, lemon-grass, Neroli petale, orange, patchouli, petit-grain, Portugal, rose ("otto"), rosemary, santal, verbena, vetiver.

Raw Products (Vegetable).—Benzoin, orris, storax, tonka, vanilla.

(*Animal*).—Ambergris, castor, civet, musk.

To prepare simple extracts from any of these is by no means a difficult task. Pomades are of four strengths, known as Nos. 6, 12, 18, and 24, the latter being the strongest, and most highly recommended.

Having obtained the pomade, it must be chopped as fine as possible, in the same manner as suet is chopped for kitchen use. It is then transferred to a bottle, the alcohol poured on it, and stood in a warm place for a month, with frequent shaking. It is

then passed through a filter to remove the undissolved fat. This fat should not be thrown away, but should be again treated with alcohol as before, and finally spread between folds of paper or linen, and placed in drawers, wardrobes, &c. The clear essence which passes through the filter should be kept in a well-stoppered bottle, and in a cool, dark place. One pound weight of pomade makes one pint of extract at a cost of about nine shillings and sixpence.

Extracts from raw substances are prepared in a similar way. These are sometimes pounded in a mortar, sugar or sand being added to assist in the process of subdivision. They are made of such a strength that a pint of the extract should cost from four to five shillings, with the exception of ambergris and musk extracts, which cost as much as forty-eight shillings a pint.

Extracts from oils are the most easily prepared. The proper proportions of oil and alcohol are placed together in a bottle and well shaken. They are at once ready for use, but, like the others, are best stored in a cool dark place until required. The cost varies considerably. A pint of the extract of ilang, rose-triple, or vetiver costs about fifteen shillings; the cost of the other extracts varies from seven and sixpence to three and sixpence.

Having prepared the simple extracts in the way directed, a great variety of odours may be imitated by judiciously mixing them. Those who are unable or unwilling to prepare the simple essences at home can purchase them at the druggists'; but there are many advantages attending the former method. The principal is that the quality and strength are to a certain extent guaranteed. Unfortunately, manufacturers are not agreed as to the strength of extracts; the consequence is that a formula which works well in the hands of one, if made up from the stock of another, will probably be disappointing in its result.

The objects of mixing or blending are—(1) to imitate at less cost an odour which, by reason of its scarcity, is expensive, or which cannot be satisfactorily prepared in the ordinary way; and (2) to produce new odours. The golden rule to be attended to in blending is to mix the ingredients in such proportions that no one of them shall predominate over the others to such an extent as to be readily discernible. It is the process of blending which has raised perfumery to the dignified position it now holds among the arts, and many new combinations may yet be prepared from the list of simple extracts.

A blended perfume may be regarded as consisting of three parts:—(1) Fleeting odours; (2) stable odours, or "fixers;" (3) a vehicle (alcohol) in which the odours are dissolved and diluted. The first give character and delicacy; the second, potency and permanency; the third, solution and economic distribution. Some odours are so volatile that their effect is soon entirely lost. To assist in detaining them the more stable odours are added. These stable odours, or "fixers," are to the perfumer what mordants are to the dyer. The best "fixers" are musk, vanilla, ambergris, storax, tolu, orris, vetiver, and benzoin, choice being made of the one most compatible with the other ingredients in the mixture. Generally speaking, the fleeting delicate odours are met with in commerce as oils, or in pomades, the permanent and potent ones in the raw state. Ambergris is so permanent that washing will not remove it from a handkerchief.

In preparing a blend, the dry substances, if there are any, should first be macerated in alcohol the required length of time, as directed in the case of extracts of these substances; and after the undissolved portion is separated by filtration, the other extracts and the oils should be added to the clear solution. It is then made up with alcohol to the required bulk, and shaken thoroughly and frequently for a few days. If clear, it is ready for use; but properly blended perfumes improve by keeping in a cool and dark place.

Some perfumers are of opinion that the addition of a little water to the prepared blend improves it, as the oils, being thrown into a state of semi-solution, evolve a more natural aroma, while at the same time the pungency and volatility of the alcohol are reduced. Experience and taste must be our guides in this.

The following recipes are from the note-book of a manufacturer, and have been strongly recommended:

1. *Bouquet Essence.* Cost, 13s. a pint.

Extract of rose ("triple")	13 ounces.
,, orris	5 ,,
,, ambergris	2 ,,
Oil of bergamot	4 drachms.
,, lemon	1 ,,

2. *Heliotrope.* Cost, 10s. 6d. a pint.

Extract of vanilla	7 ounces.
,, rose pomade	6 ,,
,, orange pomade	3 ,,
,, violet pomade	3 ,,
,, musk	½ ounce.
Oil of almonds (essential)	6 drops.
,, rose	12 ,,

3. *Jonquille.* Cost, 10s. 3d. a pint.

Extract of jasmine pomade	7 ounces.
,, orange pomade	4 ,,
,, tuberose pomade	7 ,,
,, vanilla	1 ,,
,, storax	1 ,,
Oil of rose	7 drops.

4. *Lilac.* Cost, 11s. a pint.

Extract of tuberose pomade	13 ounces.
,, orange pomade	6½ ,,
,, civet	½ ,,
Oil of almonds (essential)	3 drops.
,, rose	13 ,,

5. *New-Mown Hay.* Cost, 8s. 6d. per pint.

Extract of geranium	3 ounces.
,, jasmine pomade	2 ,,
,, orange pomade	2 ,,
,, rose pomade	3 ,,
,, violet pomade	2 ,,
,, rose ("triple")	2 ,,
,, tonquin	4 ,,
,, vanilla	1 ,,
,, civet	½ ,,

6. *Rondeletia.* Cost, 13s. a pint.

Oil of rose	20 drops.
,, lavender (Mitcham)	100 ,,
,, bergamot	50 ,,
,, cloves	50 ,,

Musk, best grain	6 grains.
Ambergris	20 ,,
Alcohol	16 ounces.
Water (distilled)	3 ,,

7. *Rose (Tea).* Cost, 10s. 3d. a pint.

Extract of rose ("triple")	3 ounces.
,, rose pomade	7 ,,
,, geranium	5 ,,
,, santal	2½ ,,
,, neroli	1 ,,
,, orris	1 ,,
,, storax	½ ,,
,, musk	½ ,,

8. *Rose (White).* Cost, 10s. 6d. a pint.

Extract of rose ("triple")	3 ounces.
,, rose pomade	8½ ,,
,, violet pomade	3 ,,
,, cassie pomade	1½ ,,
,, jasmine pomade	3 ,,
,, patchouli	1 ,,
,, storax	2 drachms.

9. *Spring-Flowers.* Cost, 12s. 3d. a pint.

Extract of rose ("triple")	2 ounces.
,, rose pomade	6 ,,
,, violet pomade	6 ,,
,, cassie pomade	2 ,,
,, jasmine	3 ,,
,, musk	½ ,,
,, ambergris	1 ,,
,, bergamot	1 drachm.

10. *Stephanotis.* Cost, 11s. 9d. a pint.

White rose (No. 8)	12 ounces.
Extract of jasmine pomade... ...	8 ,,
,, musk	½ ,,

11. *West-End Bouquet.* Cost, 10s. 6d. a pint.

White rose (No. 8)	5 ounces.
Extract of violet pomade	5 ,,
,, jasmine pomade	6 ,,
,, cassie pomade	3 ,,
,, musk	½ ,,

12. *Lavender Water.* Cost, 10s. a pint.

Oil of lavender (Mitcham)	10 drachms.
,, rose	5 drops.
Extract of musk	½ ounce.
Alcohol	17 ounces.
Orange-flower water	2 ,,
Rose water	1 ,,

The quantities given above make approximately a pint of perfume.

Prepared perfumes are best distributed by means of a spray producer, and a simple one costing a few pence answers the purpose very well.

In conclusion, it is hardly necessary to add that great care should be taken to avoid waste; to preserve all insoluble residues for a second, or even a third extraction, if necessary. Spread between sheets of paper, these residues are highly effectual in perfuming drawers, dressing-cases, wardrobes, writing-cases, or other articles of furniture.

The following rules should not be forgotten:—1. Perfumes keep best in a cool and dark place. 2. Extracts made from oils are, with few exceptions, at once ready for use; extracts from pomades and raw substances require about a month's digestion. 3. Bottles should have well-fitting glass stoppers, and should always be rinsed with a little alcohol before using. 4. Buy only the best quality of everything, and at respectable houses. 5. Bouquet perfumes should be clear and free from liability to stain a white handkerchief. 6. Choose, therefore, pale-coloured oils, and new ones in preference to old. 7. In choosing a "bouquet" avoid recipes containing a great variety of ingredients; within consistent limits, the simpler the formula the better the result. 8. Extracts of castor, civet, and musk are very powerful, and should be used cautiously in blending. 9. All perfumes are sold by the pound and ounce avoirdupois.

1 lb. = 16 oz. = 7,000 grains; and 1 oz. = 8 drachms.* In measuring extracts and liquids generally: 1 pint = 20 fluid ounces = 160 fluid drachms.

HOME STUDY FOR GIRLS.

BY BARBARA FOXLEY, FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HOME STUDY is proverbially difficult. Of the many girls who leave school intending to pursue their studies, hardly one in ten carries out her intention.

No doubt there is many a useful home-daughter whose time is fully occupied in the details of domestic duties; others devote their time to philanthropic work; and some are so involved in a round of social engagements, that they have neither time nor thought for anything beyond. But there are many girls who do not belong to any of these classes—girls who have perhaps had a sound school education, and to whom neither the will nor the opportunity is wanting; yet, after a few spasmodic attempts they relapse into mere desultory reading, or abandon their efforts in despair. It is to such that I wish to give a few hints.

"If only I could go to college, I know I could study."

Yes, I have no doubt you could; but if that is out of the question for you, you must do what you can at home. Let us see what it is that college life really does for the student, and whether its favourable conditions are indeed so vastly superior to those under which you live.

"Well, I should, at any rate, be free from interruption."

I grant that in her own rooms, without any pressing duties, social or domestic, the student has a great advantage; but are you quite sure you cannot secure some time, however short, for your own work? You have

* The avoirdupois ounce being divided into eight drachms (troy) causes confusion and inconvenience; but its adoption by the trade shows clearly the insufficiency of our present standard system of weights.

tried and failed, you say; but did you choose time and place with wisdom? Of course it is hard to study in the midst of other people, but is there really no time in the day when you can have a room to yourself? And these interruptions you talk of: how many of them are the result of your own negligence? You had barely sat down to your book when cook came for some raisins; you undertook to put out the groceries; why did not you see to that first? Then Jack rushed in to know the time of the next train to B——; you had the railway-guide yesterday, why did you not put it back in its right place? If you deduct these avoidable interruptions, you will find that your studies could be carried on fairly well; and while you can never get the undisturbed quiet of college life, interruption is not fatal to work. The habit of concentration and the power of returning to take up the work where it was laid down are worth striving after.

"But at college there is so much to help one—professors, lecturers, and fellow-students."

Of course there are professors and lecturers who do help one immensely: men of genius, whose words are almost an inspiration; patient scholars building up stone by stone the temple of knowledge; and, more helpful than all, the contagious enthusiasm of more gifted students. Yet these are exceptions. Intellectual work, like every other kind of work, involves hardship, and even at college you might find some of your lecturers dull and some of your fellow-students quite commonplace. And the advantages there are in the teaching to be obtained at college may be to some extent secured at home. There are few towns now without their University Extension Lectures, or their Institute with lectures and classes; and if you are really beyond the reach of personal teaching, why not avail yourself of some of the many Correspondence Classes, by means of which you can get first-rate instruction in almost any branch of study?

"But it would be so much easier to work with an object before one. I would do anything to get a real degree."

That objection is not a very formidable one. The University of London grants degrees to women, as it does to men, without any residence at a University. St. Andrews gives a diploma equivalent to its M.A. degree, and there are the less ambitious, but hardly less useful, Higher Local Examinations of Oxford and Cambridge. In Art there are the South Kensington Examinations, and in Music there are the Examinations of the Royal Academy of Music, or of Trinity College, London. If the stimulus of an examination is what you want, the difficulty is to choose which it shall be of the many open to you.

I have said enough to show you that some, at least, of your difficulties are of your own making, and that others are not wholly insuperable. Let me say a few words as to the choice of subjects, and the methods to be employed.

First, as to choice. Most home students err in taking too wide a range of subjects. You cannot keep up all your school studies; perhaps it is hardly desirable that you should. School work is largely disciplinal, and many of the subjects in the ordinary curriculum are little more than mental gymnastics, training and developing the various capabilities of the mind. When childhood is over this is no longer all-important; the trained faculties may be devoted to some more useful work.

Specialisation, which would be unwise and premature in the school-room, is almost essential to the progress of the adult student. I think that much of the desultory character of home study is due to a want of clear conception as to the difference between the purposes of study for the child and for the woman.

Next, as to method. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Mathematics or music, art or anatomy, language or literature, give to it good, earnest work. Do not content yourself with mere slipshod knowledge, never really conquering a difficulty or surmounting an obstacle. The distinction in thoroughness between the standard of amateur and professional excellence is one which ought not to exist. And if you do not attain to the standard you have set before yourself, be sure your work will not suffer from the influence of too high an ideal.

"Who aims the sky
Shoots higher far than he who means a tree."

Lastly, a word of caution. You have one difficulty which is peculiarly your own: one from which the college student is almost entirely free. While you live at *home*, your *home duties* must come *first*. You are bound not merely to perform the actual duties assigned to you, but to respond to all the claims on your sympathy and attention which are implied in the word "home." No amount of intellectual progress can compensate for the neglect of the simple, yet sacred, duties of family life. It is a noble ideal to be a great scholar, but it is a far nobler one to be a helpful and loving daughter, sister, or wife.

GRANNY.

ONCE I was young like you, my dears,
But that was a long, long time ago,
Ere the years grew into scores of years,
Ere the eye was dim, and the step was slow.
Then I was bonnie and blithe, like you:
My life-stream sang on a silver bar,
And growing old was a thing too far
To look forward to.

Do I wish I was young like you, my dears,
And back again in the long ago,
To empty my life of the fruit of years,
And lose the love that I have?—Ah, no!
For all is over that might undo:
The river is still on its silver bar,
And there's sweeter youth in the land afar
To look forward to.

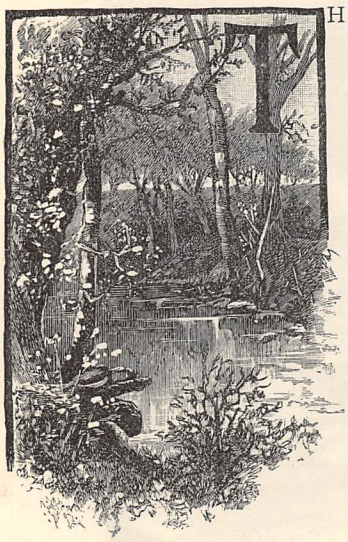
J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

LOVE, THE PILGRIM.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WITNESS MY HAND," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ASLEEP.



THE first day of spring! The sun was shining, the birds were singing, there was the stir and rustle of awakening life for such as had ears to hear. Out in the country people said, with unconscious poetic hyperbole, that you "could see the things grow," and even in the towns there seemed a difference in the sunshine, and a soft thrill in the air. In Oxbridge, which had all the advantages of a town without either noise or dirt or ugliness, and much of the beauty of the country without the burden of solitude or the danger of lowered aims and narrowed lives, the loveliness of the day was making itself felt in a hundred gracious touches. The vanes and crosses on spire and tower and dome glittered brightly in the sun; the grass in the college quads showed a fresher green; the flowers in the fair old gardens glowed into deeper gold. The college elms were alive with the cawing of rooks, and the lesser trees and the grey old eaves were full of the twitter of birds.

"What a beautiful day!" was on every one's lips, and if some of the fellows and professors shivered by the fire, and talked of east wind and rheumatism, there were enough young hearts under undergraduate gowns to throb responsive welcome to the spring. But whatever young hearts might do, no one who looked at Professor Fletcher would expect responsive welcome from him to anything that meant brightness and hope and, perhaps, love. It is said, indeed, that nowhere in the stony wilderness of London can you walk half a mile without finding a tree, and we may hold it true that no human heart exists in which the flowers of love may not bud and grow, however unlikely the soil; but there is no rule without an exception, and any one might have been forgiven for classing Professor Fletcher as the exception rather than the rule.

The driest and coldest and most unsocial of men, he was liked neither by undergraduate nor don; and though his lectures were crowded, and his reputation as a "coach" brought him more pupils than he knew what to do with, his relations with them were of the most formal and purely professional nature. For him they were by no means complex organisms; they were simply human polypes with a brain instead of a stomach, into which he had to pour as much information as they could hold. His liking for them was in direct proportion to their power of receptivity, and for any relation beyond that of crammer and crammed, they had for him absolutely no existence. It had been, therefore, a doubly unpleasant experience when the least receptive of the polypes walked into the professor's room, and in a manner at once modest and manly asked Mr. Fletcher for his niece's hand. That a polype should unexpectedly develop a heart was perplexing enough, but that an undergraduate should desire to establish not merely human but very close relations to himself was absolutely astounding. Why, if he acceded to his request, this curly-haired, blue-eyed, empty-headed young man, who spent his time at lectures in making caricatures of all those in authority over him—Professor Fletcher included—and would never even take a pass degree—would be his *nephew!* The hair under the professor's cap seemed to rise at the thought: but there were other objections to the proposal, that were stronger still.

Besides the personal aversion to matrimony which a disappointment in love is apt to produce in even the most logical of men, Professor Fletcher had more than his share of the distrust and jealousy with which the parents and guardians of well-dowered maidens are inclined to view suitors not rich in this world's goods. Charles Bellairs had just said, frankly enough, that he had his fortune yet to make, and no one knew better than the professor that his niece would be a rich woman some day. She was the only near relative he possessed, and all Oxbridge knew that Edmund Fletcher was a wealthy man, and that Clare would inherit his wealth.

To do young Bellairs justice, this was the least of Clare's attractions in his eyes, but perhaps it was not wonderful that a man of Fletcher's nature should assume that it had been one of the most powerful. The professor scarcely concealed his belief that his niece's wealth was the unconfessed basis of the young man's offer, and had allowed himself to sneer at the rejected suitor's poverty, even while he was ruthlessly demolishing his hopes.

"My niece may marry," said Mr. Fletcher, drawing down his lip, and looking calmly at Charlie, who could not help wincing and frowning at the unpalatable suggestion—"My niece may marry some day, and probably she will. If she takes my advice, she will *not*, but I admit the probability that she will not take my advice. I am not a tyrant——"

"Are you not?" thought Charlie Bellairs, and the thought was so plainly expressed in his ingenuous countenance that the elder man smiled, though in grim enough fashion.

"No, I am not a tyrant," repeated the professor, "and when a suitable candidate for Clare's hand appears, I shall not interfere with her inclinations. It is no part of my duty to make a woman wise against her will; it is only my duty to see that she does not throw herself away on needy adventurers."

"Sir!" cried the young man, starting to his feet, "you might refuse my offer without insulting me."

"I have no wish to insult you," said Mr. Fletcher quietly. "If the facts suggest insult, whose fault is it—yours or mine?"

Charlie Bellairs strode away, too indignant to reply, and Professor Fletcher smiled sarcastically and returned to the work that had been so unexpectedly interrupted. He had no doubt at all of the correctness of his own judgment; self-interest and greed were, he considered, the mainsprings of most human actions, and as for love! The corners of the professor's mouth went down in a still more cynical smile, and if he remembered that there was once a time when quite other motives had informed his own life, he remembered it only to smile at the long-past weakness, and to rejoice that such folly was no longer possible to him. "A sharp cure, but sure," he muttered now, as he turned himself to his desk. And then he plunged his pen into the ink and settled to his work.

"HE WENT ON WITH HIS WORK WITH REDOUBLED ENERGY" (*p.* 437).

But once more the professor was interrupted, and once more his niece was all-unconsciously the cause.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"HIS WARM YOUNG HAND."

CLARE was a dutiful niece, and seldom intruded on her uncle's solitude. She had her own apartment in a different part of the house, where, with her books, her music, and her flowers, she led a life that might be lonely, but that had never seemed dull since Charlie Bellairs had met her at a mutual friend's. That was in the first days of Lent term, and now the flowers were out, and spring was actually here. Clare had no fear of east winds, or rheumatism, and she opened her windows to the sunshine, as the flowers opened their petals, and sang as the birds sing, for pure gladness of heart. She knew nothing of Charlie's ill-fated mission, or of the downfall of their hopes. Mr. Bellairs had been too crushed to go and tell her of his dismissal at once, or perhaps he was young enough to dream of melting the obdurate uncle's heart. So Clare dreamed happily at her window, and the thought of Charlie only gave an added brightness to the sunshine, and a subtler perfume to the flowers. She thought of him, and a smile stole to her lips, as she looked at the blue heavens, and fastened a cluster of violets in her dress. And then she sat down to the piano, and struck a few soft *staccato* notes, and began to sing in a voice that was fresh as the spring-time, and whose delicate phrasing made every word distinct—

"Ev'ry day a pilgrim blindfold,
When the night and morning meet,
Entereth the slumb'ring city,
Stealeth down the silent street;
Lingereth round some batter'd doorway,
Leaves, unblest, some portal grand,
And the walls where sleep the children,
Toucheth with his warm young hand.
Love is passing! Love is passing! passing while ye lie asleep."

Who does not know Hamilton Aïdé's sweet, fanciful song, and Blumenthal's tender, suggestive music? As Clare sat there in the spring sunshine, with soft braided hair, and in a robe of fine brown stuff, cunningly wrought with broidery a tone or two lower in colour, the white throat swelling with song, and the large brown eyes dewy with emotion, one knew well enough that hers was not a portal at which the rosy-fingered pilgrim had knocked in vain. She looked like the embodiment of love and song; and, indeed, was there not in Charlie Bellairs' folio—Charlie was an artist spoiled, as all the world knew, except Professor Fletcher, who only knew yesterday that he was a polype with an exceedingly limited allowance of brain-bag, and to-day that he was a sordid and scheming adventurer—was there not in Charlie's folio a sketch entitled "Santa Filomena," that was just a brown-robed maiden, with a face that was curiously like Clare's, while a nightingale sang on a bough without in friendly rivalry?

Out into the sunlit square went the clear, pure tones of Clare's voice, with that wonderful thrill of youth and happiness and love in the crystal tones, and the birds sang all the sweeter for it, and the children stopped to listen as they passed the window in their walk round the square. One little fellow, a mere baby of three or four years, with a cherub's face framed in clustering rings of gold, and a wide white forehead with the full temples that musicians know, stood quite entranced, his soft cheeks pressed against the iron railings, and his eyes fixed on the open window, till the song ceased. His nurse and his sisters had gone on, not noticing or not regarding his absorption in the song, but Johnnie was too intent even to miss them or to wonder where they were. What *he* wondered was where the song had gone, looking from the open window up to the blue skies, as if he thought it had perhaps flown straight to heaven. Suddenly he heard it again, for Clare was going up-stairs, and the hall door stood open. He ran up the steps, and into the hall, drawn out of shyness by the sound. Something brown was flitting up the wide staircase, and the refrain he loved seemed to rise with it, and float away he could not tell where.

"Love is passing—passing while ye lie asleep."

Johnnie followed the sound, toiling painfully up the stairs that were too many and too steep for his short legs and tiny feet; but long before he had climbed half-way the song was out of hearing and the singer out of sight. A door on the first landing stood invitingly ajar, and Johnnie, in whose veins ran the spirit of adventure that runs in the veins of most English boys, pushed the door gently open and peeped shyly in. Perhaps the singer was here, he thought, and he smiled as he saw a brown-robed figure at the desk by the window, and went fearlessly up to it. Professor Fletcher's old brown coat had figured in many an irreverent caricature in Charlie Bellairs' note-books, but there was no irreverence in Johnnie's gaze, nothing but eagerness and satisfied desire.

"Will you sing it adain?" he asked, pulling gently at the old coat that was glorified by his young imagination into something like a seraph's robe.

The professor started and stared, as well he might. He had not seen the door open, and he did not know what to make of this golden-haired apparition gazing up at him with such artless confidence. Professor Fletcher was not fond of children, and the few he knew recognised the fact with instinctive sagacity, and avoided him with frank aversion. Little Johnnie was too fully possessed with the thought that he had chased the song to its source to do either. He was one of the happy little ones to whom rebuff is strange and repulse absolutely unknown, and as the professor stared at him in blank amazement, he repeated with baby imperiousness—

"Sing it adain, man! sing it adain."

"Sing what?" asked the bewildered professor.

"The song," said Johnnie, briefly, folding his hands and composing himself to listen in an attitude of patient satisfaction.

The situation was too comical for even the professor's gravity. That he, who had never sung a note in his life, should have a song demanded of him in this imperious fashion by an unknown infant who, for all

the professor knew of him, might have dropped from the moon !

"My good child," he said, with a short impatient laugh, "I don't sing, and I don't know what song you want."

"It goes like this," said Johnnie, whose quick ears had caught the refrain accurately enough—

"Love is passing—passing while ye lie asleep."

Till he sang them himself, Johnnie had certainly thought more of the music than the words, but now they seemed to wake a vague touch of wonder in his mind.

"Did he pass, and did you see him?" he asked, and the professor's lip went down again in his most cynical smile.

"Ay, boy ! I saw him once," he said, hardly knowing if he were mocking at himself, or at the wide-eyed wondering child—"I saw him once, and I never want to see him again."

"Wasn't he nice — wasn't he dood?" asked Johnnie.

"No," said the professor emphatically, "he wasn't nice, and he wasn't good. If he ever comes your way, you'll have nothing to do with him, if you're a wise little man." The professor was looking his sternest, and frowning portentously, but something in his face made Johnnie draw closer to him.

"Poor, poor!" said Johnnie, stroking his new friend's hand. The soft little touch recalled the professor from the barren past to the decidedly puzzling present.

"Where do you come from, child?" he asked; "what is your name, and how did you come here?"

"I tummed up the stairs," said Johnnie, answering the last question, and ignoring the others, as a child always does.

"But what is your name?" persisted the professor.

"Johnnie."

It was not informing, and the professor was considering what he should say next, and how he should get rid of his embarrassing visitor, when the question was solved for him.

Johnnie had been missed, and as an organ-grinder who frequented the square, and recognised the music-loving child, had seen him go into Professor Fletcher's, he was soon traced and inquired for. His nurse was waiting for him now, Clare said, coming to her uncle's room, after searching the rest of the house in vain, and finding, with no little astonishment, that the object of her search was here.

"Dood-bye, man," said Johnnie, putting up his lips for a kiss, with entire confidence in the acceptability of the caress, and even Professor Fletcher did not know how to refuse. He bent his face awkwardly enough to the child's soft, red lips, and wished him a grave good-bye. "Dood-bye," said Johnnie once more, as he stopped at the door to kiss his fat little hand—"Johnnie tum adain—Johnnie *likes* man."

The little figure disappeared with its hand in Clare's, but the echo of the lisping voice seemed to linger in the room. How long was it since the soured and lonely man had heard words of spontaneous affection —how many years since he had given or received a kiss?

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

HIS NAME WAS JOHNNIE.

PROFESSOR FLETCHER'S household had never been a very cheerful one, but after the dismissal of Charlie Bellairs it was gloomy indeed. Clare wept herself pale and thin, and went about with a face of mute reproach, and Mr. Fletcher shut himself up in his own room more rigorously than ever. Clare had promised to hold no communication with her forbidden lover, but her submission caused no softening in her uncle's feelings. "She knows better than to quarrel with her bread and butter," thought the man who had brooded over one woman's broken vow till he had ceased to believe in truth or goodness, in loyalty or love.

Clare's voice was very silent in these sad days. Johnnie did not forget his promise to come again, but he heard no more the song that had first attracted his roving feet. Johnnie came now, not to hear singing, but to see the professor, for whom he had conceived one of the curious fancies that imaginative children sometimes take. Little Johnnie's parents lived in the same square, and made no objection to the rather odd friendship when once they were assured that the little boy's visits were not considered troublesome; but, indeed, the professor seemed to reciprocate the child's affection in his own queer and ungracious fashion. He never went to see Johnnie, nor did he even stop to ask after him if he met his parents in the street, but he let him come up to the study as often as he pleased, and if the little feet did not climb the long staircase two or three times a week, Clare noticed that her uncle grew restless and morose. The curious friendship became one of the jests of the term, and Mr. Bellairs—who might be excused for a little bitterness—drew a highly successful caricature of the pair as "Ye Ogre and ye Childe he did fatte," and predicted that Johnnie's name would be found some fine morning under the heading, "Mysteriously Disappeared."

It was a prophecy that came true in a sense its author had not anticipated. Johnnie's visits to the study suddenly ceased, and the professor was inconsolable; or perhaps it would be truer to say that he neither sought nor permitted consolation. He made no remark on the child's absence, he told no one of the yearning he felt for the sound of the lisping voice and the touch of the small soft lips. He believed that his little friend had deserted him, but he bore this grief as he had borne grief all his life—in a stern silence that brooked no sympathy. He made no inquiries, and uttered no complaint, but he set his door carefully ajar, and listened with a strange sinking at his heart for the little footsteps that never came. He bought a transparency, a gaudy semblance of a coat-of-arms, whose heraldic inaccuracies offended the professor's instructed eye, but whose gorgeous colours he hoped might attract Johnnie's, and hung it in the window—but in vain. Johnnie came no more, and the professor told himself bitterly that even this child was "like all the rest."

He resolved to put Johnnie out of his mind, and went on with his work with redoubled energy; but only himself knew the effect it cost him. His pupils found him a harder task-master than ever; and even Clare, absorbed as she was in her own troubles, saw that her uncle was depressed and out of spirits, and tried to make talk for him at their silent meals.

"Do you remember little Johnnie Hall?" she asked one day. "I mean the little boy who used to come in here sometimes."

Her uncle nodded coldly. Johnnie was nothing to him now, or at any rate he thought so.

"I saw Mrs. Hall this morning," pursued Clare, with the gentle regret with which we announce other people's troubles, "and she told me that Johnnie has been ill all the month. He has scarlet fever, and the doctors don't think he will get through the night."

All her life Clare Fletcher never forgot the strange cry her uncle gave, or the look in the stern dark face. He got up like one distraught, and walked straight across the square to the Halls' house and rang the muffled bell.

"I want to see Johnnie," he said, in a hoarse peremptory voice; and when the servant demurred and said she would ask her mistress, the unauthorised visitor strode after her up the stairs and into the sick child's room.

"I know he will see *me!*" he said, with an odd sort of sob in his voice.

And indeed, as Johnnie saw him, a sweet sudden smile lighted the wan little face.

Mrs. Hall made way for the professor, with a grateful look.

"He has asked for you often," she said, "but we did not like to trouble you—and it is infectious, you know."

The professor's answer was to kneel down and take Johnnie's head upon his arm, and draw the frail little figure to his breast. And whether it was, as Mrs. Hall always insisted, that Johnnie's contentment in his recovered friend soothed the fretted nerves, or, as the doctor suggested, that the medicines had begun to take effect at last, certain it is that Johnnie fell into a sleep sweet and deep as only little children know—a sleep the waking from which would be life and not death.

The dawn was rosy in the east when the professor went home. All through the night he had knelt by Johnnie's bed, with the fair little head pillowed on his arm. And now he was going home, with a strange sense of joy and thankfulness in his heart, of peace, and of something deeper, and better, and holier still. To the withered heart, and wasted life, had come the Divine gift of love, a gift that a child's hand had brought in its small pink palm, but whose source was higher than the professor thought, and whose course would be wider than he knew.

Already Clare, meeting him in the golden light of the spring morning, and hearing how he had passed the night, was wondering if this could be the stern, unloving uncle she had known—or *not* known—all her life. Already her sympathy in Johnnie's danger, her rejoicing in Johnnie's safety, was moving her uncle to a sympathy and affection for the orphan girl he had never felt before.

By the time that Johnnie could climb the stairs to his friend's study again, the professor had withdrawn his objections to the engagement, on which he found that Clare's happiness depended; and when Johnnie, with an invalid's privilege, demanded the song he loved so well, Charlie's voice blended with Clare's as they sang—

"Love is passing—passing while ye lie asleep."

"Only he didn't pass," said the professor, stroking the golden curls. "He stopped and came in, and will never go away any more."

"Did he?" said Johnnie, staring at this new version. "I wonder what his name was?"

"I don't know what his name was to other people," said Professor Fletcher. "I only know that when he came to me his name was *Johnnie*."

PAPER MONEY.

ALL the way from China, and from a period dating more than a hundred years before the time of Christ, there comes to us a story in which some writers appear to see the origin of bank-notes. Amongst the Celestials it was customary and necessary, so the story goes, for courtiers and princes, whenever they came into the royal presence, to veil their faces with a piece of skin. Now it so happened that at one time the Imperial purse was far from full, and it fell to the lot of the Prime Minister to discover some expedient for removing this source of inconvenience. He accordingly spent many tedious hours, and pondered over many schemes, before he could exclaim, like Archimedes, "Eureka!" ("I have found it!") The result of his profound meditations was a decree to the effect that for veiling the face in the presence of royalty only the skins of certain white deer belonging to the sovereign should be allowed. Of course, his Majesty possessing a monopoly of these deer, could sell pieces of their skin at whatever price he liked. This made them very valuable; they consequently circulated amongst

the upper classes of Chinese society as a convenient form of money, and thus we read, "Bank-notes were invented in China."

Even though the foregoing story were true, we nevertheless fail to see any resemblance between these pieces of skin and bank-notes, further than between any other article possessing exchange value that may be used as a circulating medium and bank-notes. The skins in question were valuable on their own account (their value was certainly very much enhanced by reason of the law that made their use compulsory), just as gold or an ornament or any article of clothing is valuable. Bank-notes possess no such value: in themselves they are worth no more than the paper they are made of, as any one would possibly very soon discover if he held notes issued by a bank that had failed. Besides, a bank-note is simply a written promise to pay so much silver or gold to the holder on demand; these skins had nothing of the nature of a promise about them. If, then, the Chinese are to get the credit of having invented bank-notes, their claim must be based on grounds different from those set forth in the foregoing story.

Sir John Maundeville, who flourished in the fourteenth century, amongst the marvels that he encountered during his travels in Tartary, speaks admiringly of the facilities with which the Great Khan was able to raise money. "This Emperour," says Sir John, "may dispende als moche as he wile, withouten estymachioun. For he dispendethe not, ne maketh no money, but of lether emprented, or of papyre. And of that money is som of greater prys, and som of lasse prys, aftre the dyversitee of his statutes. And whan that money hathe ronne so long that it begynnethe to waste, than men beren it to the Emperour's tresorye; and than thei taken new money for the olde. And that money gothe thorghe out all the contree and thorghe out all his provynces. For there and beyonde hem, thei make no money nouther of gold or of sylver. And therefore he may dispende *ynow* and *outrageously*."* It is a common failing on the part of rulers, even where they are jealously checked by restraints never dreamt of by the Grand Khan, to spend "ynow and outrageously," as is very well known to the English ratepayer!

The history of Guernsey furnishes a curious and perhaps instructive instance of the kind of uses that paper money may serve. It was determined to build a meat market, and £4,000 were voted to defray the cost. Notes were issued by the authorities for that amount, and were guaranteed on "the whole of the property of the island, said to be worth four millions." These notes were worthless outside of Guernsey, and so they were never exported. They were one-pound notes, and were numbered from 1 up to 4,000. With them the contractor was paid, he paid his workmen in the same money, and those that supplied him with materials. Tradesmen took them for goods, landlords for rent, and the authorities for taxes. "In due season," to quote from Jonathan Duncan, "the market was complete. The butchers' stalls, with some public rooms constructed over them, were let for an annual rent of £400. At the expiration of the first year of tenancy, the States called in the first batch of notes, numbered 1 to 400, and with the £400 of real money received for rent, redeemed the £400 of representative money expressed by the 'Meat Market Notes.' At the end of ten years, all the notes were redeemed through the application of ten years' rental; and since that period the meat market has returned a clear annual revenue to the States, and continues to afford accommodation without having cost a farthing in taxes to any inhabitant."

In the course of their history, the Americans have had to adopt many different kinds of paper money, and in such difficulties have they been placed, that we find instances of their being induced to depart from the first principles of sound finance. The consequences of such a course are very well illustrated by the fact that in 1779 an English officer in Maryland paid his hotel bill, which amounted to £732 in paper money, with four guineas and a half in gold. The paper currency had been depreciated by being over-issued.

There are besides bank-notes a great many other forms of paper money. Amongst the best known of these are cheques, bills of exchange, post-office orders, postal orders, and even postage stamps; for all these are used in making payments, they all help to perform the chief function of money, viz., facilitating exchange. They have certainly not entered into circulation to the extent of bank-notes, and are not likely to do so for several reasons.

As regards cheques, if they were circulated from hand to hand as freely as a bank-note, there would be opened up for the unprincipled splendid opportunities for fraud. Besides, suppose the holder of a cheque fails to present it within "reasonable time"—that is, before the bank closes on the day after the receipt of the cheque—he forfeits his claim against the drawer, if the bank in the meanwhile should happen to have failed. The reason for this regulation is, because the drawer of the cheque loses the deposit that he left with the banker to meet the cheque, and it is held that he ought not to suffer on account of another's lack of diligence.

Other reasons, even though the credit of the drawer of a cheque were undoubted, militate against their entering into circulation; for instance, there is the fact that they are usually drawn for odd sums, and then there is the force of habit which makes people prefer to receive payments in the customary way. Mr. Jevons tells us that "when our bronze pence were quite a novelty, I happened to take some with me into a remote part of North Wales, and they were rejected." Again, the same author remarks, "this (the force of habit) may go so far that a dirty bit of paper, containing a promise to pay a sovereign, will be actually preferred to the beautiful gold coin which it promises. The currency of Scotland is a standing proof of this assertion; and the same may be said in Norway, where, until 1874, no gold at all was in cir-

* For the above passage in modern spelling, see the Edition of Sir John Maundeville's Travels in CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.

culation, and notes for one, five, or ten dollars formed the principal part of the currency."

There is one broad distinction between bank-notes and other kinds of paper money, such as a cheque. A bank-note cancels a debt the moment it is transferred from the debtor to the creditor ; not so, however, does a cheque. For instance, one man owes another five pounds, and writes out a cheque for that amount, which he gives to his creditor ; his debt, however, is not yet discharged, for when his cheque is presented it may be dishonoured ; he may not have any money at his banker's to meet it. Suppose, on the other hand, that instead of a cheque he hands over a five-pound bank-note to his creditor ; from that moment his debt is discharged. This is a distinction that is doubtless obvious to everybody.

THE FIRST ONE-POUND BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.

(*In the possession of Messrs. Dakin and Co.*)

A great many reasons have induced modern communities to adopt the use of paper as money to so large an extent. These may all be brought under the general headings of economy and convenience. Our space will allow us just a few words as to the economy of paper money.

It is much cheaper to keep up a paper currency than to keep up a gold or silver currency, as was exemplified in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget of 1884, when he proposed to issue ten-shilling pieces of gold containing only nine-tenths of the amount of gold at present in half-a-sovereign—these ten-shilling pieces to be tokens for half-a-sovereign. It appears that there are about 90,000,000 sovereigns and 40,000,000 half-sovereigns in circulation in the country. More than half of the sovereigns (50,000,000) are not legal tender ; they are light through the wear and tear that they are subjected to in passing from hand to hand and other causes. The half-sovereigns are in the same predicament, 22,000,000 of them being light. Altogether, our gold coinage, it is computed, has been worn to the extent of about £800,000 worth ; in other words, that amount of gold has been lost. This loss is, of course, avoided the more paper is used instead of gold to make payments with.

There is another advantage on the ground of economy derived from the use of paper as money. We cannot do better than describe this advantage in Adam Smith's words:—"The judicious operations of banking, by substituting paper in the room of a great part of this gold and silver, enable the country to convert a great part of this dead stock (the gold and silver circulating in a country) into active and productive stock—into stock which produces something to the country. The gold and silver money which circulates in any country may very properly be compared to a high-way, which, while it circulates and carries to market all the grass and corn of the country, produces itself not a single pile of either. The judicious operations of banking, by providing, if I may be allowed so violent a metaphor, a sort of waggon-way through the air, enable the country to convert, as it were, a great part of its highways into good pasture and corn-field, and thereby to increase very considerably the annual produce of its land and labour." This is effected by the silver and gold that is released by the introduction of paper money being sent abroad, and thereby invested in productive undertakings.

The whole cost per annum of the metallic currency in this country is shown in the following table, which we take from Jevons's book on "Money":—

Loss of Interest	£4,262,000
Wear of Coin	48,000
Mint Establishment	42,000
Total	£4,352,000

"From this amount," Mr. Jevons adds, "ought to be subtracted the profit which the Mint makes out of the seignorage upon silver and bronze coins ; but we may set off this profit against the wholly unknown amount which the public loses by the accidental dropping of coins."

W. B. R.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: BY OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"STRIPES or not stripes," that is the question of the moment in Paris, and though the manufacturers have prepared them by thousands in all kinds of stuffs, cheap and dear, the best-dressed people appear somewhat to have decided against them. Notwithstanding this, however, there are many beautiful striped gowns, and a happy combination is yellow and pearl-grey. Any shade of grey is well worn in Paris, favourites being the delicate looking-glass, the lead, and the still darker tones.

A little fashion which pretty women will appreciate has found a great deal of favour here, viz., the wearing of a piece of ribbon tied round the throat, the bow on the left side, which just peeps over the collar or tucker. With black and greys, and the neutral tints which are very certainly worn, this gives just the coquettish touch of colour needed. Brunettes affect yellow; blondes and medium complexions, blues and cardinals, of the tone that suits them. Like all these additions, they require care, taste, and nattiness; for badly or unbecomingly put on they would be disfiguring.

Among our best milliners, there is a modification in the very high hats and bonnets worn; but they nearly all describe a point above the forehead, and are narrow. You may distinguish an English bonnet from a French at a glance by the breadth. Some of the prettiest simple dresses I have seen of late, have been made of soft woollen Vigogne intermixed with Surah—both, if carefully selected, good-wearing. The Surah is used as a plaited plastron or vest, and plaited panels on the skirt. Large bows of either material often appear on the back of the skirt; and the tunics, generally long, and but little draped, are fastened with large buttons.

A simple make for a silk skirt — plain poult de soie, blended with brocade—is to have these fabrics arranged in alternate box-plaited panels, with only a *soupçon* of drapery at the waist.

ON THE CLIFF.

Fichus are worn again, but small and very elegantly arranged over either low or high bodices, and they only just cover that part of the neck which in a low bodice is left uncovered, but they are becoming and convenient. Crapes as well as muslins are employed; some are trimmed with lace, some with beads, while others have simply the edge embroidered. Epaulettes of all kinds; beads, material, passementerie, and lace, are introduced on mantles and bodices, the natural sequence of the high fulled sleves we have worn so long, and which English people adopted thoroughly as their own. A new material in such trimmings is the *jais-bois* (jet-wood); in England last year a little of it appeared in the form of Indian beads, but in truth it is wooden beads of a dull black tone, lighter and less glittering than jet, and differently treated; besides the positive beads, it is cut into shells, sequins, acorns, and fringes and galons are formed of them; whole panels, fronts, and vests are made of these *jais-bois* ornaments. It looks well applied to the fashionable mantles made of Chantilly lace over silk, and not longer than a jacket, and just so far fitted to the figure that the back is quite close. For dressy occasions, short mantles obtain; but for the country and travelling, and for evening, many are made to entirely cover the dress — of a woollen lace-like fabric, *epervier* by name, lined with silk; the

newest are drawn in to the waist with a girdle of ribbon.

Many dresses, too, now the summer has come, are made of transparent woollen stuffs lined with silk. I think, however, if you were to consult me as to the very best and most useful fabric for a dress in hot weather, I should say, foulard. Manufacturers are wonderfully improving the foulards this season, both in colour and design, and the printed ones are made up combined often with plain colours. For evening wear and fête gowns, dressmakers here are copying the dresses of the Medici period, and Louis XV. and XVI., so there is a diversity of choice; but for morning wear the draperies are quite indescribable; they are abundant and varied, but no words would present them to you in such a manner that you could copy or realise them. One point is noticeable: most of the skirts over which these draperies are arranged, are bordered with pinked-out flounces of poult de soie embodying several tints in the foulard and the designs upon them. Pale pink and green is a favourite mixture, with a touch of either cream or biscuit.

Though neutral tints are most worn for the foundations of gowns intended for daily wear, still they are relieved by brilliant touches of colour in the panels and trimmings, of which sashes are now an important part.

A convenient fashion is coming back to us, viz., the skirt and bodice attached, so that they can be slipped on together. Linen collars are often worn with woollen gowns, but the embroidered muslin is made an excuse for further dashes of colour at the neck and cuffs; sometimes it is merely a bias band of the soft silk, which best blends with it.

I am inclined to think that in many points dress is simplified, and that great neatness and care in carrying out all the details having been carefully studied, many difficulties are got over. Bonnet-strings for young girls certainly are often conspicuous by their absence. Pearl-grey and Suède untanned gloves are frequently worn instead of white, in the evening. Frenchwomen are most anxious to have all the minutiæ of the toilette to correspond. They do not admit, as Englishwomen do, black embroidered shoes to be worn with half a dozen evening gowns; they have them to exactly match for each, but they limit the number of the dresses, having a few only, quite perfect in their way, which are set aside when done with.

The hair is still dressed either very high or very low, but the latter only in the evening, and it is a style with few supporters.

Real lace is better appreciated than it has been for some years.

The two visitors to the seaside, in our illustration, are wearing simple zephyr costumes, made without much ornamentation, as Frenchwomen have the happy art of dressing suitably, or, as they express it, *convenablement*. The elder lady wears a bège-coloured zephyr dress, the over-skirt prettily draped at the right side, to display a panel of the same colour in embroidery; the remainder of the skirt is box and kilt plaited. The

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

mantelette is of canvas grenadine, with jetted epaulettes and plastrons, back and front, the long ends terminating with jetted lace. The bonnet is bège straw with an upright bow of picot-edged ribbon, and a cluster of poppies in front. The brim is lined with a dark shade of bège velvet, and the strings match the lining.

The younger lady's costume consists of a claret sateen skirt bordered with a box-plaiting of the same, an over-dress of cream zephyr checked in irregular lines with claret. The sash, cuffs, and hat are of soft claret silk, and the parasol is lined with claret.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Englishwomen dress now with a far greater regard to fitness and harmony of colour than they did some years back, but a collection of portraits ranging over some thirty years will show at a glance how very little the costumes of our century are suitable for being perpetuated by art; and I want to say just a word or two about how to dress when a portrait is taken. For a photograph, evening dress generally shows the wearer off best, otherwise I was almost about to recommend a fancy costume, the idea borrowed from classic times, or from the dresses which Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Sir Peter Lely have brought before us, and always in

a manner that pleased. For a brunette a Spanish mantilla will disguise a passing fashion in hair-dressing which possibly before the rising generation are grown up will look ridiculous in their eyes; and a well-draped shawl or soft woollen stuff is likely to produce a far more pleasing picture for posterity than one of a fashionable costumier's most costly and successful creations. If you have plenty of hair, let it float about your shoulders; the knots, coils, frizzings, and curlings, so successfully accomplished now, will look absolutely ridiculous possibly ten years hence, just as the high coronets and huge chignons of only a few years back look now.

What phases of ugliness have the middle-aged of to-day lived through! Think of the puce and tea-green gloves that used to be worn just short enough in a fat person for the flesh to bulge well over the edge at the wrists; the spoon bonnets; the crinolines distended to the utmost wearable width, making a turn in a fully-furnished drawing-room absolutely dangerous to the safety of its bric-à-brac.

Dress is an art and deserves study, in order to learn what kind is best suited to the age and to the occasion. The sense of fitness is one which women should certainly cultivate. By-and-by we in our turn shall be ashamed of the aviaries of birds with which we cruelly load our bonnets and hats. In the latter just now a *moderate* style is a black straw with the brim bound with black velvet, the crown high, encircled with velvet in bands; a bird with wings outstretched, head, tail, and all, nestling in the front. And in bonnets a close shape of dark straw, the crown sufficiently high to stand up well over the forehead, two large wings of a green bird with the edges meeting above the forehead, forming a sort of gable over the face. I have seen a perfect ladder of tiny birds with wings outstretched climbing up such a crown! Women change their birds, to match the colour in their dresses, instead of ribbon or velvet bows, which are also worn. Abroad they have almost given up wearing veils at all, but we are taking to very light grey tulle and black with white spots, as well as the old favourite black in which we imprison nose and eyebrows, and as often as not materially injure our eyesight.

Peach and shades of violet look their best in the bright June sunshine, and are certainly being very much worn. For a fête or lawn tennis gown—I mean a lawn tennis party gown not intended for violent play—a Turkish crêpe is thoroughly to be recommended, being quite simply made. You cannot do wrong with a full banded bodice and paste buckle, a wide box-plaited skirt and draped tunic, the draperies straight, slightly caught up across the front at the waist, with long looped bows. Many of the new cottons are made with bordered flouncings intended to be gathered, three to a skirt, and reaching to the waist, a fashion of over thirty years ago resuscitated. With such gowns, if you do not care to wear a hat, you may have a bonnet with no strings and just a simple bow in front. You can trim such a one in half an hour. Line it with silk, beginning at the brim, in such a way that it will turn over towards the brim inside and hide the stitches. The bow outside may consist of three three-inch loops, two ends upwards and two ends down, apparently tied; milliners do verily tie them, passing four loops through the centre knot before they tighten it, which requires some skill to achieve well. Most of the bonnets are cut up in the centre of the back, and the hats as often as not have a narrower brim at the back than in the front. Straw and crêpe of most delicate colouring are, I should say, the favourite material for summer bonnets. Tailor-made gowns even in our short English summer are still much worn. I notice, too, the short trim jackets open in front to show a very high linen collar and a white piqué necktie such as men wear, look mightily piquant on a young woman. Fine thin tweeds of light-coloured checks are in fashion. Sometimes they are only used for the plain skirt over which a plain colour falls in long draperies, open almost to the waist, at either side. More fulness in all kinds of materials is now brought to the front of skirts; three box-plaits are often seen in the front breadth.

The square parasols of écru lace and muslin are almost universal, but the red *en-tout-cas* prove useful for general wear. They have been brought out very cheap this year, even with most ornamental carved handles. Quite a new idea is an animal's foot at the end of the stick.

In case the sunshine tempts you to tricycle, I must tell you of a new make of woollen gown for the purpose: a short plain full skirt, over this a tunic which turned upwards laveuse fashion and buttoned together at the back makes the dress complete, but if required it can be let down and entirely cover the feet when on the tricycle. Nothing could well be more simple.

The votaries of so-called rational dress (which, being translated in their language, means the legs separately clothed in such a way that the duality is concealed) do not meet with much success. They need well-dressed women among their supporters; those who have hitherto appeared in public as models, have been distinguished by untidiness, unkemptness, and the want of finish which a pretty woman rarely neglects. Whether women will ever "wear the breeks" avowedly, we cannot at present decide, but the wise ones will wear woollen under-garments of the kind when the east wind blows.

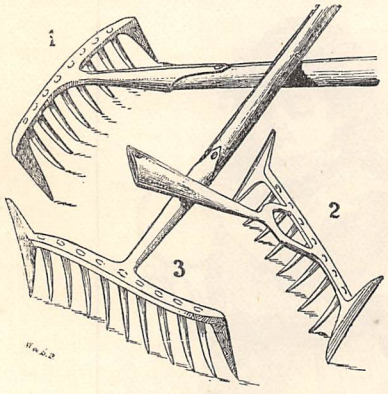
Our second illustration shows an English girl in a simple evening toilette, which may be made either in nun's veiling or satin merveilleuse of the new soft quality. The colour is eau de Nil green; the panels, bretelles, and cuffs are of plush of a darker shade of the same green, embroidered in silk of the light tones. The plastron is gathered slightly at the throat, and the bretelles are continued at the back, for the backs of bodices are now trimmed in the same style as the fronts.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A New Garden-Rake.

A new rake, which combines the features of a rake, hoe, and drill, has been devised by the Rev. J. H. Cole, and is shown in our engraving. In the weeding and hoeing rake (Fig. 1) the end teeth are made of steel and chisel-shaped to uproot weeds, and the back of the rake is bent to effect this better. These teeth also serve for opening drills for seed, or for hoeing. Fig. 2 is a form specially designed for the use of ladies: and in this the cutting teeth are doubled, so that by turning the rake on its back two drills can be drawn at a set distance apart. If a narrower space is required between the drills the distance can be divided. Fig. 3 is a form with reverse curves to allow one side to be used as a pulling and the other as a pushing rake.



Electric Smelting.

The electric current from a dynamo is now used by a smelting company at New York to produce aluminium and its alloys from corundum and other ores. A furnace is formed, with carbon rods through it, and these are heated by the currrent to a very high temperature, sufficient to fuse these refractory ores, and liberate the metal in vapour, which condenses and is collected. Copper-aluminium alloys are thus prepared, a 30 horse-power dynamo giving 5 lbs. of aluminium daily, in the form of a rich alloy or aluminium-bronze. Silicon is also obtained in the same way from silicious sand. Clay yields an alloy of aluminium and silicon which, when mixed with copper, gives silicious-aluminium-bronze. Copper-aluminium-nickel, boric oxide, and pure aluminium are also produced by the same process, which is likely to be a valuable one.

A New Box-Wood.

Specimens of a new box-wood plant have been received at Kew from Capetown, and named the *Buxus Macowani*, after Mr. Macowan, director of the Botanic Garden of Capetown. The box grows in the forests of Kaffraria, and is being used at the Cape as a substitute for box-wood in engraving; but one practical authority states that it does not cut so smoothly as ordinary box-wood, and exhibits black specks in the wood. Another report is that it exhibits a closeness of grain equal to the best Abyssinian box-wood. The tree grows to a height of about 30 feet, and the trunk as a rule is from 12 to 14 inches in diameter. As the supply of common box-wood is diminishing, the new species may help to make up for this deficiency.

A Gigantic Sea-Weed.

The ship *Clever*, Captain John Stone, recently reported at Montevideo having seen in the equatorial seas the remains of a gigantic sea-weed. A boat was put out and the floating weed was measured. It proved to be over 500 yards in length, and some pieces of it brought by the ship are said by botanists to be portions of a fine specimen of the *Macrocystis pyrifera*.

A Chronometer Oven.

An oven has been designed to heat chronometers and watches so as to find their rate at different temperatures. The oven is shown internally in the accompanying figure. It is of copper and contains

water, A A, at top and bottom, which is heated by a gas-flame below at B. There are sliding shelves, F F F, of woven brass, on which the various chronometers or watches, E E E, are laid. The temperature of the oven is brought and kept to a given degree by means of a small capsule of ether, C, which, expanding, bulges the capsule, thereby moving a rod, O, which regulates the supply of gas to the flame. A thermometer, N, passing into the interior, shows the temperature on inspection.

Metal Tennis Rackets.

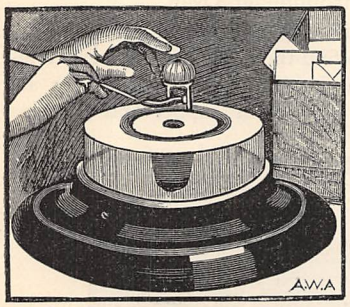
Tennis rackets are now made of steel tubing, both the handles and frames. They are less liable to break than the ordinary wooden rackets, and can be given a very ornamental appearance. They are made of mild steel, and mounted with Delta metal, nickel, or silver.

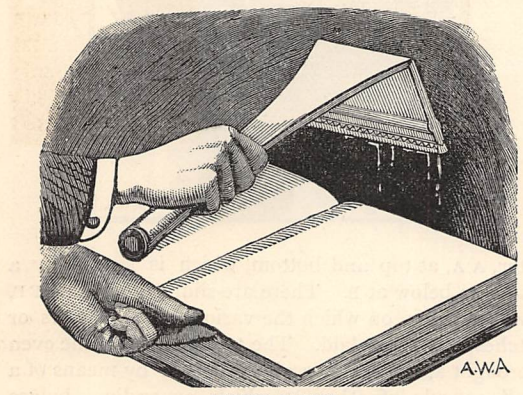
A Large Diamond.

The large diamond of 457 carats, found in South Africa in 1884, has now been cut, and weighs about 200 carats. The Kohinoor weighs only 106 carats, the Regent of France 136¾ carats, and the Great Mogul 279 carats, but it is a lumpy stone, and not cut in proper brilliant form, like the Cape stone. There is also a Portuguese stone, the Braganza diamond, but it is doubtful if it is a diamond at all, and not merely a fine topaz. If it is a diamond, it is by far the largest known. There are other diamonds of great value; but the new stone is expected to go far to eclipse them. It is the property of a syndicate at present; but probably it will find a purchaser in time.

An Automatic Inkstand.

The "Carlyle" inkstand which we illustrate is designed not to spill when upset, and to keep the ink free of dust. It consists of a reservoir and a dipping-well, into which the ink is pumped from the reservoir when required by pressing the india-rubber knob shown on the top of the stand. The broad base of the stand prevents it being toppled over, but if it should, only the small quantity in the well can spill. The stand forms a rest for the pen, and is opened by taking up the pen





LETTER DAMPER.

and closed by putting it down again. We may also mention a reservoir "damper" or brush for copying letters, brought out by the same makers. It is shown in the second figure herewith as it appears in use. A reservoir in the handle holds sufficient water to last for several days; and on inverting the damper it moistens the brush.

Photographing by Lightning.

Mr. A. S. Barker, of Philadelphia, has taken very fair photographs by the light of a flash of lightning. They were taken after dark at 7 p.m., and the actinic effect has been estimated as equivalent to an exposure of $\frac{1}{300}$ part of a second in bright sunlight.

A Help for Infant Schools.

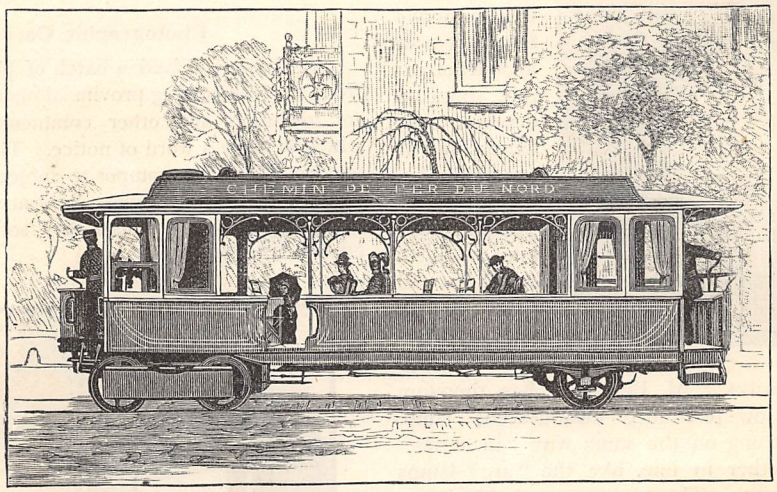
The old-fashioned counting frame, with its hundred and forty-four sliding wooden balls of various colours, has proved a very valuable help to teachers of young children. But its size and costliness render its use in large schools—especially of poor children—difficult, if not impossible. A light and more portable substitute has lately been devised by an official of the Nottingham School Board, which we illustrate this month. The apparatus is very simple and easily handled. It consists of a ring of stout wire, whose ends are secured in a small wooden handle. On the wire run eighteen beads of six colours, arranged three and three, so as to cover about half the wire, and thus provide a ready and inexpensive medium for teaching little ones the alphabet of figures and of colour.

The Sensophone.

A new telegraph instrument, called the "Sensophone." has been brought out in America. It derives its name from the fact that the message is received on the finger by the sense of touch, instead of by the ear as in the well-known "Sounder." Otherwise the apparatus is similar to a "Sounder," and consists of an electro-magnet, which is traversed by the signal currents from the telegraph line, and attracts an armature. The armature operates a small probe or style, which rests against the finger with its point,

and presses into it so as to be felt by the receiver. The attraction of the armature actuating the probe is interpreted by the receiver, and written down as the message. Of course, the advantage of the plan is that no sound is heard, and therefore the telegraph is a silent one. A person may also write down the message with one hand while receiving it on the other.

in April and March, engage notice as a cheap source of sugar. They have a luscious taste when fresh, and when dry resemble inferior figs in flavour. The natives eat them in both states, and with or without rice. The flowers have recently been analysed by Prof. A. H. Church, who shows them to contain over 3 per cent. of cane-sugar, and over 52 per cent. of "invert"



A STEAM CARRIAGE.

Bamboo Oil.

Oil is now extracted from the bamboo at Alima by M. Manas, a companion of M. de Brazza. The oil is not only very useful for lubricating purposes, according to report, but it is said to serve like olive oil in cooking. It is further proposed to acclimatise the oleaginous bamboo of the Alima in the marshy lands of other French colonies.

A Steam Carriage.

The figure illustrates a steam carriage, which gained a gold medal at the Antwerp International Exhibition. It is designed by Mr. Rowan for towns, and to run on rails or tramways. In summer the middle is open, but in winter it may be closed, and heated by steam pipes from the boiler. The total length is 31 feet, and the width 7 feet 2 inches. The total weight is $7\frac{1}{4}$ tons, and it will carry 50 passengers. One man is sufficient to stoke, drive, and brake; another serving as conductor. Its tractive force is 25 horse-power, and it will mount gradients of 1 in 20, or turn curves of $16\frac{1}{2}$ yards radius. It can be run at a speed of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The engine is seen at the end of the car, and it is of a very convenient form for the purpose; the passengers feeling no heat from it while in the car.

Flower-Sugar.

The "Mahwa" flowers or corollas of the *Bassia latifolia*, a tree of Central Hindoostan, which flowers sugar. Prof. Church does not therefore think that the flowers are likely to be a profitable source of cane-sugar, but that they contain mainly dextrose and levulose.

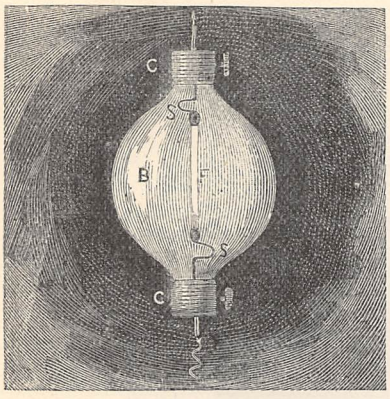
A Pocket Actinometer.

A pocket actinometer for the use of photographers has been devised, and is illustrated in the accompanying figure. It consists of a reel of special bromide paper, which is almost as sensitive as the dry photographic plate itself, and will keep unimpaired for a long time. The sensitive paper is drawn out beneath a glass plate, on the under side of which is a piece of tinted paper. Light arrives at the sensitive paper by an orifice in the glass, and the time taken to turn it to the same tint as the test paper measures the exposure to be given to the photographic plates. The reel holds enough paper for 500 exposures; and a form of the apparatus which can be carried on the watch-chain holds sufficient paper for 150 exposures. We may add that the inventor has also introduced a handy tripod stand for cameras, the legs of which, made on the telescopic principle, are, when folded up, only 21 inches long.

A New Electric Light.

At present, the incandescent electric lamps in general use in houses have a long thin carbon fila-

ment of comparatively high resistance, say from 50 to 100 ohms, though the small miniature lamps used for special purposes have a resistance much below this. These high resistance filament lamps are generally connected in "multiple arc," or parallel, that is to say, a number of them are connected abreast between the two conductors carrying the current. By this arrangement the same electro-motive force serves for all, and the current splits up between the lamps, and is subdivided between them. The plan however requires a complicated circuit, and a "heavy expense for copper conducting wires." M. Bernstein has therefore brought out a low resistance incandescent lamp, which can be strung on the same wire "in series," or one after another in line, like the "arc" lamps now so often seen. The resistance of M. Bernstein's lamp is only 0·7 or 0·6 of an ohm, and it requires a current of about ten ampères. The lamp is shown in the figure, where F is the carbon filament; which, in this case, is a tube of carbon, supported by copper springs, S S, to allow for its expansion, and connected to the conductors of the current by platinum wires, which are fused through the glass of a vacuum bulb, B, surrounding the filament. The air is, of course, exhausted from this bulb, and the carbon therefore lasts a long while since it is not "burnt," or oxidised, as it would be in the open air. Insulating caps, C, and other fittings, complete the lamp, which gives a large and brilliant white light of a steady character. As these lamps are intended to be connected "in series" one after another on a single wire, M. Bernstein has provided special means to keep the circuit closed, even if a lamp breaks, for unless he did so, the breaking of one lamp would put out all the others, by interrupting the current. A dynamo giving a current of 10 ampères and an electro-motive force of 200 volts would maintain 30 of these lamps in circuit, and this is as much as an ordinary house requires. M. Bernstein proposes to light districts by these lamps, using machines of 2,000 volts, and having 300 lamps in series; but the Board of Trade does not at present allow of currents of higher electro-motive force than 200 volts into houses, owing to their power of "shocking," and consequent inconvenience, and perhaps danger.

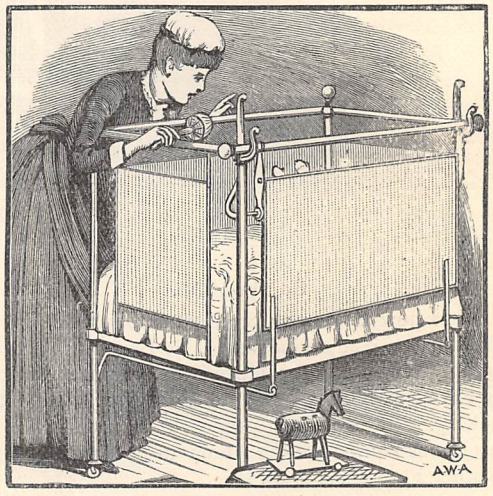


Refrigerating Tubes.

In New York pipes filled with liquified ammonia are now sold for refrigerating purposes. They are $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 2 feet long. The ammonia pipe is connected to a coil of pipe surrounding a cylinder 10 inches high, made of wood and lined with felt or hair. This coil of pipe leads to a vessel of water, and when the communication is opened the ammonia is absorbed by the water, causing great coldness by the expansion of the liquid ammonia. In fact, a bottle placed in the coil box is brought to a temperature of – 60° Fahrenheit in a few minutes by the change.

Photographic Cards.

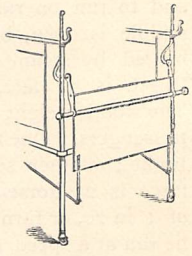
We have received a batch of photographic cards from an enterprising provincial photographer, suitable for birthdays and other commemorative occasions, which deserve a word of notice. Their distinguishing feature is that the composite subjects—flowers, architectural views, landscapes, &c.—are all the products of photography, and thus a very soft and harmonious effect is produced.



A SAFETY COT.—FIG. 1.

A Child's Safety Cot.

The figures illustrate a new cot for children, which entirely prevents the sleepers from falling out while allowing them to be seen with ease. Fig. 2 shows the cot arranged for putting the child to bed; it has one side lowered. Fig. 1 shows it with the side closed up and fastened. In this case the child is supposed to be inside. One hand of the nurse is sufficient to open and close the side, which, however, cannot be opened by the child.



A SAFETY COT.—FIG. 2.

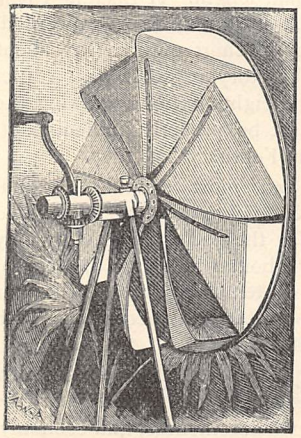
Dilatancy.

Professor Osborne Reynolds has discovered a hidden property of a mass of hard grains, such as a quantity of shot or sand, to which he gives the name of "dilatancy." The property in question is a power to swell in bulk or dilate when the shape of the mass is

altered—a property, in fact, which is the reverse of sponge-like. It pertains to every mass of hard rigid granules ; and it is seen when the outside or bounding granules are caused to retain their places. For example, a mass of shot in an india-rubber bag shows it. The sand on the sea-shore shows it when pressed by the foot, for it cannot yield to the tread without dilating and apparently sucking up the water in its pores. The pressure draws down the capillary surface, leaving the sand apparently dry round the foot. Professor Reynolds also attempts to show that the ether known to pervade space may be composed of rigid granules in contact, and capable by this property of "dilatancy" of transmitting light and other effects.

A Rotary Punkah.

Air propellers are well-known contrivances for ventilating premises; and now we have a hand rotary punkah for cooling and ventilating. This device is illustrated in the figure. The punkah, when driven by hand, compels air to travel in or out of a room at such a rate, that all the air in a medium-sized room may be changed by a man in every minute. For one turn of the handle the propeller turns twice. The punkah weighs under 1 cwt., and a 48-inch size can change 5,000 cubic feet of air a minute.



Catching Fire.

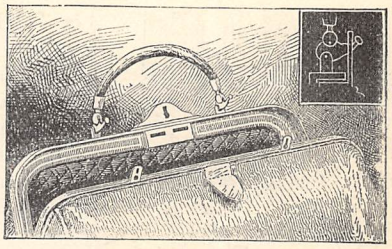
The subject of persons, and more especially ladies, getting their dresses on fire, has of late been under discussion, and the best and simplest remedy is said to be for the person to fling him or herself flat on the floor and roll over the burning parts. The flames in this way are much more easily extinguished than when the person remains erect. Of course, the additional remedy of wrapping up in a blanket is well known ; but it is not always available. It must be often possible, however, to lie down prone.

Aluminium in Iron and Steel.

Mr. Nordenfeldt, the well-known torpedo engineer, has patented the addition of a certain proportion of aluminium to iron and steel castings in order to render them sound. It appears that the aluminium makes the molten metal more liquid, so that it fills up the moulds better, and allows imprisoned gases to escape. In this way he has succeeded in making very perfect castings of the softest wrought iron, which retain their ductility, but are much increased in tensile strength. The aluminium, or an alloy thereof, is added to the molten metal shortly before it is to be poured into the mould.

A Safety Hand-Bag.

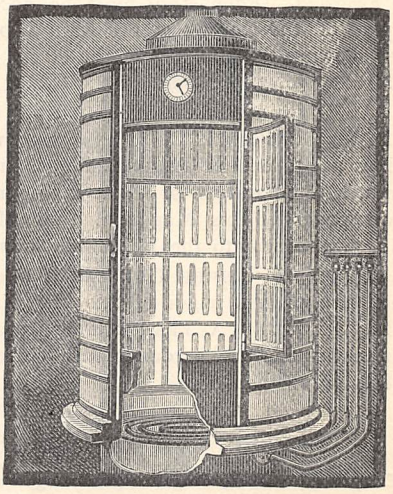
A hand-bag designed to prevent its being opened unawares is illustrated in the figure. Spurs are attached to



the hinges of the handle, and these lock into slots attached to the other lip of the bag as shown. This device locks the bag, so that while it hangs from the hand it cannot be opened. The new safety handle can, it is stated, be fitted to existing bags. Even as a preventive against accidental opening of the bag it seems a useful idea.

A Disinfecting Chamber.

The closet which we illustrate is designed to disinfect clothing or other articles, and it consists of a cast-iron base and frame lined with heat-reflecting tiles. A wrought-iron dome on the top allows the foul air to escape by means of a nine-inch flue ; and a series of



gas-jets, shown below, with four separate supply pipes, are provided for heating purposes. Wrought-iron hooks, clips, and gratings are fitted up inside to hold the clothing, bedding, or other articles to be disinfected. With the gas full on for some thirty minutes a temperature of 270° Fahr. is obtained inside. This is a comparatively short time, and we understand the closet has been introduced into several large hospitals.

HANDWRITING COMPETITION.

The Editor regrets that, owing to the large number of entries in this Competition (over 4,000), it has not been possible to complete the Award in time for publication in this number of the Magazine.

NEW SERIES OF PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE."

THE EDITOR has much pleasure in announcing the particulars of a New Series of Prize Competitions. The range of subjects this time includes one or two as yet untouched in past Competitions, and the Editor trusts that this will enable many readers who have not hitherto done so, to enter the lists. Special attention is directed to the General Rules given below, as, owing to neglect of these, a large number of Competitors have in previous years rendered their work ineligible. The following are the various Prizes offered, and the Conditions under which they may be competed for:—

(1) A **First Prize** of SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS is offered for the best and most suitable Original Story of domestic interest, of a length to occupy about eighty pages of this Magazine, and to be divided into eight parts of equal length. A **Second Prize** of FIFTY POUNDS for the second best story may also be awarded. Each story must be accompanied by a short outline (say about 500 words in length) of the plot of the story, together with a brief *resumé* of the contents of each of the eight portions, showing the progress of the story. All MSS. must be properly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than February 1st, 1887.

(2) A **First Prize** of THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS is offered for the best and most suitable Original Story of domestic interest, of a length to occupy about forty pages of this Magazine, and to be divided into four parts of equal length. A **Second Prize** of TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS for the second best story may also be awarded. Each story must be accompanied by a short outline (say about 500 words in length) of the plot of the story, together with a brief synopsis or *resumé* of the contents of each of the four portions, showing the progress of the story. All MSS. must be properly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than November 1st, 1886.

(3) A **Prize** of THREE GUINEAS is offered for the best SCHEME OR PROGRAMME OF FAMILY DINNERS for Six Persons for One Week, in the month of October, the total cost of the eatables for the seven days not to exceed Thirty Shillings, and due regard to be had to variety, wholesomeness, and economy. No wines, aërated waters, or other table drinks to be allowed for. The Scheme should not occupy more than two pages of this Magazine. All MSS. must be duly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than July 1st, 1886.

(4) A **Prize** of THREE GUINEAS is offered for the best and most practical SCHEME, of a length not to exceed two printed pages of this Magazine, for THE MANAGEMENT OF A LADY'S DRESS ALLOWANCE OF TWENTY POUNDS A YEAR, having regard to durability, variety, and neatness. All MSS. must be duly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than August 3rd, 1886.

GENERAL RULES.

1. Every Reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages) is eligible to compete for all or any of the Prizes offered. Former prize-winners may not, however, compete again in the same Department.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the above subjects. *The descriptions given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the Competitors.*

3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.

4. In all cases the copyright of the prize works will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.

5. In cases where the two best works in any one Competition are of equal merit, the Prize, or Prizes, may be divided at the discretion of the Editor. Any of the Prizes may be withheld in the event of no composition being thought worthy of that distinction.

6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid*.

7. *The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.*—copies should therefore be retained by the senders. An exception to this rule will, however, be made in favour of unsuccessful Competitors in Competitions Nos. (1) and (2), whose MSS. will be returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award in each Competition*. Any such application must be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage.

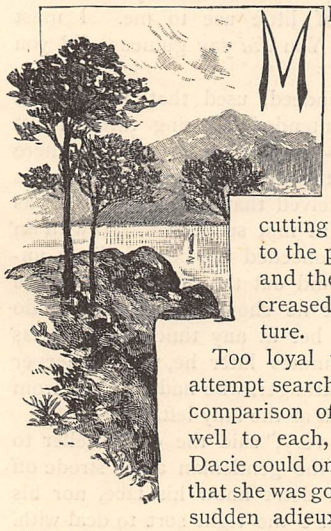
8. Every MS. must be sent before the date named above as the latest day in each section, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and must have the words "Prize Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE FRIENDS SHE LEFT BEHIND HER.



MR. DRAYTON never came to St. Clair's that summer to be received kindly for his own or anybody else's sake, and all that happened in the village between hay-cutting and harvest only added to the perplexity which began and the depression which increased with Sydney's departure.

Too loyal to the absent girl to attempt searching out her secret by comparison of notes anent her farewell to each, the rector and Mary Dacie could only join voices in regret that she was gone. That Mrs. Alwyn's sudden adieux were connected with the earlier ones of her daughter many might suspect, but none knew certainly. The Comynghams preserved a prudent silence. People in general very soon tired of speculating upon what might never be confirmed. Sydney's mother, and sister, passed out of mind with a speed that unflatteringly matched their bodily removal, and it was but herself who was lamented long by Patty Peggs, and others of her kind and condition.

But even the poor folks ceased to pester the doctor's daughter with questions about her friend and theirs when they found she knew as little as themselves, and Mary named her now to few, since it was a pang to confess ignorance of one whom she missed more sorely every day. For that ugly presence, "genteel poverty," was asserting itself more obtrusively than ever at the Gate House as the warm weeks rolled by. Paying patients sidled off to the active young Edinburgh M.D., who diagnosed simple maladies in the mysterious phraseology of science, drove a tall vehicle, with a boy in buttons at his side, and literally, as well as figuratively, soon left his old-fashioned rival far behind in the race to heal—Punch, the Dacies' old cob, having expired through over-exertion in a night gallop to a pauper invalid, and his place, for want of funds, being left vacant still. So the old doctor limped about among the few who still required his attendance. If wanted—rarely enough—far afield, a neighbouring baker supplied a steed on consideration of his wife being physicked gratis. All the shifts the household had endured cheerfully so many years, barely sufficed now to preserve a decent professional front. And the cheerfulness grew grievously difficult. Mrs. Dacie fretted for her husband. He, a true old Darby, worried for his Joan. Those few years of rest that the animal part of humanity so longs for ere it falls finally asleep, seemed likely to be denied these two, and Mary sorrowed silently for them both. Ah! if Sydney had been there now, with her bright fearless power of lifting them out of their troubles, her happy insistence, baseless though it might seem, that there were better times coming, what a ray of gladness she would have been among their dark domestic clouds! How Mary could have solaced her own tormented nerves on that lost companion's trustful buoyancy, and, oh, what a rest it would have been!

But that source of sympathy was inaccessible. Even a letter was impracticable, for Mrs. Alwyn, when forwarding Sydney's last tender but sadly uncommunicative little note to Miss Dacie from Zurich, had by accident or design omitted to enclose her own address, and thereby cut off response for a time at least. So, alone with her grinding daily anxieties, Mary spent July and August unable to get much of their sunniness into her own system, since all their fair gifts seemed besmirched with ever-present cares, a file of unpaid bills tormented her week in, week out, and the very roses on the house-walls seemed to shake their fragrant heads at her, and say reproachfully, "Now, don't presume to enjoy the sight of us, Miss Mary! If you must think of something sweet, think of all those groceries you owe for, and find a way to settle Mr. Tabor's account, do!"

Over the road to that desirable end she puzzled, till two upright puckers established themselves permanently between her brown eyebrows, and not till nearly Michaelmas did the faintest solution of the difficulty present itself. Then it was only of the stop-gap description, but, being better than none, she stifled qualms over it, and adopted the device which till now story-books only had made her acquainted with.

It happened that on one September afternoon a stranger to Hedyngham arrived there by rail, and going through the principal street, drew out his watch by the post-office, to see if his and local time tallied. It was just five o'clock, a fact proclaimed additionally by an outrush from a building hard by of National School boys, one of whom, with a joyful yelp of freedom, backed on the traveller's elbow, jerked the watch on to a valise in the opposite hand, and smashed the crystal face to fragments. Before the owner understood the accident its originator had bolted, so nothing remained but to look up a shop where the damage might be repaired. Some score of yards off, gilt letters on a shop-door blazoned forth that "W. D. Samuels" had for fifty years traded at that spot as goldsmith, optician, &c., and smaller type made known that old gold or silver could be there purchased or

taken in exchange. Here the stranger then entered, and handed his watch over the counter for treatment, announcing that he would wait while a new glass was put in.

"That," said Mr. Samuels, screwing his trade badge into one sharp eye, and examining the dial carefully, "wouldn't take me two minutes, sir; but I'm sorry to say the rim is injured. I can't put that right under a day. You—see, sir?"

The gentleman did see, with considerable disgust. The injured chattel was an old favourite. The notion of trusting it to an unknown tradesman was unpalatable. He hesitated, mentally objurgating the little rascal who had caused him the annoyance, then made up his mind.

"I'll have it attended to in town," he said. "Just put it up in a box for me; and have you any silver concern—second-hand will do—that will keep time the few days I'm down here?"

Mr. Samuels's *amour-propre*, ruffled at the first sentence, was soothed at the second. He had many of the articles requested in stock. Might he trouble the gentleman to step behind his desk? Here were fifty hanging up, extraordinarily reasonable, from which he could make choice. So round the tall rail-topped desk went the customer, and was there enduring Mr. Samuels's alternate eulogiums upon an ancient specimen of the turnip tribe and a superfine floriated-back Geneva, when another individual entered the shop; and, with a muttered "Excuse, sir," Mr. Samuels returned to his counter.

The new-comer was a lady this time, and her business not to buy, but to sell. To Mr. Samuels's credit be it said, however, this in no way lessened his civility. On the contrary, he was politeness itself; but he spread courtesy as soft as down over a bargain as hard as adamant. No one could be sorrier than he that levers of this class had gone out of use, and reduced the watch, nervously submitted to him, to just the worth of the gold in its case. And no doubt it did seem strange to any one not in the trade, that chains should drop to a quarter their first value after less than twenty years' wear; but that was the unfortunate truth. He hadn't made it, and he couldn't mend it, or he was sure, to oblige Miss Dacie, he would. And these seals? Oh, out of date; only fit for melting! A spade guinea? Well, for *her*, he'd risk a sovereign on that. And a ring? Diamonds?" (The old dealer's eyes would have glistened if long habit had not made him careful.) "Why, it was sparkling, no doubt, and"—twisting it on the end of his thick thumb—"good; but the stones—oh, they were small, and the setting antiquated."

"It was a great-aunt's; she left it to me, and the watch too," poor Mary Dacie faltered. "We always thought them valuable."

"And they are," agreed ready Mr. Samuels: "very—valuable, indeed, from a-a-association; but as a matter of business I couldn't give more for the lot, Miss Dacie, than——"

Than about a third of what she had humbly hoped! Pained chagrin nearly unhinged her. But if she turned back from the half-completed ordeal, those wretched bills would gall her worse than ever. So she did her best to answer lightly, though all the shop looked blurred and misty for a minute—

"Then, if you can give no more, Mr. Samuels, I suppose I can get no more. I have another watch at home" (a school-girl treasure, price forty shillings sixteen years before); "and I scarcely ever wear rings, so these are of little use to me. I must take what you offer. You *did* say guineas, did you not?"

Mr. Samuels had, indeed, used that magnificent term, but he fully intended slipping through the transaction in five-per-cent. lowlier form. But there was an anxiety about the question that over-rode his cupidity; also, he perceived that one of the seals was worth treble what he at first suspected. So with an air of generosity he conceded the odd shillings, unlocked his cash-box, paid out the sum, and, with the sincere assurance that he should be pleased to do similar business with her at any time, bowed Miss Dacie forth. Five minutes later he, with a deeper reverence, let out the stranger, who had emerged from behind the desk as soon as the lady left.

"It's an odd thing, very," said the old jeweller to himself, peeping after the gentleman as he strode off out-of-townwards; "I don't know his face, nor his name, but I do know he's the right sort to deal with. Thirty per cent., with no waiting and no higgling, isn't to be sneezed at in these times!"

An hour after this episode Mr. Vaughan was roused from his coffee and the "Virgil" that served as scholarly sauce to his plain fare, by an unexpected guest, and got up to welcome Richard Drayton right heartily.

"Dropped from the clouds!" he cried. "I'm glad enough to see you; but why this sudden appearance after months of never a line? Come—explain."

"Work, sir—work," said Mr. Drayton, giving up baggage and overcoat to the Rectory housekeeper, and taking the seat and coffee his host pushed towards him. "I think I may boast I've not passed a lazy day since I left you twelve months ago."

"So! That sounds well. But"—when they were alone—"what has come of your labour? A certain person got out of my sight once for nigh twelve years, and came back no better off than when he set out. Eh?"

"True, sir, so far as cash goes; and I've not much more to show for my industry this time."

"Ah!" The rector looked disappointed. He knew his old pupil a worthy, and would fain see him a successful man.

"But, unless I'm much mistaken, I shall have before long. I used to get chaffed abroad by men cleverer and bolder than myself for missing opportunities of fortune by waiting too long to make sure of my way; and the habit sticks, I suppose. I must make sure of good foundations before I set to building."

"Well, then, let me hear about your foundations, Drayton;" on which invitation the younger man discussed with his old tutor the particular paths which

had opened out since they met, seeming to disclose, at no great distance of time, means of property in comparison with which his inherited income was a mere bagatelle.

"So far for what is accomplished," he said, at the end of explanations, carefully followed by his host. "Now for what is to come. Perhaps, sir, you will think it a bit romantic when I say I want to see that favourite Miss Alwyn of yours before I go any farther."

In a moment the rector's interested countenance grew troubled. How success and sorrow mixed themselves up in this life, to be sure!

"My dear fellow," he said, in tones of vexation, "I'm afraid I have bad news for you there. Miss Alwyn has left St. Clair's these three months."

"Left! just when I wanted to tell—when I wanted her to say—Now, by all that's unlucky, how I wish I had come earlier! Once more I've been too slow. But I can follow her wherever she is, for of course you know, sir?"

"No more than you do."

Then, careful to avoid watching the signs of extreme disappointment on his hearer's face, the rector, as far as he felt at liberty, told of Sydney's good-bye to him, and the subsequent vacating of the Dale, finishing with—

"So I fear, Drayton, here is a block in the good luck, which you had not calculated on."

"But one that must be got over," said the other resolutely. "Can you tell me, sir, where the Alwyns came from to St. Clair's? I might get their present whereabouts so."

"I have not the slightest idea. I never heard their former home named."

"Nor anything of their former life? Mr. Alwyn's profession or so forth?"

"Nothing whatever. It has struck me sometimes it was a subject purposely avoided."

Mr. Drayton crumpled up his brows, and for a minute thought intently. Then he asked—

"And you've no clue to what took Miss Sydney away?"

"Not the least. I only surmise, from the poor child's emotion, it was something delicate and painful. As she could not disclose it, I have no right to pry into it. Though, as for you—you haven't said in so many words why you want to see her, but, my dear Dick——"

"But I must find her somehow," broke in Mr. Dick abruptly. "If you can't set me on my way, sir, I suppose no one at St. Clair's can?"

"No one, unless Miss Dacie has heard of her since we last met."

"Ah, I could ask *her*, couldn't I?" said Mr. Drayton with great alacrity. "Mightn't I go to-night?"

"At a quarter to ten! Nay, that's past canonical calling-hours in the country. Wait till the morning."

So till the morning Mr. Drayton was fain to curb his impatience, rewarding resolution by starting for the Gate House at nine o'clock next day.

Mary was working diligently in the garden, her conscience a little lighter for the thought of three receipted bills in her desk. She heard a step, looked up, saw who came, and had no time to flee into the house and hide a preposterous attack of shyness and her much-faded cotton gown before he was by her side.

In trepidation worthy of a lass in her teens, she got her hand out of its huge leather glove and offered a disjointed greeting, enraged at her own awkwardness, though, as a matter of fact, with the sunshine on her yellow-brown hair and a rising colour in her cheeks, she looked younger than she had done for many a day, and, spite of the washed-out print, a gentlewoman comely and graceful still.

Perhaps this struck Mr. Drayton, for he shook hands with her warmly, and then, having picked up her rake and hoe, shook hands again, remarking that he would have come on the night before, but had arrived too late, so he took time by the forelock to-day.

"We—my father will be very pleased to see you," said Mary, leading the way in with another blush. "He was wondering last week if we should ever see you again."

"See me! Why, of course you would. I wanted very much indeed to get here. For, Miss Dacie, I am so hoping you can tell me something of your friends at the Dale—of Miss Alwyn especially."

The bright colour left Mary's cheeks with a chill rush. To hear of Sydney he had come. Only that!

"I can tell no more than that she is gone," she said, thankful on such a theme she might be pardoned sadness.

"And you can't help grieving over it, can you?"

"Indeed, no!" turning her head away.

"And I'm sorry too. On your account"—he was staring determinedly at her, but Mary kept her face invisible—"and hers too, and—my own, I'd have given a good deal to have found her here. Can't you possibly do us all a good turn by putting me on the track to see her?"

"If I could, I would, Mr. Drayton" (it cost something, that assertion!)—"but I have no knowledge of where she is."

"Nor her mother?"

"Mrs. Alwyn was at Zurich a month ago."

"Zurich. H'm! It will be a roundabout road if I have to trace her from there. But one or the other I must see. Propriety says *Mrs.* Alwyn. Preference says *Miss*. The lady mother and I seemed mutually repellent; while Miss Sydney"—Mary swallowed a great heart-burning during that pause—"she would answer the question I have to put in a moment. You'll give me your good wishes to speed me to her, won't you, Miss Dacie?"

By good fortune in came the doctor and Mrs. Dacie just then. With a murmur of affirmation Mary escaped to the other end of the tidy, shabby room, and busied herself with mending, while the father and mother chatted with their caller.

Of course they had presently their say about the Alwyns, and Mrs. Dacie reiterated her belief that it was an affair of the affections which drove Sydney

away—"affection on one side, Mr. Drayton, *not* hers! I'm confident our dear Sydney would choose differently. I'm not a conjurer, but I fancy I know where! Though, perhaps, that's hardly fair, is it?"

But the gentleman was deaf to these last words and their innuendo. Mary had just slipped quietly out of the room, and he expressed a hope that he had not interrupted Miss Dacie by coming so early.

"Oh, no! my daughter is not often long with us in the morning, unless," said poor Mrs. Dacie, half humbled, half proud at the admission, "unless we mean to go without our dinner. Don't frown at me, doctor dear! Mr. Drayton knows quite well we are not rich, and that Mary is a daughter-of-all-work."

Possibly the doctor dreaded more domestic revelations, for hereat, with an apology, he said he must be starting on his round: it was not a long one, but it took him a good while to walk; and he explained elaborately to the visitor, who volunteered to go with him and lend him an arm, how Punch being defunct they had made up their minds, for various reasons, not to replace him at present. Between the lines of which, Mr. Drayton read the truth pretty plainly, and had his deduction confirmed when, the three-mile trudge over, they again neared the Gate House.

For Mary hastened to meet them, exclaiming, "Oh, papa! have you seen the man from Oakleigh Place? No? Ah, then he is gone on to Dr. McAndrew! You were wanted to attend the housekeeper. If only you had had poor Punch, now, you would have been back in time. Isn't it unlucky?"

"As usual!" said the poor old supplanted medicus rather bitterly; and Mr. Drayton left them, to mature a fine design just planted in his brain.

He took another walk by himself that afternoon, and admitted its aim that evening to the rector.

"Your parish spreads so far, sir, you ought to have a good cob for the outlying parts. I looked out such an animal as would suit you to-day at the farm up the road, where you like the people."

"Hammertons? Ay, they are good folks, and have excellent cattle. But, friend Richard, such a luxury means money; and I've not enough to spare for that. Besides, my exercise would never keep the creature in health."

"Just so, sir. But there's Dr. Dacie killing himself, and losing his patients, for want of a quadruped. Couldn't you and he keep a cob between you? I'll leave you to settle terms (without mentioning me though, please), but the fact is, I've bought that brown nag of Hammerton's, and I want to get it into the Dacies' stable somehow. I know Miss Alwyn would have managed it. You won't refuse the office in her stead, will you, sir?"

So the upshot of that device was that a few hours after Mr. Drayton left St. Clair's next day ("I'd much rather have stayed longer," he assured Mary; "but I really do so want to find Miss Alwyn. I hope I shall return, with her leave, and tell you what she and I had to talk about, before long") a serviceable steed was discovered crunching oats in Punch's manger, and for the present Mr. Vaughan had to carry off his share of the guilty secret as best he could, determining to make a clean breast of the conspiracy the very next time Mr. Drayton came down.

But, though they all seemed vaguely to expect him soon, the year wore out without his reappearing. A note reached the Gate House early in October, saying:—

"Dear Miss Dacie,—Shortly after leaving St. Clair's I met the Major Villiers whom I had once seen there. By his assistance I was put in the way of obtaining information which I hinted at to you. Unfortunately, I have not had the pleasure of seeing Miss Alwyn at present. I thought you might be expecting to hear this, which is all I feel myself as yet free to communicate.—Kindly accept my best regards, and believe me, very faithfully yours,

"Richard Drayton."

Whatever did it mean? Had he, through her former guardian, offered himself to Sydney and been rejected? *Impossible!* Was there to be a private engagement? Why, what for? And yet what else could this semi-confidence betoken? Mary read her note fifty times, surreptitiously cried over it; then, in a rage at her weakness, nearly burnt it. Relented, hid it in an innermost drawer, took it out and looked at it at night; and continually, with some reason maybe, called herself for her pains the very biggest goose, or any other emblem of absurdity, that ever stepped!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

ROCKS AHEAD!

That September evening when Sydney went back from Stillcote-Upton to Capel Moor, so grateful had she felt at the manifest desire for her return that she would willingly have taken double duties on herself for Jean Hurst or for her brother. But in one direction this impulse not only met no response, but was steadily repelled. A curious change came over Mr. Hurst's bearing towards her. He had been always grave, reserved, save when he warmed up to some subject under study, or on those notable occasions when he talked with Sydney on their early morning and homeward walks together. Still there had been a brightening in all his aspects as the hours he evidently enjoyed came round, and Sydney's apt questionings and pertinent calls upon the wealth his splendid memory held roused him unfailingly to cheerful activity, if not positively active cheerfulness.

Now this was altered. As unobtrusively but completely as when between eve and dawn myriads of silent snowflakes spread a white shroud over the living earth, so some spell was cast over these signs of reawakening interest in existence. The books begun before were finished certainly, and not a shade of his usual attention or thanks did Mr. Hurst remit. A chair would be always placed for his interpreter of pages, in warmth and light between fire and window, though he, no longer seated near, would listen, shoulder up against the book-case, as far off as the room permitted. The volumes needed would be ready for Sydney, he trained his touch to that task without taxing Jean's assistance. Punctilious he grew that Miss Grey should not read on into the hour allotted to her midday walk. But the zest their occu-

pation had seemed acquiring had somehow died down. When Sydney tried to win it back, reading her very best, her mind set keenly on her work, her reward was curious. Mr. Hurst would for two, or even three

"'LEVERS OF THIS CLASS HAD GONE OUT OF USE'" (*p.* 450)

days break through routine, and betake himself to the riverside, leaving her mornings purposeless and void. And if she halted to have knotty points disentangled, she was not answered at once by clear *vivâ voce* explanation, but referred, most politely but coldly, to some authority among the tomes hard by.

Herein was something amiss, Sydney divined. The fervour of her helpfulness was damped. Wistfully she waited, hoping every day the cloud would go by. Forbidden by instinct as by position to seek the cause of the change, never had she felt so much the stranger in the strange land as now, and she was even thankful when Miss Hurst volunteered her private opinion on the matter, wide of the mark though it might be.

They were sitting, one October afternoon, in the drawing-room that looked east up the long moor.

Sydney had used her undesired leisure to write a letter, which was to reach Mary Dacie *viâ* Paris, where Mrs. Alwyn sojourned; and she now assisted Miss Jean to wind off links of Welsh wool, casting from time to time a glance through the opposite west window towards the orchard, where Mr. Hurst's tall form passed and repassed on the nearer side of the fruit-bereft boughs.

Miss Hurst followed one glance, and smiled sagaciously.

"My brother is not quite so wedded to his beloved 'ologies' as he was," she observed, mild exultation in her tone. "I thought it was a wonder if that incessant listening did not wear itself out soon. I must say I'm glad it has."

"Oh, why?" Sydney could not forbear asking—"You seemed so gratified that Mr. Hurst should get back to his old pursuits."

"So I was. I thought it a very good thing, in moderation. But lately, Miss Grey, I was getting jealous. Not of you—oh, no, no!"—laughing, for Sydney opened such an astonished pair of eyes—"not that, the least; but jealous of all those clever things I can't enter into. I was afraid he would get wrapped up in them, and presently grudge such a dunce as me any of his company. You see, Miss Grey, I have no one but him, now, to lean to. The more dependent on me he is, the more I feel him my very own. Whatever came between us, whether it was a person or a thing, I couldn't help hating!"—stopping to wipe away a tear.

"I don't think," said Sydney comfortingly, "you need fear anything at all of that sort."

"No? Well, I flatter myself you are right, Miss Grey. You see how ready he is to get off his reading now, and you must be so glad of the rest, so"—not heeding a negative shake of the head—"we are all satisfied. For," moralised Miss Hurst sagely, "the very best of books cannot completely satisfy a man's wants. No books, for instance, can talk to Gilbert as I can! And it's a great comfort to me to find he realises this. Have you not noticed lately how much less he seems to care for "remains," and "roots," and goodness knows what stuff? And how often he'll turn the conversation to the apples or the weather, or something he knows I feel an interest in? And have you observed how often he says, now, 'Are you not coming to sit down, Jean? Don't be long away'? Science and art are all very well, but they're not a man's sister, Miss Grey. Honestly, I rejoice at poor dear Gilbert's finding out it is *me* he wants most of all!"

Not a syllable of this was Sydney able to gainsay, however intuition might question the self-satisfied ultimatum. So, closer and closer, did the spinster-lady hug her happy idea, and never hesitated to strain this dependency of kinship to its very uttermost. To wit:—An open letter lay on the breakfast-table one morning when Sydney came down. Miss Hurst had just ended reading it aloud. Her brother, with the unusual relaxation of anticipated pleasure on his features, was saying—

"It would be capital to have him here, Jean. You don't recollect much of his stay at our old home, but if you had seen him with me at Pritchard's when the verdict went against me, you'd like him as I do. And I promise you, he won't expect to be treated with ceremony. He will suit himself to our accommodation, in a moment."

Something unprecedented, a visitor, seemed impending. Less to Miss Hurst's satisfaction than her brother's, though. The lady, with an air of being much put upon, clattered the breakfast equipage, sighed noticeably, and then said slowly—

"Oh! if you wish it so very, very much, Gilbert, pray have your friend. You ought not to be put off out of consideration for me."

"Why, Jean, a night's lodging to my old chum won't put you out, will it?"

Another sigh, with a dejected smile at Sydney, that said, "Oh, the denseness of male creatures!" Then an evasive "Oh! never mind; when do you want him to come, Gilbert?"

"Why, next Monday, according to what he says, is it not?"

"And this is Thursday. Then I'll go into the attic to-night, and give time for my room to be got ready."

"Jean, you shall do nothing of the sort. I could change, or anything will do for——"

Miss Hurst interrupted with sad severity. "No, Gilbert, you know I should never suffer *you* to move. And 'anything' will not do for a guest. But leave it to me. As you are so anxious to have him, make your mind easy. Everything shall be ready."

Another mournful inspiration temporarily closed the topic. But at the dinner-table it was revived.

"On your visitor's account we dine later on Monday, Gilbert."

"There's no necessity, Jean."

"Oh, but there is! We dined at half-past six when he was with us at the dear old Rectory. I shouldn't like him to consider that we've, as it were, gone down: though"—to Sydney—"as I told you before, late dinners, as a rule, require more experienced servants than I can afford. But I can help all the morning, and we'll make the effort for once. Oh! and should you consider, Gilbert, my orchard trees want pruning this month, or could I put it off till January?"

"I'm not wise on such matters," confessed Mr. Hurst. "Suppose you ask Davis?"

"Oh! *he's* certain to say, 'Do it directly,' because he likes getting here to work. But, you see, if we are to have this Mr.——"

"Now, Jean," protested her brother, with wonderful good-nature, "don't try to make me believe a solitary man stopping here a single night can possibly interfere with your tree-pruning!"

"But, Gilbert, it does!" cried Miss Hurst sharply, "and I'll show you how. You are as unimaginative as Rebecca. She was telling me this morning we had mice, and that we must have a cat to kill them. 'A cat,' said I, 'Rebecca! a trap, you mean. *They* are the things for mice. A trap doesn't break plates: a trap doesn't jump up the larder-shelf and steal the fish: a trap doesn't run away with one's young chickens, nor require a penny-worth of milk to drink every day. A penny a day comes to thirty shillings and fivepence in a year, Rebecca,' I said, 'and if I waste it so, I shall not have it to spare for other objects. We'll have no cat!' And just the same, Gilbert, with receiving company. I can't do that *and* prune the orchard. For

before I have a stranger here I must get"—docketing each article off on her fingers—"a new door-scraper; fresh carpet on the landing; a new lid to the soup-tureen—I shouldn't cut off a friend who was *such* a friend that he could even go through that trying work at the oculist's with my poor brother, without soup!—and to get these things I must journey to Hereford. Also we should be compelled to have the front garden done up. All of which would take more than——"

Mr. Hurst just lifted his hand as if deprecating this torrent of items.

"I understand," he said; "we'll settle this presently, Jean. I am apt to forget how much you have to think of."

Something in his manner silenced Miss Hurst's loquacious outpour. She looked at him askance.

"You will have some more beans, Gilbert?"

"No more, thanks, Jean."

"Oh! but they are the last this season. I have not touched them myself on purpose that you should have them."

"Good Jean," he answered, but pushed aside his plate, and Miss Hurst ate up what he refused, with the air of a victim to masculine caprice.

It was dusk that afternoon when Sydney, lamp in hand, came down from her own room, and heard herself softly called from the door of the study. Mr. Hurst had been there alone for the last hour. Now she found out what for.

"Have you a light?" he asked (those every-day admissions of his loss always smote her afresh with pain). "Then will you come here? Have I not been doing mischief? I caught my arm on the inkstand, and I expect I have undone my afternoon's labour."

True enough, an inky pool was spreading rapidly over the blotting-pad, but, as yet, it was a good inch off the written page lying thereon. Sydney moved this hastily.

"Your letter is safe. The envelope——? Oh! that you are holding. I can soon put the things straight and rub the ink-marks off the table."

"Has it hurt the carpet, or spoilt anything?" he asked anxiously. "Clumsy that I am! I don't want to damage the least of my poor sister's household gods."

"You have done no harm, and there is not a speck on your letter. Here it is."

But he drew back as she approached with it, asking, with a hesitation that struck her as most sad, "Will you look it through for me? I am forced to come to—you. It is my first production without help. Is it legible?"

"Perfectly!" But the penmanship of such elaborate pains was so different in its careful distances, and angles, from the freely-written manuscripts of his days of light, that her one word betrayed commiseration. Mr. Hurst mistrusted her.

"If readable," he said, "will you let me hear it, please? There is no secret in it."

So bidden, she read:—

"DEAR OLD FELLOW,—Best thanks for your note. As for the inquiry therein, your informant was right. We long ago parted with all interest in the concern you name. Unlucky for us we ever had any in it. Whatever you are after, I wish you prosperity. I am not such a curmudgeon as to grudge my old college-mate good luck, though I seem out of the running. I should hugely enjoy a chat with you, but just now a visit would not suit my excellent 'powers that be.' Therefore, I cannot say 'Come.' That I will do so, as soon as ever I can, you very well know. Till then, or till I manage my pen better in the dark, fare you well. Always, dear Drayton——"

"Drayton!" exclaimed Sydney, with a great start.

"Yes, D-r-a-y-t-o-n. Have I not put it plain? Richard Drayton, he is: the fellow who chummed with me at Wellborough and Oxford, and won many a rebuke, and, for all that, the hearty good-liking of our dear old tutor Vaughan—Ah, me! But those were good times. *Is* the name right?"

"Yes. I—I see now. Shall I fold it for you?"

She put the missive in its cover, read the superscription to her last year's acquaintance, now no farther away than Worcester, checked all thanks, kept mute watch over Mr. Hurst, till very quietly out by the side entrance he went off with his letter—all this she did as if, awake, she were fulfilling a dream, completely for a space overcome by this strange coincidence of being sent by fate to minister to that saddened life she had felt so drawn towards, because described as "wellnigh helpless, wellnigh hopeless."

Pondering this added perplexity to her situation, mechanically she cleared away all signs of Mr. Hurst's disaster, replaced the blotting-paper from her store (she would not have him worried over that!) and then went out into the soft twilight, to let a blusterous south wind aid in clearing away the new complication.

At first it seemed great. Must she leave Wynstone, for fear of Mr. Drayton's coming? Did her promise to her mother exact such extreme caution? Oh, surely not! Surely, as she was doing no harm she might stay. She ought. She would! A pain seemed lifted off her heart when she decided thus. For awhile, at any rate, she need not go. With a long tremulous breath of relief, she looked up and smiled at the stars peeping down from behind the scurrying clouds, and then went back, gravely but gladly, into the house she was tying herself to by bonds beyond her present comprehension.

Mr. Hurst was at home, too, and in the firelit drawing-room, leaning on the back of his sister's chair.

"Where have you been?" Miss Hurst was saying. "Out? Oh, Gilbert! you know it fidgets me to have you on the road after dark."

"Why, Jean, it's the same as day to me."

"But not to other people. You might be hurt, or run over. Don't you remember Cousin Priscilla's terrier got under a cart-wheel in the dusk, and had to be chloroformed, and put out of the way, and how she fretted over it? I should fret a deal more over you, so don't go out in the gloaming, please."

"I'm a deal of trouble to you, Jean"—letting his hand fall on her shoulder.

"Well, well! Who minds? *I* don't. You can't help it."

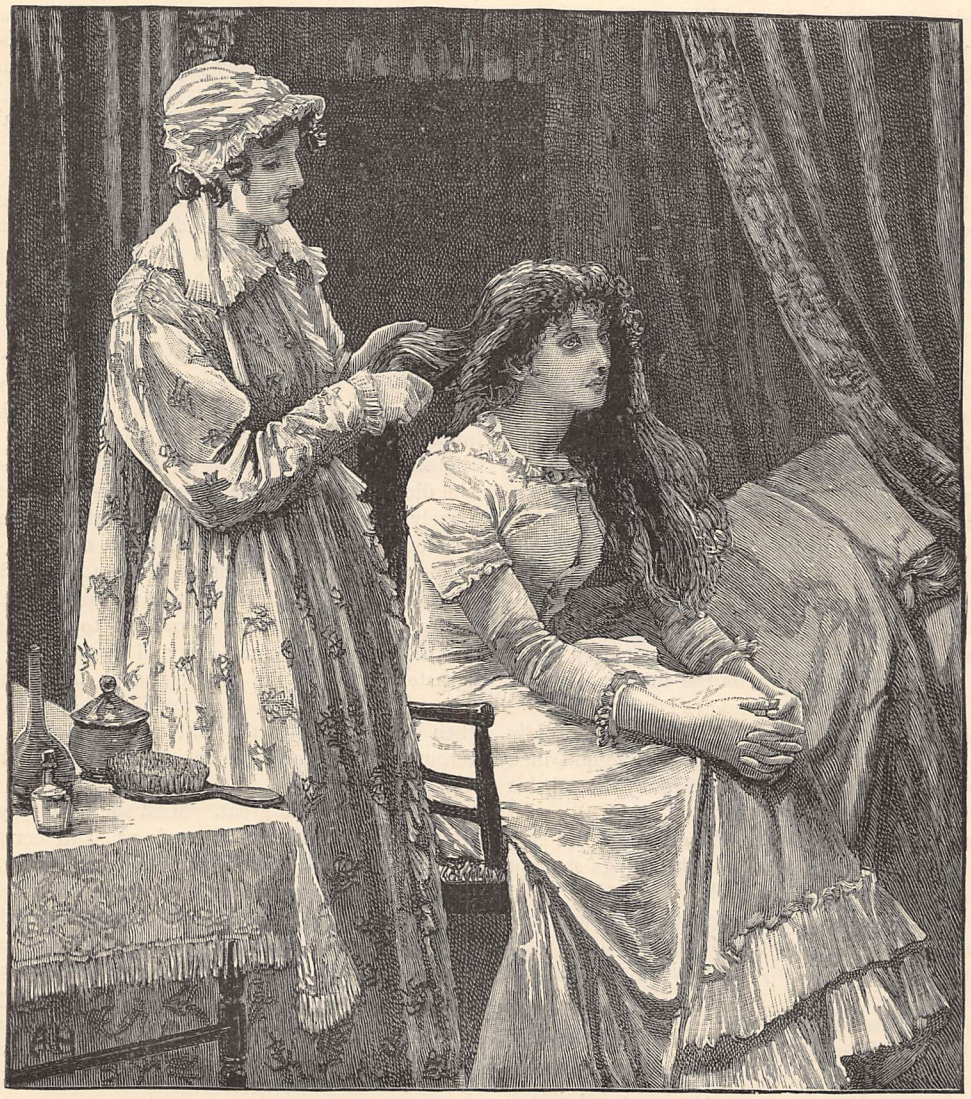
A few seconds' silence. Then "What I can help, I will. You won't be put out by Drayton, Jean. I have stopped his coming."

"You have?" with animated relief: "But," compunctiously sliding her fingers into his, "it vexes you to give him up? You are so dull here."

"No, Jean. Not dull, with you—and——"

The gratified sister broke in with a purr of contentment: "It is the greatest mercy left us, Gilbert, to think we are all in all to each other."

And, in her unbounded satisfaction at this view, Miss Hurst was for weeks more tryingly demonstrative than ever, as caretaker, or indeed proprietor of her disabled brother, vaunting their unanimity down to life's most minor details.



"AND THEN SHE TOLD OF HER YOUTH" (*p.* 459).

"Oh, dear!" she cried, coming laughing in one evening near Christmas time, when Sydney was reading a *résumé* of the past year's politics to Mr. Hurst, "did you hear me scolding Fanny in the hall just now? The silly girl was creeping in from the orchard with a bunch of mistletoe to hang up in the kitchen. 'No, Fanny,' said I, 'none of that nonsense, if you please! I cannot allow you any such tricks; Mr. Hurst and I never dream of such absur-

dities. Mistletoe indeed!' Ah, Gilbert! we've forgotten such things, have we not?"

Her seniority might have prompted the speech; but it was an awkward one. Mr. Hurst took it in dead silence. Sydney, on whose lips, since her father died, nothing tenderer had lain than Mary Dacie's kiss, felt her cheeks suddenly aflame; the more needless those blushes, the more they burnt. Happily they faded unmarked, while Miss Hurst hunted up her woolwork. But the vivid colour would often now fly to Sydney's face, out of somewhat indignant sympathy. For poor Miss Jean's determination to level her brother to her own standard grew more and more aggressive. He must live and move according to her solicitous rule; be pleased with her great self-denying skill in providing him gentlemanly fare and habiliments out of her narrow income; never feel or never exhibit other desire than to vegetate placidly under her sisterly code. And how such a man endured this life, Sydney, with eyes open to the capacities of each, marvelled more every day.

Marvelled! Till she recognised in this pathetic submission to the affectionate, fidgeting feminine despot, the culture of something superior to intellect, and realised each time she saw him harassed yet uncomplaining, wounded yet not outwardly wincing, that the deepest force of his strong manhood was under more powerful control than that of either mere moral or physical mastership. All of which knowledge carried her on to very dangerous regions!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!"

It was the last day of the year. Miss Hurst, with much importance, brought to the morning sitting-room twelve months' accumulation of bills and letters, the former all paid, the latter all answered, yet, she conceived, requiring to be "run through" before filing or destroying. And this sacrifice to the *manes* of the fleeting months involved such examining and explaining, that all other occupations had to be set aside to assist at it.

Sydney's share in the work was simple, consisting of tearing innumerable epistles into diminutive bits, out of which Miss Hurst made queer little pillows and presented them to the poor: Mr. Hurst's was equally easy to him, the addition mentally of items of domestic outlay, by which Miss Hurst could satisfy herself neither she nor her tradesmen had been egregiously cheating one another. But the worst of the labour lay below the surface, certainly to one, perhaps to two concerned. For it appeared that never a trifle had been purchased for the house, done in, or wanted by it, that had not somehow been necessitated by "Gilbert." "Dear Gilbert," as this best of managers never failed to dub him, had in some mysterious way compelled the roof repairing, rooms repainting, a score of fads supplying—though his tastes were simple as a hermit's!—and had, by wants or wishes, drained the slender family purse of its last pound. "Though," cried Jean Hurst—a sincere believer in her own ingenuous self-deception—"I don't mind that the least! Some call it drudgery for me to have to manage like this; Mrs. Greaves often says it is—you know who I mean, Gilbert. Miss Grey is tearing up one of her letters now. But I always answer 'No.' I care for nothing while I see you comfortable, Gilbert dear!"

With which triumphant speech this epitome of skill and devotion gathered up her account books, swept and garnished for another year's campaign, and bestowed a caress of mild patronage on her brother's thick brown hair, that was showing lines of white long before its legitimate time. For an instant a sting, all but unbearable, confessed itself in the quick, fierce contraction of brows and mouth. Sydney knew that look must come; watched covertly, caught it, brief though it was. Another moment it was quenched in the nobler peace his face habitually wore. Her own eyes sank, filling with tears.

"Take the morning while it is fine, and have your walk now, Miss Grey," counselled Miss Hurst; and, having asked, somewhat wistfully, "Can I do nothing for you, Mr. Hurst?" and been answered, "Nothing whatever, I thank you," she hurried out into the fresh, keen air, there haply to get rid of the pent-up irritability engendered by the last two hours.

What peculiar set of nerves had started quivering she could not tell. Nor could she define precisely why Miss Jean's maladroit tenderness provoked her oftener and oftener to the verge of expostulation. Driven up a corner, she might have averred it was bare instinct prompting protection of one who, with rare self-restraint, forbore all self-defence. But up this inquisitorial corner she was not to be hedged till all ways out but one were closed. Meanwhile, she sped along the breezy upper road, the river always in sight—that river which once Mr. Hurst had called, in half-jesting earnest, his very good friend, for "he could trust it with his cares, it listened, sang to him, soothed him, went by and told no one!"—permitting herself no speculation on the future beyond an unanswerable "Shall I be here when next year ends, as now?"

An undreamt-of factor in the solution of this question met the girl, as, with well-poised figure, she stepped lightly along the frost-bound path. A pair of elderly eyes observed her with interest from a well-built brougham, till the vehicle took a turn, and, coming to the porch at Wynstone, deposited its occupant on an untimely call.

It was Mrs. Preece, wife of Capel Moor's non-resident rector, whose modern Gothic dwelling peeped at his second, seldom-visited parish, from among the brown trees on the opposite side of the water. One mile and a half lay between the ecclesiastical edifices over which the Reverend Everard Preece presided, but communication between the villages could only be held by crossing the stream, or by a five-mile *détour* over the nearest bridge, and this may account for the fact that the Preeces' poorer flock at Capel Moor had to shift spiritually very much for themselves, tending their sick or comforting their dying according to their

own rustic lights, taking their Sabbath services at one hour or another, or not at all, as the state of the river, or road, or Rectory horses, decided. It was a condition of affairs that many averred would never have been allowed if Capel Birch had not been a good living, held by a rich man. Had poverty entered into the situation, "then," said these prejudiced folks, "the rector would soon have felt the pastoral crook about his shoulders!" And, quite lately, a vindictive local paper had stirred up such a hubbub on the matter, that the outcome was an alteration, which the rector's wife came herself to announce.

Ushered straight into the study, Gilbert Hurst was unable to elude this guest, whose heavy conversational touch experience had taught him to dread; so, with his annoyed sister, he rose to receive her.

"The same as ever?" questioned Mrs. Preece, in rasping tones of condolence, ignoring Mr. Hurst's bow, and diving after his hand, which she persisted in holding in her own bemittened clasp while she spoke. "No better? No likelihood of restoration of that precious power? None? Oh, how I feel for you! Do let me give you a chair. *I* can find one for myself. We, who are not afflicted, ought to wait on those who are! But never do I see you, Mr. Hurst, without saying afterwards to my husband, 'Affliction has fallen on rich ground—rich, Everard; Mr. Hurst knows it is well ordained. He carries himself as an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian!"

Having delivered which speech, at once patriotic, polite, and pious, Mrs. Preece relinquished the unresponsive palm, seated her fur-encased figure by Miss Hurst (she provokingly conscious of her oldest shabbiest homespun), apologised for the unseasonable visit with the simple explanation that the hour suited *her* better than a later one, and then entered on their parochial quandary.

"It seems Capel Moor is considered benighted! Why, I cannot really see. We keep a schoolmistress here. We give the choir a treat. We offer a guinea to any one who will take the duty if the water is out, or Mr. Preece or the horses ill, so what more can be expected reasonably? Nothing! But people are not reasonable, so I have urged my husband to yield to the times, and keep a curate. A man, as I say, to look after our sheep on Capel Moor. He will cost us a hundred and fifty a year, so the sheep ought to be grateful."

Here was news! Five small farm-houses, and an occasional tenant of a fishing-box on the riverside, formed the present aristocracy of the village. A resident clergyman would be an exciting addition. To do Miss Hurst justice, her first thought was that it might be some one Gilbert would take to.

"Have you chosen a curate?" she asked, and on hearing "Yes," and that he would be there in a fortnight, inquired his name, and where he would take up his abode.

"At the Manor. You know the house is too large for the people who rent it. They will be glad to let half, and attend to Mr.—Mr.—I forget his name—and his young family," answered Mrs. Preece.

"Then the gentleman is married?"

"A widower, just home from abroad. He's been a missionary, and, according to testimonials, is an excellent man. Of course, we chose a good one. But we have had a great deal to think of in getting him. The applications we have had, and the letters I have written! More than once I have said to Mr. Preece, 'Oh! how I wish poor Mr. Hurst, over there, had taken orders before this sad incapacity came on him——'"

"My brother, Mrs. Preece, never intended to take orders."

"Ah, but if he had! Then he could have been the curate, with a little coaching over the prayers, and extempore sermons, and it need not have cost us so much—we may have to put down a horse as it is!—and the stipend might have been a help——"

Miss Hurst bridled at this.

"A help, Mrs. Preece, we are quite able to do without. There is no need for my brother to exert himself. *I* see that he wants for nothing!"

"Undoubtedly!"

Mrs. Preece wanted these Hursts' friendliness for the curate, or the man would leave, out of sheer dulness, so she tacked neatly off the shoal:—

"I should have said it would offer occupation, an interest, for Mr. Hurst. That was what I meant. Though," glad to turn the subject, "that exceedingly lady-like girl who lives with you must be a great assistance in passing time. She looks quite intellectual."

"Oh, yes! Miss Grey is a very acceptable person," admitted Miss Hurst awkwardly. "Gilbert, was there not a book we promised Mrs. Preece the last time she was here? The day Miss Grey was gone out, you know. We seem to have forgotten it. Can you remember what it was, Mrs. Preece?"

"Not the least, and it's of no consequence," returned the rector's wife, not easy to divert from any point on which she felt curiosity; "I recollect Miss Grey *was* out in September when I came, and I was sorry for it. My husband noticed her in church and called her beautiful. And a cousin of mine who came over to service was loud in his admiration. I met the young lady just now, and I'm bound to say I think the gentlemen are right. Ah, Mr. Hurst, how I wish you could confirm their opinion!"

He only answered with a forced smile, but Miss Jean, who with meaning glances had vainly essayed to stop Mrs. Preece, now cut across the topic with the remark that Miss Grey was sensible and understood her position, and that was enough for them. Appearances were of no consequence whatever.

"But it is nicer," persisted Mrs. Preece, "to feel you have pleasing-looking people about you. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hurst?" He did, as tersely as possible. "And though I only saw her a minute, I thought my cousin's observation correct. He goes in for beauty, and said the curve of Miss Grey's lips was simply perfect."

"Oh, really!" cried Miss Hurst, exasperated at this marplot's enlargement on an ever-avoided theme. "My

brother and I have other things to think of besides Miss Grey's or Miss anybody's lips! My house-keeping and his books do not leave us time for such frivolous subjects, I assure you, Mrs. Preece!" and by the silence of one auditor, the annoyance visible in the other, Mrs. Preece did at last comprehend that the conversation she had hit on was not congenial. Therefore she began to fear the horse would catch cold if it stood any longer: hoped with spring Mr. Hurst would come over and lunch with them, an invitation always vaguely repeated, never definitely accepted. And commending the new curate to their courtesy with the impromptu message that Mr. Preece "sent his compliments and looked to them to make the stranger at home there," at last got up to end her quarterly call.

Mr. Hurst opened the door; his sister, ringing a servant forward, would only have gone the regulation half-dozen paces with the visitor she was glad to be quit of, but as her brother returning to the fire-side fell into a fit of musing, Mrs. Preece exclaimed from the hall—

"Oh, Miss Hurst! a moment, please," and the lady so summoned approaching, "Now I remember the curate's name. You ought to know it for fear Mr. Gilbert kindly calls first. 'Babbington.' That is it. 'Horatius Babbington.' He's been among the Jews and got out of health, but this quiet place will soon set him up. I hope you'll take to each other. 'Babbington.' Don't forget. Good day!"

The rich rector's lady wrapped her bear-skins round her in her brougham; the well-to-do equipage was coached dexterously off the small grounds without carrying off either gate-post; housemaid Fanny watched it roll away without incurring reproof for ill-manners, and still Miss Hurst stood transfixed where Mrs. Preece's last words had fallen on her ears.

"Fanny," she said presently, "go and shut the study-door;" and when the girl had vanished she seated herself at the foot of the stairs, took some long breaths and put her hands over her face.

"Horatius back—and coming here!" she whispered, gasping interjectionally: "and that woman—hopes we shall—take to one another! And I'm so altered! I wonder if he is. Oh, dear, dear me! Dear me! What a queer world it is!"

She was still sitting there, rocking herself to and fro, looking very odd, when Sydney returned, brighter of spirit for her half-hour in the brilliant air, penitent moreover for her secret intolerance of poor Miss Jean's shortcomings. The sight of her form, agitated and in such unusual position, brought Sydney quickly to her, asking—

"What is it? Are you ill? Or"—indefinite fright seizing her—"Nothing has happened?"

"Oh, no!" Miss Jean answered, reassuring if perplexing. "Nothing of any"—choking over the assertion—"consequence to any one—unless me; and that doesn't signify. I was only—thinking—of a—long time ago. People do—silly people—like me! They—can't—help it!"

And with actual tears meandering down her nose, Miss Hurst picked herself up and went into the seclusion of her own room, whence she emerged only to behave the rest of the day with hysterical vivacity, which contrasted so strongly with her brother's extreme taciturnity, that Sydney could not help suspecting her forenoon's absence had in some way unusually tried them both.

At night this surmise was confirmed with an addenda that drew herself into the thick of Wynstone's entanglements. She had bidden them good night, had seen Mr. Hurst left (cruelly, as absurdly enough it always seemed to her) in the fading firelight below, and now sat by her dressing-table, affected, spite of herself, by the mingled excitement and depression that seemed in the very air that day.

New Year's Eve! The old year dying, nearly gone. The phantoms of its many hours floating before her as such visions will when anniversaries proclaim the junction of our two eternities; all that the months had stolen looming out of the mist of one; Mary, with her true, sweet face, and heart as sweet and true; Rupert—she smarted with self-contempt, thinking of him; that episode was growing horrible to her womanly conscience; her mother, away and angered still: the vigil was indeed nigh bringing the girl's soul, in her solitariness, very low, till a calm worn face seemed to gaze tenderly upon her once again. "My child will make it all right; God bless her," came like an echo to her, and in that blessing she was once more strong. She had need to be so.

A subdued tap at the door was followed by Miss Hurst's entrance, in a wonderful dressing-gown, and in a mood that could brook no rest till it had spent itself in confidence.

"I saw your light, I thought if you didn't mind I would come and sit with you, Miss Grey. When one has no one to talk to, the last hour of the year is so dismal."

"We must not let it be so," said Sydney, pushing forward the dimity-covered arm-chair, "I am wakeful enough to talk or listen for hours."

"Thank you," said Miss Jean, looking, with pink eyelids and scanty unpinned braids, most comically pathetic; "I remember how a friend of mine and I, years ago, used to chat into the small hours when we stayed with each other—girls will, you know—and how we used to brush each other's hair—May I brush yours, Miss Grey? I should like the feeling of old times."

"Certainly, though I wish you a better office," Sydney said smiling, and let down her dark rippling locks.

"What a quantity!" shaking out the splendid profusion, till Sydney could not even catch a glimpse of the glass in front; "ah! mine was thicker too when I was young!"

And then with some brushing and many pauses she told of her youth, purposeless tales as they seemed, till Sydney perceived they all drifted towards a certain point, one halcyon spring when Miss Hurst had basked in love's young dream, and been affianced to her father's curate.

"And oh, Miss Grey! I felt forced to tell you this for fear you should think me stiff or singular with him.

I don't wish to be cold, but I must be stiff; it will be best; for he is coming here to be curate, and we must meet as strangers. He brings his poor little children, for he is a—widower."

"A widower!" said Sydney, now greatly interested. "Then I suppose he married because you wouldn't have him?"

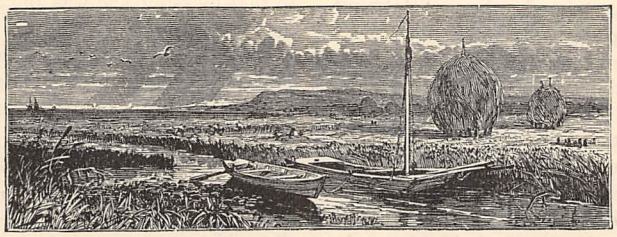
"Wouldn't? Ah, Miss Grey! that was my worst share of the trouble I once told you something about. I *couldn't!* Papa's money went, that should have been mine and Gilbert's. Marrying without an allowance from papa would have been impossible—wicked. So my prospects went—and papa's health—and Gilbert's sight. For he would never have had to toil as he did if we had not become poor. Ah, me! ah, me! you have no idea what a blow it was!"

"Perhaps I have, just a little."

"No, you can't," Miss Hurst's treble wailed on. "I shall never forget Gilbert when I told him the grand investment had failed, that papa had made by advice of the man he trusted above all others; and how we should lose everything. Poor boy, at first he was furious: then so miserable. Ah! he was hot-tempered then. He's drilled himself to something different now! I remember he went off to Taffy's, as we called——" Sydney gave such a start, Miss Hurst apologised.

"I beg your pardon. My feelings got into my fingers. I brushed too hard. Yes, Taffy's, our old nurse's. Gilbert took all his troubles to her. And she shared this one. For she had given over all her savings to the same man whose unlucky counsel misled my father." (Out of the almost blank of earliest childhood rose that summer afternoon: the scent of flowers; the drone of bees; old Taffy's song; the tall boy striding up the path, then flung at length upon the bench. That was how, when, and where she had seen Gilbert Hurst before.) "So she too had reason to rue trusting Mr. Alwyn. Too hard again! Ah! I must not talk of it. It makes me forget myself. And please, Miss Grey, never mention this before my brother. The very name of Alwyn is like an old wound to him. I never utter it, nor talk of Stillcote, where we lived. Shall I part your hair now? Why"—with a glance in the mirror opposite—"I have tired you out. You look quite pale. Talking has eased me, but it's time I said good night, or good morning, for it's past twelve. I hope, Miss Grey"—sighing—"you have more prospect of it than I have, and I wish you a happy New Year!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.



HUMOUR IN ARCADIE.

THE ABORIGINAL of purely agricultural districts has of late received—and is still receiving—a very full meed of attention from reformers of many kinds. His position has been examined and descanted upon from diverse and even irreconcilable standpoints. His habits, his modes of thought, his tastes have been investigated with the painstaking care which an enthusiastic coleopterist might bestow upon the manners and customs of an unfamiliar beetle. And still the average citizen knows him not. Only in the pages of a few modern writers of fiction—for instance, in those of Hardy and of Blackmore—is *the man* sketched for us in all his sturdy Saxon forcefulness as the lineal descendant of Gurth and Wamba; in his shy, instinctive suspicion of innovations; in his rugged honesty and his child-like credulity; in his sorrows and in his joys; in his garrulous discontent, and in his elephantine merriment.

The truth is that the tillers of the Midland fields, and the humble labourers of remote country villages, cannot be fairly studied on a hurried, impetuous journey of "our own correspondent." They must be dwelt among if their real character is to stand revealed. They are Nature's own children, and, like the great mother, are reticent and cold to all but those who love them, and who court their confidence. It is only the master whose colours are mixed with sympathy and understanding who can paint the true rustic. This is why Shakespeare's country-folk have remained unequalled, scarcely even approached, right to our own times—until a great writer drew "Grandfeyther Taft," and the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree" limned for our amusement the inimitable "village choir."

It is perhaps in opportunities for appreciation of the humorous side of bucolic life, that the resident in sequestered vales and on lonely downs obtains his greatest advantage. Wit may be forced, as are the squire's grapes, and fashioned to order, as are the parterres on that potentate's lawn; but humour is defiant of either external blandishments or of re-

straint. It insists on growing wild as grows the harebell. It has to be sought with patience and revelled in at leisure.

A few specimens—every one of which is genuine—extracted from the note-book of protracted observation, may possibly entertain the busy toiler in the pauses of the daily task.

A "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself" is by no means confined to those who fill high station, and are born to power and dignity. It may show itself in the cobbler as well as in the king. An amusing example was recently given by a member of a rural school board. A labouring man, illiterate and poverty-stricken, sought the suffrages of his fellow-ratepayers as a people's candidate for a seat on the local educational parliament. By a freak of fortune in the shape of the cumulative vote, he was elected. The honour proved insufficient to allay his thirst for fame, and for the conscious exercise of authority. He must needs conduct an examination, on the following lines :—

"Now, you lads, before you goes any farther with the reading of this chapter, let me just see if you knows the meanin' of the words you have read. It says somethin' here about 'gross darkness.' Now, what is that? What is gross darkness?"

A chorus of youthful voices—some not without an inflection of scorn at the insult to their intelligence, conveyed in the putting of so simple a query—makes answer, "Great darkness, sir."

The inquisitor shakes his head triumphantly—"No—o," he says, "not exactly. What's darkness, boys?"

The unexpected and bewildering rebuff seems to have inaugurated a temporary reign of silence. When the forward path discloses mysterious pitfalls, it is well to walk with circumspection. But at last a solitary, piping treble, ventures a highly original definition.

"Please, sir, it's what there is after the sun sets, and before the lamps are lit."

"Well, yes"—as if condescendingly considering—"you're right. Now what's a gross?"

The response comes with greater volume and more assurance. This, at least, is solid ground of mathematical fact.

"Twelve dozen, sir."

"And how many is that?"

"A hundred and forty-four, sir."

"Right again. Now listen, you lads. 'Gross darkness' is darkness one hundred and forty-four times as great as that which the scholar over against the middle desk yonder described for us. Don't you forget what gross darkness is in future."

It may be that the amazed pupils will not forget; but with increased likelihood it may be guessed that, in the opinion of at any rate the elders amongst them, the condition of the examiner's mind is precisely that typified by the phrase under discussion.

The countryman has often within him a soul that aspires to higher things than the level round of grinding manual toil and scanty wage. He is emulous of the gifts of oratory, and as agitator for the reform of some local abuse, or the redress of some local wrong, he frequently electrifies rustic audiences, and gratifies his own craving for notoriety. On such occasions strange freaks are played with the Queen's English, and strange constructions are put upon words which one would suppose that the veriest tyro in philology might understand. Proceeding upon their own lines from generation to generation, and innocent alike of systematic training and of study from approved models, these obscure brethren of Demosthenes have long ago discovered that there is much virtue in sonorous sound. They have evolved from the teachings of experience and the depths of their inner consciousness, the identical theory of the superior weight of multiple-syllabled words, and of the superior convincing power of involved sentences which appear to be the proud boast of some modern rhetoricians in more exalted situations. For difficulties of pronunciation they have a serene disdain. They take awkward combinations of consonants as uncertain but reckless riders take fences in the hunting-field—with closed eyes. An imposing word in the weekly news sheet of Hilton-in-Cloverdale is rejoiced over as a new weapon in the armoury, and, if memory serves, is employed, whether its meaning be clear or not. This is how one robust orator is reported to have perplexed and amused his hearers by the insertion of the formidable term "trigonometry"—perhaps as "tridonometary"—in the most pathetic portions of his discourse; and how another grievously imperilled over and over again the gravity of the listener by the transformation of even the simple adverb "especially" into "especiously." Similar instances might be adduced in scores.

As an example literally true of the mist in which, to the average bucolic comprehension, very ordinary and familiar verbal expressions are sometimes veiled, a conversation may be quoted in which two sturdy sons of toil debated the exact significance of the phrase, "more tolerable":—

"D'ye know what 'more tolerable' means?" asked the first.

"Why, better; more easier-like, Joe."

"I don't believe that; no, no; that won't do. I think it's somethin' very bad indeed, somethin' very awful. 'More tolerable,' that's somethin' *very* bad."

And no argument would dislodge Joe from his position. Perhaps, like the poet of the editorial waste-paper basket, he rhymed "tolerable" with "horrible," and then imagined the words to be synonyms.

A delightful, happy-go-lucky method of explaining all mysteries, whether in nature or in art, is in vogue amongst these people, and now and again they exercise inventive skill of no mean order, in accounting for what they regard as curious phenomena by still more curious elucidations. Even when the key to an enigma lies, metaphorically speaking, close to their hands, they seem to revel in a mental search in the most unlikely quarters. It was the writer's fortune to travel once in a crowded railway excursion car with three or four typical representatives of the country rustic. From the varying emotions—doubt, curiosity, intense gratification—pictured upon their bronzed

countenances, as well as from their speech, it was legitimate to draw the deduction that this was a first trip behind the iron-horse, and their ideas—naïvely and ingenuously expressed before strangers—with respect to this new-fangled mode of locomotion went some way to prove what has just been affirmed. Again a fragment of the fraternal debate may be given, with some few of the Midland idioms shorn of their uncouthness.

"Look yonder, Dick!" cries one, as a halt is made at a station, and a train on the opposite line of rails sweeps slowly by. "'Tis as I told ye, there's the works in the guard's van. See 'em? That's how they do it."

"Ees, I see; fancy the loike o' that."

From which it might appear that the modern mail is believed to go by clockwork. Alas! as concerns its regularity, at least, some of its victims tell a different story.

"An' they loight us up wi' gas; that's for the tunnels."

"Sure! but where do they keep the gas? That's what I can't understand."

A second's pause ensues, and then this problem also is boldly attacked.

"Why, underneath the carriages; I've seen it there," one answers.

Forthwith, at imminent risk of disaster, the farthest villager cranes over the window of his flying refuge to test this statement by personal observation, of course in vain. And so the jovial, excited chat rattles on, to the huge diversion of those who cannot choose but hear.

In many of the utterances of agriculturists, and of those in closely affiliated ranks, there is a dry, caustic humour which is not only entertaining, but intentional. It was thus, and with a full sense of the bitterness and malice of the gibe, that a countryman once dismissed the consideration of an unpopular *parvenu* by the cynical assertion that "if he had no money people would call him a fool."

Humour as displayed in the character and in the life, offers a yet wider field than humour as evinced in speech. There is a rich gleaning-ground here for the patient and sympathetic investigator.

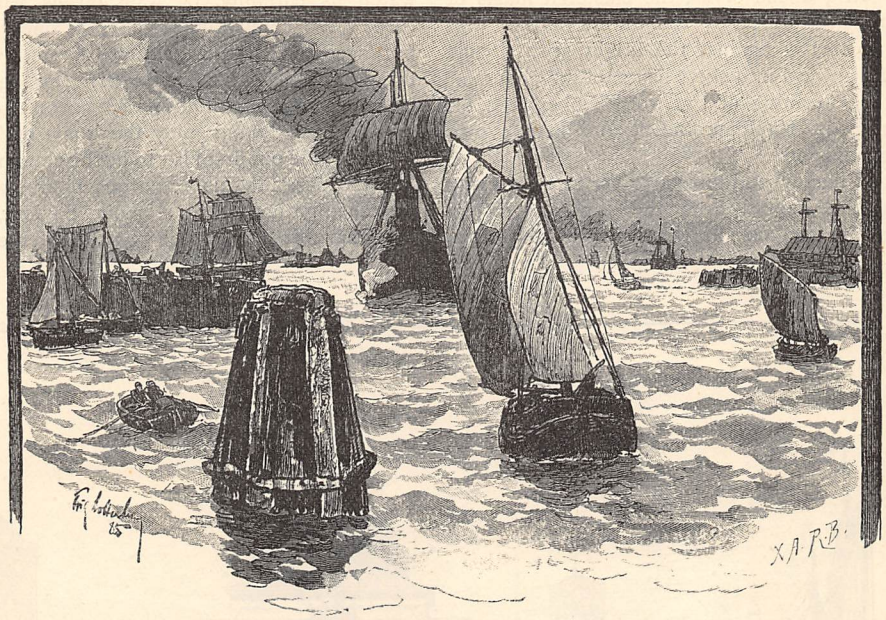
The miser is an individual who has played his part on many a stage, but scarcely could the vivid imagination of a Fielding or a Scott conjure into being more whimsical specimens than are frequently to be met with in lonely rural tracts, still Arcadian in their simplicity of existence, and still undisturbed by the shriek of the railway fiend. For thirty years and upwards a farm labourer has been known to carry about with him by day and by night, rarely, if ever, relinquishing its custody, a veritable "old stocking." And into the grimy foot-end of this he hurried his necessarily scanty savings—always, by choice, in one shape, that of the old-fashioned crown-pieces. And, totally unlike the conventional slave of avarice, Tim Wootten was never more delighted than when descanting to an admiring, half-envious group of his comrades on the thrift which his possessions implied, and on the immense convenience of having his cash in a convertible form always at the bottom of his commodious pocket, and not locked up in doubtful securities.

"I feels a man every inch o' me, wi' this to back me up; I'm independent o' any maaster o' 'em all; hear to the jingle! Wouldn't ye loike a few o' the white uns?" he would chuckle, in his harsh, guttural tones. Wootten's stocking was known in every bar-room of the district. The marvel was that the man was never robbed.

One concluding instance of a humorous situation in real life:—

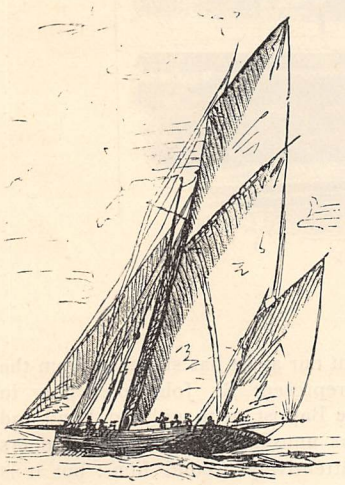
A young labourer was contemplating matrimony, but the girl, wiser than scores of her class, declined to fix the all-important date until a cottage was not only rented as their future home, but furnished. The eager lover yielded to her arguments; having, indeed, no ready alternative; and, by determined industry and prudence, believed that he had at length fulfilled the requirement. In triumph he suggested a visit to the waiting habitation. His *fiancée* approved of every arrangement, and a conditional promise was given.

But, alas! for the youth's hopes, farther examination revealed one deficiency. A washing-tray was lacking. It is a fact that the wedding was again postponed. One fears that to the disappointed swain the comedy in his dilemma was less apparent than the irksomeness of renewed toiling and saving. But all is well that ends well. The bride was won at last, there was no shadow of debt overhanging the humble homestead, and probably the confidence and the regard so tested, on either side, were stronger for the strain.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, COPENHAGEN.

A RUN TO COPENHAGEN.



THERE are two ways of arriving at the capital of Denmark from England: one by sailing round the Cape, where at night the blazing red light warns ships from the dangerous head of the Skagen, and so on through the narrow Sound; past famous Elsinore, into the very heart of the town of Copenhagen; or by boat to Hamburg, then a quick run across that neck of land where soon Bismarck is to float his ironclads through to the German Ocean (upon a great ship canal) from the town and port we are hastening to, the quaint, dull little town of Kiel—until 1864 Danish, but now a part of the Fatherland, and the Plymouth and Portsmouth on a small scale, *bien entendu*, of Germany.

Out from this port sail the well-appointed little steamers that pass by the well-named long narrow island of Langeland, across the heaving dark waters of the Great Belt, where the passengers who have come on board at midnight, and failed to find a berth, are roused from their impromptu couches on deck and seats by the rattling of cups and the scent of hot coffee.

It was a sharp brisk morning in the month of August that we turned up from our berths whilst crossing this Belt, and saw stretched on the deck, looking very cold, but sound asleep, two passengers whom we had left some days before on the Hamburg steamer. We roused them up for the coffee, became fast friends by the action, and Scotchmen, English, and French travelled on together to Copenhagen—the Frenchman away from his people, the Scotchman and Englander, by their appearance, proving they were still amongst their own race, the name of the Scotchman ending in "son," more emphatically stamping his origin, for all the Danes are "sons" or "sens," as Neilson, or Petersen.

After leaving the steamer at Korsör, the train soon runs one through to Copenhagen, but the entry by train is not so striking as by water. The run in from the Sound is full of life; on one occasion we counted fifty-one sail in sight, and often after the wind has for a long time delayed shipping in the Baltic, the sails may be counted by the hundreds. The coast-line as Copenhagen is neared is pretty and pleasant. The tints in the sky are delicate, and of greyer hues than our own English skies, and the cloud-forms often more majestic; but all these sights lose their charm as the steamer lifts, and surges onward past the line of little islands with open forts, past the two small islands of Lynetten and Trekroner, that did so much damage to the English in the tremendous fight of

Nelson's fleet. On past the grey-green fort of Frederichholm, with, ahead of us, the clustered masts of the shipping, overtopped by the towers of the town, that stand up clearly against the bright grey sky, as our boat lifts onward into the "haven of merchants:" for such is the meaning of the word Kjöbenhavn, or, to Germanise it, Kaufmannhafen, and in our own spelling Copenhagen.

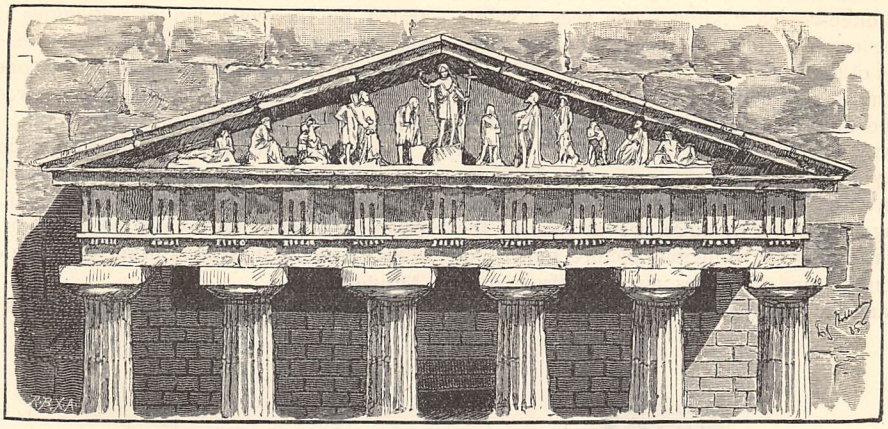
There is no narrow and tortuous river to wind along in entering this capital from the sea; one disembarks from the steamer in the heart of the town, and is soon in the open square, where stand the King's Palace and other great buildings. The salt, fresh sea-air pervades the whole city, and seems to give a freshness and a purity to both the town and its inhabitants; for there is hardly a city with less vice in its streets than Copenhagen. But the whole population throw themselves heartily into amusements, and few cities can boast of such a collection of museums and galleries, filled with scientific, historical, and artistic treasures. As we were starting forth to visit some of these sights, we glanced at the hotel book, and were surprised and amused to find opposite each of our names, Frenchman, Scotchman, and Englishman, the affix of "*particulier*." The Danish tongue had already caused us some amusement, from its strange mixture of English and German, and this new affix to a name puzzled us considerably, especially as it was also applied to many other names. Was it a hint to the servants either to watch us carefully, or wait on us with particular care? We could not decipher at once its meaning, but accepted the designation; for did we not know that each had his own particular faults, foibles, yearnings, and ambitions? But now one object moved us all, to study and enjoy the home of Thorwaldsen.

This made our first visit to be the church, where stand his apostles, and his wondrous figure, with the outstretched gathering arms of our Saviour. But before entering this Fruekirke we stood for some time to

THE THORWALDSEN MUSEUM.

study the figures that our artist has sketched from the tympanum. They represent St. John preaching in the wilderness. The Baptist, with uplifted hand and earnest mien, gathers unto him the cluster of listeners who are grouped attentively around him; but it is within the church that one is impressed with the calm Christian art of Thorwaldsen—the plain, majestic, truthful art; free from all tricks of untruthfulness, and imbued with all power and solemnity. Around the church stand the statues of the Twelve Apostles, each expressive in its especial character.

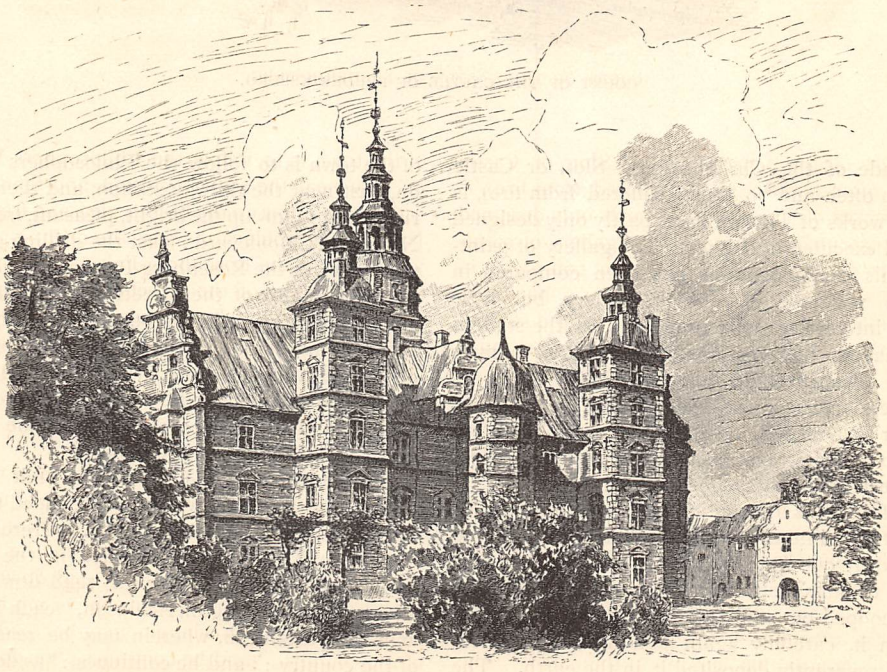
As we passed out of the church, we strolled round the Gammel hytorf, or New and Old Market, and lingered about for some time amidst the little groups of market women and their customers. One little party of a farmer who was driving with two lady friends, was a curious group; the women had striking blue parasols edged with white, a quiet dress, and bonnets



THE PEDIMENT OF THE PORTAL OF THE FRUEKIRKE.

à la Quaker, with cloth falling down over the shoulders from the bonnet. This is one of the oldest parts of the city, but little is left in Copenhagen of the antique ; fire and war have swept away nearly all traces of past centuries, but the consequence is that most of the streets are wide and open, and built in uniform style, and in many parts large sheets of water and waving trees make the city very picturesque and pleasant, and there is always the fresh scent of the sea-air pervading the whole town.

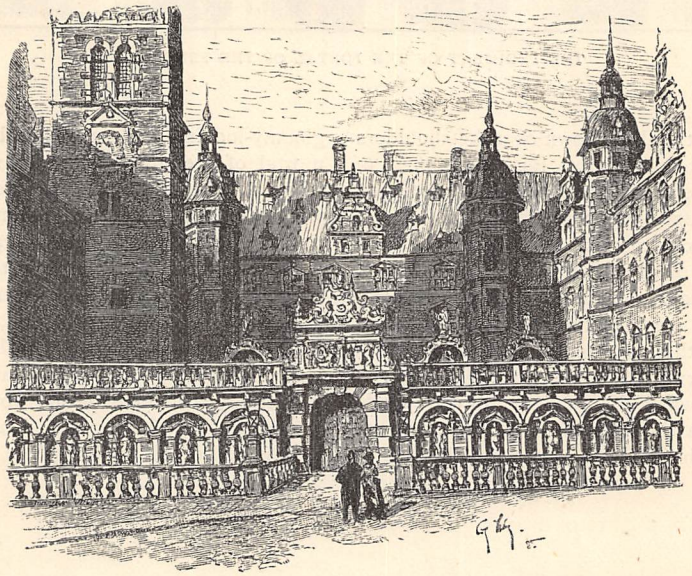
But Thorwaldsen was still our magnet, and we made our way back again through some of the narrower streets, and across the bridged waters, to the heavy, gloomy-looking building, that holds all that remains mortal of the great sculptor, and much, very much, of what is immortal. The exterior of this building, which is at once tomb, monument, and museum, is decorated with frescoes of scenes illustrating the return of the master in triumph to his native city ; but the salt air has played sad havoc with their clearness. Within the building is arranged, either in the original marble or in plaster casts, nearly the whole of Thorwaldsen's work ; and no one who has not seen this collection can judge of the power, and beauty, and tenderness of this work. Engravings and photographs do not carry the subtle touch with which the



CASTLE ROSENBORG.

master has animated the marble; even in the well-known and often-copied "Night," one sees a subtle beauty in the original, totally unsuspected whilst looking at copies of the work.

It is difficult in Copenhagen to get away from the name of Thorwaldsen; nearly every public building is in some way associated with it, and when we had strolled away from his tomb, out along the harbour, and again inwards, past the Exchange, with its curious twisted dragon-tails for a spire, we arrived at the building that holds the principal picture gallery of Denmark, but to find ourselves again confronted by the master and his work.



COURT OF THE CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBERG.

The façade of the Christiansborg Slot, or Castle (that has so often and so lately suffered from fire), is relieved by works of Thorwaldsen, partly only designed by him, and executed by Bissen. The gallery of painting that this castle contains has been compared in importance with the Brunswick Gallery, but it is a far more interesting collection; and to the student of Scandinavian life, costume, and history, many a useful and pleasant hour may be spent within its walls. There are no great masterpieces such as one lingers over at Dresden, or the Hague, or Paris, but there are some good examples worth studying, especially of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Not far from this picture gallery is a museum of strange, extreme interest to all who like to inquire into the lives led by our Angle forefathers, far back in the days when, to bury their dead, they split up the trunk of a tree, scooped out sufficient room, and placed the body within it, carefully again joining the trunk together, and reverently deposited it in the earth. The form of burial of the earliest times, and so on nearly down to the history of our own days, is most fully illustrated by the collection of antiquities contained in the Princes' Palace. No collection in the world is so complete and so well arranged as this one; the only regret to the visitor is that the time allowed for visiting it is so short and so intermittent.

Copenhagen teaches her children the history of their ancestors in the most pleasant and most intelligible manner; not only in these galleries, but also in another that takes up a later period than these early days, so richly illustrated in the Museum of Northern Antiquities.

A walk which gives one a pleasant idea of this side of the town is to follow the Philosophers Way, and so on, past near the railway station, and then turn to the right, and follow up the bright, pleasant, fresh, and open Norrevold's Boulevard: past the drilling-ground, until you arrive at the Rosenborg Palace. We have already threaded many of the streets lying within this half-circle, or nearly circle, in our visits to the Fruekirke and the museums; and thus we shall gain a good general idea of the town, with the exception of the pleasant district out more seaward, where stands the Citadel, and where the avenue called the Lange Linie makes a charming sea-promenade.

But the history student must not omit to enter the Palace of Rosenborg, whose vane-capped towers break the line of the clear northern sky. Here the various rooms are fitted up and furnished in the style of the various periods from the year 1448 downwards. In the words of Beavington Atkinson, "each hall becomes as it were a tableau, wherein may be read the history of the country;" and he continues: "as door after door opens, the visitor seems introduced to the private

apartments of successive Danish kings. Whatever they most prized appears as fresh and as living as if the monarch were still alive."

There are other museums in this richly-endowed town, that illustrate other phases of human existence, notably the Ethnographical collection, that proves the life of the savages in distant islands of the sea to be the same to-day as that of our forefathers in past ages. But space here compels us to leave these collections of life in the past, to enable us to take a passing glance at the life in Copenhagen of to-day. Besides these places of amusement and instruction, such as the galleries and museums, there are numerous places of resort in and around Copenhagen that are crowded, especially in the mid-summer season, by the people and their visitors.

The summer is but too short ; for even in August the nights are clear and frosty, and thick wraps are a comfort to even chilly Englanders. One of the pet places of resort is the sea-side village of Klampenborg, where the scenery is very pretty : sloping hills dotted with picturesque little villas, and away, beyond the grey leaping waves of the Sound, the not far-distant shores of Sweden. The little steamboats that run out to these pleasure-resorts are crowded on bright summer days, and the run out and home again enables one to study well the various classes who are enjoying the little trip. Some of the boats go on to Elsinore (as we spell it), and longer sea-trips may be made in small but well-found boats to Malmo, Stockholm, Lubeck, or Russia. In fact, Copenhagen is a good place from which to explore the Baltic and its towns and islands.

Another favourite resort in an exactly opposite direction is the Frederiksberg Palace, which may be reached by tramway. This is another of the palaces whose architecture is picturesque, and speaks of the date when Denmark was a power in Europe, and when no ship dare pass the toll of Elsinore without saluting and hauling up, and paying the dues. Many a state paper in the seventeenth century from the King of Denmark to England is upon this subject, requesting that such a captain who has eluded the tolls may be punished on his return to England ; or stating that such ships have been found carrying war material to the enemy Sweden.

Frederiksberg (like Rosenborg and Kronborg) has the courtyard, with its broken surrounding roof of gables, and towers, and pinnacles, that remind one of some of the later Scotch castles, and the castles on the Loire.

As one notices the influence of French architects in Scotland, so one traces the influence of Scotch architecture in these Danish castles ; they all much resemble each other. At Frederiksberg there is no historic museum to occupy the traveller's time, but as he is returning to town he will pass by the gateway of the place more frequented than any other by the Copenhageners, and perhaps one of the best-arranged resorts for amusement that can be found in Europe.

Here at Tivoli crowds of all classes of Danes are to be met, from the King down to the peasant and the artisan. Amusements are provided to suit all tastes and all nationalities, for nearly every European language may be heard here.

We discovered the meaning of the curious title of "*particulier*" before we left the city: it was but their fashion of writing down those who give no profession. We but too soon left Copenhagen by steamer for Lubeck ; and ran past in the lingering northern twilight where—

> "The tall white cliffs of Moen's Isle arise
> From out the dark and heaving Baltic Sea,
> And speak into the traveller's lingering eyes
> Of England : thy ally, as she should be."

And the sight of these cliffs, so like our own white southern headlands, was our last glimpse of hospitable, pleasant Denmark.

JAMES BAKER.

THE VOICE: HOW TO KEEP IT IN HEALTH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE subject of my paper this month is one that should be of interest to all ; but more particularly, perhaps, to those who speak in public, or who sing either in public or in private. Yet I greatly doubt if even fifty per cent. of our vocal musicians know how the different notes are produced, or anything at all about the anatomy of the larynx. To many of our sweetest singers, indeed, the voice is a *vox et preterea nihil.*

"Why should I bother my head," I fancy I hear some one say, "about the anatomy of the larynx, as you call it? If anything is calculated to banish the romance from music, anatomy is."

But stay, I reply. There are one or two things that every speaker and singer wishes to do: one is to strengthen and sweeten the voice, another is to preserve its mellow tone, and a third to be able to keep in voice as long as he lives. Now, without some little knowledge of the working of that wonderful natural musical instrument, the larynx, it will not be so easy for him to effect what he desires in the matter of voice.

"The larynx," says the great comparative anatomist Chauveau, "is a very short tube, which gives passage to the air during respiration and *is also the organ of voice.*"

The italicising is mine, and I take exception to this portion of the sentence. So far it is right enough ; but, for the sake of being practically useful to my readers,

I must include the lungs and thyroid gland, to say nothing of the mouth itself, as part and parcel of the organ of voice. What would the larynx be without the lungs after all? Apropos of this, and just to show that even an anatomical lecture is not necessarily as dry as dust, let me give two brief anecdotes. They are both from beyond the Tweed.

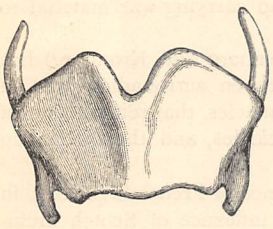


FIG. 1.

A somewhat conceited organist was officiating not long since at the Free Church of K—— while Tommie M—— did the bellows work. Tommie came smirking up after service, and shook hands with the city man, somewhat to that functionary's disgust.

"Man!" said Tommie, "didn't you an' me do fine the day?"

"You and me! What do you mean? *I* played."

"Humph!" Tommie said, "you did the fingerin' pretty weel; but whaur would ye hae been if I had stopped blowin', hey?"

In another parish, Willie S—— and his little brother Johnnie were playing at hanging, after reading something in the newspaper.

"You first," said Johnnie, "you're the auldest."

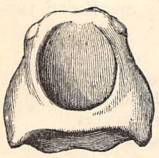


FIG. 2.

"A' richt," said Willie, getting up on to the barrow. "I'll just whustle when I've had enough."

"Vera weel, so be it," replied Johnnie, as he rolled away the barrow. Willie made a round mouth to whistle almost at once. But Johnnie looked up with a cunning smile.

"A bargain's a bargain, Willie man. Just you whustle. Makin' a mouth's one thing, and whustling's another."

A servant happened to come and cut poor little Willie down just in time.

Well, then, in order to have a good voice, it is necessary not only to have a perfectly developed larynx, but to have healthy, fairly strong lungs as well.

I have in previous papers described the structure and physiology of the lungs, and need not repeat.

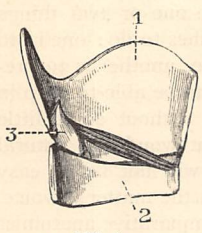


FIG. 3.

The larynx itself is situated at the upper end of the wind-pipe—I am purposely using simple language—it is in reality a kind of box; it is easily seen and felt in the front of the neck, going by the popular name of Adam's apple. The hard cartilage we feel is the two sides of the box. These two plates are of an oblique - angular - parallelogram - matic form (I fear that word is hardly a simple one). They are joined in front so as to form an actual shield to the easily-injured parts beneath.

A pen-and-ink sketch of this important cartilaginous shield may assist us.

It is called the thyroid cartilage. Fig. 1 represents it from a front view. To its upper horns is attached by ligaments a little bone, called the hyoid (*vide* Fig. 5); to its lower, a ring-like cartilage which moves within it, called the cricoid (Fig. 2). The narrow portion of this ring is placed in front, so that this cartilage and the thyroid, when placed in position, would have this outline (*vide* Fig. 3) somewhat. This represents one-half of the chief part of the larynx, seen from the inside. 1. The thyroid cartilage. 2. The cricoid in position. 3. One of a pair of small cartilages placed on top of the cricoid, and to which one end of each vocal chord (4) is attached.

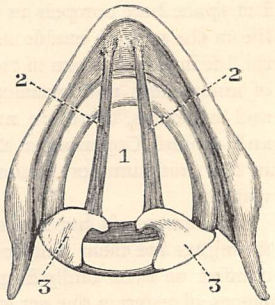


FIG. 4.

If you were to look into "the organ of voice" from above you would have represented to you a picture like Fig. 4, in which you see the aperture of the organ of voice (1), and at each side a vocal chord (2—2) attached behind to the little pitcher-shaped cartilages (3) called the arytenoid, and in front to the inside of the big shield-like thyroid.

Before going any farther it will easily be seen from their attachments that elevation of the large thyroid cartilage will stretch the chords, and therefore raise the note, just as we do the same by turning a fiddle-peg and tightening the string.

But by a wonderful set of muscles, according to the note we want to produce in singing, the aperture of the organ is lessened or widened by the elevation of this whole natural instrument; thus, in producing the musical scale, we have two sets of action at work—first the slackening or tensifying of the vibratory voice-chords, and secondly, the shortening or lengthening of the chords themselves.

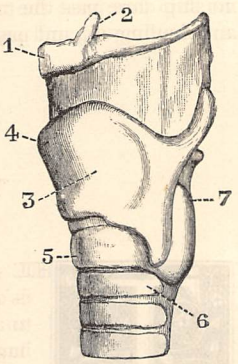


FIG. 5.

You can witness in your own person the moving up and down of the thyroid, if you stand in front of a looking-glass and run up the scale and again descend, or you can feel it with your finger and thumb without getting out of your chair.

Behind all, we have the lungs, or the bellows; and in front or above, the outlet for the music, *i.e.*, the mouth.

Fig. 5 shows a side view of the organ of voice, with all the parts in position. 1. The hyoid bone. 2. The horns of it, to which the tongue-muscles are attached. 3. The thyroid cartilage. 4. Adam's apple. 5. The cricoid cartilage. 6. The upper rings of the wind-pipe. 7. The back of the larynx, behind which is the gullet.

If I have awakened the slightest interest on the subject in the mind of the singer, let me refer him to books. To what books? The best encyclopædias you can find, in the best library you have access to. It is a most interesting study, and knowledge gained thereof so impresses one that he never forgets it, till the great silence falls that stills the voice—in this world—of even our sweetest singers.

Close to the larynx, and behind it, is situated a double-lobed gland, called the thyroid. It is larger in the young than in the adult, and in women than in men. It is what is called a ductless gland; it does not possess a canal that leads anywhere, so anatomists and physiologists are considerably puzzled to know the uses of it. Some have even gone so far—inhuman vivisectors—as to excise the gland from horses, to prove that they can get along just as well without it. Perhaps so; but then, horses do not sing—at least, as a rule; we human beings do, and placed where it is so close to the organ of voice, it is undoubtedly meant for some useful purpose in the economy of nature. If the larynx needed a cushion just there, fat would have done as well as a gland.

But this gland is largest in babies and women, and both can make good use of the organ of voice sometimes. Here there is food for thought.

How to keep the voice in health and form: As both the lungs and the larynx are presided over by nerves, involuntary as well as voluntary, it is evident that if the system gets out of order for a time the voice must suffer, this quite apart from huskiness or from exudations caused by cold.

For the vocal chords, and the wonderful arrangement of muscles connected with them and the larynx in general, are as likely to suffer from debility as any other part of our anatomy. This debility may be of two kinds—simple atony, or weakness from want of nerve power, without any atony or wasting of substance. The former will usually be associated with weakness of the whole muscular system, including heart and stomach; there may be difficulty in breathing, or inability to ascend heights without panting; perspiration on slight exertion; slow digestion and sleeplessness. The debility of a nervous form may be but transitory, or it may be more permanent. Every one who sings at all, knows that there are some evenings he feels all out of thew, so to speak, and has to force himself to vocal action.

This is merely sympathetic vocal debility; and, as a cure, a tea-spoonful of sal volatile in a wine-glassful of water might act as a charm. I cannot advise brandy, because, apart from other considerations, the effects die away and the repetition of the dose flushes the face, affects the eyes and even the memory, and singers know what that means. The voice is in best form about three hours after a judicious meal, not immediately after, nor when one is hungry.

Debility of voice of a more protracted form, if due to nervousness, is best met by nervine tonics, such as the syrup of the phosphates. Various other tonics do good. But the diet should be carefully regulated, and moderate exercise, fresh air, the morning bath, and sunshine not forgotten. Alas! though, recommending sunshine to any one in this country is like prescribing carriage-drives for a poverty-struck patient.

Debility of voice from wasting of muscle is even more serious. It is caused by some error of nutrition, or by something in the system that interferes with the blood-making process. To strengthen the system and purify the blood are the indications of treatment for simple cases. The abuse of drugs of any kind, especially narcotics, must be guarded against, so must over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants.

The diet should be most carefully regulated, easy of digestion and nutritious. If digestion is slowly performed, pepsine in some shape will do good; and if cod-liver oil can be borne, it may act as a charm. If any one group of muscles seems wasting more than another, faradisation may be tried, and friction to the parts. Small doses of the hypophosphite of soda, in conjunction with bark, do good; but the patient's own medical man should prescribe this.

In serious cases, or if alarmed at all, the patient should consult a medical man, instead of trusting to self-treatment.

Hoarseness, the result of cold or over-straining of the voice, is very common. Treat as for cold. Stay in for a day or two. Inhale the steam of hot water. Sal prunella balls, sucked, help to remove it, and a fever mixture containing nitrate of potash and chlorate of potash, in from five to ten grain doses. This, any chemist can compound for you.

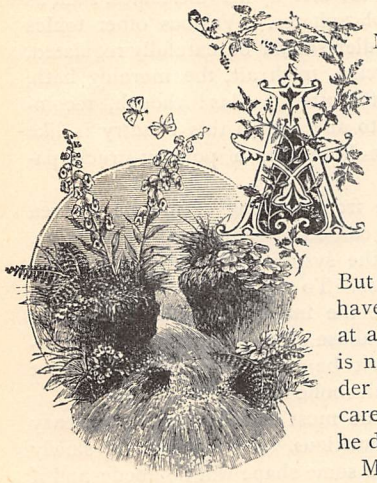
That peculiar huskiness of the throat, with cough, and the constant inclination "to swallow the uvula," from which public speakers often suffer, can only be cured by perfect rest and change, attention to the general health, and the application of a solution of nitrate of silver. Or the inhalation of astringent spray (say, twenty grains of alumen exsiccatum, to an ounce of water, using Dr. Siegle's instrument).

Attention must be paid to the general health, tonics taken, and tonic baths, even in cases when loss of voice is not accompanied by any exudation.

In conclusion, I would have the reader remember that a course of dumb-bells systematically gone into, with abundant exercise in the open air, will strengthen the voice and lungs as well, and that those who mount the platform can never too carefully obey the ordinary laws of hygiene.

MARY HOLT'S ENGAGEMENT: AN AMERICAN STORY.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.



"AND I am really engaged! I can hardly believe it. How often I have thought and wondered who my husband would be, or if I ever should marry. But I suppose all girls have the same thoughts; at all events, my future is now settled. I wonder if Tom will always care as much for me as he does now?"

Mary Holt sat in the bright firelight, watching the flickering flames, and thinking of her new position.

She was very young and inexperienced, and Tom Cowell's declaration of love and somewhat masterful wooing had taken her by storm. She had hardly realised that he was dear to her beyond friendship, when he asked her to be his wife, and, in spite of the suddenness of her betrothal, if the bright, dimpling smile and sunny eyes might be taken as a sign, she was a very happy little woman indeed.

Tom had not been very long in Mapleton when he met and fell in love with Mary, who, for her part, much as she liked his great broad shoulders, and honest, handsome face, was long before she could believe that she, who was said to be the prettiest and most admired girl in that part of Pennsylvania, could ever love such a very different man from the one she had pictured as her conquering hero.

Her ideal had been such a very superior creature—quite unlike good-natured, handsome, but, to Mary's eyes, who judged by the Mapleton standard, somewhat commonplace Tom Cowell.

He had seemed to her, too, to have an unpleasantly good opinion of his own people and his home, which was Limeton—as every one knows, much behind Mapleton in culture and refinement, although it could boast of its greater wealth; but wealth in such a sooty atmosphere lost all attraction for Mary. Yet he quoted Limeton, and what the Limetonians did, thought, and intended to do, and the effect of their intentions on the coming election for President, which was exasperating to Mary, who, like all loyal Mapletonians, was quite sure their own city was the brain of the State, even if Limeton did represent its wealth; so that what the former said and thought was of far more importance to the country, and she would smile at the purse-proud ignorance of Limeton.

Even when she saw Tom's honest admiration for herself, and found that she enjoyed his visits and attentions, she believed it was only the magnetism of his good humour, and breezy, healthy nature that pleased her; she was sure it was nothing more.

And yet the day came, as we see, when she had been brought to know that she loved him, and to look forward to being his wife as her greatest good. But then, in his growing affection for her, and his absorbing anxiety as to its being returned, he had left off quoting "my mother" and Limeton quite so often; and Mary flattered herself it was because he was beginning to see the superiority of Mapleton, and thus tacitly acknowledged it.

A few days after her betrothal she received a letter from Mrs. Cowell, inviting her to go and stay with her for a few weeks, in order that they might become better acquainted.

The letter was kind and motherly, and Mary felt that it was so; but although there were no actual faults of spelling, it was evidently not the production of a cultured woman, and she thought with some dread of her future mother-in-law. It would all be very tolerable if Tom did not think so over-much of his own kin, but he evidently looked on his women-folk as the most superior of their kind.

However, she had to meet them sooner or later, and as Tom was so anxious, it was best to go.

Tom was delighted when she told him she would accept his mother's invitation. His face glowed with satisfaction as he expressed his thanks.

"You will like my dear mother so much, Mary, and Louise will be a delightful companion for you, darling. She is such a sweet, sensible girl, and a prodigious housekeeper. You will learn a great deal from her."

"I have no doubt I shall like your mother," says Mary, not very enthusiastically, it must be confessed.

Tom's face falls. "And Limeton, Mary: it's such a splendid city—quite different from this place."

Mary fancies she detects a slightly depreciatory tone in the way he says "this place."

"Yes, I suppose it is very different. Horridly dirty, isn't it?"

"Not more dirty than a prosperous manufacturing city must inevitably be, and within a mile all round there is the loveliest scenery you can imagine. Our place is about a mile from the city, so the dirt will not annoy you; and you will meet such pleasant people there that you will not mind the smoke. I am sure, Mary, you will come away quite in love with Limeton, and prefer it to this prim old place."

"Prefer it to Mapleton? Never!"

"Well, well, we'll see;" and in his proud confidence he kissed her and left her.

Mary felt indignant. "I'm sure we shall never get along if Tom remains so wrapped up in his mother and sister and Limeton. A great deal to learn from Louise, indeed!"

Mary could not get it through her little Mapleton

head but that she was about to honour Limeton infinitely by going there, and that her Mapleton manners and dress would be envied and copied by its unsophisticated people, and now to be told that she was to learn from Louise !

Of course she had a little cry and made several foolish resolutions, and then set about her preparations for an early departure with a heavy heart.

A week later Mary was whirling along to Limeton, wondering what Tom's relations would be like, and whether they were like him—unpolished diamonds. Now that she had left him, she had begun to hope better things of them. Could he think so much of them if they were not very nice? And although all the people she knew from Limeton, except Tom, had been suggestive of petroleum to her, they, surely, would be exceptions.

Mary's heart sank within her as the train neared the depôt : such miserable shanties formed the outskirts, such gloom hung in the air, that she shuddered at the thought of having to stay even a week in such a place. Her spirits did not revive when she saw Mrs. Cowell and Louise, who were waiting to receive her, and welcomed her with much cordiality.

As they rode home in the dusty "carry-all," Mrs. Cowell was evidently studying Mary's elegant and expensive travelling dress, from her Russia leather satchel to her dainty boots and gloves ; while Mary had taken in at a glance the terribly dowdy appearance of Louise and her mother—the old lady's black alpaca suit, made evidently at home, and Louise's Scotch plaid dress, and dyed, and too scant, silk over-skirt ; and yet, with such toilettes, it was a relief to her to find they were not coarse.

As they passed through the town Mrs. Cowell and Louise pointed out the lions, which they considered must astonish their visitor, and were evidently disappointed at the equanimity with which she regarded them. Mary, however, could be very sweet ; and although an idea was forming in her mind that Mrs. and Miss Cowell could never become relatives of hers, she exerted herself to charm them, and succeeded. The old lady thought she was a giddy young thing, quite unused to travelling, or she would never wear a dress beautiful enough for gala day attire, on the cars, but that when she became toned down by Louise's example all would come right ; but at the same time she determined herself to give her a few hints on extravagance, especially on the folly of wearing an Irish poplin dress to travel in.

The Cowells lived in a large, comfortable house, with fine old trees around it, and Mary began to hope, when she saw the wealth of sylvan beauty, that her visit might not be so unbearable as she had feared.

The interior was not so promising : it was Mrs. Cowell and Louise over again—plain, sensible, thrifty, but perfectly unendurable to luxurious Mary, who was accustomed to elegance, and loved it.

She sighed as she sat on the hard hair-cloth "easy" chair, and, trying the harder sofa, found it utterly impossible to adapt her round little figure to its angles.

No wonder Louise was so prim if she had been brought up amid such furniture ! And then her thoughts turned to Tom. He was not prim. But even in that short time she had come to the conclusion that he was not like the rest of his family. Then why, oh ! why, did he quote them so often ? Could it be possible that he would expect her to live in a similar fashion ? Perhaps that was why he had told her she could learn housekeeping from Louise.

Whatever Tom's idea on the subject may have been, it was evident that his mother meant to make her visit an apprenticeship to the future life she expected her son to lead.

Conversation had not been very brisk hitherto, and when tea was announced, Mary, determined to make talk, praised the biscuit, the cake, and the delicious butter.

"Yes, my dear, Louise's butter is excellent, although I say it. I suppose you know how to make butter ? But I could take a hint myself from Louise, and it will do you no harm to learn some of her housekeeping wrinkles. Tom has always been accustomed to fine butter, and I hear in Mapleton they churn up the milk with the cream."

"I am sure I know nothing about it," said Mary, forgetting her resolve to be amiable.

However, Mrs. Cowell seemed almost pleased to know that Louise's instructions would be given where they were much needed.

"Never mind, my dear ; you are quick, I'll be bound, and we will soon make a good housekeeper of you. There's one thing to begin on : if you travel in your handsome dresses you will never have anything decent to wear. Get yourself a nice, neat black alpaca, that will never show dirt, and last for years."

Mary listened for a moment in speechless indignation, and then said—

"But I wish to be as well dressed when I travel as at home ; any lady must do so."

"Ah ! you will soon lose that notion when you are married. Limeton ladies are much more sensible."

Mary was prudently silent. It was evidently useless to argue with the old lady. After tea Mrs. Cowell went to sleep in her chair, and Louise took her visitor to Tom's own room, showed her his wonderful juvenile achievements in drawing and caligraphy, and, seeing Mary was somewhat silent, said suddenly—

"You must not mind what mamma says, dear Mary; she is old-fashioned in her ideas, and I have been brought up to be something like her, but we can't expect every one to be cut out after our own pattern. Tom is not."

The intention was, no doubt, very kind, but the tone seemed to Mary one of tolerance. She fancied Louise meant to patronise her, making allowance for her shortcomings, and she could not brook that in her present mood, so she answered somewhat tartly—

"I am afraid I should not meet the expectations of any of you, not having been cut out by any pattern at all, that I know of."

"There, you are offended, and I am sorry. But

mamma meant well, and so do I," she added, after a pause.

Now, Mary prided herself upon being exceedingly reasonable, and so she reflected that Mrs. Cowell and Louise had acted according to their lights. It was not to be expected that they should understand her, so she graciously said—

"Don't speak of it any more. We see things from such different points of view, that it is scarcely likely we could agree on such a subject. I can see that you are very kind, Louise," she added, putting forth her little white hand, which Louise clasped in her shapely brown ones; and then they joined Mrs. Cowell, who had just awakened from her nap.

"Let us have some music, daughter."

"With pleasure, if Mary will put up with my simple playing."

Mary protested that she was delighted, liked simple music of all things, and then resigned herself to listen to "Yankee Doodle" with variations, and perhaps, by way of something superfine, "Warblings at Eve."

Louise, however, said—

"I must sing mamma's favourite first, and then you shall hear mine."

Mamma's favourite was "Old Folks at Home," which Louise sang as correctly, and with far more expression than most of Mary's fashionable friends could have done; and then she sang "Auld Robin Gray" with a pathos that brought tears to the eyes of Mary.

It was a revelation to her that a girl who contented herself in a tasteless home and a coarse stuff gown, when she had the means of better, should have soul enough to give expression to the exquisite old ballad.

"AND THEN SHE SANG 'AULD ROBIN GRAY.'"

During the next few days Mary learnt to appreciate the character of Louise, without being in the least desirous of emulating her housewifely virtues. Limeton did not meet with her approval. She could scarcely repress her disgust as she walked the grimy streets, saw the vulgar, over-dressed people, and then thought it might have been her home. To change clean, beautiful Mapleton for Limeton!

Tom had told her he would like their home to be Limeton, but had said that if she would be happier in Mapleton he would forego his wish. His business permitted him to live in either place. Not to be outdone in generosity, Mary had declared her happiness was to be with him, no matter where. The subject had not been renewed, but Mary had now quite decided

that Limeton *could never* be her home. She had, indeed, balanced whether Mrs. Cowell could ever be her mother-in-law, but as she thought of Tom, she felt that infliction could be borne—away from Limeton.

Tom was to come the following Saturday, and spend a few days at home before she went back to Mapleton, and she awaited his coming with eagerness. She wanted to let him know that she could never make her home in Limeton, before he could make any plans with his mother.

When Saturday came, she told Louise she thought of going to the depôt to meet Tom; and Louise, with more delicacy than Mary had given her credit for, said—

"Oh! that is just the thing. I have so many things to see to that I would rather not go, and yet we could not let him arrive without some of us going."

She also managed to keep Mrs. Cowell at home, feeling sure that Tom would enjoy Mary's company alone better than with them.

Mary almost forgot all about Mrs. Cowell in the pleasure of meeting Tom, but after he had asked her a dozen questions about herself, he said—

"And how do you like Limeton, Mary?"

"Oh, perfectly detestable! I cannot think how anybody can live there."

"Ah! I see you have still those Mapleton ideas, Mary. Now, I hate Mapleton and am always glad to get out of it, the people are such snobs. You are the only pleasant person I ever met there. Limeton people are substantial, true-hearted, and—and, in short, Mary, I am much disappointed that you don't like the finest city in the Union."

"Finest city in the Union, indeed!" says Mary, stung by his disparagement of her native city. "It is a most unpleasant place, smoky, grimy, and unhealthy, and the people, as far as I have met them, may be substantial enough, but they are dreadfully tiresome and uninteresting. I don't mean you, Tom," she adds, seeing him glare down upon her in angry astonishment.

"I am much obliged, I am sure, that you made an exception in my favour, but I cannot take credit to myself at the expense of my mother and Louise."

"Oh! I like Louise."

"And not my mother, I infer?"

"No."

Mary had not intended to tell him this point-blank, but he had taken such a line with her for not liking Limeton that she felt indignant, and not inclined to mince the facts at all. The result was what may have been expected: Tom stalked on in solemn silence, while she, full of resentment, held her little head very much in the air.

When they arrived at the house, Louise saw, notwithstanding Mary's unusual animation, that something had gone wrong between them, but chose the wise part of silence. Mrs. Cowell saw nothing but that her son was not much in love, as she feared he would be, with Mary. She had not found the latter as tractable as she had hoped in the way of imitating Louise, and had discovered that she had not that admiration of frugality and thrift that befitted the future wife of her son; therefore she was contented to see that son's cool politeness to Mary, which she took as a proof that he was not likely to be led away by her caprices.

The next morning Tom joined Mary in the garden, and said—

"Under the impression that you would like Limeton, I had written about a place here I wanted to buy, but from what you said last night I conclude that any plan of that sort is useless."

"Quite useless," said Mary decidedly; "and I really think, Tom, that you had better decide your future without reference to me. I—that is—there are several things that would, I think, prevent our being happy together."

"In short, you are tired of your engagement?"

"If you take it that way, yes."

"Oh, you women, you women!" said Tom bitterly; but Mary had walked off, and he did not follow her.

Later that day Mary said she thought her presence was required at home. Louise looked sad, but no one made any remark on her sudden leave-taking. Only Tom, when he drove her to the depôt, talking painfully small talk as they went, to avoid past and gone topics, wringing her hand as the train moved off, said—

"God bless you, Mary; I hope one of your Mapleton fellows will make you as good a husband as I should have wished to be."

"Thank you; I must take my chance," says Mary, forcing back her tears till he is gone; then, dropping her veil, she cries her way home.

* * * * * *

A year later Mary is alone in the world. She has lost her father, and as she sits in her mourning dress she thinks of the past, and is not afraid to tell herself now, that but for her own folly she might have had good, true-hearted Tom Cowell to help her in her trouble; that, grieved as she would have been at her father's loss, she could never have been alone in the world so long as Tom had lived; and now she would be alone for ever, for, disguise it from herself as she had tried to do, she knew she loved Tom still; all other men seemed poor, weak things to her, and for Tom's sake even Mapleton did not now seem such a very superior place as it had done, and in consequence, Limeton was not so horrible. She knew in her heart she had been somewhat prejudiced, and told herself that the unpleasantness of it should have counted as nothing compared with Tom's love. All this she had seen long before she confessed it even to herself; probably, but for the grief that had lowered her pride, she never would have so confessed.

She sat musing in the firelight as she had done a year ago, when a card was brought to her.

"Mrs. Henry Charlton! I know no one of that name. Show the lady in."

A lady, dressed handsomely, but with Quaker-like simplicity, then entered, and Mary recognised Louise Cowell.

After the first embarrassment of meeting had passed, Louise told Mary of her marriage with one of the

"dearest men in the world," that they had just returned from their wedding trip, and had so timed their arrival as to meet Tom on his return from Europe.

"It was only last night we heard of your father's death, and then, dear Mary, I could not refrain from coming to tell you how sorry I am."

Tears filled Mary's eyes at the mention of her father.

"I am very much obliged to you, Louise, and heartily glad to see you. Are you going to stay here long?"

"Yes, we shall pass the winter in Mapleton, and being a stranger here, I shall often inflict my company on you if you will have me."

"The oftener the better, dear Louise," replied Mary sincerely.

She liked Louise. At the same time, she thought with some trepidation that these visits from Louise must result in her meeting Tom again, which she felt very reluctant to do; but pride came to her aid, and she asked herself why she could not meet a man with indifference, who could so meet her?

And so she resolved to avoid neither Louise nor him.

Perhaps Louise had a little project of her own. At all events, she appeared to have much satisfaction when she found Mary did not shrink from the mention of Tom's name, and accordingly he became her chief topic of conversation. She even hinted at his unhappiness, and her fears that his disappointment would be a life-long sorrow.

"Ah! you dear, innocent Louise. Shakespeare knew men better than you, and he says—

> "'Men have died from time to time,
> And worms have eaten them, but not for love,'"

Mary said, with forced gaiety.

At last Tom and Mary did meet, and then Mary found all her fortitude necessary, for Tom evidently had no intention of carrying matters off with dignity, but rather showed her in every word and look that she was the one woman in the world for him.

Can't every one guess the end? That Tom took an early opportunity of calling himself a fool and begging Mary's forgiveness, and Mary contradicted him, and with many tears shed on his waistcoat declared herself an unreasonable little vixen, not worth his love, and that she was willing to live in the very heart of Limeton if necessary.

"Too late, my dear," says Tom merrily, "for I have my eye on a lovely little nest in Mapleton, and am not going to have my plans upset a second time."

Then Louise came into the room.

"'Blessed are the peace-makers,'" said Tom, going to his sister and kissing her.

DOLLS AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.

IT seems to be almost an act of sacrilege to enter upon the discussion of such a momentous topic as the manufacture of dolls without a due feeling of reverence. To doll-worshippers—and they constitute a very large and influential section of the community—the creation of these divinities of the nursery will probably appear to be a subject only one degree less sacred than the princes and princesses of fairy-land itself. Yet it is an undeniable fact that all dolls, from the bride, who is resplendent in silks and satins, to the tiniest of little cherubs, clad in the scantiest of garments, had a beginning. We may here remark that there is a great misapprehension with regard to the making of dolls. Although run into the same mould, no two dolls are exactly alike; and the little or big girl, who joyously superintends the toilette of one of these waxen beauties, utters a more than half-truth when she gravely assures "Her Highness" that there never was a doll half so beautiful as her before.

Dolls are among the inhabitants of childhood's wonderful dream-world, and there are few diversions from the stern realities of daily life more instructive than a glimpse behind the scenes of childhood's fancy. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace out the antiquity of doll-worship. Like most of our nursery traditions, it would probably be found to date from prehistoric times. It is difficult to understand how there could ever have been a time when there were no dolls, and the nursery would indeed be a dull world without these pretty puppets. The rare and enviable faculty possessed by children of all ages, known in childhood's language as the art of "making believe," is an inheritance that has been handed down from age to age in uninterrupted succession. The mothers of one generation initiate the mothers of the next into the mysteries of doll-life; and so the pretty play goes merrily on, never losing its freshness or its charm.

There is much that may be seen by a visit to a doll factory, that would have for many people all the force of a revelation. Few probably realise what a number of processes are necessary before even the tiniest of dolls is ready for the nursery. There is certainly a bewildering number of suitable substances. Besides the various kinds of wax from the best English to the commoner foreign sorts, there are spermaceti and various kinds of composition; india-rubber, gutta-percha, wood, and rags, not to mention various judicious combinations of these and other materials. But the best dolls are made only of the best English

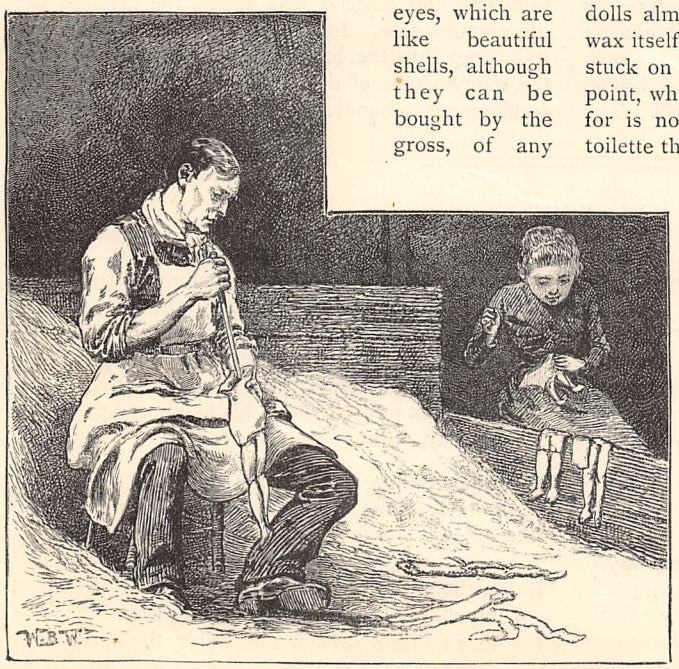
wax. Then come the composition dolls, which are much more durable, and some of which have their faces protected by a thin piece of muslin, and so on through the whole list. It is, however, the waxen dolls that appeal most powerfully to the affections and the admiration of the girls of England.

The construction of the moulds in which these are made involves some knowledge of modelling. The moulds are made of plaster of Paris, the various sections being deftly joined together with such nicety as to leave but few marks of the joints. Into this the melted wax is poured, while still very hot, and a thin film immediately adheres to the sides of the mould, which is quickly inverted in order that the molten wax in the centre may flow out. But although this rough mask is fairly complete in point of outline, much remains to be done before it can be regarded as possessing those charms which are commonly believed to be a doll's rightful inheritance. The roughnesses have to be smoothed down, a distinctive character has to be given to the mouth and nose, the eyebrows have to be delicately pencilled in; and we may well cease to wonder that Shakespeare's lover should have written an ode "to his mistress's eyebrow," when we see the wonderful effect produced on a doll's face by various arrangements of brow and lash. Then the eyes, which are like beautiful shells, although they can be bought by the gross, of any colour and size, have to be fixed in, which is done by plastering them at the back with a little soft wax. The method of fastening the hair so as to give it a natural appearance, is one of the best tests of the care with which a doll has been made. In the best dolls almost every strand is attached separately to the wax itself, while in the cheaper kinds a wig is roughly stuck on the doll's head. This is a very important point, which doll-worshippers will properly appreciate, for is not the most delightful part of a doll's daily toilette the brushing and combing of her hair? Then there are many qualities of hair, from the best mohair to common flax.

MOULDING ARMS AND LEGS.

FRENCH DOLL.

COMMON ENGLISH DOLL.



MAKING AND FILLING DOLLS' BODIES.

We have said little about the tinting of lips and cheek, processes which involve a nice appreciation of effect. So far doll-fanciers seem to be believers in the ruddy hue of health, for we have never yet seen an "interesting" doll with cheeks of the colour of underdone pastry. But it would be rash to speculate upon the future, for the new science of taste may yet influence even the nursery and the doll trade. The composition of dolls' bodies is a sore subject. Who has not heard of that common tragedy of the nursery when, by mischief or mischance, the sawdust has come out of the body of a favourite doll, and witnessed how real was the anguish endured by the doll-mother?

Of other dolls the most artistic are the French kid dolls with flexible joints. These are remarkable for possessing the best-modelled bodies, a feature which is certainly not a strong point in English dolls. They are, however, made in France, and are not very largely imported into this country. Then there are china dolls with sawdust bodies, and china dolls with china limbs and wire joints, most of which are of German make. Rag dolls do not call for special comment, nor, of course, the time-honoured wooden farthing dolls, which are turned out of the manufactories by the million; they are the cheapest and commonest members of the species. Their most distinguishable features are their painted faces and indispensable night-caps. It is scarcely necessary to go into the numerous classes of dolls that are got up as caricatures. These, although very realistic, possess but little attraction for children, and belong to the category of models rather than dolls. The same, too, must be said for the mechanical dolls who talk and walk, shake hands, and play drums. They are never regarded as anything more than ingenious puppets. Dolls, properly so called, are very human in the eyes of childhood.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

There is, too, a science in the dressing and nursing of dolls, which is every whit as profound as that of the nursery. Dolls have a multitude of ailments, their likes and dislikes are as marked as any of those that trouble real men and women. Their houses have to be very tastefully and completely furnished. Indeed the manufacture of furniture for dolls' houses is a trade of considerable importance. Then dolls have their shoemakers, and their milliners, and hosiers, who follow the fashions with the greatest care. Indeed, if the study of dolls gives us a peep into the happy dream-world of childhood, the manufacture of dolls and of their wants affords employment to hundreds of working men and women.

YESTERDAY.

YESTERDAY, darling—only yesterday,
The heavens were bright, and all the earth was fair;
Love's golden radiance fell upon our way—
Love's dreamy music filled the scented air:
A thousand wild flowers trembled round our feet,
We saw the lilac boughs above us sway;
And heard the woodlark singing high and sweet,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
With lips apart and hair of russet brown,
You came, dear heart, across the flower-decked way,
Sweeping the grasses with your trailing gown;
Upon your cheek there was a wild-rose glow,
And in your eyes there was a sunset ray;
You came with arms outstretched—you loved me so,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,
A soft breeze stealing from the sunny south
Blew from your brow the tangled fringe away,
And wooed the kisses from your crimson mouth;
The boughs caressed you as you came along,
The red sun kissed you with its parting ray,
The woodlark praised you in his happy song,
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday;
Ah, me! ah, me! but yesterday is—dead:
The sun still shines across the flower-decked way,
And still the woodlark warbles overhead;
But in the shadows of a great despair,
I weep, dear heart, upon the weary way,
For love's bright dream, that made the earth so fair
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

M. M. FORRESTER.

"LOVE'S BRIGHT DREAM."

"*YESTERDAY*" (*p.* 475).

JULY GARDEN GOSSIP.

IT is, we suppose, sufficiently common-place to observe how wonderfully ordered everything in nature appears to be. Those of us who make much of domestic pets often remark in the wane of the year what fine winter coats our dogs and cats are putting on: or here again while we are lurking about in the shady corners of the garden to find the pleasantest retreat from the scorching rays of a July sun, the currants, gooseberries, and strawberries which now fill a well-ordered garden in such lavish profusion prove to be a resource grateful in the extreme. Yet, what a wry face would not a few of us have pulled had that same bunch of currants been suddenly put between our teeth only four months ago, when the east wind seemed to be cutting out the very marrow of our bones!

Such a simple platitude as this, however, just now naturally sets us thinking whether we cannot say a few words as to the general cultivation of some of our most popular fruit-trees.

The autumn of the year, then, about November, is the best time for planting out young currant and gooseberry trees; and at the most they should not be more than three years old from the cutting, or, if older than this at the time of planting, they should be cut back a little to strengthen the growth of the new wood. But, to be more in order, it is perhaps of the cuttings themselves that we should first speak. In the wane of the year, choose some good straight young shoots, healthy and well-grown, of about a foot in length or a little over; and from the part that you are about to insert below the surface of the soil, cut carefully out all the little eyes and buds, as this will afterwards serve to prevent suckers growing up and detracting from the strength of your young tree. As for the soil, the ordinary kitchen garden soil that is uniformly trenched and manured will do admirably well for your young cuttings. Take care to plant them firmly in, but not in a too sunny situation. By the end of the following summer they will have sent out some two or three good shoots. By the end of the first year, that is to say, about November, prune the young shoots slightly back, and in two years' time you will have a fairly respectable little shrub. Do not, however, eventually retain more than four or five shoots on your tree. At two years' growth you can remove your young trees to the spot you have selected for their final destination, though they can stand where the cuttings were put in for three years, if necessary; or indeed it is well to plant them at the outset in the spot you intend them to remain finally in.

Next, a word must be said as to the remedies for that terrible pest, the gooseberry caterpillar. It is melancholy and disheartening in the middle of the bright month of May to find, when our trees are crowded with well-set and promising fruit, that the foliage also is crowded with a well-set and promising crop of young caterpillars. In an incredibly short space of time they will eat the leaves entirely away, and the fruit, though they will not touch it, remains on, still green and unripened; for it is the very presence of the leaves that assists in the ripening process. The remedy of picking off the caterpillars by hand is a tedious operation and seldom successful, for, of course, plenty cannot fail to be overlooked. Then, again, there are the remedies of soot, quicklime, or the dusting with white hellebore powder. Perhaps, however, the best remedy can be arrived at by a study of the habits of the caterpillar itself. Now, we must remember that the eggs of the mischievous moth are hatched about September on the leaves of your fruit-trees: when the leaves fall, then, as one remedy, take care to have them all carefully burnt. But we are not yet "out of the wood," for the young larvæ shelter themselves during the winter in the soil just under and around your gooseberry and currant bushes. Towards the end of March, then, have recourse to further measures, by removing to the depth of two or three inches the surface of the soil from around your bushes for the diameter of about a yard. Replace with fresh maiden soil, and burn the old soil, which you can afterwards use as a dressing elsewhere. As your trees break into leaf, sprinkle a slight covering of soot and quicklime over the surface of your new soil, so as to catch any chance stragglers, and with all this merciless routine you ought to escape from the enemy. Amongst the gooseberries, our fruiting season may be said to begin towards the end of May, for we thin out then for bottling or for our early tarts. This gathering, judiciously made, tends much to improve the size and quality of the fruit we allow to remain on. We must not, however, devote all our space to the fruit garden: yet the strawberries, and our early summer fruits and their preserving, occupy us necessarily just now very much. Take care to gather them, if for preserving, only when dry.

In our flower garden, flowers of all varieties are now, of course, in their glory, from the red and full-blown rose to the pale water-lily: this last, however, luxuriant in July, only those can grow who have such luxuries as forcing houses and plant stoves: just now they should be kept near the light, and the water frequently changed so as to avoid the collection about them of any dirt or scum.

And another old friend in whom we delight now is the honeysuckle, a hardy fellow who rarely gives us much trouble. In one matter it is particularly obliging for, in addition to being so good-natured as to thrive in nearly any soil, it is perfectly willing to flower even under the shadow of trees. It can be propagated either by layers or cuttings, the latter method being certainly preferable, though by either it will easily send out roots. Cuttings are best made soon after October, but take care to choose the strongest of the young shoots of the previous summer.

In the greenhouse, the camellias that have been maturing their growth and making their new wood, will now be really benefited by being stood out of doors and placed in some sheltered and protected situation, and not in the full blaze of the sun. Stand them, say, along a plank, or in any case never allow plants of any kind in pots, when placed in the open, to stand upon the soil or where worms or any vermin can get at them. And indeed very often about this time our greenhouse, where no very large variety of plants is kept in store, is in a great measure empty, so that where one house is made to serve for all purposes, this perhaps is as good a month as any for general repair inside or for painting; for in August or by the middle of that month we begin to house our stock of cuttings for the next season, though not until Michaelmas perhaps do we fill up the house itself entirely. Of the roses and the budding operation we spoke last month, though this month of July is, of course, the budding time *par excellence*. A vigilant look-out must still be made for the stock shoots and suckers, which in this month, when everything grows so vigorously, tend so terribly to exhaust the rose-tree and spoil your buds. And then as to the anemones, the roots of any choice varieties that remain in the ground may be taken up as soon as the leaves have died away. Have them well dried in the shade before storing them away.

But of our kitchen and vegetable garden something must be said. Choose showery weather for planting out a crop of Brussels sprouts, taking care in a drought to water well at the time of planting. And by the end of the month, prepare your ground for a sowing of cabbage seed for spring use. Crops for use in autumn and winter should now also be set out. A good season is this also for making a principal sowing of turnip seed: successional sowing of peas too may still be made, the last sowing being not later than the end of the month: indeed it is by this successional plan that we contrive to keep our household well and long supplied with vegetables.

MR. SMITH: A DOG.

"SMITH WAS DISCLOSED TO VIEW."

HE was called Smith after an old deceased favourite (who got his name no one knows how, and came at last to a tragic end), and the "Mr." was added by certain friends of ours, who observed traits of character in him that seemed to demand an additional respect.

By courtesy he is a *dachshund;* but I am bound to confess that there is a good deal of courtesy in the appellation, for although he has large spreading feet, bandy legs, and a long body, there is obviously a good deal of terrier in his composition; and most likely it is this cross in him that gives him his remarkable astuteness and sagacity. He is black and tan, with drooping, silky ears, expressive brown eyes, and an abnormally long tail, that gives him an expression all his own.

He arrived one night in the carrier's cart, having come from Winchester, which place is some seven or eight miles away. The hamper that contained him was brought into the dining-room, and as we cut the strings an ominous growling issued forth. When the lid was raised Smith was disclosed to view, curled tight up in the straw, his eyes gleaming significantly, and his white teeth very visible whenever a hand was approached near enough to look dangerous. He was nearly a year old, and his teeth were too strong to be trifled with, so the hamper was shut down again, and consigned to the stable for the night.

The next day, by means of chicken bones and the encouraging presence of the collie dog of the establishment, Smith made friends once and for all, with a fidelity that nothing has ever shaken for a moment; and he soon began to develop traits of character that stamped him as an original.

The household consisted of his two mistresses, two maids, and a man. To his mistresses he became at once warmly attached; the man he held in the most unmitigated contempt, which contempt never diminished, and was displayed in the most ostentatious way on every occasion. As regards the maids, he made great friends with the parlour-maid from the very first, whilst it was three months before the most assiduous courting on the part of the cook won his lordship's confidence.

As for visitors, they were a sad trial to poor Smith during the first year of his life here. He grew used to them in time, and although he never condescends to notice them, or make advances, he can just tolerate their presence in the rooms. But at first they were the very bane of his life; and when he had learned by experience that we declined to dismiss them at his urgently expressed wish, he used to take himself dolefully off, and lie *perdu* till they had departed. The sight of a carriage at the gate would make him shiver with apprehension and anger; and had he had his own way, he would have flown at the calves of the groom or footman he saw advancing to the door. He hated to be noticed by strangers; and as for submitting to their caresses, to this very day he despises such familiarities, and withdraws with dignity.

When Smith arrived we had not long been settled in our country home, and our only means of locomotion was a double tricycle, upon which we scoured the country, paid our calls, and took the main part of our exercise.

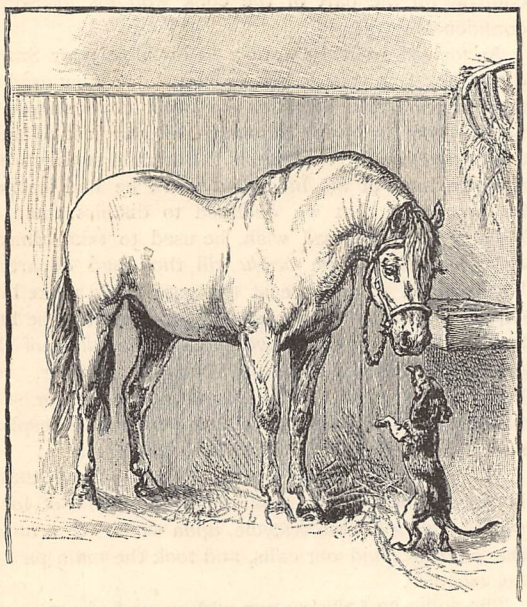
The collie had always run with us, and the moment Mr. Smith beheld us mount and set off, off he scampered in hot pursuit. We did not think he would run far, as he was but small; but we little knew his mettle, or the determination of his mind. No amount of exercise seemed to tire him, and he loved his runs above everything. On one occasion, when we thought the round we meant to take would be too long for him, he was shut up at home; and when we came back the maids told us he had "cried real tears" of sorrow at being left behind. We were rather sceptical about the tears at the time, but afterwards had reason to change our opinion.

In the autumn of that year we bought a stout pony and a dog-cart, and tricycling was somewhat superseded by driving. Smith was intensely interested in Tommy the pony, used to visit him in his stable, and stand on his hind legs to kiss him; and to run with him was the very joy of his life.

Tommy could take us farther than we had been able to go before, and he went a great pace too; but that was as nothing to Smith, who galloped along manfully, and always had breath left to bark. We used to take him up for a lift at first, but, thank you, he did not at all care for that; he would watch his opportunity, and jump out, often rolling over and over on reaching the ground; but in nowise daunted, he would pick himself up, rush barking at Tommy with a sort of pæan of triumphant joy, and scamper beside him without flagging the whole of the way.

We used sometimes to drive into Winchester for shopping purposes, and then Tommy was put up at

the hotel whilst we did our business. On the first of these expeditions Smith left the yard with us, but shortly afterwards we missed him, and calling did not bring him. As, however, he was a dog of sense, and quite able to take care of himself, we did not trouble ourselves about him ; and when at length we returned



"SMITH USED TO VISIT HIM IN HIS STABLE" (*p.* 479).

to the yard, there was Smith sitting right under the cart, with an alert air as of one doing his duty nobly. The ostler said he had quickly returned to the hotel, picked out his own cart from a whole row of them, established himself under it, and declined to allow anybody to touch it. The man had wished to move it to another part of the yard, but he very soon found he must abandon the idea, unless he wished to make himself acquainted with Mr. Smith's teeth. As soon as we appeared, however, he felt his responsibility at an end, and rushed off to the stable to see after Tommy—seeming to know by instinct where he was—watched him brought out and put to with the greatest satisfaction, evidently superintending the whole process, as if he thought the strange ostler was not quite to be trusted without some kind of supervision. To look after cart and horse in a strange place has now become quite a habit with Smith ; and if we put up in any unknown locality, he cannot be persuaded to leave the yard for a moment. He seems to have the cares of empires upon him until he sees us fairly start again.

But Smith's cup of happiness was absolutely full when Tommy was superseded by a pair of larger horses, and we began to ride instead of driving only. To go with the saddle-horses was just the acme of bliss, for he could hunt the hedgerows and fields whilst we quietly walked ; and the breathless spurts he had to put on to keep up when we galloped seemed to fill him with the deepest joy. He would never be out-run. Now and then we passed him when at full stretch, but if he had a mind to keep ahead, he always did, and how he does it is a puzzle to this day. The way he lays himself along the ground and *tears* is so comic that we sometimes can hardly sit our horses for laughing at him.

At first he was almost awed when the two horses went out. He could not understand what we were doing sitting on the top of them, and walking instead of trotting out of the gate. He used to back before us, staring with all his eyes, trying to take it all in, and find out what was the matter with us. But he *loved* to go with us ; and it was on one occasion, when we were trying a new horse, and Smith was tied up, that I saw him shed tears. He had a way of rushing at the horses' feet and barking with joy, which was sometimes trying to unseasoned steeds ; so when this young thing came up to be tried, he was tied up in the yard from which we started, and not allowed to come. As I mounted I heard a sort of sob, and looking round, saw poor Smith sitting on his haunches, shivering like an aspen-leaf with excitement, and with large tears dropping slowly from his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. It was a melting spectacle, and he had to be released. He seemed to understand, however, that he was not to bark at the new horse, and behaved very well.

He soon learned to know that on the days we were going to ride our habits were laid out on the beds soon after luncheon, so as to be ready for us. He used, therefore, to make expeditions into the bed-rooms every day to see if they were out, and if he found them, he would come tearing down the stairs, as if he had at least a hundred legs, to try if he could not worry us into dressing at once, so that we might start off the sooner. He liked to accompany us up-stairs to watch the process, and would drum with his feet to hurry us on if he thought we were tedious. Then once let him see us ready, he would dash off to the stable to see if the horses were saddled, and come tearing round again to bring us out if he found all in readiness.

He very soon learned to connect habits with riding. Once, soon after we had begun to ride, he was not seeming well, and we thought he had better stay at home. So I tied him up under a tree on the lawn, right away from the stables, and he lay sleeping contentedly in the shade, quite happy to keep quiet, until he saw me come out in my habit, when he set up a doleful howl, realising in a moment that we were going to ride and that he was to be left behind.

Dearly as Smith loves running with the horses on every possible occasion, nothing will induce him to do so if the man takes them out either riding or driving. So sure as the groom drives alone, or rides out exercising, so surely does Mr. Smith turn tail in deep disgust, and decline to take the least notice of the proceeding, save by the inimitable contempt with which he sees the more amiable collie run gaily off with the inferior turn-out. I have seen him sometimes when he has almost had to *glue* himself to the ground, to conquer his mad impulse to make just one frantic rush at the horse's feet as he starts off ; but no—pride always triumphs, and in haughty, motionless silence

Mr. Smith watches the departure of the cart that does not contain his mistresses. Even if we are away from home it is just the same. He will not run with the man on any consideration whatever.

He can, however, pocket his pride when he considers that duty demands the sacrifice. Once his favourite parlour-maid had occasion to go up to town for the day, and quite early in the morning the baker's cart came to take her to the station. This unprecedented circumstance aroused Smith's suspicions, and he evidently felt that the matter required his personal supervision, and must be inquired into.

Even the good-natured collie would scorn to follow the baker's cart, and on other occasions Smith would simply decline to see it; but this particular morning a stronger feeling than pride took possession of him, and down he went to the station in hot pursuit. It was in vain that he was ordered home—home he declined to go until he had seen the end of this business. He went to the station and into the station, saw the maid to the carriage and watched the train move off, and then feeling more satisfied (for he often meets trains or comes down to see people off), he trotted home again with the air of a dog who has done his duty by the household. I need hardly say that no further notice was deigned to the baker or his cart.

This maid and Smith are great friends, and he well knows his ascendency over her. If he smells an appetising savour arising from the kitchen, and the door of that domain is shut, and his scratching or grumbling not heeded, he starts off up-stairs to find his willing slave, and whatever she is doing is ruthlessly interrupted, and she is dragged down-stairs to open the door for my lord.

That Smith understands a great deal that is said

"THE LITTLE ONE OFTEN SNATCHES THE PRIZE" (*p.* 482).

there can be no manner of doubt. Let me but say in his hearing that I am going to wash him at a specified hour, and at that time he is certain to be missing, and has to be dug out, limp and depressed, from some obscure corner. One lady who often comes to see us is so afraid of dogs that they are all tied up before she comes, and if I tell Smith that "Mrs. ——— is coming," he puts down his tail, and goes dejectedly to his kennel without further delay. We had a tradesman of the name of Smith, who gave us a great deal of trouble, and once at dinner-time I happened to observe that if Smith did not amend his ways, we should have to get rid of him altogether. Whereat poor Smith, who was sitting beside my chair, put down his ears and his tail, and slunk silently under the table, and could only be consoled and coaxed out of his depression by many assurances and protestations as to his own goodness.

He has the most tender conscience that ever dog possessed, and if it does not hinder him always from transgressing, it makes him betray himself afterwards in the most unequivocal fashion. He has a peculiar way of puckering up his nose when he is ashamed of himself, that I have never seen in any other dog, and which gives him a most ridiculous expression; and when he is summoned to receive chastisement or rebuke, or even when he is only conscious of deserving them, his action is inimitably comic. He lays himself flat along the ground, his nose pressed against his forepaws, and in some inexplicable way he wriggles himself along at a great rate, and with a snivelled-up nose, crouches at one's feet, almost disarming anger by his intense self-abasement. Many a sin that would never else have been discovered has he betrayed by his puckered nose and grovelling gait; many a hole in his puppy days has he dug and then discovered to us by his own self-consciousness. He was very troublesome when he first came by this

"I SPRANG UPON HIM UNAWARES" (*p.* 482).

hole-digging, and being a dog of much persistence and determination, he was able in a large garden to gratify his *penchant* undiscovered in a way that was most tiresome. He was cured, however, once and for all in a very summary manner.

Five times in one day had he been whipped and shut up for digging again and again the same hole in the bank by the drive, and each time, on release, had he gone back and excavated it again. On releasing him after his fifth captivity, he went straight off to his hole, and re-commenced his labours with renewed zeal and activity. I let him dig in unconscious bliss for awhile, until he had made a nice roomy grave, and then, stealing up behind him whilst he was all claws and nose in the ground, I sprang upon him unawares, held him firmly in position, and buried him tight in his own hole. He was not long in backing and scrambling out, and emerged a meek and disreputable-looking object; but he never dug another hole. That trick was entirely cured from that day forward, partly, I think, because he got a good scare, and partly because he was quite conscious of the ridiculous appearance he presented, and of which our shouts of laughter made him all the more aware. For Smith, like most dogs, cannot bear being laughed at, and will deny himself a good deal of pleasure rather than submit to ridicule.

We noticed this particularly in reference to church-going. Of course the dogs always wished to accompany us to church on Sundays, and Smith was so depressed at being left at home, that he has never quite got over the feeling that Sunday is somehow his fault, and he is always rather inclined to snivel his nose and abase himself on that day, simply because it is the Sabbath. When, however, his education was complete, and he had learned to go home at a word of command, we let him walk with us a mile of the way, dismissing him at the foot of the church hill to run home with the collie. This delighted him greatly at first, and the church bells had no longer any terrors for him, until one unlucky Sunday, when we chanced to be earlier than usual, and Smith, on his return, met several groups of people, who all laughed heartily at him, for he has a consequential air and a look of self-importance that often give rise to mirth.

But the indignity of being laughed at was quite too much for Mr. Smith. I saw that he was terribly put out (for we could see a good piece of the road by looking back), and there was no mistaking the huge offence expressed by the set of his back and shoulders; and after that episode nothing would induce him to come to church, and even to this day it is often difficult to coax him on Sunday even to go for a walk, if we take the turn from the gate that is right for the church.

Smith's intense love for a stick is another of his most amusing traits. He will carry one for miles with the greatest joy, and the larger and heavier it is the more he seems to delight in it. But the greatest fun is to make the two dogs run races and dispute for the possession of the treasure. Until Smith came, Col—the collie—could not be induced to pick up or carry a stick, but he soon caught the accomplishment from his little companion, and although he has no love for a stick *per se*, and never carries it far, he enjoys a game of play, and throws himself into it heartily.

When the stick is thrown, a rush is simultaneously made. Col can run faster, but Smith has twice his sharpness, and as Col's sight is somewhat defective, the little one often snatches the prize, in which case Col never disputes possession. But if Col gets the stick matters are vastly different. He generally makes off with his prize at a good run, Smith laying himself along the ground and rushing like a whirlwind in pursuit, barking at the utmost pitch of his voice in the wildest excitement. When he reaches his triumphant rival, he seizes a projecting end of the stick, and then follows a regular tug of war, in which the characters of the two dogs come out in strong relief.

Col holds tenaciously to his prize, not much excited by the contest, but simply wishful to hold his own, with a sort of good-natured doggedness of purpose; but Smith's whole soul is in the struggle, and he tears and tugs and pulls, throwing his weight really quite scientifically into the balance, and by his vigorous and determined growling, expressing the state of his feelings most eloquently. Sheer determination and force of will often win him the day, and more especially when he can conquer his temptation to bark as well as growl—which is not always the case, and barking often loses him the battle. His love for a stick is so great, that he will actually climb trees after one. I hardly expect to be believed in this, but it is an absolute fact. I do not mean that he can swarm up a bare trunk; but if a stick is placed high up in a deodaria, or larch-tree, or in any other where a succession of branching boughs gives him a foothold, Smith will climb after it to the height of ten or twelve feet, and with encouragement I have no doubt he could do even more. But we do not like to make him climb often, as he gets wildly excited over it; and when once he has got the stick, no power on earth will make him quit his hold, and as climbing down with it in his mouth is a difficult process, he often hurls himself headlong to the ground in the most reckless way, stick in mouth, and jars his neck in so doing till it is sometimes stiff for weeks. We have, therefore, been obliged to discourage this accomplishment as somewhat dangerous.

I should like to tell further of Smith and the cats of the establishment, and of his visits to the seaside, and the adventures he met with; but I am afraid those who do not know him personally will think they have had enough of his society—at any rate, for the present. Besides, he has just been in to tell me in his own eloquent way that my habit is out and my horse nearly saddled, and that he himself is aching to be off. It is therefore very plain that I must lay down my pen and do his bidding, for Mr. Smith in his own way is quite the master of the house, and knows it too.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

HARLOWE'S HELPMATE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

KNEW I should not be wanted at Sunnyside the next day, so I abstained from going, anxious as I was to ascertain whether my supposition with regard to Mr. Motley's identity was correct; but on Thursday I went there at the customary hour with my violin.

My fears were confirmed the moment that I came in sight of the house, for there before the door stood the magnificent equipage I had seen at the entrance to Burlington House, the horses champing their bits and shaking their glittering harness, the coachman rigid on the box, and the footman, in his long drab coat, standing with his arms crossed by the door.

The corners of the blinds of the adjoining house and those over the way were raised, and people were peeping through just as if a funeral had been taking place.

"The *gentleman* is up-stairs, sir," said the maid Jane in a low tone of caution, as I entered.

"Very good, Jane; there will be two there directly," said I, and went up, for I was not awed by these trappings and outside show of wealth.

I knocked at the studio door. Potter cried, "Come in," and I entered.

Potter was seated before his canvas; Madge, in her pretty new dress, and her face flushed with excitement, stood on one side, and Mr. Motley on the other, looking at the work.

There was not the slightest doubt left in my mind as Madge introduced me to Mr. Motley—he was the portly, well-dressed, common-looking man, with the puffy red face and the lively little grey eyes, I had seen at the Academy.

"Well, Holderness, how do you think it's coming?" Potter asked, after giving me a finger.

The pose was not the same as in "L'Allegro;" Madge was seated with the violin in her lap, her face was more in repose. It was less theatrical, and I liked it better. When I said so Mr. Motley declared he was glad to hear it.

"And I'll tell you why," he added, bumping himself down in a chair, and wiping his moist brow with a splendid silk handkerchief, which he kept constantly in his hand for that purpose. "There's a bit of rivalry between me and my partner Harlowe—when I buy a new horse, he buys a new horse; when he takes a country house, I take a country house; and each of us tries to be just a little ahead of the other, you know"—he laughed heartily, his little eyes growing smaller, but twinkling as slily as ever—"and so, when Harlowe told me he'd bought the best picture in the exhibition, I made up my mind to cap it by hook or by crook. Says I to myself, the man that painted one can paint another, and if he finds it worth his while to paint a better he'll paint a better. That's human nature. So, without saying a word to him, I just looked out your address in the catalogue, and that's how it came about, you see."

I saw that Madge was vexed to find that her portrait had been in request merely to gratify the senseless vanity of two vulgar tallow-melters. For my own part, I was delighted.

"Now Madge must hate him," thought I.

Potter was not pleased either: it was not admiration of the portrait or of the picture that had actuated Mr. Motley—nothing but his fatuous vanity. It was good!

"I had no idea that my picture had been purchased by your partner," said Potter.

"No, I suppose not. However, he's got it—and the fun of it is, he'll be puzzled to know what to do with it. His wife won't have it in the house, I'll warrant—that is," he added, closing his shrewd eyes, "not if I know anything about the character of that young lady."

"Oh! Mr. Harlowe has married a Tartar, eh?" asked Potter cheerily.

"Not yet," answered Mr. Motley; "we're both old bachelors at present. But he will marry a certain young lady—if your portrait doesn't upset the arrangement—there's been a tiff over it already, I believe." And again Mr. Motley laughed, his whole body shaking with merriment. "However," he resumed, wiping his brow once more, "she'll get over that—it's to her advantage. That's human nature."

"I'm afraid," said I, "that you have a very poor opinion of human nature."

"I have," said he emphatically. "I have had to study it a good deal. I shouldn't have made my position what it is, otherwise." Then reflectively he added, "She'll marry him. She saw it was no good setting her cap at me."

If Mr. Motley was low in our esteem, his partner was still lower; for what could Mr. Harlowe be like if Mr. Motley were more to be preferred by a young lady?

The colour had gone from Madge's face. She was disgusted—and well she might be.

Soon afterwards Mr. Motley left, saying that he would drop in again now and then to see how the picture was going on, and begging Potter to spare no pains over it, as money was no consideration. Potter went down-stairs with him, and presently we heard the carriage door shut and the horses start off; but Madge

did not go to the window, as I feel sure she would under other circumstances.

"He's a vulgar old brute!" said Potter when he came back.

"Detestable!" said Madge. (I was silent, fearing my friends might see that I was pleased with the conclusion they had come to.)

Potter had no more taste for work after that, and went out. Madge took her lesson with patient resolution: which showed that she had once more determined to "be a good girl," and learn to get her living like her sisters.

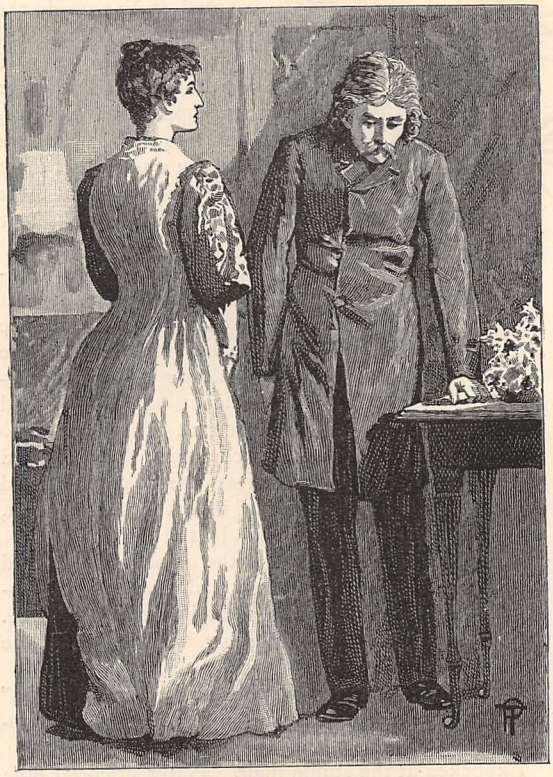
Potter's interest in the work he had undertaken with such energy flagged and flagged still more as he went on with it. The prospect of getting a large sum of money was not enough for him.

"I see," said Mr. Motley one day, "I shall have to stand over you if I am to get my picture at all," and he arranged to come so many times a week, thus compelling Potter to be at home and to work on these occasions. Nevertheless, the picture made no progress, for the artist had taken a thorough dislike to his work, and frequently had to paint out one day the thing he had painted in the day before.

I noticed that Madge grew more tolerant of Mr. Motley as time went on. She made excuses for his want of taste. He was a self-made man, he was uneducated, he had to do with common and vulgar people. His partner, who must be a perfectly horrid man, helped to make him what he was, and so on. And then she found he had good qualities as well as bad—like the rest of us. He was generous, amiable, good-hearted. No one could deny him these qualities. When Joan fell ill, he sent her baskets of fruit and flowers, and never came without some delicacy of the most expensive kind. He hinted to Potter that he knew how money matters stood with the family, and that if he needed a hundred or a couple of hundred pounds, that, and more than that, was at his disposal if he only said the word. I dare say Potter would readily have said the word, but Madge would not hear of it, and declared she would rather go out as a shopwoman than accept pecuniary help of that kind. Then he found an engagement for Cicely, where she got twice as much as the school paid her, and for less than half the amount of work. He offered to buy as many pictures as Potter could produce. When Joan grew stronger, he took her, with Potter and Madge, in the grand carriage to Richmond, where they dined at the "Star and Garter." They could not help liking him—they forgave his faults in thinking of his good qualities. Nay, I think that they liked him better for his faults—it put them on an equality, their mental superiority balancing his pecuniary advantage. And then, one always leans towards people whose peculiarities excite pleasantry. Mr. Motley knew his defects, and laughed heartily at any pleasantry at his expense.

But this change of feeling excited my serious apprehensions. For it was obvious that Mr. Motley's persistency was not merely the result of a determination to get the picture he had set his mind on having. I think we all saw—though we kept the matter quiet—that it was the model, and not the portrait, that interested him.

While Joan was still too weak to renew her engagement at the school, Cicely lost hers—the family deciding to go abroad for three months—so not one of the family was earning money, for no pinching could



"'I SHALL MARRY FOR POSITION. THAT IS THE TRUTH'" (*p.* 485).

arouse a spirit of industry in Potter; on the contrary, when things were not pleasant at home he found it impossible to work there, and so idled his time away at the club. I knew they must be getting deeper and deeper into debt.

It was like a mockery to see the dainty presents brought by Mr. Motley, and how they needed good, wholesome, substantial food. One can't dine on strawberry pies and caviare, and such things.

Poor Madge felt her position keenly. No one could have practised more strenuously than she at this time, but she was still far from being even a mediocre player. Again she said, "I am worse than good for nothing!" I saw that Mr. Motley was infatuated with her now—if he had not been from the very first time he looked at her. Every day he bought her or sent her a bouquet. I remembered what he said, "I have had a good deal to do with human nature. If I didn't know its weaknesses I shouldn't have the position I now hold." And I felt sure that he was just biding his time—waiting till the affairs of this family got to their worst, to ask Madge to be his wife. His know-

ledge of human nature was keen enough to enable him to see into the depths of her too open heart.

Now, I felt that if she married him she would do a wrong thing, and that she would live to bitterly repent it. For despite Mr. Motley's good qualities, he was undeniably coarse and vulgar, whereas her tastes were delicate and refined.

I knew that she had no real respect for him. On the other hand, I felt sure that she had an affection for me, and respect as well. My tastes were as good as hers, my affection for her was unbounded. I had a few hundreds put by, and a very fair engagement bringing me in money. I was in a position to marry and help her family; and so, feeling that though her marriage with me would be ridiculous in the eyes of the world, who only judge by appearances, it would at least be less productive of future unhappiness than her marriage with Mr. Motley, I took Potter aside one night at the club, told him my position, and asked his permission to speak to Madge on the subject.

"All right, old man," said he, with a careless laugh; "there's no harm in asking."

The next day I put on my best suit, and went to Sunnyside, at an hour when I knew she would be at home. I opened the studio-door without her seeing or hearing me: she was going through her exercises, and I was touched with the look of care and pained anxiety in her young lovely face. She seemed to be striving to overcome despondency.

When she caught sight of me, she laid down her violin, and met me with a bright open smile, and both hands held out. She was pleased to see me. My heart rose.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come early!" she cried. "I cannot get on with that ritornello. Now you will show me. Why, I declare you have forgotten your violin."

"I have not come to teach this morning," said I. "Did not your father tell you——?"

"Oh, yes!" she said quietly, the smile dying suddenly as she seated herself; "yes, he told me; but I—I——"

"You forgot all about it," said I: "that is what I thought, and if I did not love you very sincerely, I should not remind you of my purpose after that, I dare say."

"I wish you wouldn't speak of it, Mr. Holderness," she said, with some agitation; "it's very embarrassing, and it's—it's no good. I know you have only the very truest and kindest of motives; I know you were considering my happiness quite as much as your own, but for all that, I cannot be your wife."

"Will you tell me why?"

"It is because—I don't wish to hurt you—but—I cannot love you. There is no friend in the whole world," she hastened to add, "whom I love half so well, and it would be the cruellest blow we could receive if you ceased to come here. It is always pleasant when you are here. I look forward to your coming, just as I should if Joan were away for a day, and were returning—but I cannot love you in any other way."

"Some marry who do not love so well as that."

She knew what I meant. The colour mounted to her temples as she bent her head.

"Some marry," I continued, "who neither love nor are truly loved. But you know that my love is deep and sincere."

"I know you love me better than others do," said she, without raising her head, "though why, I cannot tell."

"Others love you only for your beauty, perhaps?"

"That is it," she said quickly. "If you do not love me for my beauty, I cannot tell why you love me better than Cicely or Joan. Joan has more sense, and Cicely is steadier, and both have the most lovable dispositions, and are ten times less selfish and more industrious than I ever can be."

"That may be," said I. "I only know that I love you as I can love none other, and that you can make me the happiest man in the world."

"Oh, no!" she cried, "I can never make you happy. I am vain, and idle, and careless—it used to vex me when Joan told me of my faults, but it wouldn't have vexed me if it had not been the truth. Even papa has said that he pities the man who is to be my husband—and so do I"—she paused, then added, with a little laugh, "sometimes!"

"That is all nonsense. All these things will change, and your husband will be the most happy of men, for you will love him in the time to come."

"No, no—no, no. I have never loved any one. I don't think I ever shall love any one but myself. I have no heart."

"You tell me that with the tears in your eyes, and ask me to believe it," said I, my own eyes filling to see hers.

"Oh! in any case, I could not marry you," said she. "If I loved you I would try to have the courage not to marry you."

"That is absurd!"

"No, no; not at all. You don't know how I hate work, and poverty, and plain clothes, and how I love luxury and extravagance, and everything that is bad. In trying to gratify my tastes you would ruin yourself, and what happiness could there be for us then? It's the best thing that could happen to me—to have no love. I shall marry for position. That is the truth. I dare say I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I am now and then," she added, with a laugh, as she brushed her tears away. "I tell you all this to show you how impossible it is that I should be your wife. The greatest desire I have is to be a woman of the world."

"Then Heaven help you, my child!" said I, deeply moved.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MADGE a woman of the world! she who loved children, and birds, and kittens, and young creatures of all sorts, who wept over romances, who was the prey of beggars, and could never see through the importunity of the most bare-faced trader upon feminine credulity—she a woman of the world! It seemed impossible.

Nevertheless, before the end of the month (June) she accepted Mr. Motley's offer of marriage.

That was anything but a day of rejoicing. When I called in the afternoon, I found Joan and Cicely sitting in the studio with their needlework. Joan's handkerchief was in her lap. I could see that they had both been crying.

"Where is Madge?" I asked, with a feeling that what I dreaded had come to pass.

"She is up-stairs—she is not very well to-day. I don't think she can take her lesson."

"What has happened?" I asked.

"She has accepted Mr. Motley," said Joan, striving to keep the tears down. Cicely caught sight of her sister's quivering lips, and turning away, covered her face with her hands: she was particularly sensitive, and the sight of another crying had the same effect upon her that it has upon children—it made her cry too. She was not like Joan, whose grief was the result of deep reflection.

"He asked her yesterday, and she consented this morning without saying a word to us until it was done, and could not be undone," said Joan. "She was unusually thoughtful and quiet last night—though, poor dear, she has been thoughtful enough for weeks past. I feared it."

"Where is your father?" I asked.

"Gone out—he is so sensitive—he cannot work when he sees us out of spirits." The girls always found an excuse for their father, where I could find none.

"No," thought I, "he'll leave you to weep alone, rather than try to comfort you; he can't work when you are suffering, but he *won't* work to save you from it," and then, when I thought how this calamity might have been averted, had he only stuck steadily to his work for a week—how he might have got a couple of hundred pounds for the second portrait of Madge, given Motley his congee, paid his bills, taken his family to Margate for a week, and set them up in new health and spirits—when I thought of all this, I felt so exasperated, that had it been in my power, I would have condemned Potter to turn a mill for the rest of his life. However, I said nothing, and endeavoured to conceal what I felt, for the poor girls needed no aggravation of their sorrow, and I saw that my better course was to put the best face on the matter.

During the past weeks I had done all I could honestly do to damage Mr. Motley's cause; I had made inquiries respecting his character, his position, and his antecedents, with the hope of learning something to his disadvantage; but no one had a bad word to say for him: he had made a fine position by sheer hard work and perseverance. And so, having failed to find anything against him, it was but fair that I should say what I knew in his favour, and now was the time to speak up.

"Mr. Motley is an excellent man," said I. "He is open-hearted and free-handed. You do not know half the good he does, for he makes no boast of his generosity. It is natural to him to give, albeit he has worked, and still works, hard for all that he gives. That is a good character——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Joan; "no one can speak ill of him, and if Madge only loved him, there would be nothing to regret. But she does not love him, and she has sacrificed herself for us."

"You must not let her see that you think that, and the best way is not to think it yourselves. For my own part," said I, speaking as if I meant what I said, "I am not so sure that she has made a sacrifice. If she loved any one else, it would be a different matter, but she does not, and I do not think she ever will. And it's well it is so. For had she loved a poor man," I continued, recalling the arguments poor Madge herself had made, "she must have ruined him, with her love of luxury and extravagance; and what happiness would there have been for her then? No—it is clear, she must marry for position—any one can see that she was born to be a woman of the world: and if she must marry a prince, why, she is to be congratulated on having found one with a good heart and a long purse. It will never do to treat this as a misfortune. Come, Cicely, have you settled what will become you best as a bridesmaid?"

"Yes," she replied, "I have been thinking of that; but I don't see the use of putting on beautiful dresses if we're all going in tears."

"But you're not going in tears—you will not be so stupid or so unkind."

"No," said Joan; "we must look at the bright side."

And so we did, but we could not forget that the dark side was there.

I had never made myself particularly agreeable to Mr. Motley, and he was shrewd enough to see that I was no friend; but it made no difference to him—a successful man can be magnanimous without effort; he went placidly on his own way, taking no more notice of my possible opposition than if he had been an ox, and I a frog in his path. However, with the hope of making it more comfortable for the girls, I now put myself about to please Mr. Motley, and in consequence, when the family were invited to spend a few days at Streatly, I was asked to join them.

"Come," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, when I hesitated to reply—not seeing how I was to get away from my work. "Come. When you think that it is to give pleasure to Madge, as well as to me, you will not refuse to be with us."

He showed great tact at this time, and more delicacy than I should have expected, considering his rough and uncultivated nature. It seemed to me that he was even more careful in his approaches to Madge, now that she had consented to be his wife, than before. He could see that Madge had no love for him; he knew that she was marrying for position; she must have told him that, for she was too honest to conceal her motives or to let him mistake them; and he was wise enough to understand that he must win her respect and stimulate her affection little by little, in order to procure finally that love which was to make them mutually happy. We liked him more for this,

and brightened up with the thought that, after all, their marriage was not a calamity.

It was arranged that the visit should be made the following week—the party leaving London in the afternoon, in time to arrive at Streatly for dinner. This gave the girls plenty of occupation in preparing dinner dresses for the occasion; there was a good deal of speculation as to the kind of people they should meet, but that which gave them most concern was their father's appearance. It would never do for him to take his place at the table among well-dressed people in that dreadful old jacket and those shabby trousers; yet, how was he to be persuaded to change this attire for one more in harmony with the conventionalities of society, which he so affected to despise? Potter himself answered that question by appearing in the studio one afternoon in a dress suit, borrowed from a clothes-dealer in Long Acre, and differing from ordinary suits only in carrying with it a pungent odour of benzine.

"How will that do, girls?" he asked, pulling his wristbands into view, and glancing at himself in the glass with as much satisfaction as a child with a new sash.

The girls were delighted. They made him some white ties, sprinkled him well with lavender water, and so flattered him that be became rather more vain of his appearance as a gentleman than he had been with his get-up as an artist.

I could not get away from my engagement on Thursday, but early on Friday morning I arrived at Streatly. A trap was waiting for me at the railway station, with a man to drive me, and a boy in a smart little livery to take care of my portmanteau. The pony rattled over the ground as if our weight were nothing. The quick motion, the fresh hay-scented air, the glimpses of the river here over the hedges and there through the beech woods, the bright sunlight, all served to animate me with cheerful feelings and hopes. "This is better than Highgate," said I to myself. "Madge will be happy." We drove up a broad avenue of fir-trees, and then through a handsome garden to Fairlawn House. As the chaise stopped a maid-servant opened the door. I followed her through the house, and, casting my eyes to the right and left on my way, I caught sight of marble floors, old oak furniture, walls decorated with antlers and pictures, and through an open door a room furnished with the utmost luxury, and looking upon a conservatory full of bright flowers and graceful ferns. At the end of the vestibule was a flight of steps, by which one descended to a wide-spreading lawn, bordered with flower-beds. Two grand cedars stood on the lawn like protecting giants. It was all very grand and very beautiful at the same time; indeed, I can think of nothing more agreeable to the eye than the view of the lawn, smooth and soft as velvet, the river beyond, and on the other side of the water the beech-covered hills rising sombre and still against the gay sky, with its fleeting summer clouds.

My friends were crossing the lawn—there was Madge in a light dress, and with her hands full of flowers, and by her side Mr. Motley, in a grey morning suit, looking redder and more portly than ever; Cicely and Joan, very neat and pretty in their new dresses, and Potter in his tail-coat, which he wore in and out of season, because it was comfortable, he declared, though, in fact, I believe he was ashamed to be seen now in his old jacket.

"Ah! here he is," they cried, catching sight of me, and we hastened to meet. I knew by the way they shook my hand that they were all very happy and well pleased.

We went in to breakfast (it was now striking nine), and Madge took her place at the head of the table, opposite Mr. Motley. It was a plain but handsome room, the decoration was simple, but in excellent taste, Mr. Motley having bought furniture with the house just as it had been left by a nobleman, whose wife is a leader of fashion, and this simplicity was intended, no doubt, to give value to the richness of the table and its appointments. And, truly, that deserved attention, with its glass and silver glittering amidst a profusion of flowers. Certainly I had never seen anything to equal that repast, which it seemed absurd to call a breakfast. If I had been told that it was a dinner, I should have said, "And a very fine dinner too," and not have known the difference, except that there certainly was tea or coffee for those who liked to drink it. It was quite embarrassing to know what to choose from such a collection, and poor Joan, who is naturally timid, I saw was afraid of choosing anything, for fear of committing a solecism before the two gorgeous men-servants who waited upon us. But to see the grand airs Potter gave himself in rejecting the things offered him, and sending the servants for things at the other end of the table, you would have said he had been weaned upon luxuries, and had footmen to order about every day, notwithstanding that his coat could be smelt on the other side of the table. How different the behaviour of him—nay, of us all—betraying our humble station in a dozen particulars palpable to the servants—how different, I say, were we to Madge, who presided over the table with a quiet dignity and self-command that we tried, in vain, to copy. She seemed conscious of her proud position as future mistress of the house, and it gave a becoming air of authority to a face which was never wanting in nobility and grace. Mr. Motley's eye dwelt upon her with exultation, and he had reason to congratulate himself, for a princess in Madge's place could not have commanded more respect and admiration.

After breakfast, I was taken into the drawing-room, the library, and the reception-room, Cicely and Joan pointing out one beautiful thing after another, Potter nudging me now and then, and jerking his head sidelong at something particularly artistic or rich, and Madge looking on with a smile of satisfaction and pleasure. As for me, my replies to their remarks and my comments on all these objects of art and luxury were nothing more than a string of interjections. I had seen nothing so magnificent before.

Then I was taken into the coach-house, and shown the phaeton, the brougham, the brake, the gig, and the little carriage in which I had been fetched from the

railway station ; it was like a coach-builder's store-room, everything so neat and so beautifully kept. And thence we went into the stables, where even Mr. Motley grew enthusiastic in admiring the points of his horses.

"It is no wonder," thought I, "that Madge prefers this to the little cottage in Brixton, which was the utmost I could have offered her."

It was decided that we should go for a drive in the brake; the girls went up to change their dresses, and we men sat down by a table set on the lawn in the shade of the cedars. There were decanters, glasses, and boxes of cigars.

"Do as I do," said Motley, with a cigar between his thick lips : "help yourselves." Then turning his merry little eyes on me, he said, "Well, Mr. Holderness, do you find the frame good enough?"

I knew what he meant.

"It is suitable to the picture," I replied, "and that is saying a great deal."

"You're right," said he, with a fat little laugh, and stretching his legs out with an air of satisfaction. "The whole thing is what you would call in harmony, Mr. Potter? Well, that's what I have been going for —it's the object I've had before me these twenty years. I've worked hard for it, and I've waited my time. An imprudent man would have made a dash for it long before. That's not my way. My system is to play for high pools, but never with more than I can cover. Yes ; with such a wife as Madge, I think I can defy the country to show a finer establishment."

Potter replied in support of this view, but I said nothing. I was sorry to hear the man speak in this way, for it showed that he valued Madge only as a chattel which would serve to gratify his ambition to be envied. I tried, however, to put another construction on his words; nevertheless, they dwelt in my mind, and I was sorry he had said them.

Potter had contrived to turn the conversation into another channel, and was discoursing upon art—a subject which, to give him his due, he knew more about than that of making money ; and Motley, leaning back in the roomy garden-seat, was looking down towards the river with his little eyes half closed, his thoughts, I believe, following their own current, though he pretended to be listening to Potter, when a boat, with two ladies in the stern-seat and a gentleman in boating costume rowing, came into sight. Mr. Motley opened his eyes with a look of astonishment. The gentleman shipped an oar, and, the boat gliding up to the steps by the boat-house, he put out a boat-hook and brought it to a stand. Mr. Motley raised himself in his seat, looked at the ground a moment reflectively, then rising, said, "Excuse me," and left us.

Mr. Motley walked down the lawn rapidly, for him, but before he reached the steps the gentleman had landed and was helping the ladies to land. There was hand-shaking, a short discussion, and then the party turned their faces towards us and slowly approached. At that moment I heard the girls' voices, and Madge, with her sisters, came down the steps from the house.

Seeing visitors, timid Joan would have returned into the house, but Madge would not allow her, and they joined us at the table, and sat down while the party were still at some distance, the ascent being steep. We saw them distinctly, the two ladies between Mr. Motley and the gentleman. The ladies were fashionably and elegantly dressed : they were mother and daughter. The elder lady may have been forty-five : she was a spare, rather hard-faced lady, but handsome ; I fancied I had seen her before, though for the time I could not think where. The younger was twenty-six at the most, rather short, but well-proportioned and graceful in her movements ; she was dark and handsome, but her beauty was the very opposite to that of Madge, for her skin was colourless, her eyes were long and narrow, and there was a languid indifference in her expression which is common enough in public performers. I have seen many girls like her, but I have admired none, nor have I known any of that type who were liked or trusted by their professional associates, albeit they have exercised considerable fascination over the gentlemen in the stalls. The gentleman by her side stood a head and shoulders higher than she—a fine, healthy young man, with a fair face and a good moustache, strong well-cut features, and a large but well-shaped mouth, that showed his teeth when he laughed, and blue eyes full of good-humour and life. He had a capital broad white forehead, and an open expression of countenance that spoke of wholesome tastes, fearlessness, and generous temper. His boating dress became him well, but, handsome though he was, there was no sign of foppery or affectation—he looked too strong for such feeble vanity. I liked him at once, and felt that the more I knew him the more I should like him. He looked at us as he drew near without any great degree of interest, but when his eyes fell upon Madge he stopped suddenly, with an expression of astonishment such as you may see in the face of an old friend whom you meet unexpectedly in a strange place. But the look of astonishment and wonder remained on his face as he drew near.

"Mrs. and Miss Borrodale—Miss Goddard," said Mr. Motley, taking Madge's hand significantly ; "Miss Goddard—Mr. Harlowe."

Madge bowed, but Mr. Harlowe, overcoming his astonishment, held out his hand, and said, with a bright smile—

"Pardon me, Miss Goddard, I think I have known you for quite two months."

It was now the turn of Madge to look astonished.

"It is true, Madge," said Mr. Motley, with a hearty laugh : "this is my partner, Harlowe, who fell in love with your portrait on the first day of the Academy."

I remembered Mrs. Borrodale now. It was she who criticised "L'Allegro" so absurdly, and who lunched with Mr. Motley in the refreshment-room ; and at the same instant I recalled how Mr. Motley held a tall gentleman in conversation with his back to us as we were leaving our table.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE Goddards returned to Highgate on the Tuesday or Wednesday of the following week. I, who had been compelled to leave Fairlawn on the Saturday, had much to learn on Thursday when I called on them.

Joan was thoroughly restored to good health, and all looked better for their holiday except Madge. She looked troubled and anxious, and was silent while the rest drowned each other's voices, so much had they to tell. There had been a constant succession of amusements. They had been to a regatta, a lawn-tennis party; they had boated and driven, pic-nicked in the woods, and I know not what form of enjoyment had been neglected.

"And Mr. Harlowe?" I said, when I was allowed to speak.

"Oh! he has been with us everywhere, hasn't he, Madge?"

Madge, inclining her head, turned away, and occupied herself in arranging the pile of music on the piano.

"He lives quite near, you know, in a delightful old house—that is, he goes down there occasionally—a delightful, quaint old place——"

"Early Tudor," put in Potter.

"Strange that Mr. Motley said nothing about it!" I observed.

"Oh! he told us that Mr. Harlowe had taken a country house—don't you remember?—and he did not know that Mr. Harlowe was there."

"It was quite by accident that he was. He had arranged to go on the Continent with a friend, but that fell through somehow, and then Mrs. Borrodale and her daughter—hateful thing! isn't she, Joan?—well, they had taken a cottage at Goring for a month, and they asked Mr. Harlowe to come down and introduce them to some of the people he knows there, and that's how it was, you know."

"THE PARTY TURNED THEIR FACES TOWARDS US AND SLOWLY APPROACHED" (*p.* 488).

"Miss Borrodale is the young lady Mr. Harlowe is engaged to?" I suggested.

"He is not engaged to her."

"Then that is not the young lady Mr. Motley alluded to."

"Yes, it is. She would like to marry Mr. Harlowe, of course."

"I should think she would!"

"But he's not likely to marry her—a sly, deceitful, affected, sallow little thing. She would be glad enough to get Mr. Motley; and I'm sure she fancies she could get him, for she's as jealous as possible of Madge—isn't she, Madge?"

"I have never thought it worth while to consider," said Madge quietly.

"Well, she must be ready to die with vexation—to think that she's been playing fast and loose with Mr. Motley, in the hope of catching Mr. Harlowe, and then to find that she has lost both."

"How has she lost both?" I asked. "Has she not the same chance of winning Mr. Harlowe that she had before Mr. Motley engaged himself?"

There was a pause after this. Nobody seemed able to reply. It seemed to me that perhaps no one liked to say what was in their thoughts. To me that silence was full of very serious import.

"Weren't you surprised when Mr. Harlowe was introduced?" asked Cicely, her thoughts quickly running into a new channel.

"Yes, I think we were all surprised. Mr. Motley led us to imagine that his partner was like himself."

"That is quite true," said Madge, in a tone of resentment.

"I think we deceived ourselves," said Joan, in her prudent tone; "because Mr. Motley is a tallow-melter, we thought his partner must resemble him—though he told us that Mr. Harlowe was a sleeping partner."

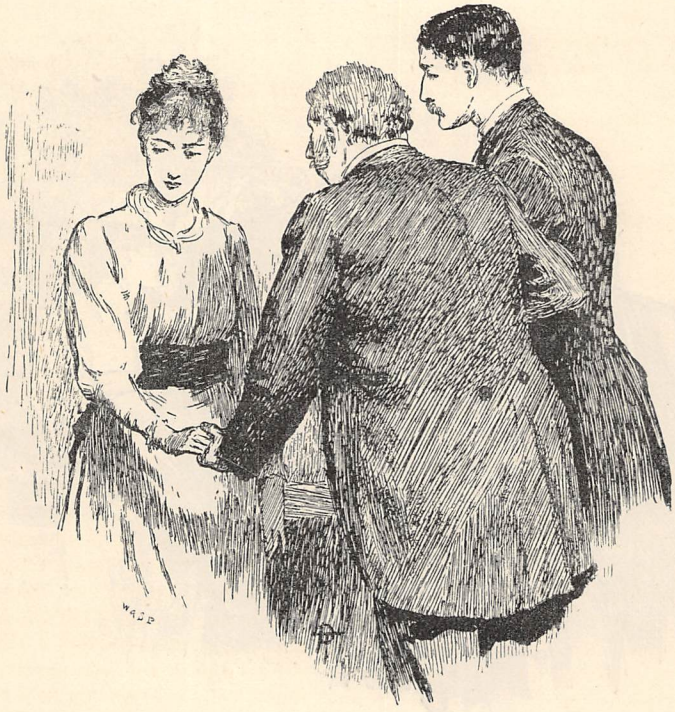
"I always thought that a sleeping partner was one who was too old to do anything else," said Cicely.

"Joan is right," said I. "Mr. Motley never told us that his partner was middle-aged or like himself."

"Except in the particular that they were both old bachelors, and animated by the same spirit of rivalry—which is false," said Madge sharply.

"That is a hard word, Madge," said Joan. "Mr. Harlowe might buy horses and houses, without any idea of outvying his partner, yet Mr. Motley might really suspect him of that motive without seeing any harm in the spirit of rivalry, or wishing to detract from Mr. Harlowe's merit. As for saying that they were both old bachelors, that is a pleasantry which we ourselves are guilty of—talking about our being old maids without actually believing anything of the kind."

"Wasn't it odd that he never told Mr. Harlowe that Madge was the original of the picture he had fallen in love with?" asked Cicely.



"HE TOOK MADGE'S HAND AND PUT IT IN HARLOWE'S" (*p.* 492).

"Why should he tell Mr. Harlowe that?" said Joan.

"Why should he not?" asked Madge.

"For my part," said Potter, "I don't blame Motley a bit. A man's not bound to proclaim from the house-top to all possible rivals that he thinks of marrying a beautiful girl named so-and-so, who can be seen at such-and-such a place. I dare say he foresaw the consequences of introducing a handsome careless young fellow like that—precious unpleasant consequences too, for him, and I'm only surprised that he showed so much tolerance and good temper, with Harlowe dangling about, paying attentions to Madge, and cutting him out generally. Nice thing," he continued, turning to me—"nice thing for Motley to sit there, and see his partner monopolising Madge best part of the evening."

"Well, he couldn't monopolise her himself," said Cicely, thinking to make matters better.

I wished to turn the conversation; but it was too

late. I had raised the storm, and could not lay it. Madge rose from the music-stool, put the music on the piano, and left the room hurriedly.

There was a long silence. Joan and Cicely glanced at each other, Potter looked gloomily out of the window; presently turning round, he said—

"Look here, Holderness: Madge has a tremendously high opinion of you, and will be more likely to take your advice than any one else's. Couldn't you persuade her to get this young Harlowe out of her head, and point out the folly of offending Motley by a stupid flirtation that can come to nothing?"

"No," said I, "I can't do that; and it isn't necessary that I should try to persuade her either one way or the other. Madge is a good girl, and thoughtless as she may be in many things, she will not go wrong from want of reflection, in a case like this. If she has no love for Mr. Harlowe, she will see him no more, and will marry Mr. Motley; but if a real love has sprung up in her heart for him, she will not marry Mr. Motley—and Heaven forbid any word of mine should cause her to do otherwise."

"Between two stools one comes to the ground," groaned Potter, "and then farewell to Intimidads and a princely establishment. I'll speak to her myself."

"Good!" thought I. "If you speak to her in that strain, you will strengthen her resolution to do right."

I saw it would be a terrible time for Madge. She had to decide whether she loved or not, and then to choose between sacrificing herself or the interests of her family; but I felt confident that principle would help her through the difficulty, and lead her to overcome triumphantly the claims of false sentiment.

The next morning Mr. Harlowe called at Sunnyside, and asked to see Madge. She had not left her room, and this was her excuse for not giving him an interview. In the afternoon Mr. Motley came; Madge sent down a message, saying that she was indisposed, and begging him to excuse her, at the same time hoping that she should be well enough to see him the next day. In the evening she saw her father, listened patiently to all he had to say, and promised to do nothing but what she felt to be right.

"That's very proper, of course," replied Potter—"but you are not going to break off your engagement with Motley for the sake of anybody who, for all you know, may have no serious intention whatever?"

"If I do not marry Mr. Motley, I shall marry no one," replied Madge calmly.

That was not what Potter wanted.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the following day, Mr. Harlowe again called; he was shown into the sitting-room, and told that Miss Goddard would come down. And presently Madge went down, with a feeling of giddy faintness, she tells me, that obliged her to stay at the foot of the stairs, holding the banisters, for some minutes. When the sickness passed off, she opened the door, and found herself alone with Mr. Harlowe. He was simply dressed, in the plain summer walking suit of an ordinary gentleman—he did not seek to dazzle her with display; there were no restless horses and fine carriage outside—he wore no diamond studs or rings—he looked simply an honest English gentleman. He inquired about her health, he chatted about Streatly, and then, when he saw she was composed, he opened the subject that had brought him there.

"You will say that I am precipitate in asking for an interview, after so short an acquaintance," he began, "but I am sure you will see that it is best for all of us that there should be no reserve in speaking, but that we should understand each other plainly, and decide our course at once, and for good and all. For me, especially, it is necessary to take my time while time is lent me;" he smiled, and continued—"I have come to make you an offer of marriage."

"You know that I am engaged to Mr. Motley," said Madge.

"Yes; and he knows that I am here at this moment asking you to break that engagement. He has known from the day I bought your portrait that if I met you I should try to make you my wife, and he had that risk before him when he forestalled me. If he were my brother, I would not hesitate to say what I am saying now—I love you. If I were sure that he loved you as deeply as I love you, I would ask you to choose between us. If you love me, you will be my wife; if you do not, I will not seek to make you mine, nor will I encourage my love, or help to lessen your love for another."

This seemed very honest and good, to Madge. It was straightforward and manly; there was no false delicacy, no love-sick appeal to her consideration for his feelings; no fine words or high-sounding rhapsodies—just the plain honest truth, and an appeal to her understanding to do what was right, according to her heart and principle. She could not think how she was to answer him; but when he said, "Can you love me?" she replied—

"You must not ask me that. I can only tell you that I cannot be your wife."

At that moment a carriage rattled up the road, and stopped before the house. Then the servant hurried up the passage to open the door to the visitor, whose generosity she valued. Mr. Motley entered, and was about to go up to the studio, when the door of the sitting-room opened, and he saw his partner Harlowe, hat in hand, and Madge as white as marble in the background.

"Well, how is it decided?" asked the stout tallow-melter.

"I have asked Miss Goddard, and she has refused me," answered Harlowe.

"Oh! then now it is my turn to speak," said Mr. Motley, and taking his partner's arm, he closed the door and turned to Madge.

"My dear child," said he, still holding Harlowe's arm, but laying the other hand affectionately upon Madge's shoulder, "you must think seriously before you decide on a question like this—a question which is to decide your happiness for some forty or fifty years. Think well, and decide according to your sense of right. Consider yourself quite free—put me for the time out of your mind—act as if there were no

engagement between us; for virtually that exists no longer. When I proposed to you, I knew that you were not in love with me; when you accepted, you told me candidly that you were marrying for position. You fancied you could be a woman of the world, and for the moment I thought so too. But I think so no longer. I have watched you closely during the past week, and I see that you have a heart that may bring you long years of misery. I do not desire that. If you have given your heart to Phil here, give him your hand as well, and may God bless you both!"

With that, he took Madge's hand and put it in Harlowe's; and Madge had not the strength to take it away—indeed, she had not the strength to stand, so over-wrought was she by emotion, and had Philip not taken her in his arms, she must have fallen.

We all thought that Mr. Motley was the most generous and the best of men that day; but it struck me that, if he had read Madge's character so thoroughly, he must have seen that she would have refused to be his wife, as she had refused to be Philip Harlowe's.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

AN APOSTLE OF MUSIC.

HULLAH should ever be an honoured name in English musical annals. "And why?" some one will ask. Because fifty years ago this country was in a state of comparative musical darkness, and the one who did most to help us through it was John Hullah, born at Worcester in 1812. We all know what is implied now-a-days in the term "musical England," and if we are not quite what Sir Julius Benedict once declared us to be—the most musical nation in the world—we may at least console ourselves with the belief that we are getting on that way. For this happy condition we are much indebted to the great propagandist of quavers and crotchets, whose work has gone hand-in-hand with many other civilising influences—painting and literature, for instance—which have marked the last half of this century.

From the pleasant memoir which has recently appeared,* many a home in which, twenty-five years ago, Hullah was quite a household word, will now learn for the first time more than it knew before of this worthy populariser of music. And we ought to remember all we can of such a one. There is a tendency that, amid the bustle of musical circles, the name of the promoter of much of what now is artistically and financially a large item in our social economics, may disappear and lose itself in the labyrinth of musicians—native and foreign—who are here mainly as the result of the labour and asseverations of this apostle of the musical art. But for Hullah the present musical taste would not be what it is: we should have fewer musical minds, no gigantic choruses and thousands of young voices forming the very backbone of our musical societies and gatherings; while it is hard to say what would have become of the "old notation" in music amid the puncturings of numerous competing methods, had not Hullah held on to it until he had trained the nation to realise its full merit and superiority over all so-called "improved" systems of notation.

Hullah showed no special aptitude for music early in life. He used to sit up and snuff the candles while his schoolmaster fiddled away as most village schoolmasters did fiddle, and when home for his holidays he would now and then indulge in the first bars of that even then not unknown strain, "God Save the King," but he had often been praised for not attempting the second part of the tune! He seems, however, to have had a turn for genealogical rummaging which might have made him a useful official at the College of Arms, and he could trace a connection with Palestrina (1514) in a manner which any heraldic searcher might well envy. From John Danby, a distinguished professor of his maternal grandfather's day, "my mother," says Hullah, "had her first lessons in singing, and through him I have a connection with Palestrina, for Danby was a pupil of Domenico Corri, Corri of Alessandro Scarlatti, Scarlatti of Carissimi, and Carissimi of Palestrina."

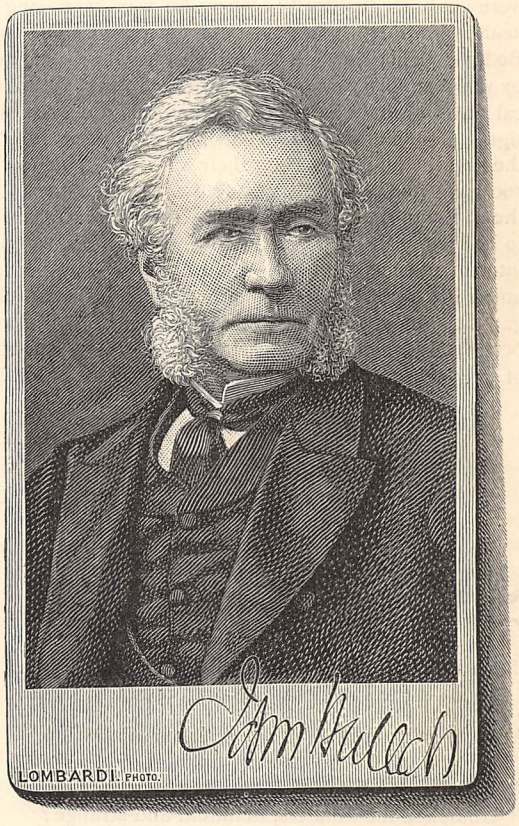
Yet nobody suggested the calling of a musician as a vocation when young Hullah left school, and no very clear reason is given for his not being a lawyer, architect, civil engineer, or one other of the professions. What is really certain is that in 1829 he became a pupil of Horsley, the celebrated glee-writer, and in 1832 he had entered as a student at the Royal Academy of Music—staying there for about two years, chiefly because of the excellent singing instruction that was being given by Crivelli—"in his art," says Hullah, "*ultimus Romanorum;* slightly accomplished as a musician, but in all that concerns the formation and delivery of the voice transcendent."

It was about 1838—40, soon after his marriage, that Hullah awoke to what was to be his life's mission. "About this time," he says, "the idea of forming a school for popular instruction in vocal music first dawned upon my mind. Something similar had before this occurred to two or three persons—to a Mr. Hickson, an amateur, and possibly to others, for it will be found that such schemes are never quite solitary. Rumours of the work of a German musician, Mainzer, in Paris, had early reached my ears; but a second visit to that capital had proved that they had come to nothing, and that neither classes nor any fruits of Mainzer's teaching had maintained an existence. It was during this second visit that I first heard of Wilhem, whose books, classes, &c., were already beginning to excite notice."

* "Life of John Hullah," by his widow. Longman & Co.

Hullah saw at once that the Wilhem method was the plan for him to work upon in the realisation of his great scheme for spreading music among the people, or, in other words, of musically educating England. This great enterprise he deemed could be best accomplished by making music a subject of teaching in elementary schools. But a formidable obstacle presented itself in the fact that the school-teachers themselves were deplorably ignorant of music. The Normal School for schoolmasters had just been opened at Battersea—the only school of its kind then existing in England—and among its occupants only "two or three had any knowledge of music, and as many any voice or apparent knowledge of the subject." This was a state of artistic barbarism which Hullah would have been excused had he shuddered at. It indicates, too, the scope that existed for the energies of the "Apostle of Music," as he was coming to be termed. Hullah began on the Training School students; he gave his first lesson there on February 18, 1840, and from that day dates the great musical movement in England—a movement that has done so much to benefit each one of us, that has raised us morally and intellectually, that has changed the whole face of public amusements in this country, and has given to all classes an element of education only inferior to that which is afforded by literature itself. That the country is better for all this, nobody doubts. No one lives for whom music is a thing of indifference. It affects all, no matter what the grade of life may be; our social and religious life is wrapped up in it; and the more we have of it in-doors and out of doors, the better shall we all be for it.

The Hullah-Wilhem method soon got outside the walls of the Battersea Training College. The work was already growing, and it was evident that something should be done in London. Accordingly, Exeter Hall was seized upon, and here Mr. Hullah opened a school for the instruction of schoolmasters of day and Sunday schools in vocal music. There was a preliminary lecture on February 4, 1841, at which Mr. Charles Greville, of the "Memoirs" fame, and Mr. Sydney Smith were present; so too was Lord Lansdowne, who took up the idea readily, for he saw that musical education was a neutral ground on which all parties—those most divided—might agree. The effect of this meeting was magical. Schoolmasters and the general public flocked to Exeter Hall to obtain instruction, while country musical professors came in shoals to learn the system, and to carry home with them certificates that they were qualified to teach it. Classes accredited and non-accredited sprang up in and near London and throughout the provinces, at many of which Hullah lectured with such success that no less than 50,000 pupils were in the singing classes he had established, and this in the space of twelve months. Already, indeed, the scheme was developing itself beyond all anticipation. The educational and social aspects of such a movement were readily apparent to keen-sighted men like the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, Keble, Lords Lansdowne and Wharncliffe—the latter of whom soon saw the necessity of appealing to the House of Lords in favour of granting financial aid to the movement as a recognised branch of national education. King's College, too, opened its doors to the classes, and the Charterhouse, Merchant Taylors', Eton, and Winchester followed in the wake. Meanwhile Exeter Hall was proving too small for the thousands that flocked to it. From his elementary classes Mr. Hullah formed two schools, an upper and a lower, and commenced giving concerts in Exeter Hall, the members of his upper school forming his chorus, and the orchestra being completed by professional singers



THE LATE JOHN HULLAH, LL.D.

and instrumentalists. Remarkable among these performances were four historical concerts illustrating in chronological order the rise and progress of English vocal music.

In 1847 matters reached a climax. Something bigger than Exeter Hall was needed, so Mr. Hullah's friends and supporters banded together and built for him St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre. Three years afterwards it was opened, and then and there began a series of performances of unknown works, old and new, all involving the introduction of vocal and instrumental soloists, many of whom made their *début* there, and have since become established favourites in this country—performances to which may doubtless be traced much of the now all but universal study of music by every class in England. For ten years the great teacher worked

mind and body for the cause he had at heart. This, indeed, was the period of Hullah's greatest activity, and was only abruptly terminated by the fire which left the hall a ruin, and administered to him a blow from which he never really recovered. Nevertheless, he still clung to his work, and in 1861 was lecturing on the "History of Modern Music" at the Royal Institution. Later on (1865) we see him competing unsuccessfully with [Sir] Herbert Oakeley for the Reid professorship at Edinburgh, and in 1870 he was appointed to the post of conductor to the orchestral and choral concerts of the Royal Academy of Music. There were yet other institutions where he was exercising a healthy musical influence. At Queen's College and Bedford College, where his services had been secured by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Hullah formed the musical tastes of many ladies who afterwards rendered him signal help in his cause, and many of whom are at the present time exercising their musical influence in society. As conductor, too, of the annual concert of the Metropolitan Schools at the Crystal Palace he was to be seen, year after year, throwing his whole energies into the musical life of the thousands of young lungs under his *bâton*. And, as he now aged, he was delegated to a post for which no better man could have been found—being appointed (1872) by the Committee of Council on Education, Inspector of Training Schools for the United Kingdom. The post was a crowning-point in the life of such a labourer as Hullah. He held it to his death (1884), and his reports during that period are valuable enough. No educationist could turn from them without the conviction that music is an indispensable factor in the school curriculum—especially in the schools of the poorer classes who are without the art's refining influence in their homes. Hullah foresaw that the musical education of the masses while children would be an incalculable boon to the social status of England, and had Parliament followed him closely in giving effect to many of the suggestions he so strenuously urged, we should have less cause to regret that so small a result should be shown year by year in return for the Government musical grant. Yet, it is not too late for the Education Department to take to heart Hullah's 1880 report, the last this honest son of art ever wrote. Four years later he passed away, leaving behind him a fame which two of his songs, "The Storm" and "The Three Fishers," will long preserve. The work to which he devoted his life—the spread of music among the people—goes on bearing fruit. And so it will; and in that work, or indeed in any work, we shall be all the better if we keep in mind Hullah's motto, the full significance of which we may be sure was ever present to him—*Per scalam ascendimus*.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

*** To this Poem was awarded the Prize of Five Guineas, offered for the best Poem on this subject.—ED.

SIRE of a hundred sons unborn! Emerging
From out the Future's vague and voiceless land,
Thou Unknown One, upon the Known now verging,
Soon on the Present's threshold thou wilt stand.

What dost thou bring in thy wide mantle folden,
What things of mystery, of chance, of change?
What secrets may in thy large hands be holden,
Unlooked-for wonders, manifold and strange?

Shall Science' strong wings, waxing ever stronger,
Outstrip thy march with vast impetuous flight?
Shall man's new art-devisings make thee longer,
His skill crowd into thee more joy, more light?

Say, shall thine advent be a new Beginning
For the sad, suffering, sorrowing human race?
Wilt thou bring any pause at all from sinning,
Will thy avatar be of Good, of Grace?

Will thy white robe, now spotless, show no staining
Of blood by War the murderous monster spilt?
Shall thine ear be unvexed by wailful plaining,
By knife-edged sounds of turmoil, strife, and guilt?

Shall the foul miscreant Vice, of guilt appalling,
Still grind souls into mire beneath his tread?
Shall ruined victims' blood, for vengeance calling,
Draw down the wrath of Heaven on thy head?

Shall Good prevail in thee, or Ill abounding,
Hurry the doom predicted from of old?
May it be thou shalt hear the Last Trump sounding,
The fiery awful End of all behold?

Shall to thee come a glorious renovation,
Will beings live with thee who shall not die?
Shall there be for thee wondrous consummation,
Thy years be blissful as were none gone by?

* * * * *

Why dost thou question me, poor puny mortal,
What boots it unto thee how I shall fare?
Thou shalt not pass with me my further portal,
No watchers for my coming shall be there.

To some of my first children thou'lt give greeting
It may be, but nor thou nor I may know
How soon into the Land of Shadows fleeting,
From whence they issue, thou art bound to go.

Then make thou friends of them, gifts taking, giving,
Which I will hold in charge when thou and they
Are to the place ordained for all the living,
From where thou now sojournest, gone away:

Set thou upon their brows some shining token
That shall be radiant when dust lies on thine,
Some grand deed done, some noble utterance spoken,
Give thou my children, I will make them mine.

KATHARINE S. MASTERS RAE.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: BY OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IF there is one feature more than another specially apparent in the every-day fashions of the moment in Paris it is simplicity.

The details are perfect, but there is nothing extravagant or bizarre, unless it be the height of the hats and bonnets. In the latter, the trimmings are all exactly in the middle and bolt upright, the apex crowned in nine cases out of ten with feathery grass.

Alpaca is very much worn—a good coarse substantial make that wears so well, you wonder we ever let it go out of fashion, for travelling at all events. Browns, greys, and sand-colours are the tones employed, and gowns made in this useful stuff have long draperies. Every Parisian lady has a foulard in her wardrobe, and most have more than one. In July, it is a material I can honestly recommend to the notice of my English readers; it is tough wear, does not catch the dirt, and does not, like cotton, require frequent introduction to the wash-tub, though it will stand cleaning very satisfactorily. A neutral-tinted foulard may be made to display many varieties of appearance, by a change of waistcoats and sashes, for here in Paris very broad sashes are the mode.

Plain stuffs and stripes are worn, but do not for a moment think that checks have been set aside. Some of the best-dressed women at recent out-door gatherings appeared in very ordinary black and white checks, and looked well too.

Everything must of course be *de suite*, and in this mania for harmony, the tops of boots are made of the same pattern and stuff as the dress, and with most gowns birds or flowers are sold to match for the hat or bonnet.

I cannot but think that the very wide stripes which are now being worn will be the means of sending stripes down into the second rank of fashion. I have seen many stuffs which have but two stripes in the width, and others so arranged that they form the top of a box-plait seven, eight, or twelve inches wide. The simplicity of which I spoke asserts itself particularly in the draping of skirts; most of them, however, continue to have some sort of foot-plaiting, which is only really visible as the wearer walks. The long draperies often open to the waist on one side, or perhaps two. The long over-skirt is caught up high on the right side in front, and falls in long full folds at the back. We hear that in England canvas is supposed to have had its day; it certainly has not in Paris. It is universally worn, often of a thin transparent make, and lined throughout with a colour, such as mushroom over pink, light brown over cardinal.

Looking round at any large assemblage, it would seem that every bodice worn in the morning has some sort of fulness in front; and a most dressy plan, and almost universal, is the introduction of a crêpe lisse or India muslin vest made full and coming from the neck to the edge of the basque, well below the waist. Such additions no longer end half-way down the bodice.

Do you remember the three Miss Kenwigs of Dickens's creation, and their three large Leghorn hats? Just such, with the same broad brims, are in fashion now, but they are tortured into varied forms, and some of the velvet and material hats are lined with Leghorn. Another return to old modes—the sleeves are distinct in pattern and colour from the bodice. The hair is turned up tremendously high, and rolled on one side, the other being filled in with a large tortoiseshell comb. Combs of many kinds, shapes, and sizes are often introduced into the coiffure. This season many of the woollen gowns, especially the steel-coloured ones, have been embroidered in steel beads; these are admitted as very full morning toilettes, so are the soft shot silks, in such combination of tones as blue shot with strawberry, or apricot shot with white.

Some of the new parasols are covered all over with puffings of net, while others in gauze have horizontal stripes of mixed Oriental colouring carried all round. If you are preparing for the autumn, which will be upon us next month, you may introduce a bunch of fruit on the parasol and on the hat or bonnet; an aigrette of currants or cherries is the acme of fashion. If I were asked to define the newest and most stylish make of French mantle, I should say a large and glorified habit-shirt, for they cover the back and front of the dress bodice, have no sleeves, and are loaded with beading and lace, which fall just below the waist.

I have purposely abstained from detailing some of the most expensive modes which obtain for full dress here. Guipure, embroidery in gold and silver covering all the front of the bodice and skirt, shaded velvets and lace so richly weighted with metal that they are really heavy, are all popular; but bengalines shaded in the breadths from light to dark are new and stylish, and I have seen a few barèges brought out this year—a revival of modes worn twenty years ago—treated in the same way with regard to shading.

Painted buttons, painted dresses, painted medallions on parasols, are novelties which open out opportunities to the artistically inclined. A few hours' work, and a very simple material becomes a costly one. Watteau scenes and Watteau *motifs* are the most popular. Many of the mother-of-pearl buttons have the monogram or family device wrought in gold. We are all seeking something new, something different from our neighbours and the common herd, so we turn all kinds of things to account. Among others a species—there are many—of coral, which is found in the Bahamas, has been made into bonnets. I think the idea originated in England, but it has been eagerly adopted in Paris, and brought to perfection. It is a very delicate lace-like fabric, which resembles rather

more sea-weed than anything which we have hitherto called coral. It is capable of being dyed, its natural tone is a pretty écru, and it bends easily. It is made up with aigrettes, of the same shade or in contrast, and is laid on the shape as it will go most naturally; I think it looks better off than on, and that it is more curious than beautiful from a millinery point of view.

We give two illustrations on the opposite page of toilettes that Parisiennes are wearing at their châteaux, or at their favourite spas. The elder lady's costume is one of the new embroidered cottons, that look as though made of silk, so rich is the effect. The embroidery shows well on the skirt, which is bordered with a kilting of a dark shade of brown, for that is the colour of the costume. The small paniers also display it, likewise the pretty mantelette with hood lined with shot-brown and red silk. The bonnet is brown crape, with red beads and aigrette. The square parasol is brown cotton net, with lace to match, both worked with dots of red chenille.

The younger lady, standing on the steps, wears a shot alpaca costume — pink and grey, with velvet bows of the latter colour. But this style of make, with its simple pointed tunic and tucked bodice, would also be suitable for zephyr or any other cotton material.

The straw hat is lined with dark grey velvet, and has a velvet bow with a few roses in front.

ROSES.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

If we ever do have hot weather, we certainly have a right to expect it in July, but even now people are wearing tailor-made gowns. I was looking on often this week at Vanity Fair disporting itself in Rotten Row, and certainly those soft grey beiges, and other woollen costumes of a light tone and texture, carry the day.

Fashion-books tell me that écru, sand-colour, string-colour, and kindred tones are the most worn, but judging from my own experience I should say light tones of grey carry the day. Woollen dresses may be inexpensive in themselves, but not so when you come to have them well made and trimmed as they are now with velvet collars and cuffs. In having such dresses — indeed, any dresses — made, I should recommend a jacket bodice that can be worn with movable waistcoats, which can be arranged to give so much variety. Some of the prettiest girls in London simply provide themselves with some very large soft silk handkerchiefs in different colours, and put these on and cross them in front before they don the jacket bodice; this style of waistcoat is very becoming. Soft silk spotted and figured shirt-fronts are worn by young ladies, and gentlemen's scarves in white and colours, thrust through with a manly scarf-pin, form a striking addition to a young girl's tailor-made gown, though by no means universally admired.

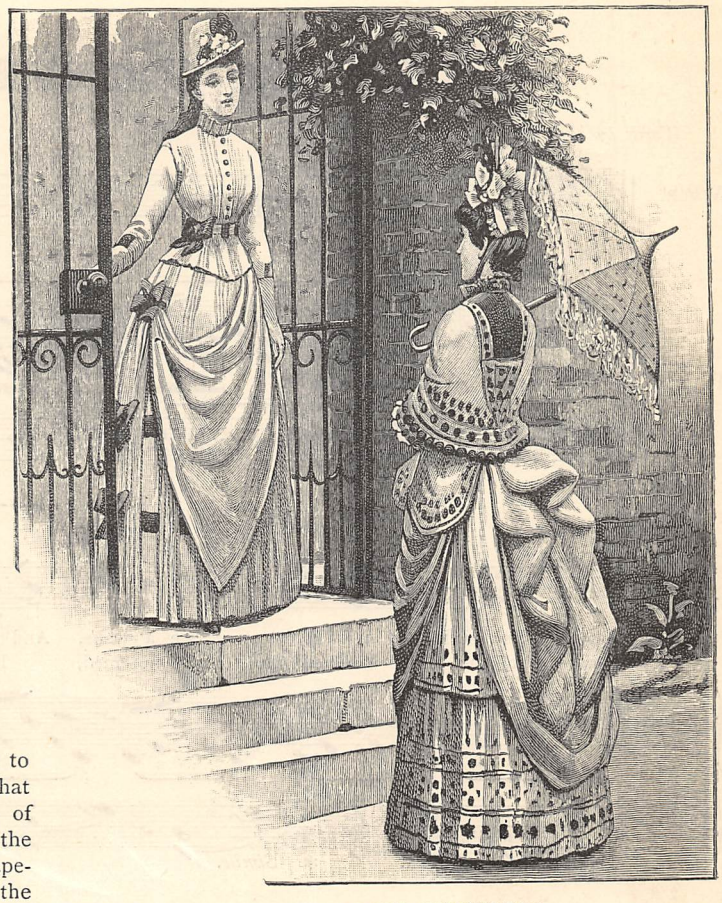
The washing dresses are simplicity itself: a full plain skirt, long over-drapery cut up to the waist, trimmed with long looped bows; either a full banded bodice or a jacket and waistcoat. Sprays of natural flowers worn in the front of the bodice, and also on the hat, look well too, but to be made quite *à la mode* they should be put on the back, not the front of the hat. For country wear rush hats are fashionable, plaited coarsely, and trimmed with flowers, over which puffings of coloured net are so placed as to almost cover the entire hat. Buttercups are *the* favourite blooms, and eucalyptus is the last new green. Jewelled safety pins are a capital invention for millinery, especially at a time when flowers are meant to be movable, and by their aid bonnets can be adapted to many dresses.

There is very little that is new in riding dress. Low-crowned silk hats with neither veils nor trimmings; short untrimmed habits; these are correct. But tailors have introduced waistcoats into habits, false ones sometimes, represented by a bias band of a contrasting colour meeting the scarf and pin, and a bouquet of flowers pinned at one side. Thick cloth trousers have given place to thin diagonal cloth and washleather ones for riding, and now we hear of people replacing these with spun silk, the stockings woven in one; they are light, and do not spoil the set of the skirt.

Young girls are wearing hats, even in London, almost to the exclusion of bonnets I should say, only it is really difficult always to tell hats from bonnets where, as is mostly the case now, no strings are worn. By

degrees there is no doubt veils will be given up too. It is very doubtful if they are becoming. I think many who see the effect in a concert-room or at some long distance will decide against them on that point, and they are most detrimental to the sight, as may be clearly proved when first the eyes begin to fail, when the critical "forties" have come and passed, and the powers begin to decline. Many a sight might be preserved much longer with the commonest care and caution. Prevention is much better than cure; we all know it, but few heed it.

If you want a stylish boating-dress, choose a soft woollen nun's-cloth of the eucalyptus shade, with red silk sailor collar and cuffs, or rather turn-back wristbands, making the sleeves just like a man's shirt. No trimming is necessary, but if you desire some, feather-stitch the edge of the draperies with red silk to match. Ulsters are too useful and becoming to go out, though many rivals have come to the fore, but they are made somewhat differently to suit the present style of dress; they have full organ-plaits at the back of the waist, and a movable cape-mantle with no sleeves, but room for the arm, and as many seams as on a dress bodice, and which ends just below the waist.



AT THE GARDEN-GATE.

If you have a taste for dress-making, I will tell you how you may arrange a simple stylish gown. A striped short skirt, full and untrimmed; over it long straight draperies of plain material; a jacket bodice with habit basque made with a waistcoat of the same stripes as the petticoat, cut in such a way on the cross that the pattern forms points down the centre. With the full waistcoats there is often a strap of velvet having a point in the middle laid on at the waist, to keep the plaits in place. One of the modes of the present day is to cut striped materials so that in the petticoat they go round the skirt, and on the tunic they fall diagonally.

Rarely, but it does happen sometimes, the draperies are quite short below the waist, and then they are often turned up at the side in such a way that they show a contrasting lining.

In Paris neither crinolettes nor steels are worn; in England many people adopt the former, and most people the latter.

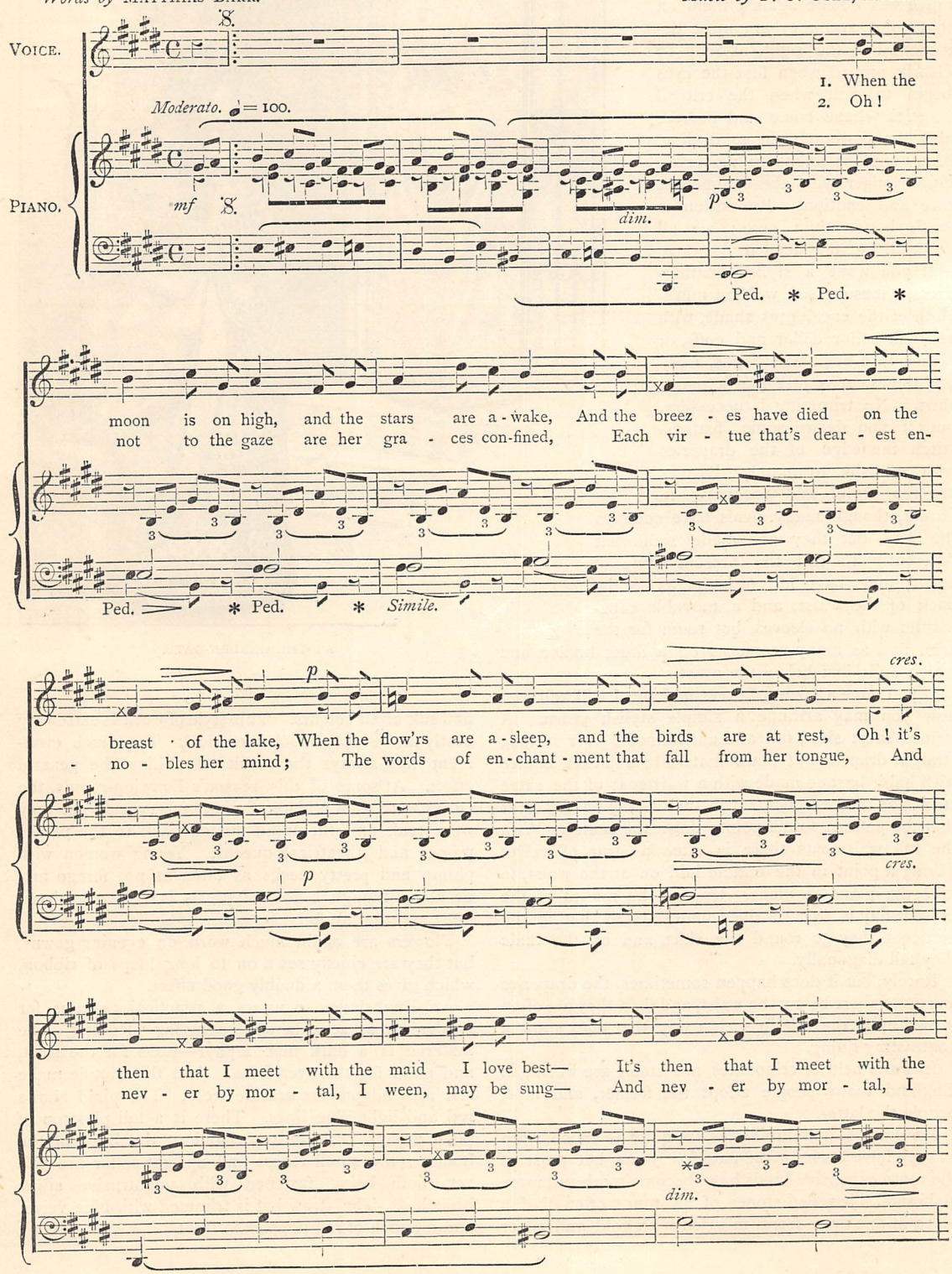
Beadings and embroideries are quite as much worn as they have been for the past few years, but most of the more expensive kinds have become more and more elaborate. Jewelled stones of all tones often find a place in one dress-front, mingled with gold and silver and silk of all colours. This style of work is extremely costly and is apt to look theatrical. Too much ornament has always the result of spoiling the general effect. At some of this season's Drawing-rooms, the ladies wore such a blaze of diamonds, you forgot they were real, and the mind floated back to the pantomimes and theatrical queens. Young women with plump and pretty necks as often as not forego any necklace, though a row of pearls is still considered most appropriate for *débutantes*.

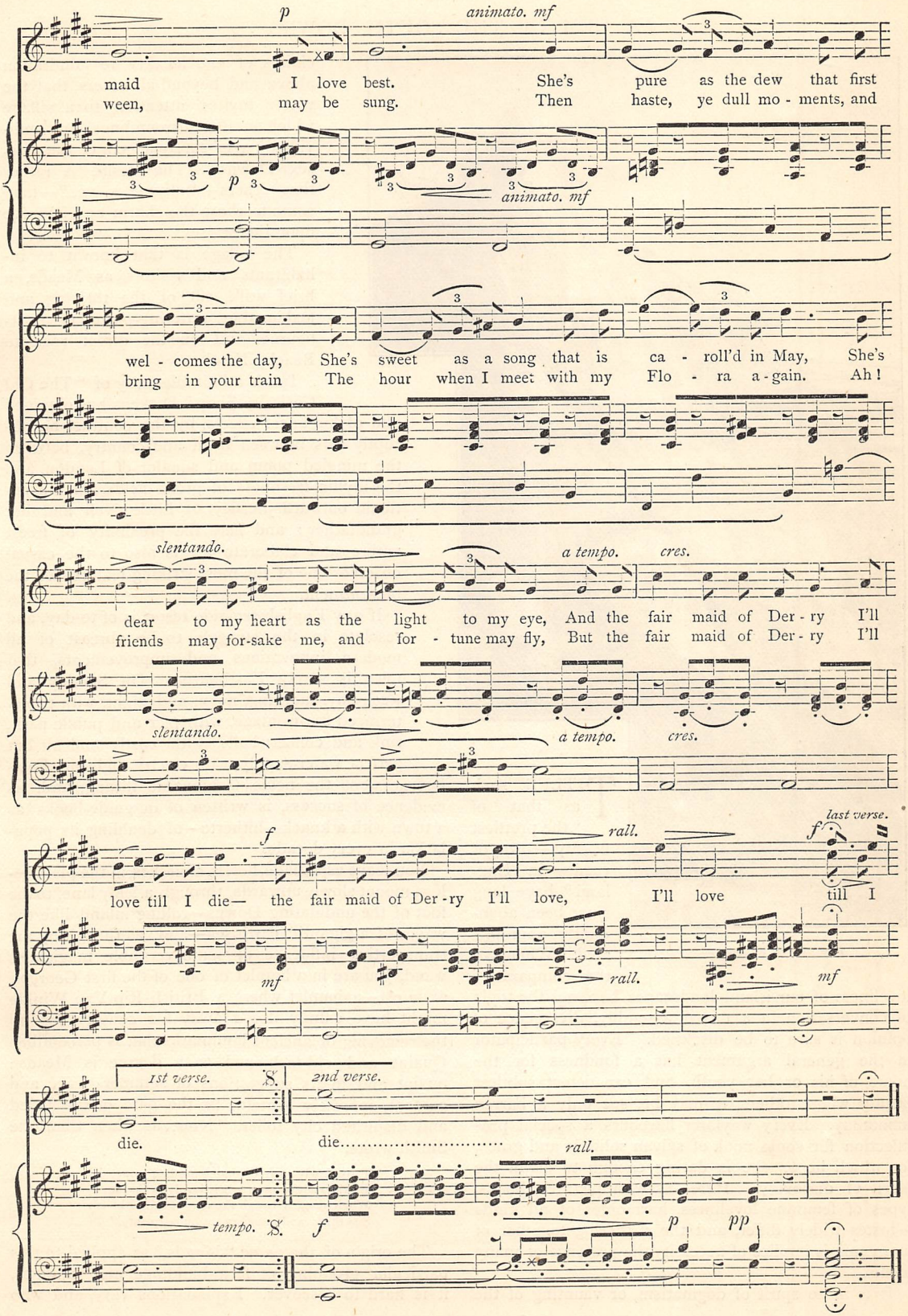
Flowers are again much worn on evening gowns, but they are chiefly sewn on to long loops of ribbon, which gives them a doubly good effect.

An Englishwoman wears a practical costume for gardening, as seen in our engraving "Roses." The material is a dark blue zephyr—plain for the skirt, and plaid for the over-dress. And this simple make she also adopts for seaside wear. The plaid shows red and light blue lines. There is a full plastron of plain zephyr both in front and at the back of the bodice; the small revers and upright collar are velvet, both being fastened with unobtrusive silver brooches. The straw hat is trimmed with blue velvet and a bunch of red poppies in front.

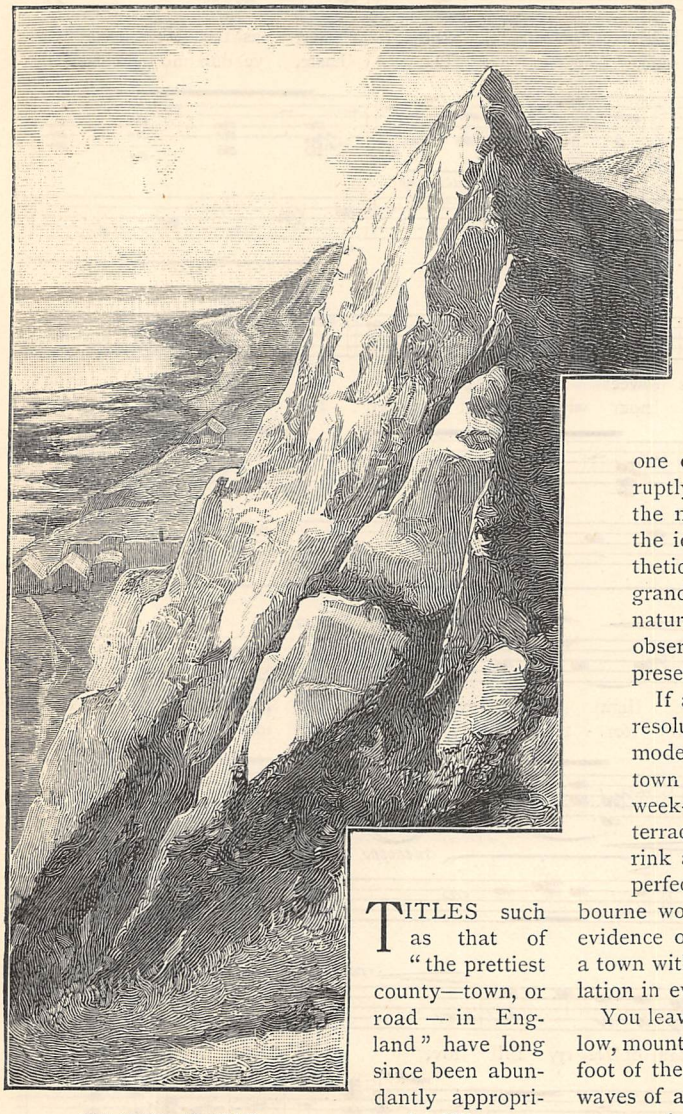
The Fair Maid of Derry.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR. *Music by* F. G. COLE, L.Mus.




p
animato. mf
maid I love best. She's pure as the dew that first
ween, may be sung. Then haste, ye dull mo - ments, and
p
animato. mf
wel - comes the day, She's sweet as a song that is ca - roll'd in May, She's
bring in your train The hour when I meet with my Flo - ra a - gain. Ah!
slentando.
a tempo.
cres.
dear to my heart as the light to my eye, And the fair maid of Der - ry I'll
friends may for-sake me, and for - tune may fly, But the fair maid of Der - ry I'll
slentando.
a tempo.
cres.
f
rall.
last verse.
f
love till I die— the fair maid of Der - ry I'll love, I'll love till I
mf
rall.
mf
1st verse.
2nd verse.
die.
die.....
rall.
tempo.
f
p
pp

A GEM OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.



THE CLIFFS AT MEADS.

TITLES such as that of "the prettiest county—town, or road — in England" have long since been abundantly appropriated. Whenever the comparative loveliness of our island landscapes becomes the topic of conversation in a mixed assembly, divergence of opinion is sure to be disclosed. Every participator in the general argument has a fondness for the home of his or her youth, and can detect subtlest beauty where others, it may be, see only a barren monotony. Every wayfarer harbours a special predilection for some nook of sylvan solitude and grace, for which he or she is daring enough to claim the merit of discovery. Here—as with pictures, books, types of feminine loveliness, harmonies of all kinds—tastes widely differ, and the gathering together of many minds implies of necessity the presence of many ideals.

It is in no spirit of dogmatism, or vaunting of the claims of one locality to admiration above and beyond all others, that the writer invites attention to a village which in site, surroundings, and individuality, is surely a gem of the Sussex Downs. The desire is rather that others—"strangers yet"—may come to share the charm and improve upon the praise.

The village is that known to inhabitants and visitors as Meads, a brief walk out of the thriving and fashionable watering-place of Eastbourne, and on the direct road to Beachy Head.

In his inimitable story of "The Old Curiosity Shop" Dickens has obtained one of his finest effects, by the contrast he abruptly sets between town and country, between the mingled pomp and squalor of London, and the idyllic freshness of green fields, on the pathetic outward journey of Little Nell and her grandfather; and here the proximity of freest nature and elaborate art is also to the casual observer one of the most striking features of the presentment.

If any English sea-side resort is of to-day, and resolute in the struggle to be abreast of all modern innovations and improvements, that town is surely Eastbourne. On Sunday and week-day, morning, noon, and night, with triple-terraced sea-frontage, with pier and public park, rink and concert-halls, with costly and all but perfect water-supply, with electric lighting, Eastbourne woos the fickle fashionable throng, and, as evidence of success, is written of in guide-books as a town with a knack—hitherto—of doubling its population in every decade.

You leave esplanade, hotels, churches, in the plain below, mount slowly upwards, through a leafy lane, to the foot of the undulating Downs—rolling inland like the waves of a gigantic earth-sea—and, as though by the transporting influence of some veritable magician's wand, you are in a hamlet of one of the first Georges, at latest—a hamlet where a British Rip Van Winkle might have calmly dozed away his century for all the removing of ancient landmarks that is perceptible. Quaint and old-fashioned to a degree is Meads; quaint and, in its suggestions of summer peace and content, infinitely grateful to the gaze of the jaded and dispirited city toiler. Now, as when Charlotte Smith wrote,

> "Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
> By the rude arms of trees, lovely in Spring,
> When on each bough the rosy-tinctur'd bloom
> Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty."

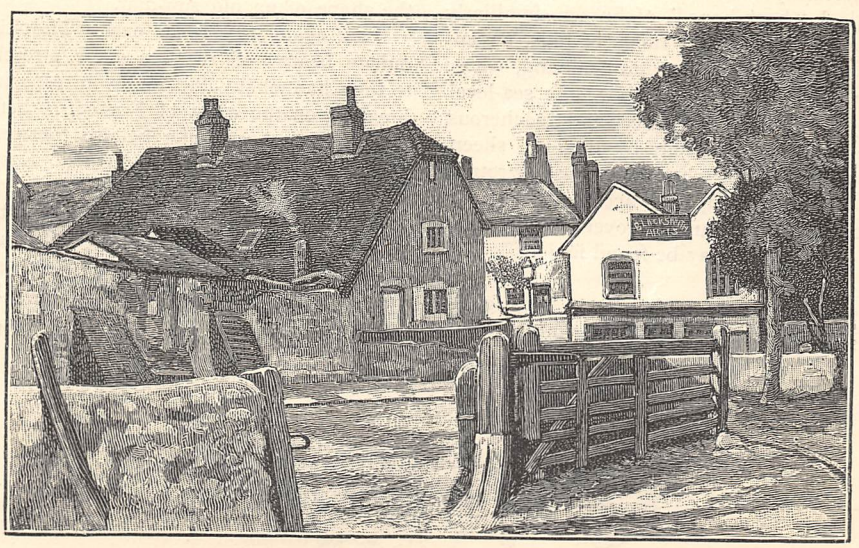
The origin of the name "Meads," as applied to this particular grouping of farm-buildings and cottages, it is hard to discover. Explanations vary, and who

shall venture to decide where professed etymologists differ? The Rev. G. M. Cooper says that the name is a corruption of "Medesey"—low, grassy lands, or islets near the sea. But, as Mr. Geo. F. Chambers remarks, "To accept this theory, we must accept another as well, namely, that the designation no longer applies to the same exact locality it did when given." Certainly no physical convulsion can have occurred since the bestowal of the title which would reasonably account for the transference of a distinctly lowland name to these uplands. Here lingers one other mystery for the knight-errant of nomenclature to attack.

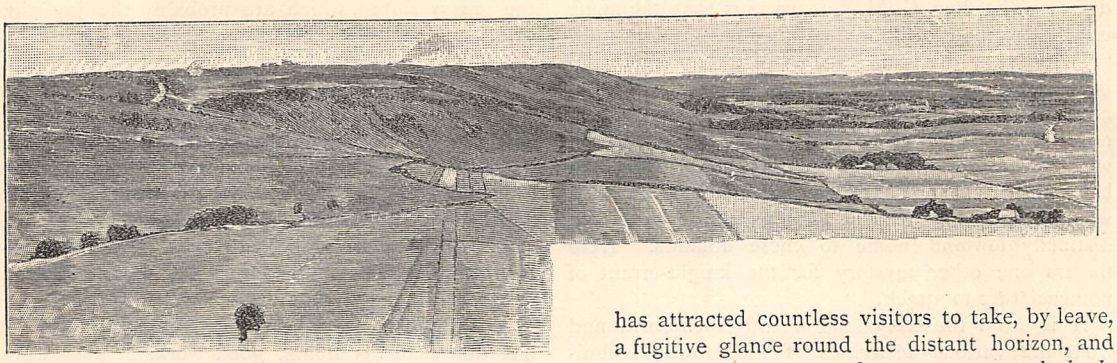
It is from the leafy lane already mentioned and from the various acclivities of the Downs (culminating at Beachy Head) that the real beauty of this section of Sussex can be alone adequately seen. Those visitors—numbered by the thousand—who "take a run" to Eastbourne in the height of the season, to inhale salt breezes on the crowded parade and to mix in the current gaieties, and who are content with this measure of achievement, miss what should be one of the chief charms of their holiday. They come and go in an ignorance (which is scarcely bliss) of the vision of entrancing delight which Nature proffers through her wondrous kaleidoscope of light and shade for the mere trouble of a hillside climb. Each capricious curve of these winding paths reveals new witchery in the harmonious blending of sea and shore, town and country, curving down and smiling plain into one perfect picture. Standing on the edge of the formidable upper heights, the landscape sweeps brilliantly away from the antique little village clustered at the tourist's feet over and beyond the glittering roofs of the adjacent town to the flats of Pevensey—famous in history as the landing-place of the Conqueror—and to the distant, blurred horizon of the Hastings hills. To the left roll away into space the grassy slopes, which are probably the joy alike of horse and rider, and are said to constitute the best arena for equestrian exercise in the whole of England. To the right meanders down the broken and picturesque coast-line, now rough and unsophisticated by any art of man's device, anon chiselled and enfiladed at prodigious cost for the behoof of the human birds of passage who, summer in, summer out, air their gay plumage thereupon; and lisping on the sands, or thundering against the milk-white rocks—beyond and contemptuous of all, yet the chief enchantment of all—shimmers old ocean.

A little below Meads stands an institution which has done, and is doing, good work, in the earnest methodical—yet far from mechanical—manner dear to the British heart. The Convalescent Hospital, erected at a cost of £42,000, and opened some fifteen years back, offers shelter and assistance to 200 sufferers, and has large demands made upon its accommodation. It is a touching sight—vibrating with both "hope and heartbreak"—to the visitor to Meads, on a warm sunshiny morning, to come suddenly upon a group of these wan and feeble convalescents, basking in the genial rays of King Sol, and drinking in renewed life and vigour with every ozone-laden breath. Well would it be for the hospital funds if every hale and happy observer would exhibit his or her instinctive thankfulness for the continued blessing of a robust frame by a donation to this charity. A better or more pleasant site for such a building could scarcely have been selected on the whole southern coast. Free air, free sky, free sea, are at the patients' disposal in practically limitless quantities, and what that means to the invalid poor of a great city, let the missionary of "outcast London" tell.

Meads was at one time the residence of Mr. R. M.



THE VILLAGE OF MEADS.



THE DOWNS FROM MEADS, LOOKING INLAND.

Caldicott, a collector of geological and general curiosities, whose stores now form the Eastbourne Caldicott Museum, in Lismore Road.

Something must be said, in passing, of the frowning headland which forms the imposing background of this old-world Sussex hamlet. The great majority of those who—on foot, on horseback, or in carriages—cast a cursory, possibly half-sneering, glance at the grotesque weather-beaten grouping of this survival of the years before railways, do so on their journey to or from Beachy Head. It is, of course, more or less understood that this southernmost elevation of the Downs is the lion of the district. Visitors who can spare the time, make the trip from Eastbourne in the season in shoals. They pay perfunctory homage and return to the fuller, more congenial animation of the stretch before their hotel window.

But Beachy Head, and the view from Beachy Head, will repay a closer, more affectionate study—such a study as a residence for awhile at Meads would allow time and opportunity for.

The geological "back-bone" of Sussex, familiarly spoken of as the South Down range of hills, sweeps abruptly up at last into this grand headland, whose highest point is some 575 feet above the sea-level. The slope beyond Meads is very steep and treacherous, tempting the stranger to climb by doubtful sheep-tracks into positions from whence advance or retreat is equally dangerous. Many sad accidents have occurred here to the unwary and the over-venturesome; a long and ghastly list may be found in local guide-books.

Beachy Head is naturally an important coast-guard station; and the big telescope fixed in the official garden has attracted countless visitors to take, by leave, a fugitive glance round the distant horizon, and has attracted by way of recompense much *back-sheesh* into the white jean pockets.

To comprehend its full majesty and beauty, Beachy Head should be scanned both from above and beneath. To achieve the latter aim a safe descent offers to the beach from a place called, not very euphoniously, "Cow Gap." On the shore, iron pyrites may be picked up by the curious and energetic seeker.

A second delightful expedition from Meads is along the Downs into Old Eastbourne, another quaint old place, passed altogether on one side by myriads of flitting hotel occupants in the Eastbourne of to-day.

Here the very air seems thick with an aroma of the past, and memories of bygone eras strike the pedestrian at every corner. "The Lamb" Inn—still a well-kept, comfortable hostelry—is probably one of the oldest houses of public accommodation in Sussex, if not also in England. Beneath it is a vaulted chamber of distinctively Early English architecture, even yet in fair preservation.

The church is likewise a structure hoary with antiquity, and a happy hunting-ground of local archæologists. Its probable date has been given by Sharpe as 1145–90. On the eastern side of the church-yard is an ancient remembrancer of the flight of time in the shape of an old sun-dial.

Back again to Meads over "The Links," the exquisite beauty of the sea-scape, stretching onwards to the Channel sky-line, or on an especially clear day breaking on the coast of France, is before the journeyer. On these quiet heights, between two relics of the past like Meads and Old Eastbourne, with Beachy Head for the sentinel of the fleeting centuries, and the giddy new town shimmering below by way of contrast, restful communion with the great heart of nature is surely possible for the most harassed of the sons and daughters of Adam. Let them test the recipe.

WILLIAM J. LACEY.

MONSIEUR ALBANO: A STORY OF PRIDE AND AMBITION.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

HE was a little old man, verging perhaps on sixty, with closely-cropped hair, and a hat which Wilhelm could not keep from thinking was one size or more too big for him. A little old man with sad eyes, but with a pleasant voice, and a smile that often quite banished all trace of melancholy from his face.

But Wilhelm — the head-waiter at the dingy old Paris restaurant, where for months he had presented himself at the same hour daily — had taken to him from the very first, and as the gentleman seemed to court retirement, used invariably to ensconce him in the snuggest corner of the room, not far from the charcoal stove—the time was winter — and with no other companions save a pair of tabby cats.

"What is it to-day?" M. Albano would inquire, as he seated himself at his table, with his feet on a morsel of goat-skin placed there for them. "What is it to-day, Wilhelm?"

And Wilhelm used invariably to place a white dimpled fore-finger against the name of some particular dish on the card, and that was the dish M. Albano invariably chose.

It was not long before Wilhelm found out that M. Albano was, like himself, a Hungarian, and, like himself, an exile. They were friends, indeed, after this. Wilhelm told the little old man his story, and to some extent the little old man told Wilhelm his. There was some difference, nevertheless, in their stations in life, for in his own dear land M. Albano had been a count, while Wilhelm had been but a junior engineer.

"And so you are really going?" said Wilhelm, as he stood one day near his friend, the empty soup-bowl in his right hand.

"Really going, Wilhelm."

"Oh, dear! Monsieur, I shall sadly miss you. Is it Brussels, Monsieur, Berlin, or Moscow? You say you have had engagements at all these places."

"No, no," replied M. Albano sadly; "it is neither of these places. I am done with them all—done with the world, I might say. I am going home."

"What!" cried Wilhelm, with brightening eyes—"home to our dear land of——"

"Nay, nay, nay; never there again. What matters Imperial forgiveness? Can a king mend a broken heart, even if he could restore my fortunes? Could I gaze without grief on those green-wooded hills and valleys that once were mine? Could I mingle with the good people who dwell there—and who once called me lord—without sadness? No, Wilhelm, no. My home is near London, the home of the refugee, the only city in the whole world amid the bustle and stir of which an exile may woo forgetfulness."

Wilhelm lingered by the table for a few moments. He was deep in thought.

"M. Albano," he said at last, "to have employment in London has long been with me an ambitious dream—a castle in the air—call it what you will. I hate the garb of servility in which you now see me. Oh! there are times, Monsieur, that I walk my room all night, wild in thought, because I feel I was born for better things. Yet I try to do my duty—my humble duty."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Albano, speaking more briskly than was his wont. "That is right—do your duty. I trust I do mine, humble though *that* is. Do not let pride interfere with that duty. Be not self-conscious. Concentrate your thoughts and energies in your work, menial though some may call it. Believe me, Wilhelm, a halo surrounds the head of that man or woman who does whatever his or her hand findeth to do, in no half-hearted way, but with a will, a purpose, and an honest pride of action, feeling inwardly that duty is a sacred thing. Study to be content with the state in which Providence has placed you, Wilhelm. Study that—study that."

"But, Monsieur, you would then leave ambition out of count."

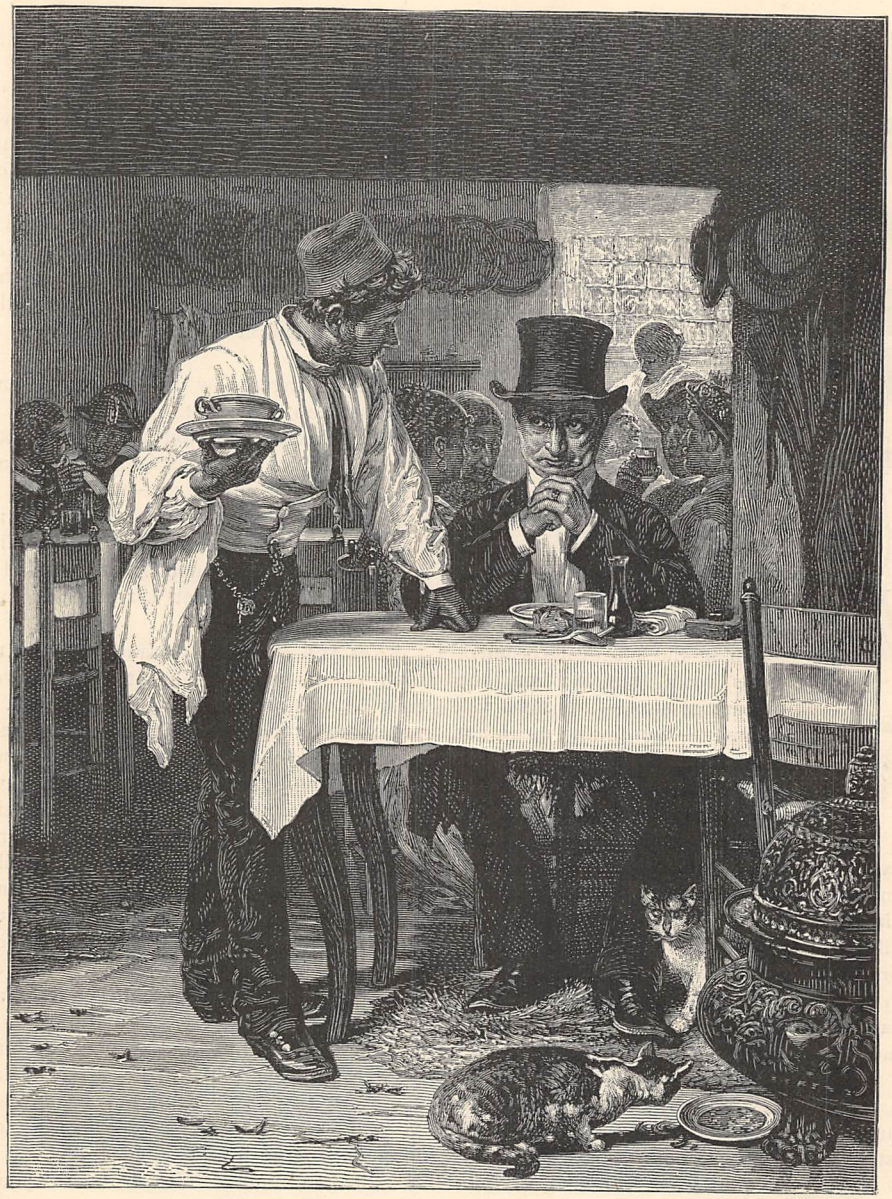
"No; oh, no! Only let your ambition be subservient to your duty. The march of intellect—the march of the world—is ever, ever onward. Better yourself, by all means, if you can: by so doing you may better the world; but ambitious thoughts or actions must never interfere with your hours of labour. These belong to your present employer, Wilhelm."

"I see, Monsieur."

"Well, see and think of it. Meanwhile, here is a pass for the Grand N——r Concert. You will see me and my little violin in the second row of the orchestra. You will wait for me, and we will sup together at the Rhondeville."

High over a score of fiddles at the grand concert that evening, M. Albano's little violin seemed to ring—seemed, at all events—in Wilhelm's ears, just as one hears and can listen only to the nightingale's voice amidst the babel of bird-voices in the woods in early spring.

After the performance, Wilhelm waited for what appeared quite a long time for his friend. All the



"'WHAT IS IT TO-DAY?' M. ALBANO WOULD INQUIRE" (*p.* 503).

other musicians had dressed and filed away, but still he came not.

Wilhelm ventured at last to ask one in authority.

"Oh, no!" was the reply; "M. Albano has not gone. He is talking to the manager. The manager wants him to stay on, but he insists on throwing up his engagement."

"Strange!" said Wilhelm.

"Yes, it is strange. You are his friend? Yes. Well, and even you do not seem able to fathom the mystery. But this Albano is a splendid violinist. Any orchestra in Europe would be willing to retain his services, and remunerate him well. Yet, although he is not rich, he is for ever on the move. Italy, Belgium, Norway; all countries have him by turns, but none for long. Think you is your friend somewhat *distrait?*"

"I am sure he is not. I only know he has a reason or reasons for his nomadic tendencies, but he has not thought fit to enlighten me as to what they are, and it would ill become me to inquire. But here he comes."

It was late even for Paris that night ere Wilhelm bade his kind-hearted friend adieu, at the corner of

the Rue de la D——, and hurried away to his dingy room.

Yet that evening had been big with Wilhelm's fate. He had supped with M. Albano at a charming little hotel; and, with true politeness, Monsieur had said little or nothing about himself, but had led the young man to speak of all his hopes and ambitions.

Wilhelm's great scheme was connected with electricity, not only for the purpose of lighting cities and country houses, but as the moving power of the future; and M. Albano knew enough about chemistry speedily to discern that, if properly worked out, these plans of Wilhelm's might lead him to fame and fortune.

"You will come to England with me, Wilhelm? I have saved a little sum; I will pay your expenses."

"No, friend, no; to England I will come, but everything I will pay myself. Two more months will I work, and then——"

"You will come?"

"Yes."

"And be my guest for a few weeks at my little cottage home?"

"Well—yes."

So the two parted.

Winter was still holding sway, and snow lay deep all round Paris; but in nine weeks' time what a change there was! With Paris, however, this short and simple story has no longer anything to do. The scene shifts to a tiny but beautiful cottage in Surrey. It stands on the slope of a gently-rising hill, and is almost buried in pine-woods.

"Yes, Wilhelm," M. Albano was saying as the two sat together in a little tent on the lawn, "this cottage, these gardens, the beautiful country around, do not seem the same since Marie—since my daughter left me. They are *not* the same, for I am older now. I cannot see with the same eyes, hear with the same ears; it seems as if the gloom of the grave were already closing around me."

"But Marie—your daughter—may return."

"No, that cannot be; the pride that caused her to go will prevent her returning. She will never come back."

Wilhelm was silent.

"A few hasty words—and the words were mine—a few peevish mutterings at the fate that banished me from my native land, that had torn from my breast the insignia of title and honour, and compelled me—me, a count—to drag out a wretched existence in a foreign country, by aid of my violin. I did not mean to imply that I begrudged the labour that kept her as a lady, but I fear I led her to believe so; and I would have laid down my life next minute to have been able to retract, to unsay my cruel words; but next minute Marie was gone. Gone—yes, gone with tears on her face, and mayhap a breaking heart, though a proud one. And since then I have sought and obtained engagements in almost every capital in Europe. I have been till now ever on the move, thinking, always thinking, I would find my Marie; for one brief note—the only one I received—told me she was so far independent, and that on her voice alone she would now trust for a livelihood. But I am tired, hopeless, and weary."

And so indeed he looked.

A year passed away. The old man appeared no more in any orchestra. Hope itself had fled from his heart, and he mourned for his daughter as for one dead.

Wilhelm was a frequent visitor at the cottage. Aided in his ambition by the ex-count, and possessed of the will to work, the determination to triumph, and that mental staying power which oftentimes leads to success without even the aid of genius, the young man conquered all difficulties, and was already on the first steps of the ladder that leads to fame.

His employment frequently led him to Italy and to that Rome which of late years appears to have taken a new lease of glorious life.

An event now took place which is common enough in the life of most young men: Wilhelm fell in love. But I do not blame him, for all Rome was captivated by the sweet voice and modest and charming manner of a young singer that had lately been brought out by a great master.

Night after night, wherever she sang, Wilhelm was there, listening enthralled. But he could obtain no introduction. She was so near, and yet so far.

Going home late one night from duties that had occupied him for nearly eight-and-forty hours, with little time for sleep, he heard the startling shout of fire. He followed the mob and the rattling ill-contrived engine down a narrow dark street that, from the showers of sparks and the smoke and heat, seemed on fire from end to end.

Wilhelm got close to the burning building, and helped to work the engine. But there was soon other and braver work for him to tackle. For look! the faces of young people and children frantic with fear appear at an upper window. Who will climb through sparks and smoke up that rickety ladder? Who will volunteer to save them? Wilhelm will! He springs towards it; up and down, and up and down, and he has saved three. He is scorched and burned, but seems to bear a charmed life. The last he saves, to his surprise, if not joy, is the young singer. While she is borne away in safety, he faints and falls.

It is two days before he comes to his senses at his hotel. It would be weeks before he got round. What mattered it? *She* came daily to see and inquire after his welfare.

Ah! it was the old, old story. But he did not tell it then or there. He told the young singer a story of a different kind: of a lovely little cottage among the pine-woods of Surrey, and of an old man who was dying of sorrow because his daughter would never come again. And the girl bent her head and sobbed, and those tears told Wilhelm all.

There was joy in that Surrey cottage when Marie returned. With her came sunshine: sunshine to bird, and flower and tree, and sunshine to old Albano's heart.

There is a larger house now among the pines near the little cottage. Wilhelm is its wealthy owner, Marie its mistress. And long indeed they would think that day that did not bring them a visit from father Albano.

OUR HANDWRITING COMPETITIONS.

AWARD OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES.

IF we may judge by the result of our Handwriting Competitions, altogether groundless, happily, are the fears expressed in our January Number as to the imminent danger of penmanship becoming a lost art. True it is that bad and illegible writing exists in plenty, but there must also be in our country thousands of clever caligraphists, since in our Competitions alone there have been no less than 4,321 candidates, fully 4,000 of whom have sent in fairly creditable specimens of handwriting. This is, indeed, a highly gratifying result, and far exceeds our most sanguine expectations.

It will be remembered that the four following Competitions were instituted—two prizes in books, to the value of two guineas and one guinea respectively, being offered in each Class:—

1. Ladies' Handwriting (any style).

2. Official or Civil Service Handwriting (including Business Letter-hand).

3. Business Handwriting (Copper-plate, for Book-keeping, &c.).

4. Characteristic Handwriting (any style of writing, uniting beauty of form with distinctive character).

The competitors in each Class have been as under:—

Class	1	2414
„	2	593
„	3	403
„	4	911
	Total	4321

It is greatly to be regretted that many of the candidates did not adhere to the rules which were clearly

laid down in the Magazine, and so forfeited their right to compete for the prizes and certificates. For example, several hundreds entirely neglected the regulation that all specimens were to be properly guaranteed by a magistrate, minister of religion, or other person of responsible position; and through failure in this simple matter, very many beautiful examples of handwriting had to be laid aside.

It has been no easy matter to award the two prizes in Class 1, since out of 2,414 competitors, fully 200 had fair claims to consideration. The final decision has been as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE.

Helen L. Fraser, St. Aubyn's House, St. Aubyn's, West Brighton.

SECOND PRIZE.

Nora B. Hughes, Staverton Vicarage, near Totnes.

HONOURS DIVISION (WITH CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR).

Katie Wright, The Ferns, Castle Road, Stafford.
Louie M. Johnson, 119, Edgware Road, London, W.
Gertrude Fisher, 110, Leighton Road, London, N.W.
Mary Clarissa Gillington, 8, Goldhurst Road West, South Hampstead.
Edith Marion Watts, Clevedon Villa, 6, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
Ada E. Griffiths, The Granleys, Cheltenham.
Florence J. Holl, Chapel Field Road, St. Giles' Gates, Norwich.
Ada B. Howell, Sunnycote, Bedford Park, W.
Edith Mary Evans, High Street, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.
Edith Fry, Parkside, Darlington.
Evelyn M. Gosset, Portslade, near Brighton.
Ethel M. Gosset, Portslade, near Brighton.
Josephine D. Griffiths Griffiths, Chipping-Campden, Gloucestershire.
Amy Guillod, 17, Trafalgar Square, Chelsea.
Alice E. Heritage, Girls' High School, Wakefield.
Jean D. Taylor, Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.
Pattie Tyrrell, 13, York Place, London, W.
Constance W. Wallis, Elm Grove House, Exeter.

In addition, Certificates of Merit have been awarded to 220 other competitors, for whose names space cannot well be afforded.

As regards this competition, it is worthy of note that the old style of ladies' handwriting (known as Italian hand, and so general at young ladies' schools twenty or thirty years ago) seems altogether out of vogue, and its place has been taken by a bolder and more masculine hand. It seems to us that this is a distinct improvement, although some excellent specimens of the Italian hand have won Certificates of Merit.

The award in Class 2 (Official or Civil Service Handwriting) is as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE.

George Morgan, 30, Clyde Road, Wallington, Surrey.

SECOND PRIZE.

Thomas Ogden, 163, Tipton Street, Openshaw, Manchester.

EXTRA PRIZE.

John Ernest Jarratt, Forest Road, Loughborough.

HONOURS DIVISION (WITH CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR).

Kate Wentworth, Lancing House, 92, Dalston Lane, London.
William Henry Huxtable, Exeleigh Lodge, Tiverton.
George Davies, Aston Villa, Walliscote Road, Weston-super-Mare.

In addition, Certificates of Merit have been awarded to 47 other competitors.

In Class 3 (Business Handwriting) 403 competed, and some beautiful specimens of copper-plate writing have been sent in, that from the winner of the first prize being especially noteworthy. The award is as under:—

FIRST PRIZE.

William Cross, Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton.

SECOND PRIZE.

George Evison, 94, St. Thomas' Road, Finsbury Park.

EXTRA PRIZE.

James Brett, 22, Whitehall Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

HONOURS DIVISION (WITH CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR).

Thomas Ogden, 163, Tipton Street, Openshaw, Manchester.

In addition, 19 Certificates of Merit have been awarded.

In Class 4 (for Characteristic Handwriting—any style uniting beauty of form with distinctive character) there are no less than 911 competitors, and in the case of very many of the letters the writers' characters may indeed be guessed almost at a glance. The following is the award:—

FIRST PRIZE.

Richard A. Hoblyn, 2, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

SECOND PRIZE.

George Morgan, 30, Clyde Road, Wallington, Surrey.

HONOURS DIVISION (WITH CERTIFICATES OF HONOUR).

Ada E. Griffiths, The Granleys, Cheltenham.
H. Syd. Powell, 34, Coleherne Road, Redcliffe Square, London.
Kathleen Bumpus, 3, Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London.

In addition, Certificates of Merit have been awarded to 36 competitors.

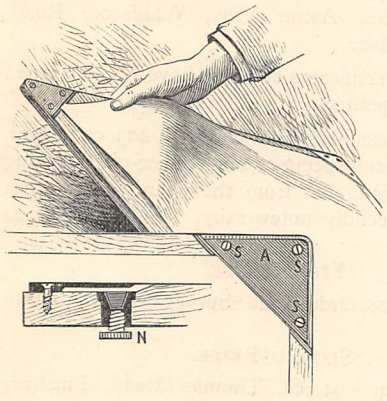
All the prizes and certificates have already been sent to the competitors.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Drawing-Paper Clip.

A new article for the drawing-office is shown in our illustration, and consists of a clip for fastening paper to the drawing-board. It is a triangular metal plate, A, about one-tenth inch thick, supported by three small washers of the same thickness, and secured to an ordinary drawing-board by three screws, S, S, S, the board being first cut away on its upper surface to bring the plate, when fixed, flush with the board. The corner of the sheet of paper slips into the space under the clip, and it is held there by a screw-nut, N, under the corner of the board, as shown in the lower figure. This nut presses a small cone up against the paper from below, and holds it fast. A similar clip is fixed at each corner of the board; and, while not piercing the paper, they obviate the trouble of drawing-pins.

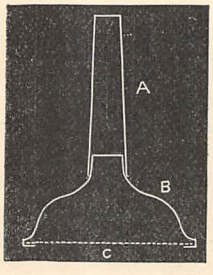


A New Cane-Sugar.

A new process of extracting sugar from the cane consists in cutting the latter into strips, and extracting the water by alcoholic vapour, thus leaving the saccharine matter to be dissolved into liquid. The alcohol and sugar are filtered out by means of lime and chalk. It is claimed that this process will produce more sugar from the same quantity of cane than that of crushing now in use.

A Platinum Filter.

A system of filtration, introduced by Dr. Carmichael, is well known to chemists, and consists in passing the liquid through a small paper disc held by the suction of a filter-pump against the flat, perforated surface of a small vessel called a filtering bulb. This bulb has recently been made of platinum by Mr. Cassamajor, as shown in the figure, where A is a straight tube connected to the filter-pump, and made of platinum; B is the bulb turned out of platinum, and C is the perforated plate on which the filter-paper rests. The bulb and tube can be soldered together with gold.



A Triangular Nail.

Triangular tacks and nails are now made with flat chisel points and hatched or ribbed sides, so as to take a very firm hold of the wood they are driven into. Round but ribbed nails are also introduced with like effect. These nails are provided with good-sized heads, so that there is little chance of missing them with the hammer when driving them into the wood.

Edison's Railway Telegraph.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison has devised a method of telegraphing to and from railway trains in motion without employing a special line wire. He uses ordinary telegraph lines beside the railway, and communicates the message from the roof of a carriage to them through the air. This is done according to a fact, perhaps first observed by Professor Hughes, namely, that rapidly intermittent currents traverse the air for some distance; whereas continuous currents are stopped. Fig. 1 shows the arrangement employed by Edison for the purpose. The roof of the telegraph car is covered with metal, and this metal is connected by wire, w^1, to the apparatus inside the car. All this apparatus is attached to a desk at which the telegraph operator sits. It consists of a telephone, T, by which he receives the message sent him from the fixed station on the line; and a "harmonic" telegraph by which he sends messages to the fixed station. The roof of the car is connected to either the telephone or harmonic telegraph by the switch, S, according as the operator means to receive or send a message. The telephone and harmonic telegraph are connected by wires, w w, to an axle of the carriage wheels, as shown, and thus the circuit is completed to the "earth" through the rails. The harmonic telegraph consists of a steel reed, R, vibrating 500 times per second by means of an electro-magnet, E, excited by a small voltaic battery, B. This reed in vibrating interrupts the circuit of another battery, B^1, of ten Fuller bichromate cells. In this circuit is included a Morse signalling

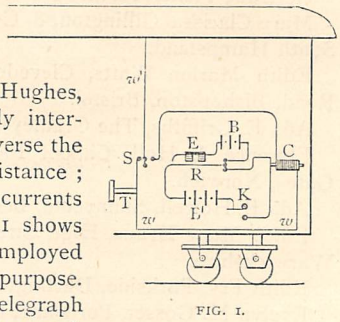


FIG. 1.

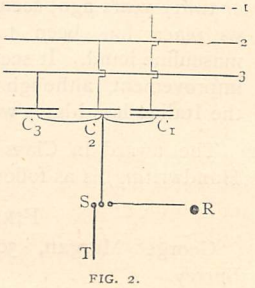
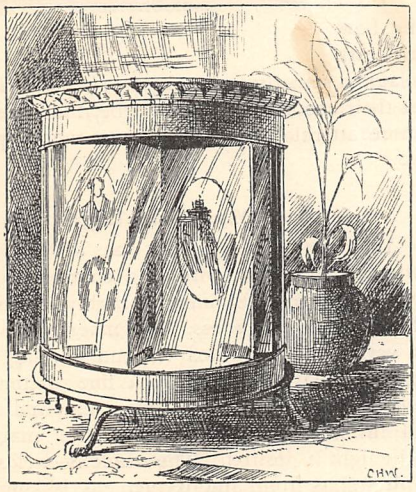


FIG. 2.

key, K, and the primary wire of an induction coil, C. The intermittent currents produced by the interruptions of the reed excite corresponding currents in the secondary circuit of the coil, and these go to the metal roof of the car, and thence through the air to the neighbouring telegraph wires. A musical note is heard in the receiving telephone, but interrupted into distinct signals. A similar apparatus is connected to the telegraph wire at the fixed station through condensers, as shown in Fig. 2, where C_1 C_2 C_3 are the condensers, and S, T, and R as in Fig. 1.



A Revolving Album-Case.

An ornamental revolving album-case is shown in the figure, where the album is seen inside with all its pages open to view. The leaves are opened from below by means of clips on the leaves, having arms which project through a circular groove in the bottom of the case.

An Armour-Plated Thimble.

Ladies sometimes complain that the ordinary silver thimbles are soon worn away by the cotton constantly passing over the same place. Stone ends to silver thimbles, and thimbles made entirely of steel, have been tried, but found in turn unsuitable. Now an armour-plated thimble has been invented and patented, which bids fair to solve the problem of providing a thimble at once light, cleanly, and durable. This new thimble is made of three plates of metal—the outer and inner coats of silver, and the middle one of steel—the advantages of the silver thimble being thus combined with the strength of the steel one.

A New Food-Preserver.

Boracic acid has hitherto been used for preserving food, and especially milk; but Messrs. Sulman and Berry have recently pointed out to the Chemical and Physical Society of University College that free boracic acid is injurious, especially when given to children in milk. They state, however, that benzoate of soda is more effective than boracic acid, and is, when pure, both tasteless and innocuous, even when taken for prolonged periods. It may be added that these gentlemen remark that salicylic acid and the salicylates used as preservatives in some so-called "temperance drinks" cannot be administered frequently with impunity.

Saccharin.

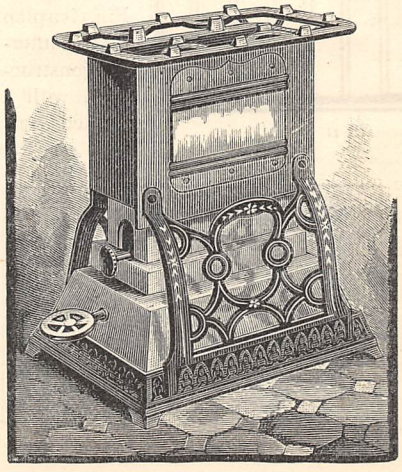
A new substance termed "saccharin" has been discovered in that wonderful material, coal-tar, by a German chemist named Fahlberg, resident in the United States. It is stated to be 230 times sweeter than the best cane-sugar, and hence it must be very sweet indeed. For some months past it has been used to sweeten and render palatable the food of persons suffering from diabetes at a Berlin hospital. In appearance it resembles flour, but is denser, and it dissolves easily in hot water. It appears from experiments by Professor Emmerson Reynolds, F.R.S., that it is harmless; and it is expected that, when its cost of production is reduced, saccharin will be a rival to cane-sugar, because one part is enough to sweeten 10,000 parts of water. Ether, alcohol, glucose, and glycerine dissolve it readily. At present the price is, however, about forty shillings per pound.

The Ear and the Earth's Magnetism.

An audible demonstration of the earth's magnetism can be obtained (according to Dr. Schäfer) by arranging a series of telephones in a circuit which is rapidly made and broken, and turning one telephone end for end in such a way that its north and south poles are alternately the uppermost. At each reversal a crack is heard in all the telephones. This results from the induction of the earth's magnetism on the telephone which is reversed. The latter may be replaced by a simple bar magnet wound with a length of insulated wire.

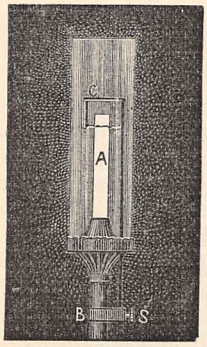
A Lamp-Stove.

A lamp which gives out heat as a stove is shown in the figure, where the flames are visible through the glass in front. The oil vessel is separate from the stove and can be removed at will. The stove is ten inches high, eight and a half inches broad, and weighs six pounds. It serves to cook, as well as to heat a room.



A New Gas-Burner.

The figure represents the new gas incandescent burner of Dr. Auer, to which we referred in a recent GATHERER. The apparatus consists simply of an ordinary Bunsen burner, above which is suspended a conical cylinder, A, formed of specially-prepared cotton or woollen fabric, about 2½ inches high. This cylinder is supported by a thread of platinum which runs through its upper part, and is attached to two iron rods connected at the top to a ring, C. The longer of these rods is mounted on a metal ring or collar, B, encircling the stem of the burner, and adjustable by means of a screw, S. When the burner is lighted there is considerable development of heat within the cylinder, which in a few seconds is raised to incandescence, producing a steady, white light. Nothing is said, however, as to the actual illuminating power of this burner. The cylinder is composed of oxide of lanthanium and zirconium, or oxide of yttrium and zirconium. The zirconium may be replaced by magnesium. The cotton or woollen material is plaited into shape, and impregnated with a solution of nitrate or acetate of the above-mentioned substances; and, the tissue having been carbonised, leaves behind an earthy skeleton of the original web. We may add that electric incandescent lamp filaments are now made of earthy matter to work in the open air, and not in vacuum bulbs.



A Collapsible Life-Raft.

An inflated air-raft with a frame of iron or steel bars made in the form of lattice-work has been introduced lately. The raft is collapsible and can thus be packed in a small space. Fig. 1 is a plan of the internal construction, with a shaded portion on the left side showing part of the cover and air-valve. Fig. 2 shows in detail part of the lattice side of the vessel; and Fig. 3 exhibits the latter as packed up. As soon as the air-valve is opened the raft can be drawn out and extended to its full dimensions, the air inflating it at the same time. When full of air the valve is closed and the raft is rigidly tightened up by the cross and longitudinal steel bars. Considering how difficult boats are to launch sometimes in a heavy sea, and how precarious their accommodation may be, it is to be hoped that more attention will be given to such appliances as this.

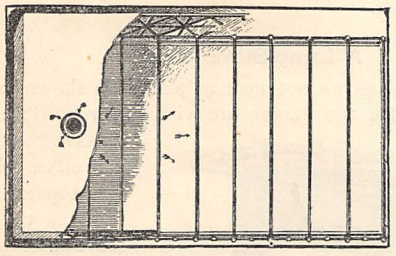


FIG. 1.

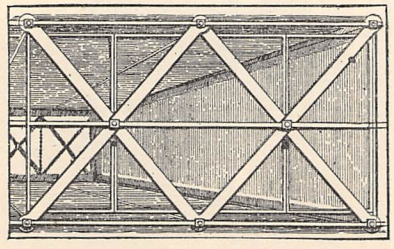


FIG. 2.

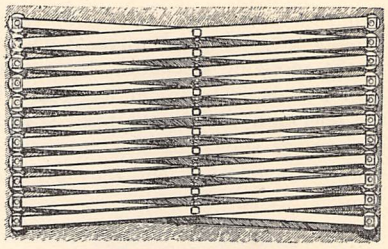


FIG. 3.

A New Magnesium Light.

An American photographer has devised a plan of burning magnesium wire in a continuous supply of oxygen, thereby obtaining a highly actinic light for photographic purposes. The magnesium ribbon hangs vertically in a box, its end coming over a sponge saturated with alcohol. A fine platinum wire is heated red-hot by an electric current, and sets the alcohol in flame, thereby igniting the magnesium when the light is desired. The whole is enclosed in a box with a glass front, and oxygen gas is supplied to it by a pipe, as in the case of the lime-light. When the gas is shut off the light will go out. Another plan is to mix magnesium powder with fine sand, and allow the mixture to fall through an alcohol flame in a steady stream.

A Cement for Ironwork.

A strong and useful cement for joining ironwork is said to be as follows:—Six parts of sulphur, six of white-lead, and one of borax, thoroughly well mixed. In applying it the cement is wetted with strong sulphuric acid. A thin layer pressed between two broken surfaces of iron is said to join them if it is left to dry for a few days.

The Meldometer.

The meldometer is a new adjunct to the microscope, by which the melting point of minerals can be determined, and their behaviour in contact with re-agents watched. It consists of a narrow ribbon of platinum, two millimètres wide, arranged to traverse the field of the microscope. It is raised to incandescence by the passage of an electric current from three Grove cells. The objective of the microscope is protected from its heat by a glass strip, and the observer is sheltered from the heat by a wedge of tinted glass, which is also used to estimate the brightness of the field. The temperature of the platinum is found from its electrical resistance in a well-known manner, first introduced practically by the late Sir William Siemens. The

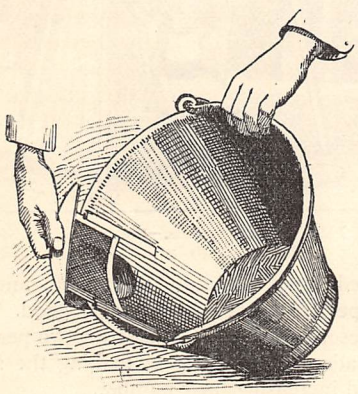
mineral is placed in fragments on the centre of the platinum strip, and watched while the electric current is increased, the temperature of the platinum raised, and the melting point of the mineral reached. In this way the inventor of the apparatus has melted beryl, orthoclase, and quartz. They become like clear glass; topaz whitens to a milky glass, throwing out filmy threads of clear glass, and glass bubbles, that break, liberating a gas (perhaps fluorine), which, attacking the white-hot platinum, causes rings of colour to appear round the specimen. A form of the apparatus is also made which allows the melting to be projected on a screen by means of a lantern.

Fresh Fruit from Australia.

The *John Elder*, of the Orient Line, has recently brought home a consignment of fruit from South Australia to the market of the Colonial Exhibition. It was not frozen, but simply packed in cork dust or sawdust, and placed in a cold chamber fitted with insulators, and kept at 40° F. of temperature. Apples, pears, grapes, oranges, quinces, lemons, melons, pomegranates, and so on, are included in the consignment, which came home sound; and it is hoped to establish a fruit trade along with the existing meat trade. As the fruit season in Australia begins when ours ends, there is a prospect of our having fresh fruit all the year.

Bark-Bread.

The "fladbröd," or flatbread, of Norway is in some places, notably Hardanger, made principally of tree-bark. The bark of young pine or elm branches is the ingredient used. The inner layers of pine-bark, ground to a fine meal, are mixed with a small quantity of rye-flour, to give it consistency, before being baked. This bread is also largely used in Kajana and the forest regions of Oester-botlen and Tavastland.



A Straining Milk-Pail.

The figure shows a new milk-pail which strains the milk as the latter is poured out. The strainer fits into the lip of the pail in the manner shown, and is removable so that it can be easily cleaned. These pails are used in the Royal dairy at Sandringham.

Sifting Coal by Air.

The air blast is now used in Pennsylvania to blow away the dust from fine anthracite coal before it is moved from the coal-breaker to the pile. In this way the coal is rendered clean, and much waste of small coal is prevented. In fact, it is believed that the refuse or "culm" coal left by the old method can be profitably worked by the new blast-sorter, and merchantable coal obtained from it.

A Long Conduit.

A scheme for laying a line of pipe from Baku on the Caspian to Batoum on the Black Sea, a distance of 560 miles, for conveying petroleum, has been approved in Russia. The scheme favoured is that of M. Nobel, and passes by the Suram Pass through the Caucasus.

A New Drawing-Board and Slate.

A combined drawing-board and slate which has recently been brought out is shown in Fig. 1. In each

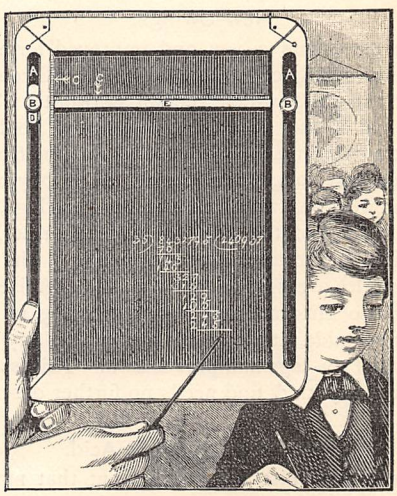


FIG. 1.

side frame there are slots A A, in which work screws B B, with a sliding block D, which are attached to a sliding bar E, and serve to slide and fix the latter on the front of the slate. The edge of the frame at C is graduated as a scale, as is also the edge of the sliding bar E. Fig. 1 shows the slate in use, with the bar E as a parallel ruler for ruling lines across. But it also serves as a square to guide a triangular square set upon it; or it can be used to hold a copy to write from at the head of the slate. It can also be unscrewed and fixed at one side of the frame out of the way: and the top of the slate being removable enables the slate to

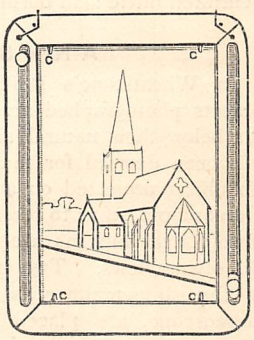
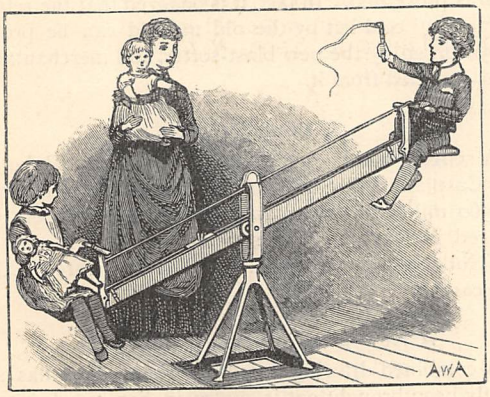


FIG. 2.

be drawn out and reversed when one side has been filled. Fig. 2 shows the use of the slate as a drawing-board; the slate being removed, and its place supplied by a board having a sheet of paper fixed on it by clips at C C C C.



NEW SWINGS.—FIG. 1.

New Swings.

Fig. 1 represents a new and improved form of the old see-saw swing, constructed of iron and wood, with seats at the ends which remain horizontal whatever the position of the swing, and handles to hold on by. Four sizes of the machine are made, ranging from nine to sixteen feet long. In France the hobby-horse is now mounted on two pairs of spiral springs, representing the legs of the animal; and the rider, by his own exertion, imitates the galloping of the horse. These articles are useful for gymnastic exercises; and we may also illustrate another new swing in Fig. 2, which is portable, and can be fixed up on any ground by means of the legs and pins shown. This is a swing of the ordinary kind, and needs no further description.

Fire-Risks of Nitric Acid.

A French chemist has pointed out that many fire accidents occur from the straw used to wrap carboys of nitric acid becoming burned by spontaneous generation of heat, especially if the sun's rays reach the carboy. He concludes that all straw, or other organic matters, should be removed from the vicinity of concentrated nitric acid during its transport and storage.

A New Stereoscope.

In Wheatstone's stereoscope the images of the objects photographed are very often seen on a scale far below their natural size; and a new stereoscope has been devised for making the magnified image of an object projected on a screen by a magic lantern stereoscopic, so as to resemble the original still more. Two optical lanterns are placed side by side as if for dissolving views. Two transparencies, photographed in the same manner as if intended for an ordinary stereoscope, are placed one in each lantern, and projected on a screen in such a position that they overlap each other as nearly as possible. The picture which is intended to be seen by the right eye may be placed in the right-hand lantern, and the other in the left. Supported by suitable framework, and in the front of the two lenses of the lanterns, is a revolving disc, portions of which are cut away, so that during its revolutions it obscures the light of each lantern alternately; or, in other words, so that only one picture at a time is thrown on the screen. A continuous change from one picture to the other is thus obtained. In the same framework, and in convenient positions for the observers, two pairs of eye-holes are provided, one pair on either side of the apparatus. Behind each pair is also a rotating disc, and these discs are connected by suitable wheel-work or driving-bands with the one previously mentioned, in such a way that the three discs rotate together and at the same rate. The two last-named discs are also so cut that they will obstruct the view through the right and left eye-holes alternately. Finally, the connection between the three discs has to be so arranged that the time of obscuring the view of the observers' right eyes or left eyes shall coincide with the time when the light is shut off from the right or left lens of the lanterns respectively. It is obvious that by this arrangement the left eyes can only see the picture projected from the left-hand lantern, and the right eyes can only see that from the right-hand lantern. The flashes follow each other from thirty to forty times per second, so that a continuous effect is produced on the eyes. The discs giving two flashes per turn, they must rotate from fifteen to twenty times per second. They

NEW SWINGS.—FIG. 2.

are rotated by a driving-wheel, band, and handle. The perspective effect given is very good. The apparatus described is only suitable for two persons, but it can be adapted for more by making the side discs larger, and increasing their number.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Intending competitors are reminded that the latest dates for receiving MSS. in Competitions 3 *and* 4 *are July* 1*st and August* 3*rd respectively. For full particulars of these and other Competitions, readers are referred to page* 448 *of last month's issue.*

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

HOW MISS VILLIERS PROSPERS IN PASTURES NEW.

CIVILITY, by now, demands attention to Sydney Alwyn's mother and step-sister, who, when last discoursed of, were turning their backs on scenes of lofty but bitterly humiliated hopes.

Leaving St. Clair's in the frame of mind both did, it is no wonder if even the liveliness of foreign travel, effervescent draught of amusement as it is to some, to them appeared flat, stale, and unprofitable. Mrs. Alwyn, released from surveillance of servants and neighbours, gave naturalness and ill-temper free rein. To the *garçons*, the *portiers*, the white-coiffed *femmes-de-chambre* of the various hotels they visited she was an affliction not readily forgotten—the "*grande dame anglaise*," who, with her superb command, kept them all dancing obsequious attendance on her exacting caprices, and then, callous to rueful looks, departed, bestowing on never a one a *franc* or a *pfennig* beyond the legitimate bill-scored terms of *service*. This species of saving formed the chief pleasure of the lady's first weeks abroad, and, combined with the relaxation of finding fault with everything provided for her everywhere, served as a good-sized safety-valve, through which to disperse the turbid irascibility that had possessed her since the downfall of her designs had driven her from the Dale.

And Miss Villiers extracted as little enjoyment as her mother from the first stages of their route. Cathedrals to her were simply dingy buildings, a weariness to the spirit and chilliness to the body. They caused her to sneeze, which made her eyelids red, which injured her appearance; therefore she avoided them. Their three days on the Rhine she tolerated mainly because this style of travelling neither dustied her beautifully-draped tailor-made costume nor chafed her dainty boots, the preservation of whose glossy kid far over-rode any question of exploring the ruined treasures on the legend-haunted banks. Assuming a melancholy, half of laziness, half of annoyance with her mother for projecting a plan she had not had generalship or luck to carry out, the younger lady adopted a *rôle* of injured sulkiness, saw the seamy side of every day's conditions, and for the first month after they left England proved herself the very reverse of a cheerful travelling companion.

By the end of that time, however, both ladies began to tire of discords and minor keys. Each knew well there was a point of unquenchable importance, on which it was desirable for them to resume harmonious action. Each approached it, not in the outspoken vulgarity of so many words, but along side ways suggested by circumstances, and then it came about that by the time they reached Lucerne, with the intention of there making a lengthened sojourn, Mrs. Alwyn had once more donned her graceful affability, and Leonora had revived to interest in foreign fashions.

It was in the dawn of this happier state of affairs that the pair sat one morning on the balcony of the *pension*, where they preferred chief rank to an almost lost identity among the multitude thronging the huge hotels. Two boxes of raiment had reached them there from England. Leonora's mood had enlivened over unpacking them. In creamy lawn she had put to shame a whole breakfast-table of ill-dressed tourists. Now she mused on the delightful effect of her toilette, idly picking oleander blooms off the great green tub by which she leant, while her mother studied one of Sydney's letters just fetched from the *poste restante*.

"'Well, and at work,' she reports herself," said Mrs. Alwyn, crumpling up the carefully-worded missive as though it had offended her: "really," glancing round to see no one was within hearing, "your sister might belong to the lower classes by her expressions! However, while she is satisfied I intend neither to complain nor to reproach her. Full forgiveness she has no right to expect of me at present. But it is a relief to have her decently settled. The thought of her harassed me frightfully the last month. Now, Leonora, I must call back my spirits and attend to you again."

Leonora raised her well-smoothed eyebrows. "Or, mamma," she said, "I may see fit to attend to myself. I think, if ever I am to do that, it is about time I began."

This extraordinary outburst of independence on the part of the usually pliant-dispositioned daughter took Mrs. Alwyn thoroughly aback. Up went her eye-glasses to inspect the fair speaker with some dismay, but that expression graduated rapidly through surprise and curiosity into gratification, as she followed the graceful gesture of pleased recognition, tempered with dignity, which Leonora was bestowing on some one passing below.

"My dearest child, is that—— ?"

"The gentleman who rescued our luggage at Zurich? Yes, mamma. He passed us there twice on the Höhe

Promenade. He was with a slighter-figured man, but very distinguished—Count Küster."

"'*Count!*' How do you know, Leonora?"

The young lady blushed. "They were entering that poky little *musée*, mamma, just as we were leaving. You were gone back for your sunshade. They bowed to me and passed into the first room. And I—I—looked at their names in the visitors' book."

"And this gentleman is——?"

"Mr. T. Morecoombe-Wood."

"Not titled, then!"

"No, mamma, but English, and very likely of better standing than a German count. He is not just an ordinary holiday-maker, I feel sure. Both those men in blue blouses were carrying his luggage just now, and—Oh, mamma! he has turned back. He is coming here!"

And Leonora suddenly began arranging oleanders on her bodice, while her mother appeared wrapped in contemplation of the clear still lake, though veritably less absorbed in its beauties than in the chances of her own and her daughter's *amour propre* getting speedily healed by the medicine of a desirable marriage.

Not to let imagination, however, out-strip common sense, the mother shunned further discussion of this new-comer to the *pension;* and when dinner-time found Mr. Morecoombe-Wood filling the place of the last arrival at the dinner-table, he received from his (presumably) fair magnets thither no more obvious attention than from the other eighty odd sharers of the repast.

He was a man of fair height, inclining—not developed—into *embonpoint*, extremely pale, with short hair and moustache of inky blackness; very quick and much-comprehending eyes, that never met other people's long enough for their own expression to be too patent; of an age still interesting to the opposite sex; of easy manner and conversation with his own; distinctly unobtrusive, yet a close observer might have noticed that he kept his attention very much on the alert for all that Mrs. Alwyn and her elegant daughter said and did. Though addressing them less frequently than the freedom of the *pension* would have permitted had he chosen to push familiarity, still, mixing with groups near by, he could glean from Mrs. Alwyn's well-weighed remarks that she was travelling mainly for her daughter's health; that with this view residence at home or abroad was immaterial to her; and that the chief disadvantage of a roving winter would be the want of society, her own home-circle having lain among the very *élite* of the land.

This much acquired, Mr. Morecoombe-Wood's glance followed Miss Villiers with growing and—as day after day slipped by—less guarded approbation. A rainy evening bringing music to the fore, Miss Villiers was persuaded to expound, not a humdrum ballad that any school-girl could pipe forth, but the grand *scena* from "Der Freischutz." From the plaudits at its conclusion Mr. Morecoombe-Wood's were missing. He ventured to carry them—a separate offering—to the fair cantatrice while a miserable tenor was murdering "Adelaide;" and he contrived to make them so impressive that thenceforth their intercourse grew rapidly freer, and soon afforded Mrs. Alwyn the insight she desired into the gentleman's individual history.

A party of noisy Americans, one evening, were planning excursions on the water to watch the moon rise from a certain point.

"Would Mr. Morecoombe-Wood join them? Oh! he must; they were going to have fine times!" declared a Brooklyn belle in high-pitched persuasion; and while she waited reply, Miss Villiers's soft full tones happened to remark to her *vis-à-vis* that the sunsets from the Drei Linden were so lovely. She and her mother were going there directly. And Mr. Morecoombe-Wood resisted the lively American's invitation, and went strolling also towards the Drei Linden, asking permission of one couple he found there to share with them the enchanted hour, though one is bound to confess after they got together the sunset seemed entirely forgotten!

"Those riotous tourists are the bane of the Continent in summer-time," he complained. "One gets so out of patience with them. I often threaten myself with returning to England for the empty months."

"Then you never live in our own country?" Mrs. Alwyn asked.

"As little as may be of late years. When a man with enough, or more than is good for him, doesn't anchor in some domestic harbour early in life, he finds English society rather barren by the time he's my age. He gets rid of life more easily by wandering, and has to take every city in turn for his make-believe home."

"Not 'has to,' surely!" said Mrs. Alwyn, very graciously. "I'm afraid you confess yourself hard to please if you say that."

"An impeachment I plead guilty to," the gentleman returned. "Neither London nor other capitals, nor lands native or foreign, have furnished temptation strong enough to fasten me to any hearth, I can truly say—up to this summer."

The last sentence was added with a slight change of tone. Mrs. Alwyn looked keenly, but benignly, at the speaker, who looked at Leonora, who looked at the ground. And, had the sentiments of the trio been gauged just then, the germs of exultation might have been discovered in each breast, though all went gingerly to work towards securing their fruition.

Another morning later on they strolled under the trees by the lake's shore; and Mrs. Alwyn filling up a pause with lauding the glories of Pilatus, Mr. Morecoombe-Wood said, laughing, that after his noble altitude our English peaks and fells sang small, and even—this with subdued watchfulness—"even Devonshire slopes turned into ant-hills."

"Keswick I saw but once," said Mrs. Alwyn, "when I was first married to Mr. Villiers. Derbyshire I have never seen, nor"—with an expression that seemed to say "and she never wished to see it"—"nor Devon."

"The best of all, some say, and—Miss Villiers, you look tired; here are two vacant seats;" then placing himself at angles on the grass, so as to command the countenances of both companions—"and the one I know most. I lived on its eastern borders in former times, and I keep fancying it was there I came across your name, Mrs. Alwyn. 'Alwyn'—yes, it struck me as soon as I heard it." (Mrs. Alwyn's face clouded, spite of her effort to look unconcerned.) "And somehow I had connected it with a great smash-up I remember hearing of there. I fancied it was a Mr. Alwyn who was hard hit in a mining mishap my people used to talk about."

Leonora sent a scared look at her mother from under her long eyelashes. Oh, that that second marriage had been to some indistinguishable Smith or Jones! But Mrs. Alwyn met the emergency grandly. A recent lesson had taught her that up to a certain point honesty is the best policy. Moreover, this one man, detached from the narrow prejudice of English society, was different altogether from that little county clique about St. Clair's. Therefore, she girded her nerves, and with quite a touching mixture of suffering dignity and perfect candour answered—

"Ah! that unusual surname gives me no respite—no chance of casting our troubles into oblivion. It *was* my husband whose property was lost in the disaster you allude to, Mr. Morecoombe-Wood. But as my own fortune and my dear child's was secured beyond reach of harm, we would far rather remember that mercy than dwell upon the other sad trial. The locality of the dreadful business I know nothing of. I feel I may beg you not to use *your* knowledge of it to keep us, or put others, in mind of a peculiarly trying event."

"My dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons for having spoken of it at all! Henceforth the subject becomes a blank to me. I should long ago have forgotten it but for the impression made on me by its being so much talked of in our set—at the Highcoombes'. But you say you are not acquainted with the families in those parts?"

"Not at all."

"Ah! then, how the Highcoombes escaped being entangled in it wouldn't interest you, so I won't talk of it. They are the chief people in that unlucky neighbourhood. Splendid place they have, too—though they are not as old in the county as the Morecoombes. Annabella Morecoombe, 1780 or '90, married a Wood of Beechdale. That's how the double name took root."

This pleasant gossip, never again encroaching on the forbidden ground, was willingly prolonged—often reverted to in the agreeable gentleman's now daily conversations with the ladies; and details, highly satisfactory all, dropped out, from time to time, of his antecedents. In Mrs. Alwyn's accompanying chronicles the noble family of Comyngham—which Mr. Morecoombe knew by hearsay only—figured conspicuously, perhaps with a touch of too perceptible unction on their rank; but Mr. Morecoombe-Wood gallantly lent himself to the little weakness, though he in nowise shared it. This was apparent from his passing mention of a foreign title bestowed on himself for what he lightly termed a trifling good turn he had served a certain German Court diplomatically—a title he, an "unattached man," didn't care a fig for, though his friend, Count Küster, was always urging him to use it. And, by the way, "how much he wished he could have introduced his countrywomen to that friend of his, but family affairs had summoned him to Berlin. The count had not much leisure, but what he had he enjoyed passing in English companionship. They were very intimate." It appeared so.

One afternoon found Mr. Morecoombe-Wood studying not only a letter just received, but the addresses of sundry others enclosed in the wire-latticed rack at the entrance of the *pension*. He was pulling his moustache and using unparliamentary expressions below his breath. At sound of a voitureful of travellers approaching the steps he vanished up-stairs, and at the dinner-table Leonora's maidenly glance perceived his usual place occupied by a stout German paterfamilias, with three blonde daughters and a weak-looking youth, his son, around him. In the salon, Madame Vische gave Mrs. Alwyn a little note, with the remark, "Mistaire Morecomfood had been vaire sorry for to go, but he could not vait vor ze ladies, he was vorced vor to hasten." And the few lines explained a sudden request of Count Küster's (by reason of indisposition) to join him immediately, to which were added profound regrets at leaving without bidding farewell to Miss Villiers and Mrs. Alwyn, and sincere hopes that he might be able to meet them at Interlachen.

It was there the ladies had spoken of staying some fortnight hence, and never went fourteen days more slowly than those which crept by before they moved thither. Let one's aim be what it will, fixing intent desire upon it shuts out all surroundings else! So Giessbach was but a damp nuisance: Meyringen, a dull little hole, the very Jungfrau no better than a sugar-loaf in a grocer's window, to the imaginations whose foremost ground was taken up with a single figure, the well-born, well-dressed, ingratiating Mr. Morecoombe-Wood!

But at Interlachen he reappeared, and the slighted Jungfrau in the light of his advent, and a young romantic moon, became a thing of beauty and a joy—for the time being.

More pronouncedly attentive than ever, his experience as a traveller became invaluable to them. He negotiated Mrs. Alwyn's English bills, counselled their route when he should be compelled to run off to Vienna, where he had invested capital after which it behoved him to look, shared their excursions, and so far progressed in intimacy that when consulted as to their winter abode, he frankly arbitrated in favour of his own wishes. To imprison Miss Villiers in the Engadine would be barbarous. He would have advocated Berlin, where Count Küster would have introduced them to princes some, and "Vons" innumerable, but then he should be jealous! It was at Paris that he himself must chiefly reside. There were what in England we call "boards," "companies" he was

upon. With the new year he was bound to attend these. But business, for which having had no need, he (with a shrug) had no taste, would take a different aspect if it brought him near Miss Villiers—and Mrs. Alwyn. Could they be persuaded to try Paris?

They could, and they did.

By mid-October they were installed in a charming *appartement* within a stone's-throw of the Arc de Triomphe. A few weeks later Mr. Morecoombe-Wood took up bachelor residence in a *quartier* not far off. A call or two established him as cicerone to his charming compatriots. Prudent inquiry on Mrs. Alwyn's part, through her brother in England, elicited the fact that this unexceptionable friend's family held foremost place on the Southern county roll. His ever-increasing and ever-acceptable devotion to Leonora knew thenceforth neither check nor hindrance. The sun of the old year bade fair to set in such dazzling effulgence, that Mrs. Alwyn could afford to forget awhile the humbler fortunes of her younger child.

But about this time a letter reached her from Major Villiers, for which she was far from grateful. For the old officer urged that Sydney should be restored to her mother's side once more.

"The plan," so he wrote, "you imposed on Miss Alwyn, and named to me, of keeping her past action and present life *sub rosâ*, is sure to fall through sooner or later. Pardon me, my dear sister-in-law, for saying unasked what I think, but I do consider that release from this social and domestic interdict would come more gracefully from yourself than through chance or other folks' inquisitiveness. I saw Mr. Drayton not long ago. It was with difficulty I evaded his close questioning about Sydney. If it is—as I trust—simply a question of her maintenance which separates you, if you scruple to use the means of one daughter for the support of the other, will you permit me, out of warm regard for Sydney, to send you a yearly remittance, which will, I think, cover the expense of her residing with you? This could be strictly between ourselves. It would gratify me and surely conduce to your own comfort."

Mrs. Alwyn long balanced the pros and cons of this offer. The arrangement might be private: *i.e.*, nothing now or perhaps ever need be said to Sydney of the major's share in it. The conciliation would look well, would redound to her credit. The sum offered by the major would more than defray the cost of Sydney's living, and that was no mean consideration, for the hasty retreat from St. Clair's, the ill-considered purchase and angry transfer of the Dale, had diminished her principal. Mrs. Alwyn appreciated and pointed out these advantages clearly to Leonora, but that more-than-ever elegant damsel made quite a Parisian *moue* at the notion of her step-sister's return, saying—

"Sydney's costume will be of the Ark description, mamma. She may impress Mr. Morecoombe-Wood with an unfavourable idea of our connections; or," illogically capping this with a sincerer excuse, "he may take to admiring—preferring her."

"Not the least likely, dear, foolish child! It would be my immediate duty to make it known she shared only *my* home, not *your* fortune. Mr. Morecoombe-Wood was saying only the other day it was a miserable thing for a woman to marry without *dot*. It placed her at a disadvantage from the outset. I entirely agreed with him, and said I should never permit my child to enter any family undowered. Sydney may come, for all that. He would never think of her now."

"He" never had the opportunity.

A note, most coldly worded, about which hung the odour of yet unpardoned offence, offered Sydney the option of return. Promptly came reply in shape of a refusal. Grateful (more than there was need for, had the writer known all), anxiously thankful for these late-flung crumbs of maternal solicitude, but still refusal: "Mainly," said Sydney's letter, "because of something fresh I have lately learnt, mother, which seems to bid me stay at Wynstone, as the place above all others where I ought to go on working. I will tell you in my next exactly what I mean by this if you will give me leave."

"But I shall not give her leave!" cried Mrs. Alwyn, quite ready to take affront at her overtures being declined, and possibly having a dim suspicion of the reason. "I require no explanation of what I understand only too well. It's the old story. Her will against my wish, and we very well know which always wins."

So kind Major Villiers's scheme came to naught, and every thought of the little Parisian *ménage* now centred on seeing beautiful Leonora become Mrs.—or, as Continental society surely would say, "Madame la Baronne Morecoombe-Wood!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

SYDNEY'S NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

IT is to be hoped a better reason than the bald one imputed by her mother will be found for Sydney's refusal to rejoin Mrs. Alwyn by those who have followed her fortunes thus far.

For truly that chapter of the Hursts' history disclosed on New Year's Eve carried her with one great gust clean out of the becalmed haven of Wynstone's light duties, once more into the deep waters of indebtedness, which this time appeared unfathomable—past all her power of paying off.

Long after her employer had concluded her plaintive good-night—and, indeed, long after the agitated lady was asleep, and dreaming that Mr. Babbington brought three little children and shut them up in her dining-room, declaring she must take care of them, for he could not—Sydney still sat wide awake, seeking up and down among her senses, how she could fulfil the Tantalus task she had undertaken. For a long while the search was entirely unproductive, and she smarted so under the bonds of her incapacity, that she was presently fain to lay her head upon her arms and christen the year's first hours with a flood of hopeless tears.

But hopelessness and Sydney were never for long allies. The courage which last summer's disasters had failed to quench mounted with this new occasion. Quickly she rose; noiselessly paced the room, thinking. Money she had none wherewith to span the terrible rift in two lives, caused by credulous trust in her father's counsel; but youth, health, vigour, were hers. These she would spend unstintingly—ah, she would pour them out!—in aiding endurance of what was past cure. She had been wondering of late how long this service of hers would last. Now she knew. As long as she lived. Only at the very end should those she meant to dedicate her days to find it was John Alwyn's daughter who had been labouring to win back sufferance for the name now stigmatised as the source of all their troubles. Her sensitiveness was too acute to let her weigh aright the responsibility accredited to her father. Her generous pity, maybe, cast a glamour of romance over Miss Jean's story. But there was not a spark of romance, only pure, brave womanliness, without one jot or tittle of other feeling, in the resolve she reached. Before a little locked-up cabinet she stopped, took forth a faded likeness, and stroked it tenderly. Her eyes, beautiful and steadfast as twin stars, shone out through the last of her tears. The warm colour stole back to her white cheeks. Her breath came fast. The wind outside was sobbing and wailing round the house; the

"WENT STROLLING TOWARDS THE DREI LINDEN" (*p.* 514).

rush of the river sang an angry second. Just now she had felt as storm-tossed as they, but now on her heart there fell a wonderful and childlike calm. Casting the incubus of her care upon a Power every day taught her the better to trust, she stood at her window with clasped hands, looked forth into the darkness, promising that invisible presence which was her life's companion, "With the best I have, the very best, I will make them amends, father!"—and so met the New Year fearlessly.

The next morning brought her mother's letter. Chill though it was, refusal of its offer cost Sydney no light pang. The old hungering for affection asserted itself strongly at the first note of favour. But chained afresh, as now she found herself, not a hundredfold more temptation than Mrs. Alwyn's measured lines held out would have taken her from Wynstone. Definitely her "no" was written and despatched. The cause of that "no" she dared not add without permission, well knowing it would only reopen the old bitter dispute, and as this permission never came, under Mrs. Alwyn's perverse judgment she had to lie till time, the great redresser of many wrongs, removed the unmerited ban.

One confidant she had, Jacob Cheene. To him she wrote what she suspected was no news, and back came the candid admission that he had known throughout who her employers were.

"But while I heard you were peaceful at Capel Moor, with nothing to complain of, I thought my knowledge best kept to myself. The Hursts are kindly by breeding, and come of honourable stock. There were Hursts, gentlefolks, at Stillcote, generations before your own name was transplanted there from the Midlands, Miss Sydney. The father of these two was one of that quartet who used to meet at 'Stuarts' every week. I knew that in their home you might be better done by than among richer and prouder people; and I thought that if ever this which you have just heard did reach your ears, you could come straight to me, if that course seemed best to you. It never entered my calculations you should take it so hard."

Thus Jacob answered her, and urged with even-handed shrewdness and liveliest regard for his old master's daughter, that she might with a clear conscience hold herself exonerated as her father's vicar from every vestige of blame in this loss of the Hursts. What Mr. Alwyn failed to foresee for himself, how could he foretell for others? No professional man would dare to give advice if his actions were to be thus after-weighed. Miss Hurst had coloured her tale too highly. Miss Sydney had magnified the imputation—had accepted it too readily. She must let him, who valued his master's honour second to none but herself, arbitrate for her now. She must give up Wynstone, since she had learnt this, and come to him. He would so gladly have her if his home was not beneath her sharing. But he was getting better off—a little. All she had done last summer had set his narrow income free. For awhile it would be plenty for them both. By-and-by they would see what was to be done. And when would his dear Miss Sydney come?

"Never, good old Jacob!" was her silent verdict; but there came a haze about her downcast eyes, and a treacherous tremulousness about her soft, flexible lips, while, with words loving and gentle as firm, she penned her answer to the friend her father's brotherly humanity had purchased for her fifty years before.

Miss Hurst was watching her with side-glances. Sydney's reticence on matters personal was rather a sore point. That weekly letter, always scented out whether written "up-stairs or down-stairs, or in my lady's chamber," was a mystery she was burning to dissect. Now the writer's scarcely concealable emotion suggested its tendency as the one which to Miss Jean's then state of mind appeared likeliest.

"H—m!" she said, stopping to regard Sydney sentimentally, with a knitting-pin pressed meditatively to her cheek—"No bad news, I hope, Miss Grey?"

"No—oh! no indeed," said Sydney, betrayed into disclaiming eagerness, "it is only that some one is very good to me."

"I see," returned Miss Jean; "very satisfactory." Then she felt compelled to put forward another modest feeler. "Your friend, or friends, if the same you went last autumn to visit, would be quite free to return the compliment to you here any day, if you wished it, for a few hours, I'm sure."

Sydney, at this, knowing that Jacob, by name and person too, would surely be recognised, could only falter thanks, confused and blushing. Herefrom Miss Hurst drew her own inference.

"Ah!" said she, "I shouldn't be surprised if your correspondent would rather entice you away than come here to see you. I suspect that this person, who is so very good to you, is not altogether disinterested."

Sydney fell headlong into the neat little pitfall.

"Indeed he is disinterested," she cried, "though he does want me to go——" then stopped with a sudden consciousness that she was saying far too much, and ended, reddening more vividly than ever, "but I am not going to be so selfish—I mean it would be wrong to take advantage—oh! I mean, Miss Hurst, I am intending to stay here till——"

"Till circumstances fetch you elsewhere!" finished Miss Jean drily; and, never imagining the interpretation put upon this interlude, Sydney finished her letter and hastened off to post it.

"Herself, as usual!" cogitated Miss Hurst, *sola*, for her brother was out on one of his riverside rambles. "She never trusts any one else to do that. I am confident she has had some difference with her family about marrying. It wouldn't hurt her to be more open with me. I might advise her for her good. But I suppose her good might mean leaving us, so perhaps things are best as they are. I don't know where I should find another like her. She seems to leave nothing undone to please me and Gilbert, though he doesn't notice it as I do. The last few days she has

been more anxious than ever. Now I come to think of it, she really was quite affected by all I told her the other night. Very likely, though she doesn't talk much, she feels for us."

Very likely she did! That missive to Jacob nailed her colours to the mast. Now she turned all her strength, all her invention, into the channel where henceforth it had to flow. Between the bounds of Miss Jean's elaborate domesticity and Mr. Hurst's more cultivated requirements, she must mete out what ability she had—spare money for one: translate life into light for the other—and, while ransacking her faculties for means to these ends, fortuitous chance supplied them.

A sunny January morning exhibited with cruel distinctness the faded state of the drawing-room curtains. Miss Jean, apologising for the contrivance (in which Sydney's fingers helped) of turning sides into middle, lamented that the house, to look as it ought, wanted all the surplus of its owner's income: "whereas mine," she sighed, "must go for Gilbert. I shall get shabbier and shabbier, but there is no help for it. Gilbert can do nothing, of course. If there were any gentlemanly work he could learn, and carry on in the back room, to bring in a pound a week, it would be something. But there isn't, so I give up hoping anything of the sort."

What she gave up, Sydney seized on.

Through an hour of diligent stitching the plan matured: with next day's reading it was initiated, more boldly than it would have been somewhat earlier. For at last some clue seemed to be found to Mr. Hurst's strange manner. His sister had expatiated on Mrs. Preece's persisting in shaking hands with him, and "pitying him as if he had been a baby, both of which naturally upset him." Now Sydney remembered sinning in this respect. On a certain September evening she had taken his hand unasked, and, like as not, let her voice tell the pity she was feeling. Since then, assuredly, he had treated her differently, for which he was not to be judged as more fortunate men. Having erred once in this direction, she would do so no more. Withholding every sign of sympathy, whatever she felt, she would win him back to their old footing, and so set her scheme afloat. The book placed for her next morning she asked leave to change.

"Might they read one they had gone through last autumn? Mr. Hurst had said it was worth a second study."

Surprised, but shirking discussion, as usual now—though Sydney's voice was wondrous winning as she made the petition—he agreed to her wish. The book was on philology. Presently came the paragraph Sydney had craftily aimed at.

"You said before, Mr. Hurst, you had a paper on this very point among your manuscripts."

"Yes," unwillingly, "I think I have."

"I hoped, perhaps, you would let me see it. This is too specialised for me to understand it."

"My few remarks, Miss Grey, were simply local, and mixed up with other subjects. They would not repay hunting out. Something by Skeat on the shelf there would answer your purpose better."

This was next door to rebuff, but Sydney, strong in her purpose, was not going to give way.

"Skeat is quite beyond me," she said, cheerfully saddling herself with stupidity, "I understand your explanations so much more easily; but I am afraid that is such a poor compliment, that you are sure to refuse them to me now."

"If you really prefer them, they are at your service, Miss Grey."

Half fearing from his constraint that she had gone too far, Sydney unearthed the manuscript from the writing-table drawer, read out admirably its clear and clever pages, and then making the most of Mr. Hurst's visible gratification at her grasp of his style and subject, preferred another request.

"May I just look at the rest of the manuscripts here, Mr. Hurst?"

"If you choose. But they are not worth it, Miss Grey; they are incomplete."

"Thank you for letting me though. 'Churches of a West County,' 'The River's Banks,' 'Before the Saxons.' Why, there must be the making of a splendid book here, Mr. Hurst."

He smiled at last. "A book? Yes. 'Splendid?' I'm afraid not. But whether or no, there can be no telling now," sighing.

"No telling? Why?"

"Why?" he reiterated, as though the question were cruel. "Why, because, as I said, those papers are incomplete, and I have no power to shape them into what they should be. They are sketches: the framework only of chapters. What might have been a book, must stand like a half-built, deserted house, Miss Grey. Wind and rain devour one: fire will probably devour the other."

"It has no reason to," said Sydney. "Why should the building not go on?"

"With a blind craftsman!" he exclaimed.

"With a blind master, if you please," said she, hardening her voice, "but a day-labourer under orders, who can see. Please, Mr. Hurst," suddenly changing now to frank and fearless persuasion, "if I am not too dull or too illiterate, will you let me try and put your volume together? Of course only the mechanical part of it. You would direct every line."

For nearly a minute Mr. Hurst was silent, his colour rising. Poor Sydney was luring him into something beyond his old beloved world of letters. He had nearly steeled himself to wise refusal, when by way of strengthening her plea she said—

"Imagine how delighted Miss Jean would be, how proud, if your book brought only a little fortune in!"

"Ah, that she would!" he said, with instant acquiescence, not entirely glad. "But," slowly, "I should not dare—I have no right to appropriate your time, your thought, in this way. I am most grateful, but it cannot be done."

"You think I am not able to do my share. You

dislike the idea yourself," she said, not seeking to hide her disappointment.

"The idea I should revel in, other things being equal. Your share would be better done than mine. Nevertheless, the project won't do."

While speaking, he had drawn nearer than usual now-a-days. His quick hearing caught the inarticulate sound of vexation with which Sydney turned away.

"Then," she said, "I can do nothing for you but read—read—read—for ever."

"Read—for ever!" he repeated gravely. "Ah! I suspected it must grow wearisome. You tire of it sometimes."

With a flash of womanly wit she saw a chance of gaining the end she was positive he desired, despite his words.

"Yes," she declared, her eyes sparkling, "I tire sometimes—a little. A change of work would be more pleasure than I can tell. Don't you *think* the book might be tried?"

Through another brief pause Gilbert Hurst pondered again.

Entrenched in blindness, poverty, dependence, he must be safe. This plan might ease Jean. If so, he should be a brute to reject it. Deliberating, he was lost.

"Then suppose we try it," he said, and Sydney so exulted, she was nigh committing another breach of discipline, and giving him her hand again to seal the bargain.

Mr. Hurst had not overrated her share of the new task. With hunting up notes, shaping rough outlines, sifting, sorting, accepting, rejecting, parting fact from fiction, and making fair copies of each finished page, "Round about my County" drew out and kept in full play more power than ever Sydney suspected she possessed. More than that. It lit up the latent enthusiasm of her nature, repressed at home through all her opening girlhood. And this enthusiasm, though an invaluable adjunct in the production of the book, was, like many another powerful weapon, dangerous for every-day use.

The unavoidably constant comparison of thought brought the workers into closer communion even outside their mutual occupation, and Sydney discovered that without offending she could make Mr. Hurst share the pleasant relaxation of her own brain when their afternoon quantum was done.

Tired one February day when sunset warned them to leave off, she was fairly glad to look lazily out on the golden-tipped hills, and amuse her mind with nothing more consequential than a chattering troop of sparrows at the end of the garden. Bobbing their brown heads about, pluming their dapper little dun-coloured bodies, saying their prayers, or squabbling, or telling the day's adventures; such a fussy and incessant riot the feathered gossips kept going, that sight and sound of them set Sydney laughing.

"What is it, Miss Grey?" Mr. Hurst asked from his end of the room.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," she answered, feeling guilty to be amused at what he was cut off from. "It's nothing but a comical party of sparrows."

"Why beg my pardon?" he said, getting up and coming to the window himself. Miss Jean was receiving a caller in the drawing-room. "I used to think sparrows fascinating fellows. Are they on that tallest larch?"

"Yes," beginning to enjoy them again, "they are arranging their evening toilette."

"Just as they used to do! Many?"

"Ten, fifteen, thirty—oh! I can't count. They are making the boughs swing. They look so droll. The light is so clear, and their little fluffy figures against the sky—Oh!" as the flutter of fifty pairs of wings filled the air, "they are frightened; they are gone! No, here they come back; they are settling again. And," excitedly, "one has a long straw in his beak. Three others are trying to pull it away. But," breaking off once more, "what nonsense this must sound to you, Mr. Hurst!"

"Go on: go on," he said, "it sounds like a song I have been wanting to hear for ages."

"Ah! another has come to help him; and the thieves are defeated. And off he goes with his straw to his nest under the eaves."

"Happy little rascal!" said Mr. Hurst, with first a laugh and then a sigh. "Thank you, Miss Grey, for a glimpse of the outer world again."

And after that Sydney fell into the habit of chronicling for his benefit such common things as spring skies, or the first coming of the primroses, or the unfurling of the hart-tongue's tight-packed brown-fringed fronds, and all such insignificant minutiæ as his sister had stowed carefully out of hearing: which, with her brother's growing enjoyment of the same, might not exactly have secured Miss Hurst's approbation, but about that time the good spinster's attention was diverted from its heretofore chief object, and settled on a more absorbing one—herself!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

CONTAINS A TENDER REVIVAL.

PERHAPS, though, that assertion is hardly fair. Certainly, the lady in question would have repudiated the imputation. It was not exclusively on herself Miss Jean's interests centred, but also on other individuals, who, as already heralded, appeared early in the year at Capel Moor, and who, with their environments, became of immediate and fast-growing importance to the mistress of Wynstone.

The first fortnight in January had been a time of restlessness and ill-concealed excitement to Miss Hurst. She was exceedingly active, and very fidgety; found a multitude of small requirements about the house, made a variety of small changes, brought out of seclusion a quantity of her late cousin Miss Hammond's choicest possessions, hitherto stowed away for high day and holiday use, and altogether rejuvenated her little establishment to an amazing extent. Another alteration, once pronounced impossible, suddenly became feasible.

"Gilbert, dear, as the days get longer I have been thinking we will return to old habits and dine at seven," said the mistress, making the announcement as though it really was, what she possibly deluded herself into imagining, the outcome of special deliberation on his behalf. "You seem to feel the evenings long. Oh! don't say 'no,' because I've observed it, and you can't deceive me! I am sure you walk miles round that garden between seven and nine, to pass the time away, of course, and that shows you feel dull. Now, dinner will make a nice long break, and you must be sociable enough to stop in-doors afterwards and talk to me and Miss Grey. The servants will have to be trained, of course, but I will undertake that. I can't have you growing gloomy and eccentric, you know. That would never do!" And, having thus ingeniously regained the more correct hour for their repast, Miss Jean took another new departure in the matter of personal appearance.

"'DON'T YOU THINK THE BOOK MIGHT BE TRIED?'" (*p.* 520).

Hitherto her wardrobe had seemed chiefly maintained out of Cousin Priscilla's excellent but antiquated stock, and if alteration in the fashion of the same involved cutting to waste, then the garment would be worn in its original skimpness or amplitude, rather than infringe Miss Jean's rigid law of economy. Hence ensued such costume as would have driven Leonora Villiers into hysterics, and required some schooling for even Sydney to look upon without a smile.

But now a revolution of modes took place. A dressmaker came up from the village and stitched a whole week through in one of the attics. Miss Hurst was perpetually vanishing to be fitted; continually consulting Sydney as to shades and shapes; and rehabilitated by this conclave of industry and taste, presented soon an improved appearance, which she sheepishly apologised for by a series of circumlocutory excuses, in the midst of which lay the one small transforming grain of truth.

"I ought to have seen to all this before you came, Miss Grey, but I was out of spirits; Gilbert had worn me very much, not that I complain of him, but I was getting fagged with him. But as the year turns, why, one likes to brighten up. And when one's rooms look fresh, one has to polish up one's clothes to match. Not that any polishing will make me young again. Still I don't want to look quite the old woman when —when—on Sunday morning! You will hear Mr. Babbington then, Miss Grey. Oh, dear! I wish I were cleverer at trimming bonnets."

This speech was delivered while Miss Trotter, the rustic modiste, was down-stairs dining, and Miss Hurst was inspecting sundry boxes of mixed millinery with the aim of producing a new head ornamentation for the next Sabbath. Her achievements in this way were rather terrible. All the finery collected by the late Miss Hammond for many years danced a sort of country dance with Miss Hurst's treasures of the same date, changing partners in shifting positions, limp plumes now hiding rusty lace, presentable lace coquettishly concealing squashed flowers, and the last of the careful lady's efforts always outshone its predecessor in ugliness. Now she eyed the conglomeration of smartness ruefully, saying with dejection—

"Having such good things by me, I should not be justified in buying anything new—especially when, as I said to Gilbert this morning, I have not paid for his last suit yet. But how to contrive anything becoming out of these odds and ends, I know no more than an infant in arms. Should you think, Miss Grey, this would do?" poising on an ancient speckled shape a bunch of violet velvet, red poppies, and golden oats (flowers out of season, snowdrops in October, blush roses in December, had a fascination for Miss Jean).

"N-o," said Sydney; then at the ejaculation of disappointment, "I wonder," she ventured to add, "if I could do it for you. Ah! I have a sister in Paris who could put it together beautifully."

"In Paris?" exclaimed Miss Jean, on the *qui vive* for scraps of Sydney's history. "Living there?"

"Only travelling with my mother. But," quietly barring further questions, "may I try the bonnet for you? What dress do you wear it with?"

"The maroon; I thought green satin with some of the dangling things of Cousin Priscilla's best cap would look well."

Sydney shook her head. "It must be black."

"With these poppies, then."

"No. Nothing but," critically, "a buckle or two."

"Not even these dear"—sentimentally—"*dear* little forget-me-nots?"

"Not even them. Let me do it as I like; then come and see if you approve."

And remembering why and for whom she worked, Sydney used an hour to such effect that Miss Hurst returned to find, elated, "a bonnet that actually might have come from a shop! So now," with incautious gratitude, "I shall be easy about how I look on Sunday. But, Miss Grey, I hope you have said nothing to my brother about who comes then."

"Nothing. I should never think of naming what you spoke of in such a manner."

"Of course not. I beg your pardon for asking. But there is a little nervousness about it. I shan't get over it till we have met as—as—as middle-aged people and strangers to—to everything we used to think of. I shall put off naming—him—to my brother as long as I can. It is sure to re-open that miserable time—those wretched memories."

This hit Sydney, robbing Miss Jean's ostentatious pathos of its almost drollery. She, too, anticipated Sunday sympathetically: was pleased when Miss Jean went to church, very subdued, looking so much her best, that country lasses in their pews nudged each other to mark the change: felt the little jump her companion gave when the stranger's voice first sounded: almost shared the wistful curiosity with which the Reverend Horatius Babbington's first love stole glances at his two pale-faced, flaxen-haired little girls, perched on hassocks in the rectory pew: and knowing instinctively the agitated lady's silence would last no longer than the end of service, hastened forward, leaving brother and sister to walk home together. Then said Miss Jean, clutching at Gilbert's arm—

"Oh! what—what did you think of that sermon? A little different from Mr. Preece's, was it not?"

"Much longer," said Mr. Hurst, unexcited enough.

"Longer! Surely not. But I wasn't meaning that. Oh, Gilbert! don't you know who it was? I could have told at the first word. You've not forgotten—Horatius Babbington!"

"Babbington!" he repeated, voice and manner softened instantly, "why, Jean dear, my poor old Jean, how will you like this?"

"Oh! well enough," she answered, swallowing obtrusive gurglings of anything but mirth. "I can bear it: especially for you. You are quite right; I am only 'old' Jean; and your Jean; and only dear to you. And that's all—all I want to be. The past won't affect me the least. For I know well enough there is no such thing as marrying for me, any more than for you. No home for me except with you, any more than there's a home for you except with me. You won't object to my being kind to those poor little children? But don't be concerned for me, Gilbert. I can meet Mr. Babbington as indifferently as any lady should."

Spite of which declaration, Miss Hurst shed many tears at home over the miniature of a thin and interesting young divine, with wavy hair and beardless face, and a seraphic smile. The slimness was gone, for the reverend gentleman was inclined to corpulence, and the wavy forelock was swallowed up in advancing

baldness. But Miss Jean's fidelity could stand the shock of such mere physical change. To her Horatius Babbington was idealised as the winner of her young affections. His smile was still seraphic; himself still, more than other men, most interesting.

In time the new-come clergyman made his first call, behaving with soberest propriety, though Sydney secretly resented his inquisitive inspection of herself, and still more his bluntness of perception in dragging from Mr. Hurst every detail of first failing, and then fully lost, sight. That half-hour's visit stamped him on her mind as bland, opinionated, amiable domestically, more widely selfish, theologically effusive—mentally beneath the standard at which he rated himself; and her first impression was correct.

But Miss Hurst saw in him no flaw. Through the visit she bore herself with great discretion, but a stray remark as the guest was leaving, "Surely that little table used to stand in the bow-window of the Stillcote drawing-room?" threw her off her balance. That bow-window was a spot dear in the heyday of her hopes. Mr. Babbington must have been dull of comprehension if in her confusion he had not seen that old ties were fresh in her memory. Miss Jean's perturbation flattered him. He was not dull. He returned to his lodgings and his children, thoughtful and very satisfied.

Inevitably then the curate-in-charge grew intimate at Wynstone. Miss Hurst, by upbringing and nature, enjoyed regulating parish matters. Now her assistance was constantly claimed for them. At the outset Gilbert Hurst demurred at the weekly call, offered ostensibly to furnish him with masculine companionship. "Don't have Mr. Babbington on my account, Jean," he said, "it can't be pleasant to you, and we never knew each other much." But Miss Jean turned restive at this, replying, "I'm afraid, Gilbert, you would like him better if he were a college friend, or that tutor you used to make so much of. I know he is only an ordinary hard-working man, but poor papa was much attached to him, and for that reason I should have thought you would not grudge him civility." And after that her brother could but make the best of the gentleman's society, even when it extended regularly over Thursday's dinner-hour.

Before long Mr. Babbington had communicated to Miss Hurst much of his personal career since they two parted, and Sydney—not Mr. Hurst, she noticed—was made further recipient of these particulars.

"He was so unsettled, poor man, after he left Stillcote," Miss Jean said, evidently deeply gratified at the fact. "He tried two chaplaincies abroad, but then he felt that he must fling himself into something engrossing, or——So he went to Palestine. Of course, he overworked himself. He couldn't help it in the state he was. He had a wretched fever, and the consul's family took the greatest care of him. They had found out his value. One daughter, an excellent creature no doubt, devoted herself to him. He was lonely, weak, always so impressionable to kindness. It was natural, indeed necessary, since the poor thing got so attached to him, for him to marry her. I should never blame him, never! But I *scarce*-ly think she was fit to be a clergyman's wife. He mourns for her, oh! most sincerely; but human grief is shortsighted. After all, it may be for the best that poor Mrs. Babbington, with her desire for English society and a larger income, was taken."

Apparently poor Mr. Babbington grew to look on his bereavement in this light. A great unanimity of sentiment became more and more visible between him and the choice of his youth. His children, two plain, loquacious little maidens, and a small shy boy, were perpetually trotting to Wynstone with messages—"Ought the deaf widow, named Wilkin, to have bread given her every week?" "Please, papa wanted to know, was there any one in the place who could knit little Horry some socks?" and so forth; and Miss Jean's word on these matters became law. Belle and Flossy would enter now without knock or ring, so much at home they grew with their papa's kind friend. Horry soon learnt to climb her knee, demanding cake at all hours. No matter when they came, Miss Hurst found them no interruption, but ever turned their visit to some such charitable account as the mending of skirts, or stitching buttons on boots, or some neglected office of which the motherless trio stood much in need. All which was well enough, and only diverted from her brother part of the lukewarm attention she had ever bestowed on his greatest pleasures. But another phase of Mr. Babbington's influence took a less agreeable form. He himself had great fondness for probing Mr. Hurst's sentiments on subjects men are often chary of dragging into common conversation. Now Miss Hurst followed suit.

"I fear," she said one day to Sydney, with the semblance of much anxiety, "Gilbert, while he is after this book he fancies he can put together, never happens to speak of—of—better things? Never talks about religion, Miss Grey?"

"No!" replied Sydney, startled.

"Ah!" his sister sighed, "it's a pity. But he never would. And people bound together," with a heavier sigh, "as we are, ought to be open as daylight on such an important point: ought to see through each other like glass! But I can't see through poor Gilbert. Mr. Babbington was saying, clever as he is, he is too reticent to be thoroughly satisfactory. Oh! if he would only talk, Miss Grey, and tell me exa-c-t-ly what he feels, how thankful I should be! For all he says, you know, he might be a—a—what *is* the word? One that reminds you of ash-stick or knob-stick, though it's neither of them precisely."

"Agnostic!" cried Sydney, divided between laughter and indignation. "Miss Hurst, you would do well to be angry with any one who called your brother that!" (Only a little while before, wearied herself by one of Mr. Babbington's copious discourses, in momentary unguarded petulance she had wondered to Mr. Hurst why every service took him so regularly to the little church. "For the peace that always lies within its walls," he had answered, and she cherished the reply,

though self-conviction charged it with unmeant rebuke. This was the man whose sister was trembling over his spiritual state!) "Indeed," she went on hotly, "you cannot think what the word means, or never could you hint at Mr. Hurst's being that!"

"Ah! well, I only hope you may be right," returned Miss Jean, slightly abashed, but dragged two ways as clearly as ever weak woman was; "but still, abilities are a great snare" (a parrot lesson assuredly), "and we know poor Gilbert has abilities enough!"

And thenceforth it became increasingly evident that what had once been so much dreaded was developing into an accomplished fact.

Some—not thing, but—person had come between Miss Hurst and her brother; and Miss Hurst did not fulfil her threat. She did not hate this person!

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR STUART, M.P.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE Chairman of the London Joint Board for the Extension of University Education is not, in the least, one's ideal of a professor. Mr. Stuart's eminent scientific attainments have not sicklied his face with the pale cast of thought; and he would strike the casual observer as likely to be more at home in the hunting-field or the stubbles than in the lecture-room. He is of that broad-shouldered, thick-set build, more frequently seen in the hard user of muscles and sinews than in the industrous brain-worker. I found him one morning in his drawing-room in Sloane Street, immersed in blue books and Parliamentary papers, by his side a pile of documents relating to the progress of University Extension, which he had most courteously collected for my information. As in some measure the founder of the scheme which in the course of fifteen years has grown to such considerable dimensions, Mr. Stuart naturally takes a vivid interest in its progress; and it is obviously a pleasure to him to talk over its success and its prospects. His acquaintance with the working of the system is, like the younger Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, "intimate and peculiar." Every detail is at his fingers' ends, and most of my questions were anticipated by his lucid exposition of what has been done and is now being attempted towards bringing University methods of study within reach of the very classes which can be most benefited by them.

Shortly before my visit a paragraph had gone the round of the newspapers, in which was made what to many people must have seemed the very remarkable statement that, owing to the most recent expansion of the Extension scheme, it was now possible for a student to spend twenty months at Cambridge and take his degree at a cost not exceeding £100. I asked Professor Stuart if this statement correctly represented the facts.

"In effect it is true," he answered. "Twenty months would represent in practice the theoretical two years of residence—from October in one year to the June twelvemonth following. There is no reason why more than £100 should be spent during that period, since the cost of living is almost the only expenditure. The University itself is practically open; most of the professors' lectures are free, and there are only a few guineas to be paid in fees. The possibility of doing this came about through the University Extension movement in this way. Formerly the right to exemption from one year's residence was restricted to those who had attended affiliated colleges. When the students of those colleges have passed through a curriculum of three years, we give them the privilege of missing one year of residence at Cambridge. This privilege was originally granted to encourage the foundation of local colleges; but it seems to us now unwise to endeavour only to increase the number of those colleges, and it has therefore been decided by the Senate of the University—whose decision will, however, have to be given the force of law by the Queen in Council—to extend these facilities to every student desiring to avail himself of them, who has attended the courses of lectures given at any local centre under the Extension system."

"So that there is now an end to the necessity of spending three years at an affiliated college before the year's remission could be earned?"

"The remission can now be obtained in either way. It has latterly been felt that it was unfair not to allow the student at a local centre the same advantages as were possessed by students of the affiliated colleges. We did not wish to make anybody suffer because there happened not to be any such college in his neighbourhood."

"Then this action on the part of the University indicates no dissatisfaction with the work of the affiliated colleges?"

"Not the least. Our experience of the colleges has been thoroughly satisfactory. And I should like to say that the objection which was made when we first proposed to grant the remission privilege to the colleges—that it would hinder men from going to the University—has turned out to be more than fallacious. The number of students at Cambridge has shown a tendency to increase, rather than to diminish, since the

privilege was granted. As soon as our decision has been ratified, the remission will be given to every person who has gone through a course of three years, to be prescribed by the University, in connection with the Extension lectures and classes, and who has passed the required examinations."

"And a University degree will then be within reach of any working man who can afford to spend a little over £100, spread over five years?"

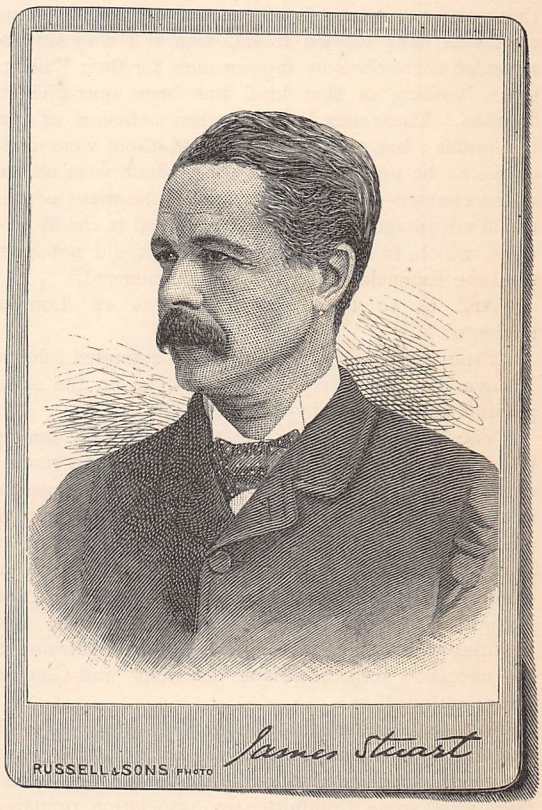
"It will be quite possible; but you must remember that it is a difficult matter for a working man to spend ten months a year, for two years, away from his home and his work. Still, the possibility is there." Mr. Stuart went on to tell how this difficulty had, in a small way, been met. In the winter of 1884, four prizes of £10 each were offered in the Northumberland mining district—one to the male, and one to the female student, in each of the two terms, who should take the highest place in the examination at the close of the course of local lectures, to enable them to spend a month at Cambridge in the Long Vacation; there to continue, in the laboratories and museums, the work in which they had been engaged in the local lectures. It was an essential condition that the male students should be workmen in or about the coal-mines, and that the female students should be members of a mining family. The four students who obtained the prizes had taken up Physical Geography and Physiology. They all went to Cambridge together, and the women were housed at Newnham. A number of special lectures were given to the party, and the experiment was in every way a success. "This plan," added Professor Stuart, "seems to me capable of very great extension. A working man can manage to leave home for a month; and I have sometimes thought, indeed, that he might in this way manage to take his degree by accumulation, the period of local study being accepted as a portion of the term of residence. Indeed," he continued, "if the movement is allowed to grow naturally, it is capable of great advantage to the nation, socially and politically—politically in the best sense, I mean—since all classes of the community would thus be brought under the influence of the same grand old institution. Thus, great numbers of people would have a common interest, a common possession, and the inheritance of the past would be utilised in the best form to meet the needs of the present."

I asked Professor Stuart if he did not think the obligations to pass in Greek and Mathematics, at Cambridge, would seriously dimish the attractiveness of this inexpensive method of obtaining a degree.

"Undoubtedly the University is very conservative in the matter of Greek, which it has repeatedly refused to make optional; but when the student saves his first year of residence, he avoids Greek altogether, since the examinations at the affiliated colleges do not extend to Greek; nor, indeed, do these examinations contain the same amount of Mathematics as those at the University."

"Do you not think, Mr. Stuart, that a degree obtained in that way, with no Greek, little Mathematics, and a shortened term of residence, would be looked down upon by other University men, and the learned world generally?"

"I don't think so at all. I believe, on the contrary, that a degree thus obtained would be better than one



PROFESSOR STUART, M.P.

got in the ordinary way, since it would indicate that its possessor had received an education distinctly above the average."

"And the practical effects of the Extension system: have they been such as to satisfy its promoters?"

"We are entirely satisfied with its practical utility; and the effects of the system are very wide. The number of people who take a degree will always be small; but more than 10,000 persons annually attend the Extension lectures and classes. A large proportion of these do solid work in the classes; that is to say, they take certain steps towards a degree, although, perhaps, not one in a thousand would ever think of going farther."

I spoke next of the complaint sometimes made that the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching is not as effective as it might be, since its certificates have not the actual University value possessed by the Cambridge Extension Certificates—especially as regards exemption from the "Previous." "Is not this," I asked, "practically shutting out London from equality with the provincial centres?"

"In that matter we have lately taken a step which will have important effects. Henceforth, the London Society and the Cambridge Syndicate will be practically under identical management. I fancy the fundamental cause of the success of the movement for the Extension of University Teaching in the provinces has been the *esprit de corps*, and the sympathetic interest taken in the movement by the young men who have carried it out, who, if I may say so, regarded themselves as missionaries for their University. Nothing of that kind has been operative in London. There may have been less cohesion of aim in London; but, on the other hand, there were difficulties to be contended with there which were absent in the country—such, for instance, as the many educational advantages already to be obtained in the Metropolis, which, in many provincial towns, did not exist until the Extension lectures were commenced."

"And as to the lesser privileges of London students?"

"From the passing of the new and extended scheme I have described to you, they will be in the same position as students anywhere else."

"The new 'Affiliation' statute opens up, among others, this important question: will institutions mainly confining their instruction to science, and other special subjects, be eligible for its advantages—supposing, of course, that such special subjects are in the list of Special Examinations for the Ordinary Degree at Cambridge—for instance, Theology, Law, Music, and Natural Science? And, of course, I assume that facilities would have to be afforded for preparation in the necessary subjects of the 'Previous' and General Examinations?"

"We shall extend the privileges of affiliation to all students who attend the courses we prescribe; but, practically, those courses could not be attended unless there were some Committee or Association prepared to carry them on for a period of at least three years. The subjects are divided into three groups: Scientific, Historical (including Political Economy), and Literary. What we require from affiliated students is, concisely, this: that they shall attend a certain number of courses in one of these groups; pass certain examinations in the subjects of it; and attend a smaller number of courses and pass less strict examinations in one other group. You will therefore see that any institution confining its attention to special subjects would, before its students could be affiliated, need to add to its curriculum a certain amount of teaching in one or other of our groups. But our requirements are so very elastic, that they could easily be met by a small re-arrangement of subjects."

Reverting to the subject of working men mixing in University life, I asked Professor Stuart what sort of reception such students would get at Cambridge.

"The men and women from the North, who were there in the last Long Vacation, had a most cordial reception. They went back happier and altogether better for their month of academic work; and they would be only too glad to return to Cambridge. Their reception was everything that could be desired."

Still harping on the new statute, I inquired if it was proposed to affiliate women's colleges, and to give them the same privileges as those of the "sweet girl (under) graduates" of Girton and Newnham.

"In our local lectures," answered Mr. Stuart, "we make no distinction between men and women. All we care for is whether or not they are successful students; and they will now have all the privileges of Girton and Newnham."

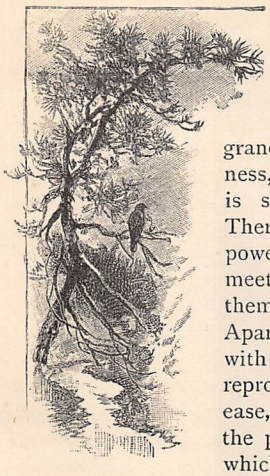
"You are, I know, in favour of opening Cambridge degrees to women; but do you think that there is much likelihood of their obtaining them in the near future?"

"At present, the University is against conferring degrees upon women; but I am sure it will not be long before they obtain them."

Professor Stuart then gave me some interesting statistics of the present position of the University Extension movement. In 1885, 11,000 persons attended the courses given under its auspices, and for the most part those courses were different. Of this number 7,300 students were directly connected with Cambridge, while 3,000 resided in London. Of the 7,300 who studied in the provinces, the large number of 4,300 attended the classes as well as the lectures; that is to say, they did actual work in the way of answering questions put by the lecturers. 1,600 out of the 4,300 did papers, 1,200 of whom presented themselves for final examination in some particular subject. The total cost of instructing these 11,000 persons was £7,000, or about 13s. per head. "Look now, what a man can get for that 13s.!" exclaimed Mr. Stuart. "He can attend twelve weekly lectures, and receive a printed syllabus of them, really a brief text-book of the subject studied. He can go to the class which precedes or follows each lecture, get his papers looked over and corrected, and have a thorough talk with the lecturer about his difficulties. And he can, in the end, sit for examination, and, if he passes, get a certificate; the net result of which is, that it is a contribution towards his affiliation and towards taking his degree. I should say," he added, "that when students are affiliated in the way I have described, we shall demand of them some proof that they possess a certain amount of elementary education."

In reply to the question of what proportion of the expense of holding the courses is provided by the fees of the pupils, Professor Stuart said that in London quite half was so paid; but that in the North of England, and in the provinces generally, the proportion was not more than one-seventh, the remainder being paid from subscriptions raised locally in a great variety of ways. "Now," he said, "I think I have told you everything you will care to know. And all that I have been saying leads me to this: that every expansion of popular power has been connected with a movement in the classes concerned for their own better education; and I believe there cannot fail to be such a movement in the immediate future. The system we have been talking about has been an honest endeavour to prepare the way, and to provide materials to be utilised in such a movement."

THE PLEASURES OF MOUNTAINEERING.

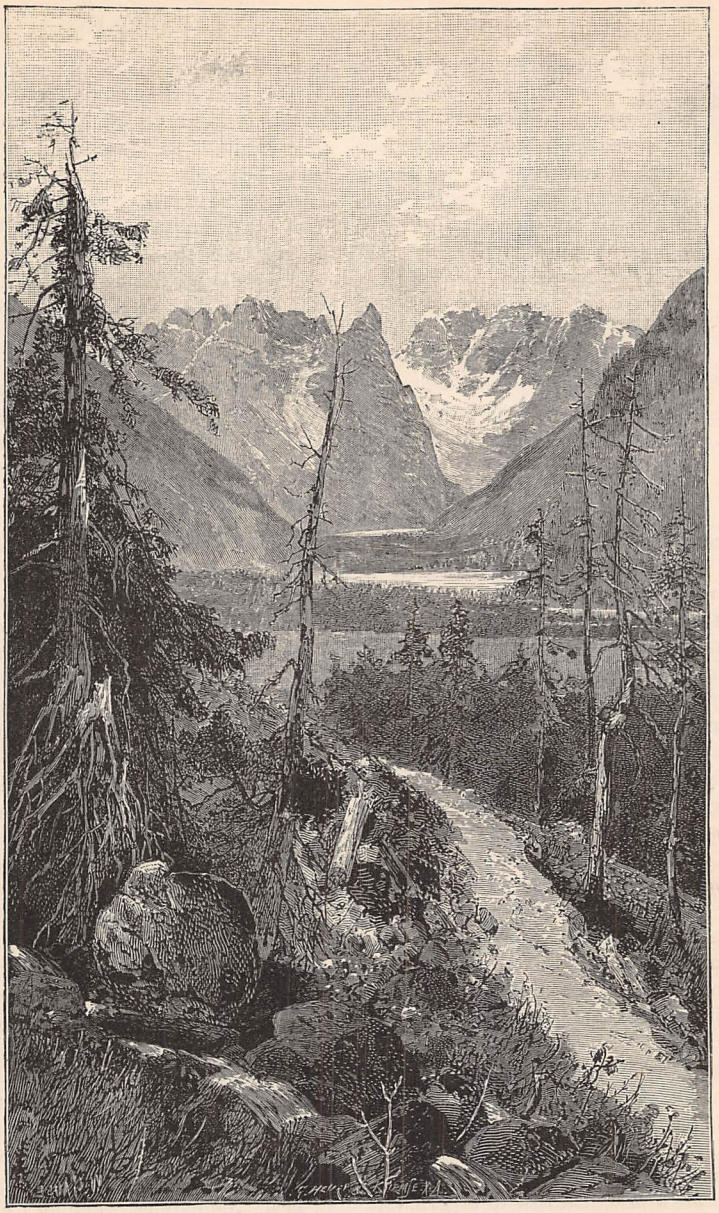


IT is easy to understand the fascination of mountaineering. Not a little is there to attract in being brought face to face with nature in all her grandeur, in all her picturesqueness, in all her power. But there is something far beyond this. There is the desire, innate in a powerful and dominant race, to meet difficulties, to grapple with them fairly and to overcome them. Apart from the foolhardiness—with which, however much we may reprobate it in our moments of ease, most of us, when it comes to the point, have some sympathy—which prompts men to attempt at all risks what no one has ever yet successfully accomplished, there is the indomitable disinclination to being beaten, no matter what obstacles may stand in the way. The fact that difficulties exist is only a spur to the energetic mind and body : that dangers must threaten is only an additional incentive. This is the true spirit of mountaineering—the idea of doing work for its own sake, and for the sake of the reward which it brings with it in the consciousness of conquest. Unfortunately, fashion has injuriously affected climbing as well as other pursuits. It is the fashion to have traversed certain passes, to have stood on the summit of certain peaks ; and the result is that men who, whether constitutionally or by habit, are utterly unfitted for the satisfactory performance of the smallest mountaineering feat, insist upon doing what fashion prescribes, and, after a small part of the journey has been accomplished, become nothing better than burdens—a source of danger alike to themselves and to their companions.

The greater familiarity which recent years have brought with them has very naturally diminished to some extent the danger, to a qualified mountaineer, of the ascents of mountains which are now comparatively well known. Avalanches, for example, scarcely now constitute a practical risk to experienced climbers who place their reliance upon competent guides. Terrible they are even to witness ; overwhelming if they are met in their course. An earthquake or a tornado on shore, a cyclone at sea, all tend to impress a man with a keen sense of his utter helplessness when opposed to the active forces of nature ; but there are few things more gruesome and awe-inspiring than the sight of a snow avalanche as, with horrid hiss and roar, it tears onward at the rate perhaps of a mile a minute, sweeping everything before it and leaving desolation in its trail. Still, the routes where these appalling dangers are to be met with are now pretty well known. No guide worthy of the name would conduct his *Herr* into the "avalanche path" of the Jungfrau ; the *ancien passage* on Mont Blanc has been forbidden for years ; and there is now but little risk of such a disaster as opened the sad calendar of Alpine accidents when Dr. Hamel and his party were overwhelmed on Mont Blanc in 1820, or such an one as in February, 1864, cost the life of Bennen, one of the most renowned guides of the Valais.

A much more real danger to Alpine climbers is that arising from the showers of falling stones. The peril springing from this source is much greater on some mountains than on others, and depends to some extent on atmospheric conditions ; but there are times when, on the Matterhorn, the falling stones make a continuous roar, and the Schreckhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Wetterhorn have also an evil reputation in this respect. Let it not be thought that the danger arising from these boulders bounding down from point to point is in any way an imaginary one. It is very real, very serious, and quite unavoidable. Only to mention one instance : a guide of the name of Gertz was killed on the Wetterhorn by a blow from a falling stone ; and most Alpine men have had an unpleasant experience, amounting perhaps to a rope cut through or to a stunning blow on the head. These falling fragments of rock descend with marvellous velocity and force ; but when they bombard, as it were, the only path by which it is possible to ascend, there is nothing for it but to accept the risk with equanimity.

The name of Mont Blanc has occurred more than once in the preceding paragraphs. It is indeed impossible to write anything regarding Alpine climbing without frequent reference to the mountain which the average tourist seems to regard as *par excellence* the Alp to be ascended. Now the ordinary ascent of Mont Blanc from the French side is, in fine weather, a feat of no great difficulty. Under favourable circumstances there is a tolerably well-marked path to the summit, which even the grasping Chamounix guides—incompetent as they are, for the most part—can scarcely miss. But the extent of its snow-fields constitutes a danger which cannot be overlooked at any time, and which, in bad weather, becomes far more serious than those who have only seen the mountain in fine weather can readily imagine. A crevasse is an awkward thing at best. Sometimes, when an ice or snow bridge some distance down offers the only means of reaching the other side, it is necessary to cut steps with the ice-axe down the wall of the crevasse in order to reach the bridge, and then to cut corresponding steps in order to ascend on the other side. Below, the dark abyss yawns menacingly, and it needs a stout heart as well as a steady head to look down it unmoved, with the knowledge that a single slip or false step may precipitate the whole party to a hideous death within its depths. It is the number of these crevasses that lie hidden under the snow-fields of Mont Blanc that constitutes the danger of that mountain. And this brings us to one of the elementary principles of mountaineering which is unfortunately too frequently disregarded—that, when traversing crevassed snow-fields, there



A MOUNTAIN PATH.

should never be less than three men on a rope. Not a few accidents have been traceable to neglect of this simple precaution; and men who do much mountaineering, and yet work in pairs only, have their good-fortune and neither their pluck nor their skill to thank if they escape serious disaster. If there are only two men on a rope, and one falls through, it is almost impossible for the other man to hold him, whilst many crevasses are so wide that it is quite probable that two, and by no means impossible that even three, men may be upon one at the same time. About seven or eight years ago, a Mr. Marshall and a guide, Fischer, were on a crevasse at the same time, and the other guide, Christian Almer of Grindelwald—perhaps the only guide who ever came near Melchior Anderegg in ability—was on the verge of it. The two former fell through and were killed, and Almer was dragged after them, but escaped with his life. A real danger in mountaineering, too, is a slip upon an ice-slope or a snow *arête*, and if a man slipped under such circumstances, a single companion could scarcely hold him.

It may be as well to say a few words regarding guides. Much has been written, much more has been said, on the subject, and the following must be taken

merely as hints for novices. Avoid the self-styled guide who meets you in remote places with a book of glowing testimonials, and who is always perfectly ready to undertake to conduct you anywhere and everywhere. He is almost certainly incompetent. Remember that a guide should be trusty and trusted; he must necessarily be your companion, and he should be chosen with discrimination. It is possible that the time may come when your life will be in his hands; all the more reason, then, why you should not imperil his life and your own by recklessness or by foolish disregard of ordinary precautions. The result to be attained should be in proportion to the risk required to achieve it, and there is no cowardice in seeking to avoid preventable accidents. If you meditate anything more ambitious than the simplest excursions, it is not sufficient that your guide should be a good climber. He must be this, and more. He must tackle untried ground with a sort of intuitive perception of the best route to be followed; he must not be at fault as to the best point at which to attempt a crevasse. He must be quick, brave, loyal, fertile in resource. There are many amongst the best class of Alpine guides who fulfil these conditions, and they are, as a rule, engaged year after year, months beforehand. Possibly the worst set of guides in the Alps, taking them as a body, are those at Chamounix. With some few exceptions, it may be said of them that their rapacity is enormous, their ignorance sublime.

Last year seems to have been, on the whole, one of the best Alpine seasons ever known, and, in the record of the year, three feats stand out beyond their fellows. German climbers accomplished the ascent of the Meije from La Grave, and the descent of the Eiger by the dreaded Mitteleggi *arête;* whilst Mr. King, a member of the English Alpine Club, succeeded, after a toilsome climb from Courmayeur which necessitated sleeping out two nights, in accomplishing the first ascent of the Aiguille Blanche de Peuteret. Unhappily, the year did not pass without bringing its usual tale of disaster—a better, or at any rate a more accurate word, perhaps, in many cases than "accident"; and foremost among the casualties of the season must be placed the death of a French abbé and two guides on the Col des Courtes. It is an unpleasant episode to dwell upon, and it need only be said that there must surely be something near akin to madness in attempting, in bad weather, to cut one's way up an ice-slope which has never been crossed, even in fine weather, and which, moreover, possesses an evil reputation for falling stones.

W. T. Mainprise.

HOW I BECAME A SERGEANT OF VOLUNTEERS.

"How did you become a sergeant?" is a question that has over and over again been put to me by enthusiastic recruits, many of whom seemed to think that there was some royal road to obtaining the chevrons. The shortest and most simple answer is that I had to work hard for it; but as this may seem hardly sufficient for any future inquirers, I will endeavour to give, as briefly as possible, the circumstances atending my volunteer life until I took my place in the "supernumerary" rank.

Coming of a family which erstwhile has contributed considerably more than its quota towards the defenders of our island home, I was early impressed with the idea that it was my duty, at least, to join the volunteers. Not having been in London for any considerable length of time, and knowing no one actively connected with the movement, I was unaware that a recommendation from one or two existing members was required before a recruit was allowed to join any Metropolitan regiment. A subsequent knowledge of this fact, however, explained what at the moment seemed the rather curious behaviour of the two gentlemen whom I met in the orderly-room of one of the largest London corps, and to whom I mildly stated my desire to be enrolled. I was at once asked if I knew anybody in the regiment, to which I, innocently enough, replied in the negative. It then dawned upon me that I had—if I may be allowed the expression—"put my foot in it." The shorter and younger of the two, fixing a glass to his eye, gazed at me for what seemed minutes, but could only have been seconds, with a look of mournful reproach, whilst the stern look on the weather-beaten face of the other seemed to meditate some more active measures on my unwarranted intrusion. But just as I thought it time to retreat, a whispered consultation was held, the result being that I was asked as to who I was, what I was, where I lived, and lastly—but by no means least—why I had selected that particular corps.

Another consultation followed, but I firmly believe it was to my answer on the last-named point that I was indebted for having in the books as my two sponsors the names of those two fly-wheels of a volunteer regiment, the adjutant and the sergeant-major. Having thus been duly sworn in to "defend Her Majesty against all enemies whatsoever," &c. &c., I was then given a book of rules, which pointed out when I was to attend drills, and the number I should have to do to qualify myself: first, for admission into the ranks, and afterwards for my yearly efficiency.

I found that I could do five drills a week if I wished, so decided to get through my recruit stage

as soon as possible—a course which I should recommend to all, for several reasons. In the first place, if you drill at short intervals you are less likely to forget what has been already learned than if you only attended in a desultory fashion, whilst if you get on rapidly and well, you will not only please the staff instructors, but show your captain that you have your heart in the work—things which will sometimes be found to have not a little to do with getting promotion. As regards myself, joining as I did at the end of June, although only required to do thirty drills before the expiration of the volunteer year (then November 30th, not October 31st, as now), I managed to get in about fifty. Nor was this all; for having purchased the drill-sergeant's *vade mecum*, the Red Book, I worked at it at home until I was even almost letter-perfect in the words of command.

During the following year I did nearly eighty battalion and company drills, on many occasions finding my knowledge of the words of command, &c., standing me in good stead, as when sufficient corporals and sergeants did not attend I was found to be a fairly efficient deputy. At the end of this year a vacancy occurred, and as a reward for my assiduity I was made corporal. Sometimes, however, in those days a considerable amount of favouritism was displayed, but I am glad to say that this has almost entirely died out, arbitrary nominations having been superseded by competitions, open to all members of the company.

Having pretty accurately pointed out above what sort of training is desirable, I will only add here that the would-be "non-com." should recollect that it is not sufficient for him to be merely able to give the instruction as laid down in the Red Book, but when drilling a squad, as he may have to do, he will find that a good *distinct* word of command has a great deal to do with the result of the competition. Unfortunately, the fact that the words of caution and instruction should be given slowly and with deliberation, whilst the executive word can scarcely be too sharp, is very often overlooked both by commissioned and non-commissioned officers, the inevitable consequence ensuing that a slovenly word of command causes slovenly drill. As for the gibberish into which many distort the necessary words—a habit introduced by the older class of sergeant instructors—I would at once reduce the man using it, for although it may be understood by the men of his own company from long usage, it should be remembered that if the volunteers were called out, the ranks would most certainly be swelled by a large accession of recruits, or men from other corps, to whom such words would have as much significance as Chinese or Chaldee.

But we will suppose that a competition has been held, and that the desired two stripes have been obtained: some time will elapse before the corporal can reasonably expect to blossom into a full-blown sergeant. This period varies greatly. In some regiments that I know, a great many companies have had the same sergeants and corporals as when I first noticed them seventeen or eighteen years ago; but if, on joining, the recruit tells the adjutant—or, better still, the sergeant-major—that he intends to "go in" for promotion, he may get put into a company where there is the most chance, or at all events kept out of those where there is the least. I will, however, suppose that there is a vacancy.

The examination this time will be found much stiffer than that for a corporalship, in many regiments the would-be sergeant having to put the company through its drill, as well as to be able to give instruction in musketry. Only occasionally—although it should be invariably—a knowledge of the bugle-calls is required. All this means more hard work and the consumption of a great deal of time. In getting up my drill, however, I found the following simple means very valuable. I cut thirty-two equal-sized pieces of cardboard to represent the men composing a company of sixteen files; then five pieces of a different size for the sergeants, and other distinctive bits for the two lieutenants and the captain (such sets, I believe, can now be obtained). It is surprising how much can be learnt by the use of such dummies when sitting quietly at your own table, in working out the company drill over and over again, till you have only to think of a movement to see instantly where the pieces ought to be, even before moving them. In fact, I practised this so much that at last I began to look upon the men on parade as so many pieces, and from the drill-book point of view I am not sure that I was not right. With regard to the bugle-calls, I had some little difficulty at first, not being blessed with a musical ear; but fortunately I came across a card, the publisher of which I forget, on which all the "calls" were set to words suggestive of the desired movements. This at once smoothed over all difficulties on this point, although to this day, whenever I hear a call, I cannot help mentally repeating to myself the jingling words by which I first impressed it upon my memory.

Having worked himself up as well as he can, it is almost needless to say that the candidate should turn up at the place of competition with his hair properly cut, and all parts of his uniform in "apple-pie" order, for if he cannot dress himself well, how can he be expected to look after his squad? During the competition he should keep as cool as possible, and be decided in whatever he is about; but by all means he should not allow an assumption of confidence to lead him to the other extreme, or he may have cause to regret it afterwards. Lastly, if successful, the honours won should be borne modestly, in deference to the feelings of the losers; but if not returned at the head of the poll, our young friend should stick to it, and "be at 'em again" on some future occasion.

CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG'S PROBATION.

BY LUCY FARMER.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OUT IN THE "FIREFLY."

MATTERS remained much the same in our neighbourhood, and we had not much excitement to arouse us from our usual quiet, until Mrs. Cardewe stopped at our house one day, and said—

"Lucy, I wish your husband could spare you to come to the Manor for a few days."

"I dare say he could, ma'am," I replied. "It's not far, and our little maid gets on with the children very handy."

"Well, ask him," she said. "Because Mr. Cardewe and I are expecting some friends, and you might help me. You have not forgotten your old business, I suppose?" she asked, smiling.

I curtsied, and said, "No. I could manage hairdressing and so on very well, as lady's-maid — if wanted."

"It is rather to look after Lady Pardock's little boy," replied Mrs. Cardewe. "He is an only child—the heir to the property—and I must have a trustworthy person with him. He has an attendant, of course, but the nurse had been obliged to go home, I understand. Will you come for a week or so?"

I said I would; and Mrs. Cardewe seemed pleased.

"I will write and tell Lady Pardock," she said. "She will not come unless her child is in good hands; and I can now assure her."

I curtsied again, and thanked her for her good opinion. She nodded pleasantly, and drove away, saying—

"On Tuesday, then."

When Charley came back to tea, he gave me leave to go, and laughed about my leaving my own children to look after the only child of Lady Pardock, who was the widow of the great barrister, the gentleman who had found the heir to the Norfolk estate.

"When are you going to the Manor?" he asked.

"On Tuesday, Charley—this is Friday—so there's plenty of time."

The company began to arrive at the Manor on the Monday. There were to be fourteen guests; but I needn't name them all. Mr. Hemphill and the Martyn-Henrys were invited at separate times—but he remained longer than he had at first intended—and there was a captain in the navy, a retired officer, named Armstrong, who wore a beard like the Duke of Edinburgh. He was a nice, plain-spoken gentleman —very quiet, and never seemed to put himself out for any one. He had been asked to meet Mr. Hemphill, who had a yacht, and was somewhat nautical.

Lady Pardock came, with a nursemaid—a plain, rather silly-looking, affectionate girl—and the heir. He was seven years old; a sturdy, bold boy; independent, but as obedient as *I* have never seen a lad so young! His mother's word was enough; he did as he was bidden without questioning or fretfulness. The young heir seemed to like the sailor-captain, who was full of anecdotes and stories; but Lady Pardock seemed to despise him a little.

She was a fine, handsome woman; tall, well-made and well-dressed. There was at times a dreamy look in her eyes, as if she were thinking of the past or contemplating the future. She was very energetic though, and could walk, ride, row or sail a boat, as well as many men.

She and Captain Henry were good friends. She was interested in his mining, and was quite as ready to go down the mine as she was to sail in Mr. Hemphill's yacht, the *Firefly*.

"You are, of course, a great traveller, Captain Armstrong?" she said, one day, to the sailor. (We heard a good deal, you know, through the butler and other men-servants; and I saw a good deal of Lady Pardock, and sometimes she talked to me.)

"No," he replied carelessly. "I have been about the world—not much in it. A sailor sees a good deal, and there is something worth seeing occasionally, too."

"Have you ever been in a battle?" she asked again.

"Never, I am thankful to say," he replied.

"You are surely—not—not serious?" she said.

"I am *quite* serious—I dread a battle! Of course I should fight if I had to do so—but I trust I never shall."

"I wonder you entered the navy, Captain Armstrong," she half-sneered. "You should have been a Quaker."

"It was not my own choice, Lady Pardock," he answered.

"He would make an excellent country parson," she remarked to her neighbour, Captain Martyn-Henry; and very soon afterwards the ladies left the dining-room.

From that time, Lady Pardock seemed to think the sailor what Charley calls "a muff." He walked, and sometimes shot with the party in the stubbles—or helped in tableaux; but never shone much in any way. When Charley came in, I used to tell him about the captain.

"You know nothing about it, Lucy," he would say. "Captain Armstrong shoots right straight; if he don't fire often, he always kills in a workmanlike way, and doesn't mangle his birds. What do *you* know about him?"

"Not much, indeed; but he doesn't seem to care much for anything, and is very quiet."

"So you think he's a 'muff'! Oh, you women!

Because a man doesn't boast, and swell about like a turkey-cock, you think he's got no spirit in him."

"Well, Charley, no one could possibly think *he* had any spirit. He's as mild as milk!"

"Bah!" was all my husband said. So I turned away and went in-doors to my charge—Sir Jocelyn.

He was a dear little fellow, and we got on very well together. He was obedience itself, yet full of fun. There were excursions and boating parties, and, when Mr. Hempill's yacht came in, plenty of sailing.

This delighted Lady Pardock, who many a time went with me, Jocelyn, Mr. Hemphill, and Mrs. Cardewe and her husband.

One day we started to Lulworth Cove. They all had heard of it, but few had ever been there. The wind was blowing briskly from the south-east—a favourable quarter, and, as Mr. Hemphill said, "If it does veer to the south-west, all the better; it will bring us home the faster."

"Won't you come, Armstrong?" asked Mr. Hemphill.

"No, thank you. I don't care much for sailing. Besides, you are quite enough in that craft without me. I should only prove a Jonah."

"Why, do you think a storm will come on?"

"It does not look like settled weather, I must say," replied the captain cautiously. "But you can always scud, you know!"

"Thank you," replied Hemphill. "But, seriously, Lady Pardock, if you fear——"

"Fear! *I* fear? No; I think Captain Armstrong is afraid. Let us go, Mr. Hemphill."

He at once gave the word to shove off. The yacht was lying a little distance out, as the tide was low. So we went on board, whither Mrs. Cardewe had already proceeded. Captain Armstrong had merely taken off his hat when Lady Pardock referred to him so contemptuously. But I knew quite well she respected his nature, and his cool firmness, for all her coldness to him.

I was certain she thought of what he said, for more than once I had heard her talking to her boy, and he told her what his friend, the captain, had bidden him do. Lady Pardock always agreed with her son on these occasions. So when we reached the yacht she spoke to the sailing-master, and asked him what he thought of the weather.

"Fair and square, my lady; I think it will change afore night, but, so far, I see nothing to be alarmed about."

"Perhaps the boy had better go ashore," said Mr. Cardewe.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hemphill. "Mrs. Farmer wants a sail as well as ourselves. Let the lad remain. You'd like the sea, Sir Jocelyn?"

"Oh, yes!" he laughed; "I love the sea!"

That decided the question. I remained, and we were soon under weigh, rushing down the coast in the direction of Portland Bill.

Captain Armstrong watched us for awhile; and then, waving his hat as a farewell, turned up the path towards the Manor.

He encountered Charley and an old fisherman on the way, and stopped, as sailors like to talk with sailors.

"The *Firefly's* off, I see, sir," said old Barnes.

"Yes," replied the captain; "she's bound for Lulworth and Weymouth. I expect the passengers will return by train."

"So do I, sir. They'll never work agin this wind. When the tide flows again the wind will rise, I expect."

"Then they'll have a fine breeze to carry them down!"

"Ay, ay, sir: a little too much, I'm thinking, if it veers a couple of points."

The captain nodded. Then he said—

"I will run over and meet them at Weymouth;" and Charley watched him as he went, thinking, as he told me afterwards, how cool he was.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE "FIREFLY" IN DANGER.

THERE are some servants who manage to find out everything, or to be present when there is anything to find out. I was never one of these spying ones, for what I hear and see I say outright; but Peter, the butler, certainly managed to pick out plums of gossip which none of us servants could ever obtain a glimpse of. I suspect Peter was one of those who send paragraphs to papers about what guests eat and drink, or how ladies are dressed, and who they "hear" they are going to marry: a low class of gossip, in my opinion.

However, I must say, but for Peter we should never have heard how Captain Armstrong tapped the round weather-glass in the hall, and stood at the garden-door watching the clouds, though he only pretended to be smoking. Peter gave him every attention at luncheon, and waited until the Martyn-Henrys rose. Then the sailor said—

"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"We thought of going to Weymouth for a couple of hours. We can drive across, or catch the three o'clock train."

"I intended going also. May I accompany you?" said the captain.

"I wonder you didn't go in the *Firefly*, then," remarked Miss Gladys (I can't get accustomed to "Mrs. Martyn-Henry," somehow; she had been Miss Gladys Anderson, you remember).

"If I had, there would have been nobody to take them dry clothes," remarked the sailor-captain.

"Dry clothes! What do you mean? You don't pretend to say there will be rain this afternoon with this wind?" cried Captain Martyn-Henry. "Why, it's a lovely day."

"So it is," acquiesced the sailor, "but fine days do not last for ever. Do you see those long white wisps of cloud? Do you see that dark line to windward, and the bank of clouds in the south-west?"

"Yes—south-*west*! The wind is south-*east*, Captain Armstrong."

Miss Gladys smiled as she said this: "in pity

for the captain's ignorance, I suppose," said Peter, afterwards.

"The wind is in those clouds; it will blow from the south-west before night; and, with this ripple and a

at Farmer's cottage. Charley was at home, and old Mrs. Mortimer had looked in at the children.

"I think you're a sensible young fellow, Farmer," said the sailor. "Just put a few of your wife's things

"THEY DROVE UP IN THE NEW OMNIBUS" (*p.* 535.)

tide, raise a nice surf on the Chesil Bank. That's about the only bank in England on which I do not care for a cheque."

"Well, we may as well drive. It is only two o'clock; we shall get there by four easily."

So they went. Captain Armstrong ordered some dry clothes for the ladies, greatly to the amusement of the maid who packed them in the portmanteau.

While these preparations were being made, the quiet captain sauntered on, telling the others to pick him up

in a carpet bag or a box; and I'll take them to Weymouth. The yacht will get wet, I expect."

Charley was not so much surprised, as he had been talking with Barnes the fisherman. But he said—

"I'll bring them over, sir, thank you heartily."

"No, come with us. You can sit with Roberts. Make haste. Have you any clothes-line handy?"

"Clothes-line!" exclaimed Charley. "Plenty."

"Then bring it. Bring all you have. It will do to tie up the other bundles," he muttered.

Charley's preparations had scarcely been completed when the wagonette came in sight.

"Here you are, then!" exclaimed Captain Henry; "you seem determined to bring luggage enough."

"Just a change all round," was the reply. "All right!"

"The coachman touched his horses gently with the whip, and off they started.

The breeze was strong, but inland the people were sheltered. It was different with us in the *Firefly*.

We got on very well for awhile; the breeze was rather behind us, and sent us dashing along beautifully. By degrees, however, the yacht began to plunge deeper and deeper. The sea got up, and broke on board frequently. I didn't care, as I was accustomed to salt water, and I minded the boy.

Lady Pardock came and stood by me. "I think Captain Armstrong was right, Mrs. Farmer," she said. "I heard the master tell Mr. Hemphill that the wind was veering to the south-west."

At that moment, Mr. Hemphill came up with Mrs. Cardewe, who was glad to lie back in the stern of the yacht, and be covered with shawls and tarpaulins. She looked wretched.

"I think that it will be more prudent to run for Weymouth at once," said Mr. Hemphill. "If we put into Lulworth—supposing we can make the entrance, which is doubtful—we can get no real accommodation. Now at Weymouth we can, and there are the train and the telegraph, plenty of shops, and so on."

The ladies agreed to this suggestion, and the yacht was headed for Portland Bill.

Even Lady Pardock had had enough of the sea-water before sunset. The waves dashed in and forced us to go below. The wind rose, as any one who remembers that afternoon in September will recollect. It got fierce by five o'clock, and positively boisterous by six. Great waves rolled up from the south-west, and we plunged fearfully into the sea. We had only a jib on her, and two reefs in the mainsail were taken in.

Nevertheless we plunged on to windward, for the captain did not dare to turn now and "scud." We tacked and tacked, beating on until the sun went down and we did not seem to be much nearer Weymouth or Portland Roads, for which we were aiming. From Portland Island the great Chesil Beach, I knew, and so did all the sailors, extended right away to Bridport, where the mighty Portland stones have dwindled through all shapes and sizes of pebbles to sand and gravel: and the biggest always the highest up the bank.

The captain, or sailing-master, was brave enough, but anxious; the crew were steady; the gentlemen on board were serious; the ladies very ill and quite careless of danger. The little heir was fast asleep in my arms, and as we heeled over and listened to the slapping and dashing of the waves outside, and the rush of water across the deck, I prayed earnestly, and wondered whether we should ever see Cardewe Manor again.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

TO THE RESCUE.

IT was evening, and we were past Portland Bill. The captain said we must go about and run in on the tide, to make all the leeway up. The wind was dead on shore. The waves beat high upon the Chesil Bank, and, if I could do some fine writing, I could tell you about the curling tops of the masses of water which poured on the shingle. But that was nothing to the next day's sea. *That* I shall never forget.

The *Firefly* had been sighted, and considerable anxiety had been expressed concerning her. Little did I think that amongst the people who were watching us, were Charley and Captain Armstrong, in fear for the result. Charley told me afterwards that the captain was as cool as ever, and apparently *afraid of getting wet!* so he hired a cab, and drove down through Weymouth to the island, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Martyn-Henry at the hotel to receive the party if they ran alongside the pier safely.

The evening was deepening into a blustering and stormy night, as Charley and Captain Armstrong drove to Portland, and our yacht was driving on. We were still below, when the easier motion of the yacht, consequent on our running before the wind, induced us to go on deck. Behind us was a limitless tumbling sea, dark clouds and rain; in front the Chesil Bank, the island with its quarries and its prisoners, and the smooth water of the roads beyond. In an hour or so we should be riding alongside the pier, or in the harbour, or pulling ashore to catch the train home. So we said!

But how is this? We are not going for the harbour direct! Yes, we are—what is that behind us?—a roar, then a flash, and another roar.

Blow, blow, good wind, ere the storm overtake us, or we shall fare badly. Flap! flap! The wind has suddenly failed us. "We are in the very centre of a little cyclone!" So said the captain.

"Bear a hand, men; we shall be taken aback in a minute!" shouted the master, rushing to the tiller. "Furl, all—up with her—leave the jib alone, clew up the mainsail, smart!"

No time to lose. Flap! Boom comes the wind from the north-east with a rush. The *Firefly* heels over like a toy; the jib strains. "Up with the helm!" The canvas splits with a fearful rending, ripping report, and the yacht drives down upon Portland.

"Steady, men! All hands out of the dinghy! Remember the women and the child! Bend the foresail. Let her run!" roared the master.

The yacht paid off, and, turning her back on the sea, rushed down-channel—alas! into a tide-eddy, which sucked her under the rocks of Portland Island, as the wind veered again.

The soldiers at the Verne by this time were crowded upon the cliffs to see the "wreck." Some shouted for ropes, some for rockets; but neither were forthcoming. The yacht drove in, and in five minutes ran between two rocks, where (the wind having chopped again to

south-west) she remained stern to sea—frequently swept by the waves, and, apparently, with only a few minutes to live.

We were screaming, and in the most terrible distress. Lady Pardock, alone, said not a word. She took her child from my arms and said—

"Mrs. Farmer, try and save yourself when the time comes. Jocelyn and I will die together."

"Mamma, I am very hungry. May I have some tea soon?" whimpered Jocelyn.

The mother kissed him passionately. Tears came into my eyes as I remembered my own children and Charley. Was this death?

Mr. Hemphill did all he could to cheer us. "They will find a rocket, and we can reach those rocks there, or the beach. It is not so rough here as yonder. We are lucky," he said.

Lucky! I thought. Lucky to die in two minutes or less, when the yacht begins to break up!

Mr. Cardewe and his wife were standing hand in hand, pale, but firm. They had been praying; I had prayed too.

The light was dying out. A black figure was seen upon the beach. If he could swim out that fifty yards or so, he might bring us some assistance. The master shook his head.

"There's no swimmer in Dorset as will do it. It's possible. I've seen men in the Pacific swim as bad bits; but there's not ten men in this country would try it."

The figure came near, and stood by the cliff, in a place opposite the wreck. Three men were behind him, on a ledge—holding a rope—he intended to come out then! Hurrah!

He plunged from a rock, into deep seething water, which broke over his head. He was gone! No! He reappeared beyond the wave; he had gone through it, and was making progress towards the yacht, steadily. We could not bear to look at him. It seemed as if he must be dashed to pieces; but he made his way out, and, after a terrible struggle under the yacht's bows, was hauled in, bleeding, dripping, half-naked, and with a strong line around his waist.

A cheer! another; a scream from Lady Pardock. The very last person she expected to see, had done this thrice-gallant feat—Captain Armstrong, who she had hinted was a coward. A coward!

There was no time for compliments. The men ashore had gained the beach now, and had already attached a rope to the line. The rope was hauled on board, a basket and whip were quickly attached, and the basket travelled across, deluged at times by the waves, but securely.

The first person to venture was Mrs. Cardewe. By general consent, she went first, and was landed dripping, but in safety. Lady Pardock refused to go without her boy; but Captain Armstrong said, "Trust him to me. I will answer for his life with my own!"

She smiled at him, and gave him her hand. He clasped it. She kissed her child, bidding him remain with Captain Armstrong. Sir Jocelyn said never a word. He acquiesced silently, and clung to his preserver tightly. The basket was sent away safely; then I went, and was clasped in Charley's arms. I fainted!

Everybody was saved. Captain Armstrong quitted the wreck last but one, and delivered the child to his mother, who was waiting, tearless, oblivious of the wind and rain and sea, while he was carried across. And this man, she had said, was afraid! And I! Well, I say nothing, *now*.

Dry clothes, and a welcome to the barracks, were within reach; and in a couple of hours, after great kindness from the governor of the prison, and the soldiers, we were enabled to proceed into Weymouth. That night the wind was terrible, and the *Firefly* was knocked to pieces at high water, on the Chesil Bank, on Monday morning: I went down and saw her broken up.

We remained at Weymouth until Monday; and then all returned to Cardewe Manor except myself, Captain Armstrong, Lady Pardock, and Sir Jocelyn. The lad could not bear to part with his friend, who had rescued him, and had told him so many nice stories.

"I must go, my boy," the captain said; "I am afraid—I mean—I am obliged to go."

"Oh, Captain Armstrong, can you *ever* forgive me!" cried Lady Pardock tearfully. "I *beg* your pardon most humbly for so misrepresenting you."

"My dear Lady Pardock, please say no more. I am really glad that I was enabled to render you a service."

"A service I can never repay," she said. "Now, Jocelyn, go with Mrs. Farmer."

For once, the child paused. Then he said—

"I want Captain Armstrong to stay with us always, mamma. We have plenty of money for us all, and such a big house. Will you come?" he cried.

"I am afraid I cannot go for long, Jocelyn," said he—"not for always."

"Why not?" said Lady Pardock suddenly. Then the blood rushed to her face, for she perceived what construction might be placed upon her words. She motioned me to leave the room, and then I went out with Sir Jocelyn, until rain came on, when I came back.

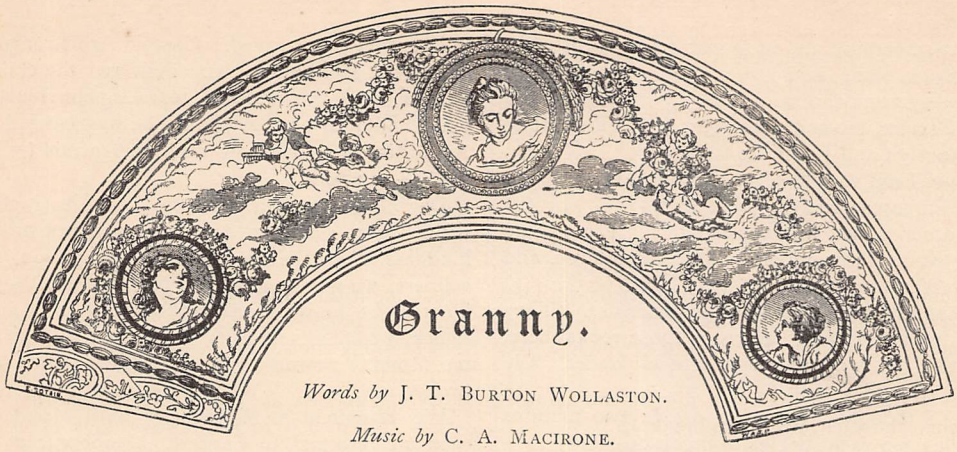
* * * * * *

"Captain Armstrong is going to be my new papa," cried Sir Jocelyn that evening, as he rushed into my room. "Is it not splendid? Now he will tell me plenty of tales. Mamma is glad, too, for she kissed him when he said he would stay with us, and she never kisses any one but me."

This was satisfactory! Next day, Captain Armstrong and Lady Pardock came to the Manor, and drove up in the new omnibus, alone. I came in a cab with the heir and the luggage, and there were great rejoicings when the engagement was announced at Cardewe Manor.

"So you cared for him all the time, dear?" said Mrs. Cardewe to Lady Pardock.

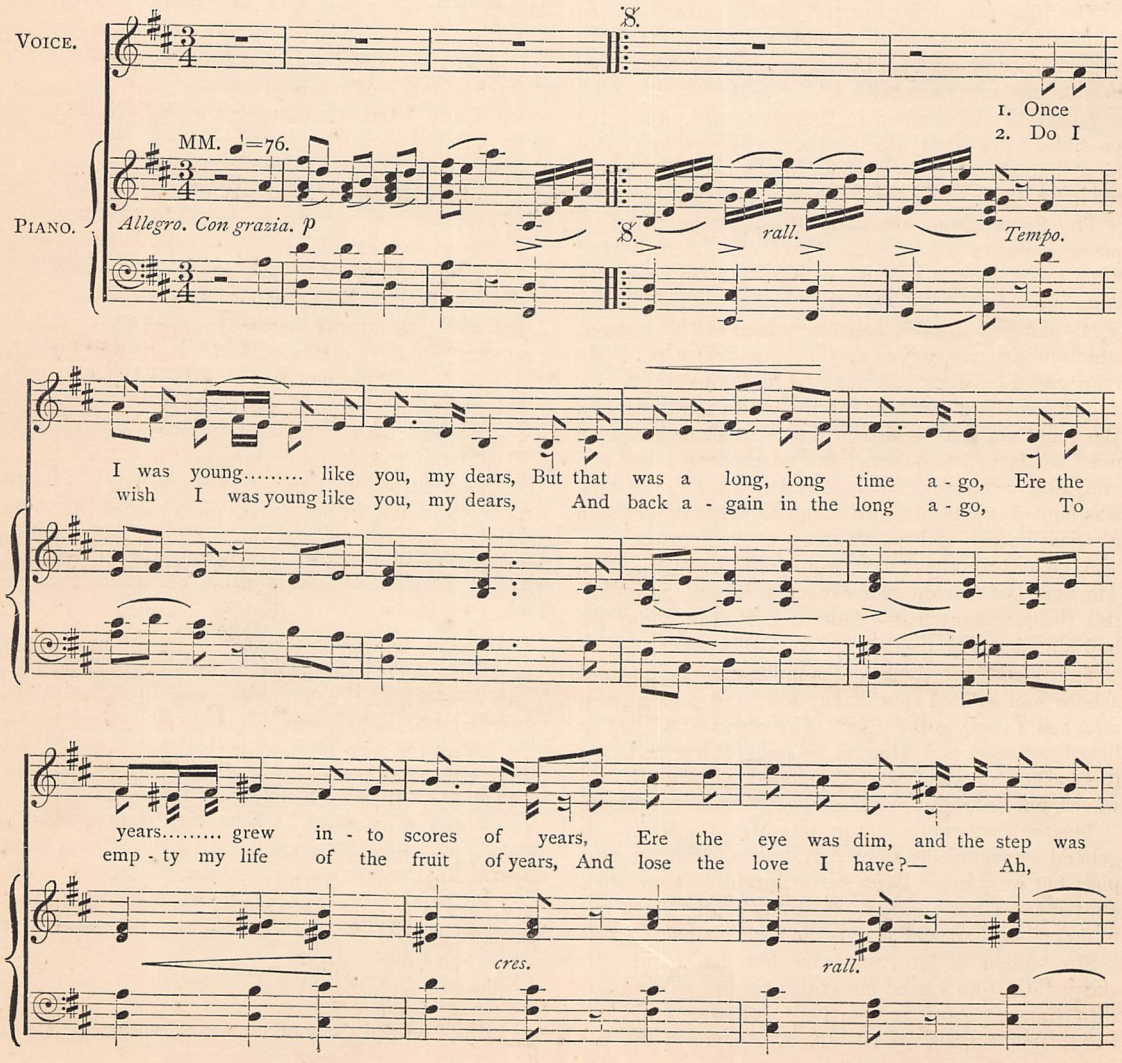
"I did," replied the radiant young widow. "He is the best and bravest man in the world!"

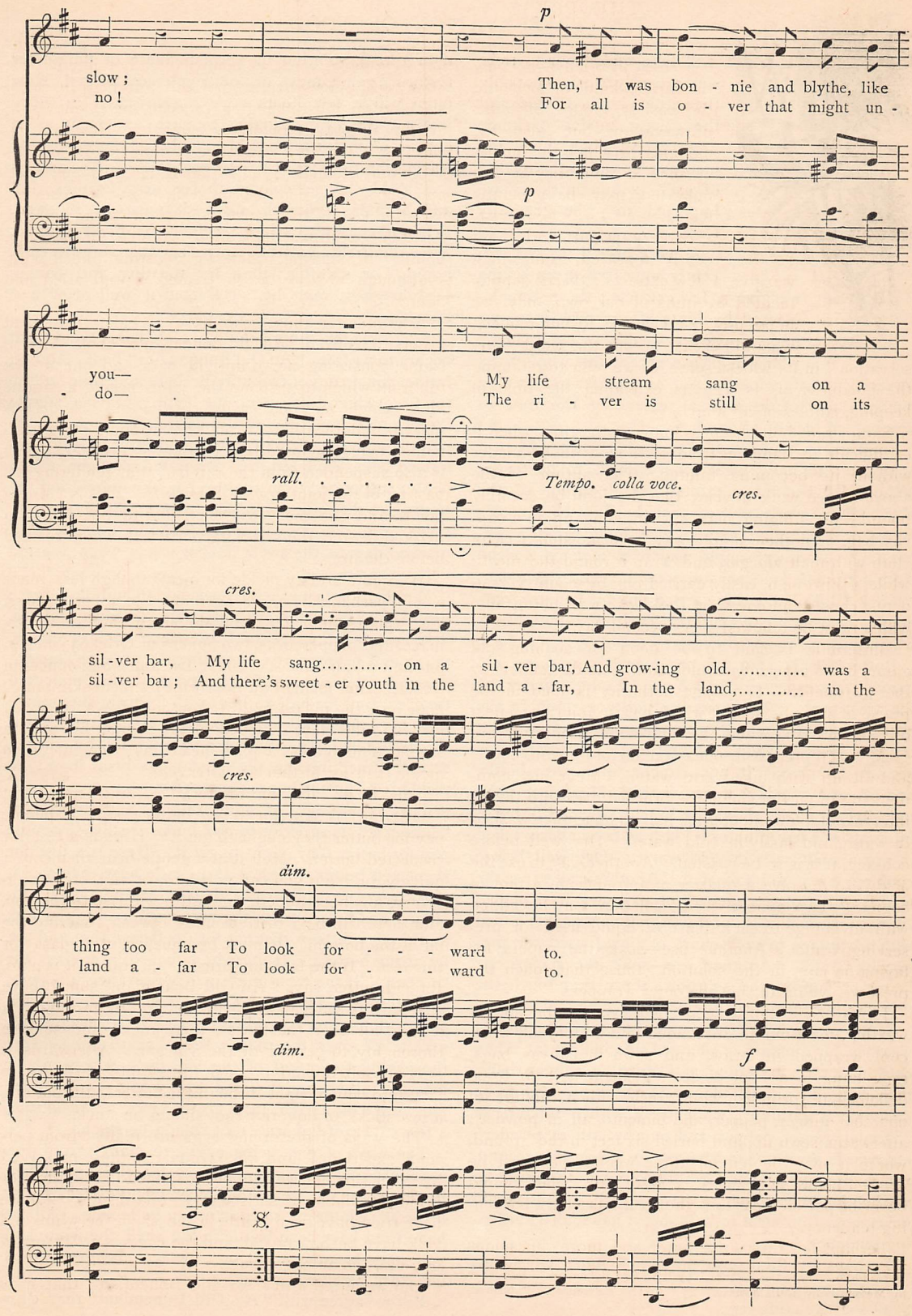


Granny.

Words by J. T. Burton Wollaston.

Music by C. A. Macirone.

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THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD.

E will here endeavour to treat —necessarily briefly—not only the various kinds of food and the easiest modes of home preservation, but also the methods by which the quality of such commodities as are imported may be generally tested.

A very useful work* recently appeared, from which we give a few extracts ; these, supplemented by hints of our own, may, we hope, prove serviceable to our readers, who will please accept the word "preservation" in its widest sense, as we refer to retaining the goodness of, as well as extending the time of keeping, edibles of all kinds.

Summer, as housekeepers know, is the time when it is difficult to hang meat long enough to be tender without its becoming tainted. The author of the above-named work advises that the joint be securely bound with stinging nettles, then hung up in a canvas bag. Another simple way is to moisten a clean cloth with malt vinegar, and wrap it round the meat ; while a third plan, easily carried out by country residents, consists in covering the meat with buttermilk, which must be renewed every second day.

Buttermilk is said to be good for soaking old game, hares especially, which can be made tender by the treatment. The same authority is loud in the praise of salicylic acid, " which has no injurious effect on the system, while the antiseptic properties are great." To prepare it, put a drachm into a wine-bottle, and fill up with luke-warm water. Meat just commencing to putrify should be brushed over with this at intervals of a few minutes for half an hour, then washed in warm, and lastly in cold water. Dry well before cooking, if it is to be roasted. Another way to use the acid is to dissolve a quarter of an ounce in a pint of cognac. Two ounces of this solution may be added with advantage to each quart of liquid used for preserving fruits. Another use—soak the papers for laying on jam, in the solution ; those that touch the preserve, we mean, not the outer wrappers.

Joints of meat will keep good, even in the hottest weather, for a month, if plunged into boiling fat, when cool wrapped in straw, and sewn in canvas bags, then hung in a cool place. Venison is said to be delicious if sprinkled, while fresh, with a mixture of charcoal, ginger, pepper, and pimento, all in powder ; afterwards sewn up, and buried six feet in the ground, where it may be left for three weeks. It must be washed before cooking at a *brisk* fire. Salt should never be put on meat to be hung, it has such a hardening tendency.

Perhaps few things are purer and more efficacious than a weak solution of permanganate of potass for restoring game, meat, or poultry already tainted. How often will a few hours work the mischief in sultry weather, the meat changing to such an extent as to appear almost irremediably spoiled ! However, by washing in the fluid it *can* be sweetened. As long as the liquid changes colour—that is, loses its pink tint, and becomes greenish-brown—it must be renewed. When it ceases to change colour the meat will do. After this treatment it is more suitable for braising, boiling, or stewing, than for roasting and baking —although it *may* be so treated if well dried and floured.

A wrinkle for those who have to bake their meat occurs to us from "An Old Bohemian's" book. An iron frame, consisting of two upright bars, and one at the top from which to suspend the joint, seems a simple idea, which may be easily carried out. A dish is placed underneath to catch the dripping ; the last-named being enclosed in a perforated dredger, which is also suspended from the top bar, thus rendering the basting of the joint *almost automatic*. This is a strong point, and the meat will be found to possess, in a marked degree, the sweet flavour it has when roasted before the fire.

We quote a tasty pickle for meat, though less mace would perhaps be more agreeable to most palates. Two quarts of water, half an ounce each of cloves, mace, and peppercorns, two ounces of Orleans vinegar, one and a half ounces of sugar, two and a half ounces of treacle. Boil for half an hour with frequent skimming ; pour over the meat—eight to ten pounds—and leave it for six to ten days. Boiled again it may be used a second time, unless a pig's head has been in it ; no pickle is fit for further use after *that*.

This is an age of adulteration, and no doubt "butterine" is superior to *bad* butter ; still, if people pay for butter they ought to get it. Here is a test for suspected butter. Melt it at a gentle heat, then cool it quickly, on ice if you can. If lard, or any other substance, has been added, the butter will rise to the top, and there will be a distinct line between that and the fat at the bottom. It must be liquefied in a glass for this test. If the fat is uniform in appearance, it is pure. Rancid butter, says "An Old Bohemian," should have sharp white vinegar worked through it by gashing with a knife all over the mass ; then knead and squeeze thoroughly, to get rid of the vinegar. Afterwards it may be salted, and pressed firmly into earthenware jars, into which, right through the butter to the bottom, a few sticks of liquorice root should be stuck.

The ways of preserving eggs are many ; from personal experience (and we have tasted those preserved by professionals), we cannot recommend either lime or brine as reliable or satisfactory in its results. All we have tried have been brittle in the shell, the white and yolk have become mixed, and the egg has never turned out clear, as an egg should.

But we agree with "An Old Bohemian" that eggs

* "Philosophy in the Kitchen," by "An Old Bohemian." Published by Messrs. Ward and Downey.

coated with pure salad oil, *to close the pores and so exclude the air*, are generally successful. He says, smear each egg in every part, and wrap it in a square bit of tissue paper, screwing it up tightly top and bottom. Flatten out the top screws, thread a needle with worsted and pass it through, then suspend the eggs—thick ends downwards—across a ceiling in a cool place, where they may be left for months. Lemons, pears, &c., similarly papered and hung will keep good some time.

Dr. Cooper's recipe for preparing game eggs for shipping is a *thin* varnish, made by dissolving shellac in alcohol. *Every part* of the shell must be covered with this, then the eggs should be set point downwards in bran or sawdust, so that they cannot move. When ready to use them, either for hatching or for the table, the varnish must be carefully washed off.

We are told that salad oil should be left uncorked in a cool place, with two ounces of fine dry salt to each quart bottle, which must be shaken occasionally. This is frequently adulterated with poppy oil, which is cheaper, and which remains limpid in cold weather. Pure salad oil, on the contrary, congeals in cold.

We are one with "An Old Bohemian" in admiration of fireproof china and earthenware, especially for cooking such delicacies as omelettes. He is energetic, too, in his disapproval of tin canisters for tea, coffee, &c.; the tannic acid in time acts upon the tin, which destroys the flavour of the contents. Glass jars, especially with screw-fitting lids, like those in which French plums are packed, are far preferable for storing purposes generally.

This seems a fitting opportunity to say something about the rendering, clarification, and preservation of fat, for cooking purposes. Butter cannot be afforded by everybody, and is not nearly so indispensable for kitchen use as many would have us believe, if nice clear fat is at hand; such, we mean, as may be seen in large establishments, and training schools for cookery, where huge blocks of almost snowy whiteness are in daily use for many purposes.

Here, of course, fat is bought from the butcher purposely for clarifying, as so much is needed; and in large families, if there is not sufficient from joints, &c., it would be far more advantageous to buy a little (the price varies from 4d. to 8d. per pound) in place of lard, especially for frying, lard being not only costly, owing to the large percentage of added water so much of it contains, but anything fried in it is more liable to greasiness than if cooked in fat.

Here, then, is the *modus operandi*:—Cut small any fat from joints or cutlets, trimmings of suet, &c., or pieces from the butcher, and put them into an iron pot. The kinds may be mixed; pork, mutton, and beef, for instance, and cooked fat may be added, but will not take so long. See that every bit is sweet; one tainted piece will impregnate the whole. Just cover with cold water, about a quarter-pint to each pound, to prevent burning; put the lid on until hot, then remove it, and cook until every bit of fat is dry and shrivelled and looks brown. Four pounds or so of fat may take a couple of hours or nearly. Then let it cool, and strain for use. Excellent pastry and cakes can be made from this. That used for frying should always be strained afterwards, and kept in separate vessels: one for fish, the other for savouries, such as rissoles, fritters, and the like.

After being used several times for frying it naturally wastes, but can be re-clarified by adding it to fresh fat when the latter is nearly cooked. Care must be taken that it does not burn, otherwise it is spoiled; it should be frequently stirred to prevent this. Dripping, while hot, should be poured into a bowl of cold water, from which it can be removed in a cake when set, any impurities, which will settle at the bottom of the fat, being scraped off. If a bad colour, or at all tainted, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda added to each quart of water into which it is poured, will improve both flavour and colour. We have seen charcoal recommended for use in the same way.

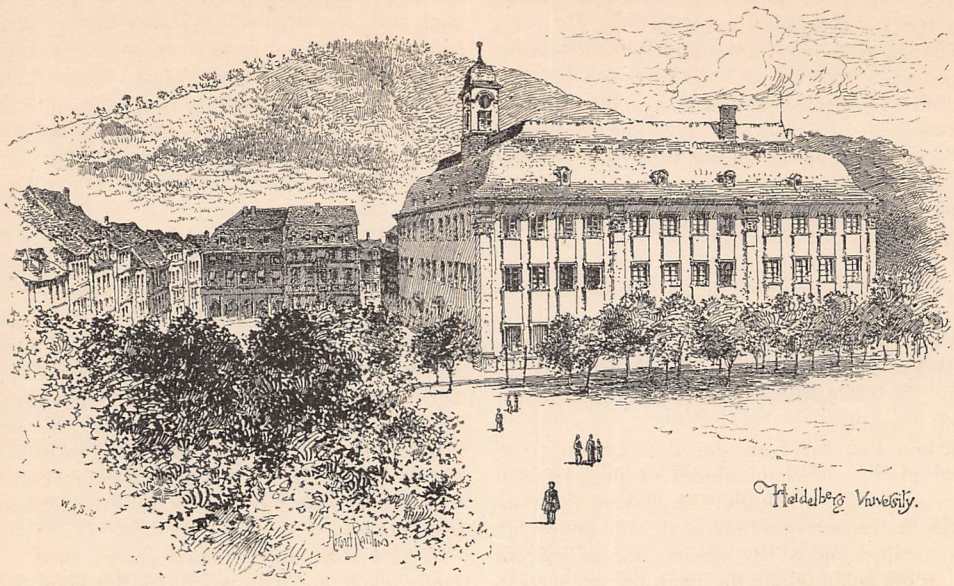
A hint now about tinned goods, meat especially. Note, when about to purchase, the condition of the tin; if bulged outwards, *don't have it, even as a gift!* We will explain the process of canning, to give weight to our warning.

The meat is packed in the tins while raw, then sealed, and cooked in an outer vessel of boiling water, with sometimes the addition of a chemical to raise the temperature. When cooked, the can is pierced, and, as soon as the air and steam have been expelled, it is soldered. Experts know when it is ready for soldering; a moment too soon, and the mischief is done, because if air is left in, the tin bulges, and the meat will not be good. On the contrary, if the tin has sunk, it is an infallible sign of goodness; it proves a vacuum, which is natural, as the meat shrinks when *no* air is left in the tin.

Some may say, what matter if air be left in the tin? Simply this: nitrogen, an element of air, imparts to bodies with which it comes in contact a tendency to change and decay.

Often, on opening a tin of preserved goods, people are heard to say "the air is escaping," instead of which, the slight hissing sound is the result of the air rushing *in*, another proof that there was a vacuum. Well, we go so far as to say that, assuming the outward sign of goodness above referred to; a label bearing the name of a good exporter or importer; and also a reliable vendor of the article, whether meat, fish, milk, soup, or vegetable, the chances are a million to one against any one being injured, much less poisoned, by tinned goods.

Another caution, though: always look out for any little globules of solder that sometimes find their way inside the tin; and take care, especially in the case of salmon and lobster, to empty the contents, as soon as opened, into an earthenware vessel. This is necessary for everything except milk.



STUDENT-LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

BY A GRADUATE OF HEIDELBERG AND CAMBRIDGE.

OF all the thousands of British tourists who, on their way to and from Switzerland, annually pass through Heidelberg, so charmingly situated half-way between the river scenery of the Rhine and the mountain grandeur of the Alps, few think of, and still fewer visit, a hideous mass of yellow-stuccoed masonry, round which, however, all Heidelberg life centres.

This architectural abomination, resembling nothing so much as two gigantic Noah's arks set down at right angles to one another, lies just off the Hauptstrasse, flanking the Ludwigsplatz, and is the famous Rupert-Charles University of more than European celebrity.

Founded in 1386 by the Elector Palatine, Ruprecht I., it will this year celebrate its 500th anniversary by a series of magnificent fêtes early this month. As general interest seems to have been aroused by this jubilee, a few notes on the University and the life of its alumni, by one of them, may at this time prove not unacceptable.

The University year is divided into two terms, called respectively the winter and the summer semester. The former runs from the middle of October to the middle of April, with a few weeks' break for Christmas; the latter lasting from the middle of April to the beginning of August, leaving two months and a half for the summer vacation.

In Germany, as in England, student-life begins with matriculation. Mine at Heidelberg was comical rather than formal and formidable, as is the case with us. On the day and at the time appointed, all we "Freshmen," having previously disbursed sundry marks and pfennigs, and deposited sundry papers at the secretariat, gathered at the University building. There we flocked round the closed door of the hall, where we had learnt that the ceremony was to take place. Soon the door was opened, and we began to be admitted one by one into the sanctum. After an hour's waiting, due to the fact that we were enrolled in alphabetical order, I marched into the room, preceded by a sonorous "Herr Schpentzerr" from the uniformed janitor. I found myself in the presence of four spectacled professors (the Pro-rector and three others), who were sitting side by side at a long table covered with papers. After an awkward pause of a few moments, which we filled in by mutually taking stock of each other, the secretary, who acted as master of the ceremonies, mutely pointed to a chair, before which lay a large book on the table. I sat down, signed my name, filled in certain other columns with information respecting the date and place of my birth, the abode and status of my parents, &c., and then, after a low bow to the Board, walked out, without having uttered or heard a syllable during the interview. Next day I received my certificate of matriculation, and a card which entitled me to the "civic rights appertaining to the Rupert-Charles University," and I was now a full-fledged student.

There are at all German Universities four Faculties, or branches of study: Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, which last is a comprehensive term, including all subjects not contained in either of the

three others. In 1880 there were six Professors of Theology, twelve of Law, nineteen of Medicine, and no less than thirty-three of Philosophy, besides many private tutors.

The professors lecture in rooms specially fitted up for the purpose, but not necessarily in the University building, where, in fact, comparatively few lectures are held, most of them being delivered in new buildings lately erected by the University. As these latter are in some cases a considerable distance apart, all lessons timed to begin theoretically at the hour do not in reality commence till a quarter past, so as to give time for the students to run from one room to another.

As a rule the morning is devoted to the hearing of lectures, some of which are free to all adults, whether matriculated students or not, the afternoon being given up to relaxation, and the evening to private study. There are, however, lectures of some sort going on at all hours of the day, from 7 a.m. to 7 and even 8 p.m.

The students lodge where they please, but the house must be licensed by the academic authorities. The rent of the room or rooms, which are let for the whole semester, ranges from 3s. to 15s. per room per week, according to storey and situation. Frequently two students rent one small attic between them, so that lodging cannot be accounted a necessarily heavy item in a student's expenditure. Nor is board more expensive. Three good meals a day—two of them, viz., dinner at 12—2, and supper at 7 p.m., being meat meals—can be obtained *en abonnement* for 1s. 6d. to 2s. per diem. I occupied two well-furnished rooms on the ground-floor of a "gasthaus" close to the University, and found that my board and lodging together cost me rather less than a pound a week.

The curriculum of work is apparently arranged on the theory that each student will remain three years at one University or another. Very few, however, spend all this time at one and the same University, for the students love a roving life, and rarely pass more than one semester in one place. Heidelberg is from its surrounding scenery eminently suited to be an out-of-doors place, and is consequently in high favour during the summer semester, while large towns, such as Berlin or Leipsic, are preferred as winter quarters.

When a student leaves at the end of a semester, he has to "exmatriculate"—that is, go to the secretariat, surrender his certificate of civic rights, disburse sundry marks again, and receive back his papers, which he will similarly deposit at his next Alma Mater.

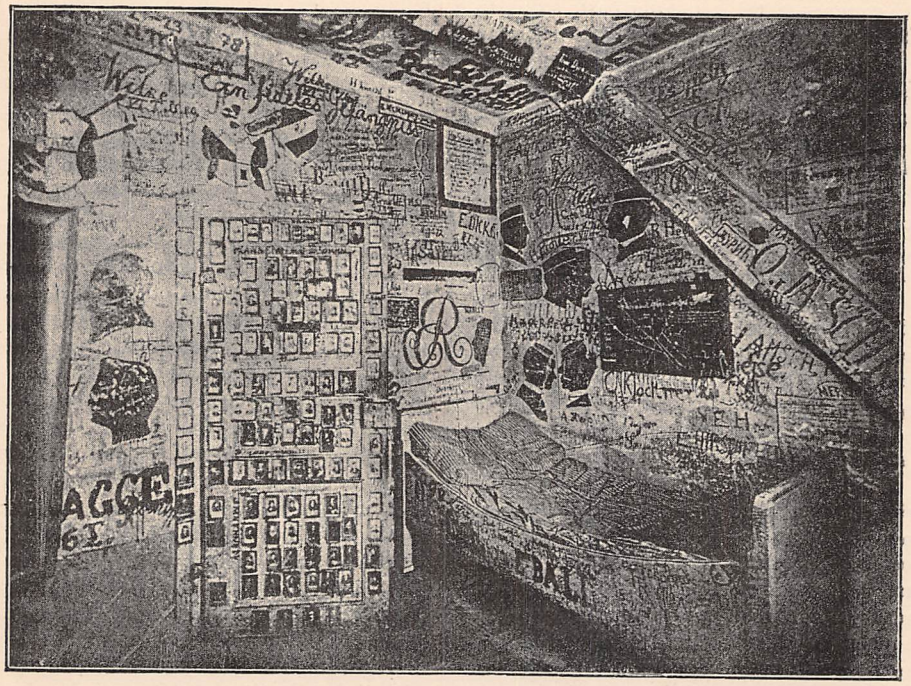
As the beginning of academic life is matriculation, so the end of it is, if all goes well, the examination for the diploma of Doctor of Theology, Law, Medicine, or Philosophy, as the case may be. This examination is so different from the analogous ordeals among us, that it seems worth describing. The candidate, early in the semester in which he wishes to "pass out," calls on the Dean of his Faculty, and asks for a day to be fixed for his exam. The Dean consults his note-book, and gives a choice of four or five days near the period when the candidate wishes to be examined. The latter then chooses a date, and begins to harden his heart and stiffen his neck for the inquisition. When the day has arrived, the victim presents himself in evening dress at 5.30 p.m. at the appointed place. Generally he has to wait and cool his ardour in a small ante-room, until a quorum of professors has been gathered together. I was lucky, and found fifteen professors of the Philosophical Faculty ready assembled to try me. I was excused the one hour's preliminary examination in Latin on the ground of my classical honours at Cambridge, though I had great difficulty in persuading them that I was really a graduate of Cambridge, as I had no diploma to prove it. So I had *only* three hours' *vivâ voce* examination before a bench of fifteen professors.

After having been for two hours questioned as to my views on the Romance languages and literature, we adjourned for ten minutes to recruit our shattered energies with wine and cake (for which I had to pay, though I did not partake of them). Then followed an hour's dialogue about Gothic languages and literature, and I was released and relegated to a side room, while the professors sat in judgment over my fitness, or the contrary, for receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. I was not long kept in suspense, as in less than five minutes I was summoned by the usher into their august presence again. They had all risen, and were standing in a semicircle round the door when I passed in. The Dean made a short speech, saying that the Faculty had decided upon promoting me to the degree of Ph.D.; the professors bowed simultaneously; I gave a semicircular bow in response, backed out of the door, and all was over.

The next morning I had to reappear before the Dean, and repeat after him a long Latin oath, the words of which I hardly caught. One of the clauses was, I believe, to the effect that I would not enter any other University after receiving the diploma of Heidelberg. The fees, £21, for promotion seem rather heavy when contrasted with the prevailing cheapness of education in Germany.

It may well be imagined, considering the unfettered liberty granted to the students, that some of them occasionally allow this liberty to degenerate into licence. For such, however, there are wholesome deterrents in the shape of academical punishments for offences against academical discipline, apart from, and in addition to, the civil pains and penalties inflicted on transgressors of the laws of the realm. First and foremost among the special punishments stands imprisonment, up to four weeks, in the University prison, entitled the Carcer. This prison comprises four cells, to accommodate four culprits; and instead of being, as prisons are popularly supposed to be, an underground dungeon, it is situated some three or four storeys high, occupying the attic floor of the house of one of the University ushers, who acts as gaoler. The windows are strongly barred, and covered with stout wire netting; the bedstead (the prisoner brings his own bedding) is low and primitive, and the furni-

ture consists of a wooden chair and a deal table. But though the fittings are thus anything but luxurious, the ornamentation of the cells is both plentiful and unique. The tables are carved from top to bottom, over and under, legs and all, with wonderful arabesques, scenes, names, beasts, and flowers, while the ceiling and the walls are frescoed and re-frescoed with original designs and inscriptions in colours, or in soot, if the artist could get no other pigment. Many young hearts



A CELL IN THE CARCER.

have left their complaints on these walls, and though doubtless they most richly deserved their fate, yet to read their pathetic lamentations one would think there was a larger share of injured innocence among the Heidelberg students than in any other quarter of the globe. One sees here many well-known names of German statesmen and heroes, men who would doubtless feel rather ashamed of their early vagaries, if they remembered they had stereotyped them on the walls of the Heidelberg Carcer for all eyes to read.

In the event of very serious breaches of discipline, the offender is liable to summary dismissal from the University, subject, however, to appeal to the Pro-rector. This functionary is virtually the head of the University ; the Rector, the nominal head, being always the actual Grand Duke of Baden.

A foreign critic in England would, I think, have but little difficulty in recognising cricket, football, rowing, and tennis, as the principal pastimes of the youths at our institutions for higher education. But though I spent several years at German Universities, I never fully satisfied myself as to what were, if any, the recreations, athletic or otherwise, of the German students, beyond walking and beer-drinking, with an occasional cab-drive by way of special dissipation.

Of social amusements there seem to exist but few, save what is afforded by scientifically inclined debating clubs, or singing societies.

An exception must, however, be made in favour of the various corps, the members of which form so showy a feature of every University. These corps students seem to spend their lives in such sociableness as is to be found in walking the streets, adorned with coloured caps and sashes to match, in frequenting the corps pastrycooks' in the afternoon, and their corps "kneipe," or drinking saloon, in the evening, and at regular intervals assisting in a body at a students' duel.

These duels, for the carrying on of which the corps system would seem to have been expressly devised, are artificial concerns, prearranged between the presidents of the various corps. These latter are empowered to call upon A to fight a duel, without rhyme or reason, with B, apparently for the sole reason that the remainder of the corps may enjoy the pleasure of looking on, much as big boys at school set on little boys to fight, so that they may assist as excited spectators at a miniature gladiatorial display.

The duellists fight with long swords, sharpened only for a few inches at the end, and have their bodies and

limbs completely covered with leather armour, with the exception of a part of the face; their aim being not to kill or maim each other, but only to chop out little slices from one another's cheeks, noses, and foreheads, leaving scars which are looked upon with great pride by their fortunate possessors.

These duels have, however, been so often described, that it seems hardly worth while to go over them again.

Duelling is restricted to the comparatively small coterie of corps students. But there is another pastime which unfortunately is open to all to indulge in, at all times and in all places, and that is beer-drinking, which is carried on to an almost incredible extent.

Such is a short sketch of the salient points of German University life as they presented themselves to a graduate fresh from Cambridge.

A comparison between the English and German systems very naturally suggests itself; and this comparison, when made, leads to the following conclusions :—

In these days, when the Teutonising tendency is so strong among us that we import, not only German customs, but even German bayonets and German post-cards, it will be well to pause and reflect maturely before we import also the system of education in vogue at the German Universities. A practical experience of both has convinced me of the superiority of our own system over that of Germany, in almost every respect.

Notably, liberty in the abstract may be a very good thing; but, like other virtues, it can in practice be carried to excess. And not all youths of eighteen to twenty-two can distinguish between its use and its abuse.

With regard to the acquisition of knowledge, it is difficult to compare our system with the German. No system can turn a drone into a bee, and none can prevent a bee from gathering honey where it exists. An undergraduate in either country has ample facilities offered him for the acquisition of learning. If he fails to do so, the fault is not that of the system under which he studies, but his own.

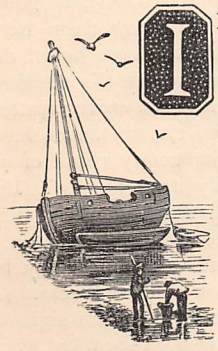
In England it is, I think, generally recognised that perhaps the greatest advantages to be derived from a University career are not so much classical or mathematical as social and moral. And in a German University this social and moral training must, under the present system, necessarily be entirely absent, as the above remarks on the student's mode of life will have shown. No humanising influences are there brought to bear on the still supple mind; no high tone is instilled into it, no unselfishness or *esprit de corps* implanted in it, no rough corners are rubbed down in the mill of free social intercourse, as I think we may justly boast is the case at our Universities.

In conclusion, before our ubiquitous Germanisers lay their axe to the root of our University system, I hope the suspicion at least will arise in their minds that perhaps after all "the old is better."

KINGSLEY SPENCER, M.A., Ph.D.

STIRRING SCENES IN STIRRING LIVES.

I.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



IF Columbus had been an Englishman, Englishmen would have known him better, and admired him more. He was really one of the most interesting and attractive of men. The man himself had something fascinating about him; ecclesiastics, princes, mutinous seamen, and ignorant savages instinctively owned his remarkable power. Not everybody, indeed; otherwise he would not have had to go through the long, weary years of struggle that passed before he could get any one of means and influence to believe in him and in his enterprise. Of a commanding presence, above the middle height, with a long face, aquiline nose, light grey eyes, and hair that had turned white at thirty, he looked what he was—a leader of men. Like many other great men, he was simple-minded, humane, generous, with strong belief in the greatness of others, and with much of that reverence which belongs to minds that soar in the infinite.

The son of the wool-carder of Genoa had early chosen the sea as his home, and had known many a voyage before the great work of his life began to loom in his horizon. Living among the Portuguese (he had married a Portuguese lady), the knowledge of the Portuguese discoveries must have had a very powerful influence on him. Pondering maps, charts, the structure of the earth, accounts of voyages, and opinions founded on them, he had arrived at an immovable conviction that there was a way to India by the West. He was, of course, utterly ignorant of the existence of the continent of America, and he was in serious error in his estimate of the size of the globe, his idea being that the east coast of Asia, commonly spoken of as India, was only a few hundred furlongs distant from the west coast of Europe and Africa. He had heard, however, that to the east of the Asiatic continent there lay a magnificent island (perhaps Japan), and he believed that this island was the first land that would be reached by any one sailing west from the shores of Europe. To reach the shores of Asia by crossing the ocean, to discover and annex whatever splendid islands or golden continents might be there, was the enterprise on which he had set his

heart, and in the feasibility of which he had the most immovable faith.

There is one chapter of the early life of Columbus with which we are little acquainted—his religious history. It must have been a striking chapter, for, as Arthur Helps has well said, his religion was not an accident in his career: it lay at the foundation of the whole. The consuming passion of his soul was to convert to the true faith of the Gospel the teeming population of India and other distant countries. It was the hope of this that gave the enterprise its highest glory in his eyes; as he dwelt on this his soul warmed, and his words became eloquent and persuasive when he pleaded his cause before churchmen and politicians; it was this that sustained his perseverance amid the discouragements, opposition, and sickening delays of years. Whatever wealth might come to himself, he dedicated to an expedition to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Of the sincerity and loftiness of his religion there can be no doubt, but it was mingled with all the bigotry and superstition of the times, and especially with the pernicious belief that the faithful were entitled to appropriate the property of the heathen, and even to make them slaves, and that it was a righteous and blessed thing to compel them—even by torture, if necessary—to profess the one true faith. Alas for the zeal which is not according to knowledge! The poor natives had little cause to bless the day when the Spaniards set to baptising their heathen country by scattering such names as San Salvador, Santa Maria, and Concepcion over its beautiful but unsanctified shores.

It is a weary time when Columbus is fighting for his idea. First we find him at work with the Portuguese, but of them he can make nothing. Then he tries the Spaniards; and when he gets access to Ferdinand and Isabella his hopes rise, more especially when he arouses the sympathies of the queen, whose ideas of glory are more true, as her temper is more lofty and generous, than those of her more subtle and calculating husband. Sometimes he and his project are referred to commissions consisting of the most learned and scientific people of the country; but usually they give their opinion against him. It is not enough for some of them to condemn the project on account of its chimerical nature, and to dissuade the authorities from giving so much treasure and life to be sunk in the bottom of the sea; besides all that, the scheme is sometimes denounced as contrary to Scripture, which never teaches that the earth is round; and as opposed to the views of respectable Church fathers, like Lactantius and Augustine, who maintained that the idea of antipodes, or persons whose feet were planted against our feet, was utterly nonsensical. Who would seriously maintain that there were countries where the rain fell upwards from clouds beneath the surface of the earth, or that the men were constituted like house-flies and spiders, to crawl along the ceiling? And poor Columbus found that even when he did get a favourable reply on the merits of his scheme from Ferdinand and Isabella, the Spanish sovereigns, they were too engrossed with their war against the Moors to be able to give their hearts to his undertaking. "Wait," they said, "till our war is ended; wait till Grenada is in our hands." Columbus had the virtue of patience in a wonderful degree; he did wait, as he was told. And one day the war *did* end. Grenada was taken, and the queen's promissory note at length fell due. But when a settlement was about to take place, her representatives higgled over the very moderate proportion of gain which Columbus proposed should be his share in the event of success! Disgust could bear no more; he turned from Spain for other climes. But Spain would not let him go; he was overtaken on the way, induced once more to return, and his terms were conceded.

It is said by one biographer that eighteen years of the prime of his life were consumed in these negotiations, and that he was fifty-six when at last things were ready for him to go. Often he had been reduced to the depths of poverty, his clothes worn threadbare, so that he could not wait on persons of rank and consideration; what he had to live on was the precarious produce of his labour, copying maps and charts.

The getting of ships, and especially of crews, was another enormous difficulty. But this, too, was at length overcome. At last, on August 3, 1492, three little vessels, only one of them full-decked, left the port of Palos, in Andalusia, manned by 120 seamen; their departure was accompanied by not a little of weeping and wringing of hands by their friends, who did not expect to see their faces any more.

The weary battle of eighteen long years was thus, at last, crowned with success. But, after all, the past was but a preliminary skirmish. It was now only that the real battle began. One woe is past, and behold another cometh quickly. How was "the Admiral"—as he now liked to be called—to steer these frail barques over the wild Atlantic, to guide them to unknown shores, and to bring them back to Spain? Did he never, in his secret heart, denounce himself as the greatest fool in Christendom to have had anything to do with such an enterprise? If he did (as most men in like circumstances have done), it could only be the momentary recoil of an overstrained mind, sure to rally itself quickly. But the worries of the voyage began soon, and as time wore on they increased in a geometric ratio. One of the ships loses her rudder, and not improbably by design. This causes a detention of three weeks. A calm detains them other three days within sight of land. Columbus is eager to get out to sea, but when the land disappears his seamen fall a-weeping. A hundred and fifty leagues from land they fall in with a mast, a fragment of the wreck of a large vessel; and, of course, it is an evil portent. The needle dances fantastically, and consternation seizes the crew. One great mercy is the favourable trade wind and calm weather. Patches of herbs and weed begin to appear, and on one of them is a crab—a sign that land is near. But the seamen are getting uneasy at the unexpected length of the voyage. In spite of the stratagem of two log-books—a short one for the crew,

and a longer and more correct one for Columbus—they know that they are frightfully far from home; and as the wind is almost invariably from home, there is no chance of their getting a wind to take them back. Calm and beautiful is the spirit of "the Admiral"—undaunted, confident, full of faith, making all allowances for his crew: reasoning, calming, encouraging them to the utmost. But if he knew what these knots of them in corners of the ships are saying, he would shudder a little at their proposal to give him a shove overboard, and turn the head of the vessel homeward. On September 25th, the cry of "Land, land!" is raised by one of the ships. It turns out a deception. By the first week of October he is at open war with his crew, and his life is hardly worth an hour's purchase. Happily, more decided tokens of land present themselves: a green fish, a thorn-branch with berries, and a staff artificially carved. Columbus makes an earnest address to the crew, dwelling on the favourable wind and weather they had enjoyed as tokens of God's mercy, expressing a strong confidence that they would make land that very night, and promising to whoever should discover it a doublet of velvet in addition to the pension promised by the king and queen. Taking his station on the high poop of the vessel, he carries his eye, with intense earnestness, along the horizon, in search of the faintest trace of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he fancies he sees the glimmer of a light. It is too important an observation for him to trust to his own eye alone. He calls first one, then another of his companions, and they think they see it too. But the glimmer is faint, and sometimes it is not seen at all. At two o'clock a gun is fired from one of the companion vessels announcing land. As the sky begins to brighten, it is seen distinctly two leagues distant; they shorten sail, lie to, and eagerly await the dawn.

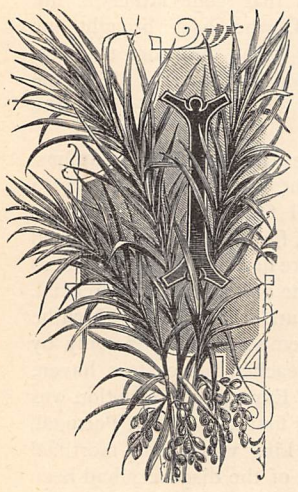
O Christopher Columbus, who would not have gone through all your antecedent tribulations for the luxury of your feeling that October morning? What a change in one hour from the incessant tension, pressure, and misery of years, to the joy and delight of perfect freedom, and the sense of glorious triumph! As if a thousand shackles had been loosed from your body, and a load like a mountain lifted from your back! Too well must you have known, for many a long year, that grinding sensation at the heart which comes of intense anxiety, as if a mill-stone were pounding the most sensitive part of your frame. And now, in one hour, it is completely gone! But who can fancy all that passed through Columbus' mind as he set foot on that western strand, though as yet he knew not what it was? "Yes; I am right, after all. The earth *is* round, O most reverend and worthy fathers; and here are we at your antipodes, not exactly crawling on roofs like spiders! Here is our ship still in the water, and in no danger of falling out of it down into space! And here is the beginning of the lands I have always believed in; and here, in these naked savages, the first sample of the people who are yet to be converted to a saving faith in the Son of God. Yes, O Ferdinand and Isabella, all that ever I said to you about the glory which this enterprise would bring you is true. Ye friends who have cheered me on, would that you were here to see and share my triumph. Ye foes who have jeered me, jeer on, if you like, to your heart's desire. My sons, I am glad for your sakes that your father is not dishonoured. O my God, who hast brought me in safety out of so many great and sore troubles, praise be to Thy name for Thy mercy. Use me in Thy service, and take Thou to Thyself all the glory!"

There were plenty more troubles for Columbus. That morning was a bright oasis in the midst of a wilderness, and it was well for Columbus if he was able to enjoy it thoroughly, for the brightness lasted but a little time. There were hard enough experiences yet before he got home. One of his ships was wrecked, another disobeyed orders, and the ship in which he sailed encountered such a tempest that it was only by a kind of miracle she ever reached her eastern haven. When Columbus did reach Europe, his reception was most triumphant. Arriving first at a port in Portugal, he found that though the king was deeply mortified that the honour and benefit of the discovery had been lost to him, he was generous enough to give Columbus the credit of that marvellous achievement—the discovery of a new world. Proceeding to Spain, he was received by the king and queen with almost royal honours. Where royalty set the example, the nobility and the populace were not slow to follow. And the civilised world rang with the news. "A new world!" What discovery could be greater? Yet, amid all the jubilation the real state of the case was not known. Cuba was held to be the end of Asia, and the islands being supposed to lie in the Indian seas were called the West Indies. How much more magnificent a "new world" lay behind the discoveries of Columbus, no one yet ventured to dream.

We do not touch on the later voyages of Columbus, nor on the intrigues and conspiracies of which he was the subject in his later days, and which tended greatly to embitter the end of his life. But we cannot conclude without dwelling a moment on the grand moral lesson of his career. That constancy to his convictions by which he was marked, and immovable fidelity to the course which they dictated, rose to the rank of the sublime. What a rebuke they minister to the vacillation which so many of us show in matters of duty, although it is so much easier for us to be loyal to our convictions! What scorn they pour on our miserable habits of self-indulgence, our readiness to humour the paltriest cravings of the body, our fear of ridicule, our hatred of exertion, our recoil from self-denial! We do not usually place either the Italian or the Spanish character very high in self-control, in life-long allegiance to duty, and noble service of God and man; yet what modern country can furnish a name that stands higher in these qualities than the Italian-born and Spanish-bred sailor—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS?

HARLOWE'S HELPMATE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c.



CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IT is not surprising that Madge loved Phillip Harlowe. There was something more than ordinary admiration in the passion he had conceived for her at sight of her portrait. It could not have been mere infatuation excited by her physical beauty that made him declare he would marry her if he found her: he must have seen in her face convincing evidence of a nature that could be assimilated to his own, to have made such a resolution as that; and as it turned out, there were many points of similitude between them. Then he was lovable beyond most young men, for he was manly and gentle at the same time, strong, yet ever considerate of others' weakness. He took pains to understand his friends, and accommodated himself to their peculiarities. Indolent as he was, he never let slip an opportunity of serving people he knew, and he had the rare tact of rendering services in such a manner that those who profited by them were unburdened with a sense of obligation; finally, he was fairly handsome, and more than fairly well-to-do.

He had faults—as all men, young and old, must have—but they weighed nothing when thrown in the balance against his virtues. He had a novel way of excusing his faults and accounting for the absence of others.

"A man with ordinary tastes, moderate aspirations, and more money than he can spend, can neither be very bad nor very good," he said. "Poverty tempts men to lie or to steal, to backbite or to play the hypocrite, and if they yield to the temptation they are base, and if they overcome it they are noble; but I am out of the way of such influence: I have never yet had to exert any great moral courage to keep my conscience clean; on the whole, I think I'm very well off."

"But, my dear sir," said I one day, "don't you think you would be still better off if, instead of leading an indolent life, you pursued an active career? Don't you think it would be better for you if you devoted yourself to some study of a serious kind rather than giving three-fourths of your time to reading novels and seeking amusement?"

"No, I don't," said he, laughing heartily. "I dare say I could get into Parliament, but there are quite enough of us who abuse our faculty for doing nothing in that direction. I have no doubt I should crown my study by publishing a book, but that would only increase the hardships of those who are obliged to gain their living by writing. I have no great faculty for anything in particular; then why should I spoil the market by entering into competition with those who have? Nature has turned me admirably to fit into the round hole, then why on earth should I try to squeeze myself into a square one?"

It was easy to reconcile myself to this doctrine—especially when comparing his indolence with Mr. Motley's activity. The difference between the two partners was astonishing.

One day, having nothing better to do, I accepted Mr. Motley's invitation to see how he made money. He took me first of all to the business house in Throgmorton Street, an old-fashioned, quiet-looking place of business, with "Motley and Harlowe" on a brass plate against the swing doors, but nothing to show that it was a flourishing bank; inside, however, it wore a different aspect. Clerks were taking in money at one place, cashing cheques at another; others were writing up accounts in ponderous books; all were as busy as possible, and yet people were waiting to be attended to, and there was an incessant rattle and ringing of gold as it was shovelled up from the counter and poured into scales. It was wonderful!

We went into an office at the upper end of the bank, and the attendant who ran before us obsequiously to open the door, brought out a box of cigars, as if that were part of the business. Mr. Motley took a cigar and pushed the box over to me. Then the manager came in with books under his arm, smiling, and very agreeable, and while Mr. Motley lit his cigar he began to talk business and listen to what the manager had to say—all of which was the greatest mystery in the world to me.

"Very good, Mr. Crawford," said he, laying his hands on the books; "I'll run through your figures. Send Burns to me."

The manager went out, and presently an anxious, pale young man entered, and at Mr. Motley's bidding examined some figures, while Mr. Motley looked over others. This went on for some time, Mr. Motley putting his initials now and then to certain papers; then he rose.

"That's all right," said he. "Now let me have some notes."

"Yes, sir; how many?" said Mr. Burns, taking a key from his pocket and going to the safe.

"Ten fives will do," replied Mr. Motley, and he wrote a receipt on a slip of paper, and handed it to Mr. Burns in exchange for the notes. We left, Mr. Burns accompanying us to the door.

"A promising young fellow, that Burns," said Mr. Motley, when we were seated in the carriage and on

our way to Southwark. "I keep my manager in check with him."

"Can you get a manager to submit to surveillance?" I asked, in surprise, for a bank manager has always seemed to me a very high and mighty sort of a person. Mr. Motley, rolling his cigar into the corner of his mouth, turned his twinkling little grey eye on me, and said—

"My dear sir, people will submit to anything if they want money—anything," he repeated twice or thrice, screwing up his eyes as if he were passing the world under review.

I smelt the tallow as we turned out of the Southwark Road, and presently I saw the long ugly brick building, with its tall chimneys, and the steam coming out through openings in the upper storey. We turned in through an archway to a great yard, where men were moving cases and great barrels from place to place. Through an archway I caught a glimpse of the river and a wharf, upon which a barge was being unloaded. Heavy cranes were at work—nothing was idle, everywhere there was bustle and movement, and with this the hissing of steam and the dull thunder of machinery at work.

"The vans are all out now; the yard will be full at midnight—coming in or preparing to go out," he said. "One day begins before the other is finished, and that goes on from year to year."

"More or less?" I interpolated.

"No," he replied, "never less; always more. It has never gone back for one day during the last twenty years. The first day I find a falling off I shall give up business, for then I shall know I'm no longer fit to carry it on."

"You will give up business before that day arrives?" said I.

"P'raps," he said thoughtfully, "p'raps. It takes a long while to become a millionnaire, and I shan't willingly give up business until I am that."

"You are said to be already a millionnaire."

"Any one with capital over a hundred thousand is said to be a millionnaire. I'm far from being a millionnaire yet, but I shall be—I shall be," he repeated emphatically.

He took me through every department, his shrewd eye on the alert all the while; nothing escaped his observation, nothing was unintelligible. Here he thrust his hand with a scoop into an open barrel of yellow tallow; there he took up another sample, inspecting it carefully; further on he examined a thermometer—he even tested the quality of the beans in the stables.

"Everything goes well," he said; "and that's the result of a man knowing his business thoroughly, paying fair wages, and dealing square and honest all round."

His dwelling-house adjoined the works, and there we had a meal—"you can call it lunch if you like; I call it dinner when I'm here," he said—served by an elderly woman in a snowy cap. Everything was excellent—the very best that could be—and I enjoyed it greatly. Mr. Motley talked about business all the time, and that seemed to please him. It was not unpleasant to me, and the good things after would have reconciled a man to conversation of a less interesting kind. But I listened with still more satisfaction when he came to speak of Mr. Harlowe and matters which concerned the future of Madge.

"A fine young fellow Phil is," said he, "the very best young man I have had to do with—a thorough

"THEN MADGE SAID, 'OH, HOW SHE WILL HATE ME!'" (*p.* 548).

gentleman—and that means a good deal as I look at it. His father was a gentleman too, though a man of business. He was a banker. Thirty years ago Motley's refinery was one thing and Harlowe's bank was another. Both concerns were in a small way then. My father was a clear-headed man, though a bit old-fashioned in his ways. He and old Harlowe did business together; they understood each other, and one felt that he could trust the other. My father saw that if the two businesses were combined both would profit by it. So they became partners, and his anticipations were more than justified. I came into the business when my father died—young Phil was only a boy then. I put all my energies into the concern, and the returns went up by leaps and bounds. But that wasn't fast enough for me—I wanted the whole management in my hands, being a bit conceited, like most young men in the early days of their success. Mr. Harlowe was getting old: he saw that he was rather a hindrance than a help, and when I proposed that he should retire from the management and still take an equal share of the profits, he assented. Mr. Harlowe died: Phil was just home from college. I had invested every penny of my money in the new

building here. I couldn't buy up his father's share—it would have crippled me and ruined the business to have altered the old state of things, so I offered to make a new deed of partnership with Phil on the same terms I had made with his father, with the condition that he should retire from it when I was in a position to buy up his share at a proper valuation."

"And he was to do nothing in the business?"

"Nothing whatever, except take his share of the profits, and see that the books were all right when he chose."

"That seems to me a very liberal arrangement on your part."

"Well, perhaps it was. But I don't lay any claim to gratitude, or any nonsense of that kind. If my offer had not been liberal, his solicitor wouldn't have let him accept it, and it suited me far better to have a free hand than to take a partner whose views might not agree with mine. I was quite right in that. The business has gone on marvellously. It wouldn't with two active partners probably."

It seemed to me hardly fair that Mr. Harlowe should take an equal share of the profits, doing nothing, while Mr. Motley was working morning, noon, and night, to get no more; and I said so.

"That's what Phil himself has said over and over again—he's offered to take but a third. I believe he would retire, and let me pay him by instalments if I liked; but I won't have it. I'm obstinate in some things, and I'm stubborn in that. An agreement's an agreement, and I'll stick by it. Besides, I am not all business. I've an affection for the young fellow, and I've an affection for the old names on the bank and the refinery—it's a good name, 'Motley and Harlowe.' No, I don't grudge Phil a penny of his gains."

"But you spoke of your determination to be a millionnaire, and the difficulty of making a million; but the difficulty's doubled if you have to make a million for your partner at the same time."

"That's very true, Holderness," he replied drily; "but there's a good ten years before me to do it in." His little eyes seemed to catch the sparkle of the glass he was holding up to the light. He emptied it, and setting it down, he added, "In the meantime, I intend to enjoy life."

He called occasionally at Sunnyside, with the excuse of seeing how his picture was getting on. This was at first somewhat embarrassing to the Goddards—especially to Madge; but there was so little alteration in his manner, so little evidence of regret on his part that the engagement had been broken through, that the feeling quickly wore off. He was always expansive, good-humoured, and genial, and generally he brought a basket from the fruiterer's for one of the girls.

One day, when we were alone together, he said—

"You saw Mrs. Borrodale and her daughter? what did you think of that young lady?"

"One cannot judge by so short an acquaintance," I replied; "but she seemed to me a very fashionable young person." That was as little as I could say in her favour.

"I'm glad to hear you formed such a favourable opinion of her," said he; "that's the sort of young person I ought to have for a wife."

"Your wife!" said I, in astonishment.

"Yes; I've made up my mind to marry, and I fancy she will suit me better perhaps than Miss Goddard."

"But, sir," said I, "if I recollect rightly, you told me that you as good as jilted her to offer your hand to Madge."

"So I did," said he, with a merry laugh; "and Phil's done the same thing."

"Well, Mr. Motley, do you think her pride will permit her to accept you after that?"

Mr. Motley burst into a loud laugh.

"Why," said he, "she and her mother haven't two hundred a year between them, and the girl's twenty-six if she's a day. She'll put her pride in her pocket, like a sensible girl, and say 'Snap,' if I only give her the chance."

I remembered what he had said when we were talking about his manager—"My dear sir, people will submit to anything when they want money."

A few days after this Mr. Motley told us that he should marry Miss Borrodale in the beginning of August, asked Philip to be his best man, and invited all of us to the wedding.

It can be imagined how the girls talked about this when Mr. Motley was gone.

"Fancy accepting Mr. Motley, after saying all those spiteful things against him! Don't you recollect, Joan, how the hateful thing asked us whether Madge had been fascinated by Mr. Motley's mental gifts or by his physical attributes?"

"Yes; and don't you remember the satirical manner in which she congratulated him before everybody on having won the *heart* of such a beautiful young lady?"

"And then her almost open avowal that she herself had refused his hand?"

"Yes; and her insinuation that if she wished it she could be married to Philip."

"And after all that, to marry Mr. Motley six weeks after the breaking off of his engagement with Madge. What a terrible humiliation!"

"Why on earth she didn't put off the marriage for a few months, until her sarcasms had been forgotten——"

"Perhaps Mr. Motley would not let her," remarked Cicely; and I thought that probably she had conjectured the real truth.

We were all silent for some moments, thinking upon this strange turn of events, and then Madge said—

"Oh, how she will hate me!" We all agreed with her in that.

"Well, he won't be so anxious for me to finish your portrait now," said Potter.

"Oh, of course not; it isn't likely he will affront his wife by reminding her of the girl to whom he gave his preference."

We all agreed in that also. But we were utterly in error. For a few days afterwards Mr. Motley, calling at Sunnyside when no one was at home, took away

the unfinished portrait, and left a cheque for a hundred pounds upon the easel, where it had been standing so long.

Had he been a vindictive man, wishing to revenge himself upon Miss Borrodale for her sarcasms upon his engagement to Madge, he could not have taken a surer course.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MR. MOTLEY'S marriage was hailed with delight by Philip, and by Madge also, for it removed a feeling of constraint, which was the natural result of foregoing events. Now they were quite free to marry. It was as though Mr. Motley had, in his grandly generous way, smoothed away all obstacles from their path of happiness.

They were very happy—the two lovers. Madge, doubtless, had flirted in a frivolous and inconstant way with many, but had never really felt a profound love for any one before meeting Philip. He, however, had touched her heart, and all its latent passion sprang into activity, and she saw, for the first time, that love is a great and serious feeling, which does not admit of inconstancy or trifling.

Conscious that Philip might have married a woman whose position in society was far above her own, she was anxious to create a place for herself, at any rate, above the level of the future Mrs. Motley. It should not be said to her reproach that Philip had suffered, even in a worldly sense, by marrying her in preference to Maud Borrodale. This was the mainspring of those follies which brought misfortunes upon her and her husband. She may have been to blame—probably she was; Madge, without imperfections, would not have been the Madge who won Philip Harlowe's heart, and others'.

She watched the movements of Maud Borrodale with eagerness. Mr. Motley took a house in Eaton Square about the time that Philip and Madge were beginning to look about for their future home. Madge fixed her heart upon a mansion in South Kensington, at nearly double the rental of the Eaton Square home —which could not pretend to be a mansion. Mr. Motley went into Tottenham Court Road for his furniture; Madge went to Oxford Street and gave the furnisher *carte blanche* to supply what was necessary to make Grandison House fashionably artistic and complete. His bill alone must have amounted to a small fortune.

Mr. Motley married Miss Borrodale in August. They spent their honeymoon on the Continent, and returned in time to be present at the marriage of Philip with Madge, when Mr. Motley presented Madge with a magnificent rivière of diamonds, which he had bought in Paris. It was finer than anything his wife wore, and she must have been more than mortal to have seen them bestowed upon her former rival with complacency.

Philip and Madge went to Norway for six weeks. I saw them a few days after their return at a dinner party, given by the Motleys at their house in Eaton Square. They looked handsomer and happier than ever, active, and full of life and spirits. There were many people there whom Madge had never seen before, but she showed no symptoms of embarrassment, but conversed with an easy grace, which was remarkable to such folks as myself, and poor Joan, and Cicely, who constantly bore in mind that these ladies and gentlemen would probably be ashamed to be seen with us in our every-day clothes. Madge was troubled with no such feeling: first of all, because she was naturally fearless, and secondly, because her self-esteem had been raised to the highest point by Philip Harlowe choosing her for his wife above all others. She had a capital memory, and that, with her vivacity, her good taste, and a certain quiet womanly wit, made her a brilliant talker. And she had the rare ability of making others talk as well, and leading them to say good things, so that she pleased the dullest and most captious, by putting them in good humour with themselves. "What a charming woman!" I heard on every side. There were bright faces and a constant ripple of voices at her end of the table, and every now and then Mr. Motley's great boisterous laugh came tumbling over the ripple in a big wave. It was good to see every one looking at her with expectant smiles as she talked, but best of all to see her husband watching her with admiration and overflowing joy.

At the other end of the table, where Mrs. Motley sat, it was very different. It was terribly still there. The ladies and gentlemen tried their best to get up a conversation of their own. I heard one man telling a story about Sydney Smith, but no one laughed, and somebody said he had heard it before; after that nobody dared to tell another story, and I heard nothing but little disjointed sentences—mere questions and responses. They grew more and more silent, and their glances went up the table, and they listened, trying to catch what was amusing every one so greatly at the other end.

That was very trying for Mrs. Motley. But she did not attempt to make herself entertaining; she always expected to be entertained. She affected a lackadaisical air, which was the very opposite of Madge's bright, lively, open demeanour. It seemed impossible for her to laugh; when she had to smile in complaisance at the story of Sydney Smith's, it was the slightest possible movement of the lips. She assumed a weary indifference to all things, a cynical contempt for emotion of any kind, which made those about her more lugubrious and silent than ever; for how is one to say bright or pleasant things to a person who pretends to have no interest in anything? Her husband never looked at her, except when he asked what was the matter down there that every one was so silent. In response to that Mrs. Motley raised her eyebrows, and shrugged her shoulders with an expression of disgust upon her face, which might have been meant for him or for the world in general. Again, what a contrast! when Madge discovered her husband looking at her, her conversation faltered for a moment while love beamed in her open eyes, and the colour rose in her cheeks.

She carried her triumph into the drawing-room, where her portrait, in a magnificent frame, occupied a prominent position. Yet I am sure she had no wish to humiliate her less fortunate rival; she was far too generous at heart for that. I think she no longer looked upon her as a rival. I know she tried to efface herself to some degree, in order that Mrs. Motley might receive a more equal share of attention. She seated herself close beside her, and was purposely quiet for a time, then she tried to draw her into conversation; but it was all to no purpose. Mrs. Motley would not respond to these kindly overtures, and maintained the air of contemptuous indifference she had worn at the dinner-table. She rose as soon as she could do so without being absolutely rude, and —after an ill-disguised pretence at admiration of the picture, in response to the ecstasies of an enthusiastic guest—changed her place. Then Madge, seeing that it was useless to persevere in that direction, abandoned herself to her own natural gaiety. No, it was not her fault; she outshone Mrs. Motley by her beauty and vivacity; she was happy, and could not be otherwise than agreeable and entertaining.

"AN ILL-DISGUISED PRETENCE AT ADMIRATION OF THE PICTURE."

Mrs. Motley sat apart with her mother and one or two other ladies of worldly appearance the whole evening—very much to be pitied, I thought; for surely no one can suffer such torture as those unamiable persons who cherish envy and hatred in their hearts. As I glanced from her torpid face, with the cruel mouth and the venomous half-closed eyes, to the portrait of Madge against the wall, I figured her coming down in the still night, when all were at rest, to slit the canvas, and tear it down with her hands.

A few days after the dinner party at Mr. Motley's, I called upon Madge at her new home in Kensington. The magnificence of the house was surprising. I thought that so much luxury must surely turn the head of such a giddy little person as Madge; and so it had, possibly, but it hadn't changed her heart. She was in her drawing-room, surrounded by fine people—friends of her husband's making their visit of ceremony—but she sprang up when the footman pronounced my name, and came across the room to meet me with frank cordiality, just as in the old days at Highgate, when I called to give her a lesson. She was not a bit ashamed of the past, or the old friends she had known in the hard times.

Whilst I was there Mrs. Motley called, bringing with her the lady who had formerly employed Cicely as a governess. Perhaps she expected to humble Madge by thus revealing her former position to her new friends. She did not know her character or she would have spared herself the mortification of failure. Madge was not in the least abashed; on the contrary,

she seemed pleased to acknowledge the lady's kindness to Cicely: then she told how she herself had tried to give lessons, and failed. And I don't think any one liked her the less for this confession—except Mrs. Motley.

The Harlowes' circle of friends extended every day, and they soon took a prominent place in fashionable society. Every week her name was mentioned in the society papers. Her husband was only less popular than she—and that was but natural, for one could not admire her character without admiring his, for there was a marvellous similarity in their good qualities. They occupied their whole time in pleasure, and their appetite for enjoyment seemed to grow keener by indulgence. Dinners, concerts, "at-homes," parties—every day in the week there was something for them. People about town pointed them out to strangers. When they came to the Orpheon concerts there was a buzz all over the house as they took their stalls—just as if they had been of the royal blood. Madge, with her lovely face and figure, her diamonds, and her rich toilette, could not escape observation.

She took lessons in riding; she was adapted by nature to that exercise, being fearless and lithe. A month after her first lesson she appeared in the Row on a splendid horse with her husband. That was a fresh triumph, and in a field which Mrs. Motley had been mistress of. After their first meeting on horseback in the Park, Mrs. Motley was never seen again in a riding-habit during Madge's career. Madge told me she had learnt riding chiefly that she might hunt with her husband. "If he breaks his neck I will break mine," she said, with a laugh. They accepted an invitation from Lord and Lady Lumberdale to spend a month at Barewood, and there Madge and her husband won golden opinions from all who admired daring and address. For my own part I was anxious the whole time they were away, and was heartily glad when they returned to London safe and sound.

They had made new friends in the country, and taken another step upward in the ranks of society. People boasted of meeting them; some sought to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Motley with the view of getting an introduction to the Harlowes. The entertainments at Grandison House were more sumptuous and on a grander scale than ever.

And while Harlowe was receiving his titled guests in the magnificent house at Kensington, his partner Motley was examining the figures at the bank, or watching the vans fill up in the refinery yard at Southwark.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

I SAW less and less of Madge as time went on. That was my own fault entirely. Her friendship was unchanged: she was just as glad to see me and chat about music as in Sunnyside days—though, of course, with so many new friends, and so surrounded by distractions, I was less necessary to her than I had been. If she saw me in the street, she would stop the carriage to speak to me, even though I had my rehearsal coat on, or, maybe, my fiddle-case in my hand. I say again, her heart was unchanged in its generous impulses and innocent enthusiasm. If pride came between us, it was mine, and not hers. I could not feel at ease in that palace of a house, amongst her princely friends—even when she and her husband were doing their best to make me feel at home. It suited me better to drop in and drink tea on Sunday with Joan at Highgate, and talk about Madge and other things.

Cicely spent much of her time at Grandison House. Madge would have had both sisters and her father to live there with her; but Joan was just as frightened of big people as I am, and Potter found it more convenient to live independent, so the old cottage at Highgate was kept on, and Joan there took care of her father.

There was no need for the girls to work now, for Potter was earning a decent income. As may be supposed by this fact, Potter had altered marvellously. That taste of luxury at Fairlawn had destroyed his relish for Bohemian living. After seeing himself in a tail-coat and a clean collar, he could not admire the old velvet jacket and grey flannels. He who had satisfied his animal wants with sausages and sixpenny ale, dreamed of delicate meats and aromatic wines. The hundred pounds left on the easel by Motley, in payment of the unfinished portrait of Madge—about half the sum, by-the-by, that Potter intended to ask for it—enabled him to appear at Grandison House in fine linen, and a dress-coat free from the smell of benzine. In Madge's drawing-room (and at her dinner-table) he passed a great part of the working day, talking of art, and posing as one of that school which is considerably in advance of the age. He adopted a new style, which, in my opinion, was about the worst of all the styles he had adopted in his changeful career. But it had this advantage—it could be worked without labour, which is an essential point in the production of pictures, where a lazy man is concerned. He called himself an impressionist, I believe; and he could throw you off his impression of a sunset, a sunrise, a fog, or a shower of rain, as easily as a plasterer would whitewash the back of a cupboard. These productions seemed to me perfectly ridiculous; but the most ludicrous part about it was to hear people admire them, and go into ecstasies about their subtle depth, their ideality, their inner feeling, and such-like nonsense. Potter believed it all, poor fool! and would stand before one of his own daubs, as solemn as an owl, and, with perfect sincerity, talk high-flown rubbish, which I for one could no more make head or tail of than I could of his picture. He devised the most extravagant frames for these wretched patches—some very beautiful (when he gave the order vaguely to a clever brass-worker), and others merely grotesque. But to crown the joke, these pictures—if one may use that word in such a case—these *pictures* sold for high prices, and one was actually exhibited at a gallery in Bond Street. Of course, I may be in error—these works may have seemed rubbish to me because my taste is bad, as classical music fails to

charm an uneducated ear. I only wish that all works of art were as easily produced. That is all I can say.

He still affected eccentricity; but his clothes were sweet and clean—ay, and his hair was perfumed, if you please. He kept bank-notes rolled up in pellets in his pocket. It was delightful to see him toss half a dozen of these to Joan, and we both wished that impressionism might continue in vogue.

As I have said, Cicely was pretty constantly with Madge. She was petted by her sister and Philip, and the indulgence did her no good, for she was very simple and childish, without the strength of Madge or the prudence of Joan. She received a great deal of attention also from Philip's friends, and grew coquettish and inconstant. It looked as if her marriage with Horace was farther off than ever. He was jealous, and she tormented him by her flirtations. But she was always ready to acknowledge her faults, and cry in atonement, and pray to be kissed and forgiven, so the engagement lingered on. He was a very good young man, steady and industrious, and it occurred to him that, with her growing taste for luxury, Cicely would never be content with the house she would have to share with his mother. But she declared that after the next party she would come home to Sunnyside, and live there quite soberly with Joan, and be a good girl ever after. But she did not come home after the next party. One day he spoke seriously about his affairs to Potter, pointing out that his means would not enable him to marry an extravagant girl.

"Then, why don't you improve your position?" asked Potter; "why don't you go in for the new school of art?"

At this, Horace declared that if he must paint "wubbish," he would prefer to stick to box-lids.

No wonder he, a patient, care-taking artist, should be exasperated by the success of such a charlatan as Potter. Plodding men always have to swallow the bitter reflection that if they were not so scrupulous they would be better off.

Joan and I used to talk about these things, and from her I heard accounts of the increasing expenditure at Grandison House, of the enormous sums spent upon dresses and entertainments, and the outlay of the household.

"Everywhere there is waste and extravagance," said she, "and there is no check put upon any one. Philip is just as careless as Madge, and their only thought is how to spend money. I have tried to show Madge that she is doing wrong. How can they expect their servants to be careful, when they themselves are so careless? Neither of them knows the value of money, Mr. Holderness; they are like children, and think no more of to-morrow than they think of the day that is gone."

"Still, that cannot go on for ever," I observed. "By spending more and more money every day, they will sooner or later come to an end of their resources, and then what are they to do?"

"That is exactly what I say. They will find it difficult to deny themselves luxuries, after using themselves to the gratification of every caprice. It is a madness. Nothing pleases their eyes but they must have it, whether they need it or not—pictures, china, silks, jewels—it matters not what, nor whether they have a place to put their purchases. And I am very sorry to say 'tis Madge who is most to blame. She never was careful. Philip was not extravagant before his marriage."

"But surely," said I, "he is in the wrong to encourage her in such extravagance; a man should be strong enough to regulate his household, control expenditure, and keep his affairs in order."

"That is true; but, do you know, I think a man in love is just as weak as a woman. And Philip loves Madge to such a degree that he would do anything in the world to gratify her wishes, and nothing to thwart them."

I could say nothing to that, for I would rather he should squander all he had than love his wife less.

One day Mr. Motley overtook me on Waterloo Bridge, as I was going from rehearsal to my lodgings in Lambeth.

Grasping my hand, his elbow resting on the edge of the carriage, and his jolly face redder than ever with the strain of turning sideways, he asked—

"D'ye like saddle of mutton, Holderness?"

"To be sure I do," said I.

"Then jump in, and come along with me. We must have good company to relish good things."

"Mrs. Motley doesn't dine with you?" said I.

"No; she can't dine before seven or eight, and I can't dine after two—and besides, she's much too fine for Southwark. The smell of the tallow would kill her."

He pointed to a large block of old houses adjoining the refinery, which were in course of demolition.

"Just bought that lot," he said; "and a pretty price I've had to pay. But we must have more room: we shall want the whole street in a few years."

I was glad to hear this.

The mutton was delicious, and we talked about all kinds of things; but as Motley knew more about business, and was proud of his success, he had more to say on that subject than on others.

"Careful liberality—that's the secret of success," said he. "Many a thousand I've given where others have only offered five hundred, and I've been laughed at. That don't matter to me. I'm not thin-skinned. I know what I'm about. I've never spent a pound without assuring myself that I should get back that pound again, with interest added. And I've never gone wrong in my reckoning yet. That's what I call careful liberality, and liberality of any other kind is detestable—it is senseless waste; and I don't know anything more hateful than that."

I did not reply. Motley's quick eye caught some look on my face that excited his curiosity.

"I'd give something to know what is passing in your mind, Holderness," he said.

"Well, sir," said I, "to tell you the plain truth, I was thinking that your partner's procedure just now must be very distasteful to you."

"Oh, Phil!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh. "That's another matter. He has a right to do what he pleases with his own. It makes no difference to my share of the profits whether he spends his or saves it. Why should I object?"

"I did not suppose you would object. I only felt that were I in your place I should feel annoyed to see money thrown away which I had worked hard to accumulate. At the same time, I give you credit for having broader views than mine—I know I am narrow in some things."

"That's all right," said he, leaning back in the chair, and turning his twinkling eyes up to the blue film of smoke that rose from his cigar — "that's all right, Holderness; don't you worry about them. I have my eye on them. Phil's a fine fellow, and Madge is a charming woman, and I like them both. The bank's solid and the refinery's solid, and they'll stand a heavy strain. Phil will pull up when I tell him to. They're intoxicated with love at present; they'll sober down by-and-by. Look at me. I have sobered down" (he laughed). "I'm sober enough" (he laughed again); "and you remember I was for outshining everybody not so very long ago. You must have seen—for you've got your senses about you, Holderness—you must have seen how I used to pique my wife that she might outvie Madge; eh? I gave it up, though, when I saw there was no chance for her. Well, well, well! that's all over now. When Maud heard that Phil had bought a box on the grand tier of the Albert Hall for his wife, Maud wanted me to let her have one. But I wouldn't. 'My dear,' says I, 'it's no use your showing your face in the same place with Phil's wife's. If you want to hear music you can book a stall when you like; but a box is out of the question. No, I've no reason to find fault with Phil for losing his head, for I've done the same myself. I'm all right now, and so will he be after a bit."

This relieved my mind greatly, and Joan was pleased to hear what I had to say the next time I called upon her. But we were still better pleased a little later on, when we heard that Philip had settled a large amount of money on his wife. It was all through Mr. Motley. On drawing up the half-yearly accounts, he showed Philip that there was a balance at the bank in his favour of something over sixteen thousand pounds, and he advised him to draw it out and place it in another bank in his wife's name. "It's better than insuring your life, Phil," he said, "and it's the sort of thing every man should do, no matter how solid his business seems. I've done the same thing; so no matter what happens to us, our wives will be all right in the future." Philip, who had the most implicit trust in the wisdom of his partner, and was guided by him in such matters, readily agreed to this proposal. The money was drawn out, and properly made over to Madge.

"Ah, what an excellent, what a capital good-hearted old fellow he is!" we said, and our hearts warmed towards that stout, florid, jolly-looking Motley.

"'THE FIRM HAS STOPPED PAYMENT'" (*p.* 554).

Madge said that we must all be together on the anniversary of the wedding-day—a family party, and none but the family, except myself and Horace Clinton; and so we all met at Grandison House to lunch; and, to please Joan, the servants were sent out of the room that we might eat as we liked, and talk about old times without having to think what they might say about us in the hall. And very pleasant and merry we all were. It was all very elegant and rich, but cosy and informal at the same time. We were at the height of enjoyment, when a servant brought a telegram for Philip.

"This is odd," said he, looking at the telegram; and then he read aloud: "You must come at once; business of the utmost importance."

"Who is it from, dear?" asked Madge.

"Motley—he telegraphs from the bank. Oh! I suppose it's some precious paper that requires the signature of both partners. However, I must go."

"Of course, dear," said Madge, who would have said the same thing if he had said exactly the contrary. "You need not stay."

"I should think not," replied Philip. "It would be an extraordinary matter that would keep me out of home to-day. Brooks, fetch a hansom."

We were quiet for awhile after Philip left us; but we soon grew merry again as our speculations as to the cause of his summons came to an end. When we left the dining-room Potter went up into the smoking-room. Horace and Cicely, who had forgiven each other for their last quarrel, wandered into one drawing-room, and Madge, with Joan and me, settled down in the other, that the lovers might be affectionate without feeling that they were making themselves ridiculous.

There were many beautiful and interesting things to look at and talk about, and the time passed rapidly. Madge was very happy and in high spirits, for that morning she and her husband had received an invitation from the Right Honourable the Viscount Teddington to spend the shooting season at his seat in Shropshire, and this was another step upwards.

When we were tired of looking at things, we sat down in the luxurious lounges and talked about old times, and Madge then seemed to forget all about her grandeur in calling up pleasant reminiscences of the humble life. But she grew serious when Joan asked her how she should like to return to the old way of living.

"I don't think I could live if I were poor," she said. "Oh, no! I could never reconcile myself to hardship and privation."

It was unpleasant to hear that; but just then our thoughts were turned aside by the closing of a door in the hall below.

"That is Philip!" cried Madge, with sudden gladness, as she sprang up.

A servant came in and presented a card, on which a few words were written in pencil below the name.

"Mrs. Motley," said Madge; "and she wishes particularly to see me. Do you mind meeting her? Cicely and Horace are in the other room."

We, of course, made no objection, and Mrs. Motley was presently introduced.

She came across the room, after a graceful inclination of her head, with short, quick steps, her puffed-out skirt swishing from side to side behind her, and her stiff petticoat rustling upon the carpet. Her lips were very red, her brows very black, and her face perfectly colourless — a vicious-looking face it always appeared to me, though with a certain kind of attractiveness, I admit. How insignificant, made-up, and affected a little person she looked beside Madge—so tall, so unassuming, so open-eyed, and naturally beautiful! Perhaps I have made the same observation before; but one could not see them together without drawing the comparison.

"My *dear* Mrs. Harlowe," she said, "have you seen Mr. Motley?"

"No. He is at the bank. My husband has gone to see him there."

"I knew Mr. Motley intended to see him to-day: that is why I thought I might find him here. To tell you the truth, I am quite anxious about Mr. Motley. The doctor sent him to Brighton last week. He came home last night. I saw him for the first time this morning, and his appearance absolutely alarmed me. May I ask how long Mr. Harlowe has been gone?"

"Quite an hour," said Madge, looking at her watch. "He intended to return at once; I expect him every minute."

"If it is not inconvenient, I will stay till he comes. I am positively frightened." But despite this assertion, she fell into raptures the next instant over some old Chelsea, and then admired a piece of Sèvres, and then other objects of vertu with which the room was crowded.

"How I envy you!" she exclaimed; "what a position yours is! One hears your name everywhere; there's not a paper without some paragraph concerning you. You have reason to be proud. Oh! by-the-by, I am told that you are to be Lord Teddington's visitor in September."

"We received the invitation this morning," said Madge.

"And of course you will go?"

"Yes."

"We know what an invitation from Lady Teddington means—you will be presented next season. Where *will* your triumph stop?"

It was half an hour before Philip came back, and during the whole of that time Mrs. Motley did nothing but glorify Madge's position, and speculate on the brilliant career before her. It perplexed me. I knew that there was venom concealed under this sweetness. Even Madge, excited as she was by this flattery, began to be uneasy.

When Philip entered the room, her anxiety on account of Mr. Motley's health was suddenly renewed.

"What is the matter, Mr. Harlowe?" she cried. "What has happened to my poor husband?"

Philip did not answer for a moment. He looked steadily at Mrs. Motley, and I think understood her.

"I will tell you as we go down-stairs," he said offering his arm.

I saw a wicked gleam in her long narrow eyes, as if she were disappointed in some cruel desire; but she took his arm with what grace she could, and left the room.

"Has anything serious befallen Mr. Motley? is he really ill?" asked Madge, when Philip returned.

"No, he is well enough. You shall hear all about it to-morrow, dear—it's a business affair; and to-day we devote to pleasure. Come, where are the lovers?"

He turned away quickly, and put on a bright look that did not conceal from me that he was unusually serious. But we all did our best to make the fête a success, and the day passed away. We broke up after the clock had struck twelve. As I was about to leave, Madge said—

"Will you post this letter for me as you pass the pillar-box? I forgot all about it, dear," she added, turning to her husband. "It is the letter you wrote accepting Lord Teddington's invitation."

He took the letter, and said—

"I will write another to-morrow, Madge—at once, perhaps. Our fête is over."

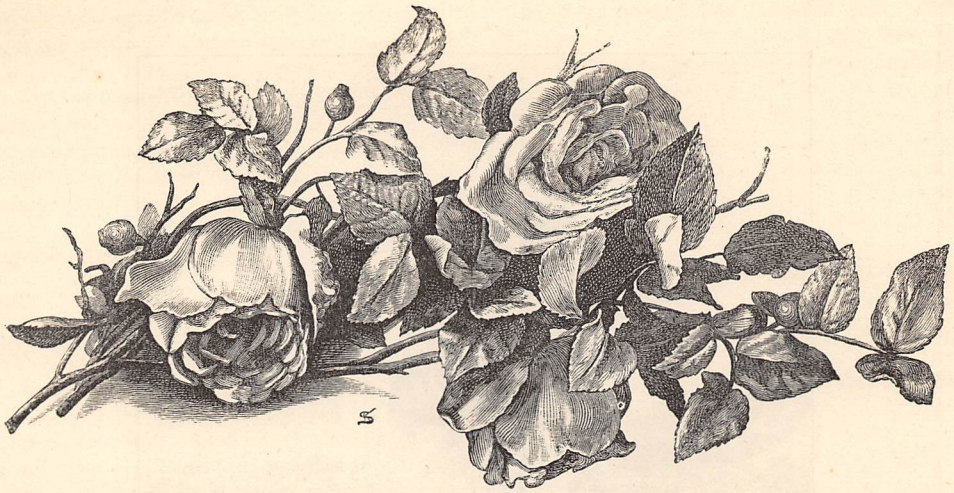
"Another!" exclaimed Madge.

"Yes; we must refuse the invitation, dear."

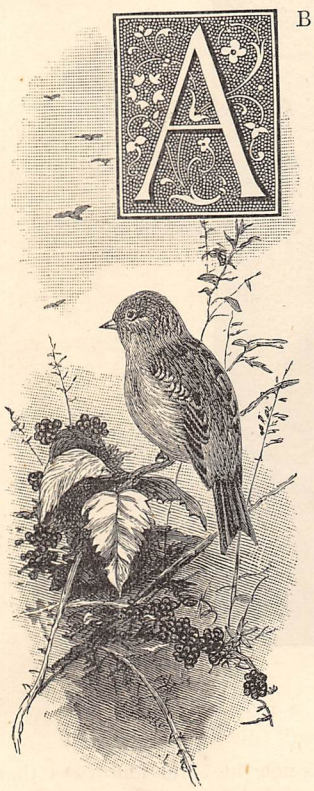
"Oh, Philip! refuse it? Why?"

"Because, dear, the firm of Motley and Harlowe has stopped payment."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.



THE GARDEN'S BEAUTY-MONTH.



A BLAZE of beauty—such should a well-ordered garden be in the month of August. There is perhaps one flower about which we might with advantage give a few hints at this time, if only that it is as much suggestive of a "blaze" as anything we can well think of, and that is the poppy. One precaution, however, we might give at the outset: take care to constantly remove the seed-pods before the seed perfects itself, or in a single season you may have your whole garden overspread, and a gay flower rapidly transformed into a troublesome weed. Unhappily the poppy is somewhat short-lived, but its brilliancy and gaiety of colour is so effective, that in our sowing months of March or April we like to put in a pinch of well-selected seed, at intervals of a few yards, just at the corners of our garden, of our carriage-drive, or even here and there along the borders of our kitchen garden or shrubbery. When the plants are well up, thin them out with your hoe, so as to allow them a proper distance to grow and bloom well. As they come into flower, pull up at once all that we may call failures—we mean all such as the single or semi-double ones—and, on the other hand, mark afterwards such as are undeniably good ones for seed. Little remains to be said about them. Against the brilliant red and scarlet of this flower we may remark, in passing, the bright blue of the corn-flower—another old-fashioned and simple favourite—presents a pleasing and effective contrast.

Just at this time of the year, however, when our peaches, nectarines, and greengages, and indeed our wall-fruit in general, are rapidly ripening, a few words might be said with advantage as to their routine management. And though to begin with some August hints is certainly beginning at the end, let us say at once that some considerable care and caution are necessary just now in the manipulation of our trees. First, then, we must be busily engaged in trapping all large flies and wasps by day, and all slugs and snails that attack our fruit by night. And a little examination of your trees in the twilight, or more particularly after a thunder-shower a little later on, with a lantern in your hand, will enable you to capture the more crafty of the snails and slugs. But especially avoid at this time touching and handling, and, most of all, the disastrous habit of slightly pinching the fruit to see if it be ripe. Be content to allow the fruit to remain on your trees as long as it chooses, or at all events the first half of your number, for it rarely happens that the whole stock even on one tree ripens in the same week. A net, or very thin canvas or gauze, also serves as a protection against birds and vermin in general. Some material of this kind, however, unless it be well contrived, occasionally keeps off the sun, which just now is certainly not desirable. And then, again, there is a good method of protecting the fruit from falling to the ground, and getting hopelessly bruised, by placing some light gauze or net-work so projecting from the wall in a slanting position as to catch the fruit when it falls from the tree.

POPPIES BY THE RIVER-PATH.

Of the budding process—a method the most general for the propagation of the peach-tree—we shall not now say much. The months of June and July are perhaps the best adapted for the operation, and the stocks mostly employed are those known as plum stocks. Many, however, prefer buying outright some young trees already well started. And these latter, October perhaps is the best month for getting in. But older and established trees are often immensely improved by the following process: one, indeed, which the writer of this paper on one occasion found by experience seemed quite to throw a new life into four trees that had the season or two previously turned out comparatively failures :—Late in the autumn of one year the roots were well dug round and sharply pruned, and some rich manure given to them. The next season they were breaking down with a luscious show of fruit. The pruning of wall fruit should not be delayed later than about the middle of February, but the operation of nailing might perhaps be put off a little later than that, in order to keep the buds from swelling too quickly. Avoid also using too many nails and shreds. Place

these latter alternately, so as to bear in an opposite direction on the shoot. And then, later in the season, perhaps by the end of May or during the first fortnight of June, comes that delicate and cautious process of thinning the fruit. Any roughness, violence, or hurry might be very disastrous in this operation. In June, too, the wood will probably still want nailing and thinning, and the branches may want raising or lowering according to their strength and condition. A little liquid manure in the same month will benefit both peaches and nectarines. But in this month of August any newly-budded trees should be carefully examined, and all portions of growth removed from the stock, and suckers from the root.

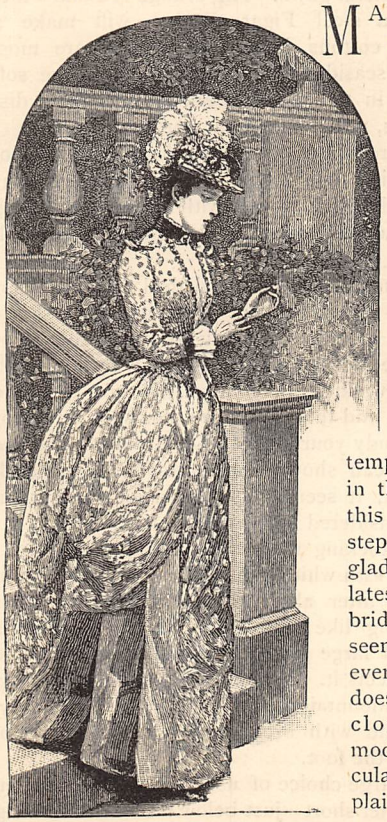
And among our flowers we are busy this month taking cuttings, but as to the general stocking of the greenhouse we may have more to say next month. Annuals in pots will want watering and shading, and their dead leaves got away. Those who care to raise perennials from seed should sow it at the beginning of the month, and by the end of October the young plants could be planted out in warmer aspects to acquire strength; but it is better to sow perennials a month or two earlier than this, and afterwards to plant them out in the spots where they are to flower. And then, again, the carnations and piccotees should be layered this month.

And in the kitchen garden also we have a busy time of it now. Succession crops may yet be planted out: give a good hoeing, and dig well in or clear off all exhausted crops. Tomatoes should be kept well nailed to the wall, and laterals removed; only allow a few to remain on. Spinach may be twice sown this month, the prickly sorts being the most hardy; and August being a great time for the sowing of all biennials, get plenty of parsley sown, as well as the chief winter onion crop; previously, however, to undertaking this last operation have the land well trenched and manured. As for your celery bed, be especially careful when you give your first earthing-up that you throw no soil on to the heads of the plants, and choose a dry day for your work. For the main spring crop of cabbages sow the first week in this month, and have broccoli in all your spare corners. Potatoes too will want hoeing, and probably earthing up. A very good month also is this for making up an asparagus bed.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS: BY OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I. FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



MARRYING or giving in marriage is never likely to be out of fashion as long as human beings are on the face of the earth, and I do not doubt that some of my readers are at that golden period of life when they are contemplating taking, in the near future, this all-important step, and will be glad to know the latest fashions in bridal attire. It seems to me, however, that England does not copy very closely French modes in this particular. Satin or silk, plain or brocaded, is the invariable rule on your side of the Channel; while with us, muslin, soft washing silk, and other unpretending fabrics are very frequently used, a plan which it would be well to follow in Great Britain. Fashionable brides in Paris have the front of their gowns showered over with detached sprays and petals of orange-blossom, as though their friends had pelted them with the same, and the veil is so full and voluminous that it entirely envelops the whole dress.

When the veil is lace it falls only to the waist in front, but reaches to the hem of the gown at the back. Often the train is covered with a long veil of lace, and only a small one placed on the head, very full, however, and quite masking the head. Another new feature in bridal attire is, that the orange-blossom wreath is placed outside the veil, not a becoming plan. Pages bearing the bride's train have found no favour in France, and if all is true that we hear, the plan is not always carried out with wisdom.

Many French brides are wearing large-patterned damask silk outlined with silver.

Cream-coloured coarse woollen stuffs find special favour for young ladies' wear this summer time, sometimes made quite plain, save for large looped bows of ribbon, which, as a matter of course, appear on the shoulders; sometimes there are brown, red, or mousse-green velvet waistcoat and cuffs.

Straw hats are worn with such costumes, generally entwined with gauze. This material plays an important part this year. Many of the best gowns for full morning toilette have the front filled in with a gauze

chemisette, for which it is generally sprigged and closely gathered or plaited.

Two colourings prevail, peach or heliotrope and grey, and the most popular flower even late in the season has been lilac. It seems to be a matter of choice whether bonnet-strings are worn or not, but there are many distinct novelties in their arrangement. Sometimes the actual ribbons are well-nigh invisible and replaced by loops of pearls, while others are hidden by the jewelled stars and crescents which fasten them. Large hats become larger; the trimmings have almost deserted the front to overload the back, and creep on to the top of the crown.

Cloaks made entirely of lace are much worn by our fashionables, and look specially well over grey.

Jet is worn, but is not quite so popular as steel; the steel embroideries are really magnificent. The Figaro jackets made entirely of steel embroidery are slipped over grey and black gowns, and make them dressy at once; and fichus of gauze, covered with steel crescents, are draped about bodices with all the skill of French fingers. The feathers are intermixed with steel drops, and gloves, stockings, and shoes are all embroidered to match. The embroidery on gloves is quite a new industry, and a new feature in fashion, and, alas! costly.

Fruit is more fashionable in millinery now than flowers—white and black currants and wild berries; it wears well, does not crush so easily, but is not nearly so light and pretty. In the Rue de la Paix, the other day, I really lingered some minutes to make up my mind to a certainty as to whether a bunch of field flowers in a black-jetted bonnet was real or not; it comprised buttercups, dandelions in seed, and many lilac blooms and forget-me-nots. They *were* artificial, but true to the life. Yellow has kept its favour all the summer, and is blended with grey, blue, and carnival. I do not recommend it in large quantities to the general public, but a touch of it is not only becoming, but gives better than any other colour to those who adopt it the impression of being well dressed. The cottons this year have shown in favour of the tone, but it glints through checks and broché stripes, giving the advantage of its presence without in any way asserting itself unduly.

Blue, shot with pink, is pretty in silk and cotton, and in the new soft woollen cloths of which many tasteful gowns are made, simply with long draperies and loose open jackets, having waistcoats which to the eye look only like a silk handkerchief laid across the figure in crossway folds. The coarsely crimped crape sometimes replaces silk, and is a favourite material for trimming this year. It is made in all colours, and is exactly like mourning crape, and, be it well remembered, as little durable. Evening gowns are made of it, gilets to day gowns, and trimmings for all sorts and conditions of dresses. Woollens are used to the exclusion of all other stuffs, for every-day serviceable gowns, and in neutral tints.

The costume that forms the initial of our chapter is thoroughly French in style. The material is plain and flowered foulard, both in the new mauve tints. The jacket bodice that opens over a white waistcoat is outlined with amethyst beads. The bows on the shoulders, the cuffs, and the loops on the skirt are velvet. The hat is fancy straw of the Tuscan shade, the trimmings consist of mauve feathers and ruches of mauve gauze to match the costume.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

August! and the world of London is, as a rule, starting off as fast as it can for the seaside, for the country, and for many scenes of pleasure at the Isle of Wight and other holiday resorts; and for all these clothes are needed.

First and foremost, in every wardrobe there should be a tailor-made dress of the soft thin checks, which are very plainly made, the skirt in folds, the tunic draped but little, but the bodice a habit shape and always fitting to perfection. It should have a waistcoat of its own, one of white piqué, and others if needed, which will suit it well in colour, and it should be so arranged that it can open sufficiently at the neck when desired to show a white scarf necktie, like a man's, fastened with a scarf-pin, a single pearl being the most fashionable. An alpaca is another kind of dress which is generally useful. It looks well with a blue and with a white waistcoat, and a little blue in the hat or bonnet adds to the smartness, and a blue parasol. If a quieter toilette is needed these adjuncts are not necessary, and velvet collars and cuffs will do all that is required. A black canvas, striped with velvet, is a most useful, tasteful gown. An orange-red and white waistcoat, or a steel Figaro jacket, will make a diversity. In cottons, blues and browns are most worn for good seaside wear, and there are some soft Madras cloths in thin wool, speckled, of several distinct colourings, which bear wear and tear.

Hats there are many, but at any large gathering of young-womankind one shape only in England has found favour, viz., high crowns with a brim turning up and cut in three battlements, which are covered with velvet.

Boots and shoes require a good deal of thought for autumn wear. If you are bent on having smart shoes, and will have high heels which are sure sooner or later to damage the foot, and which to a certainty will prevent your walking in comfort, be sure that the soles are broad and that you have plenty of room for the instep. Study your feet and their shape, and see how best you can show them to advantage. Much more ornament, it seems, is allowed on shoes than used to be considered good taste. Some are so far open that the stocking is shown through the lacings; some are sewn with white, the leather perforated as in brogues. But, after all, for every-day useful wear there is nothing like the Cromwell shoe, with its broad flap and large buckle; it comes well up the instep and protects it. I came across, the other day, a comfortable mountaineering boot that is not ugly, though easy and with broad toes; it had plenty of spring beneath the foot.

There is a large choice of useful cloaks in woollen stuffs, made either short—just below the waist—or long

enough to cover the entire dress ; they define the figure at the back, give ample room for the arms, and save perhaps passementerie, epaulettes, and trimmings, as the back seams require little adornment. Brown and grey are the two tints most worn. Waterproofs shot with red and black silk, or covered with brocade, are such really pretty cloaks, the fear is that they will be worn too long, for they never are healthy.

mourning, but for deeper mourning the woollen crape-cloths are being made thinner and more generally useful. Jet is used often now without crape in deep mourning, for many people are persistently refusing to wear crape at all, and widows are giving up the cap. A mantle is often a difficulty in mourning. The Dolman cape is made of the woollen stuff to match the dress, with a box-plaited flounce of the same, and no

ON TRUST.

Lace boas have been a novelty this season ; at a distance they closely resemble fur ones, are light, warm, and becoming. They are made both in black and colour, but look best in black.

After all the pains the manufacturers and milliners have taken to provide parasols of new shape and character, plain red silk ones have been far more used than any other kind. I have noted one or two new ones. First, there was a peach tulle with tucks of ribbon, and a brown tulle of a similar make, but what use they could possibly be, as far as giving shade is concerned, it is difficult to say. Dome shapes are coming in.

There are some new materials for mourning :—Turkish crape, which is striped, and suited to half-mourning, but for deeper mourning the woollen crape-cloths are being made thinner and more generally useful. Jet is used often now without crape in deep mourning, for many people are persistently refusing to wear crape at all, and widows are giving up the cap. A mantle is often a difficulty in mourning. The Dolman cape is made of the woollen stuff to match the dress, with a box-plaited flounce of the same, and no other trimming. Mourning bonnets made entirely of jet have no strings, but a pouf of jet and crape over the face. Crape scarves, with silk gowns, are coming in again ; and crape bibbed aprons are put on with plain gowns. For all but deep mourning, grey gloves are worn instead of black.

For current fashions let us turn to the illustrated group seated in a garden, and consisting of a mother and two daughters. The elder daughter—with a dog on her knee—wears a grey canvas costume trimmed with velvet ; the waistcoat is cream canvas. The little girl of six is in a pink zephyr costume trimmed with red velvet, lace waistcoat and cuffs ; while the mother wears printed de-laine with faille bows. The bonnet matches the bows in colour, and has orchids in front.

SOME GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES OF PARLIAMENT.

PRINCE METTERNICH tells us in his autobiography that "the men who *make* history have no time to write it—at least, I have not," he adds. This is not true of all makers of history, however. In this country, at any rate, the men who do most at history-making are obliged to find time to write it. Strangers sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons have often wondered what those sheets contained which the Prime Minister was writing, portfolio on knee, while the House was in full debate, or at the close of a critical division. They would have watched him with a deeper curiosity if they had known, what was probably the fact, that the great statesman was penning the story of that night's proceedings for the information of the Sovereign.

The Queen possesses a "Diary of Two Parliaments," written for her sole use by the two most distinguished members of these Parliaments, one volume being the work of Lord Beaconsfield, and the other the work of Mr. Gladstone. It is possible that some day this "Diary," or "leaves" from it, may be graciously given to the world, but while waiting for a work of such supreme historical interest as that would be, we may well content ourselves with the Diary of those very

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

(Reduced, by permission, from the portrait in "A Diary of Two Parliaments.")

Parliaments* with which Mr. H. W. Lucy has recently enriched our libraries.

* "A Diary of Two Parliaments." 2 vols. Cassell & Co., Limited.

This Diary was also written in the House; not on the Treasury Bench, however, but in the Reporters' Gallery. It is the "Diary of events passing under the eye of an observer"—a series of pen-pictures of Parliament in its dullest and in its most excited moods; of portraits (instantaneous photographs, we might call them) of many of its most famous members; and of incidents which interested the whole nation at the time they occurred, and have now become historical.

Everybody knows that the secret of Mr. Disraeli's intended elevation to the peerage had been so well kept, that very few members of the House of Commons suspected they had heard his voice in that Chamber for the last time when he closed the debate on "Bulgarian Atrocities," on the 11th of August, 1876. He left the House that night without a word of farewell and without any token to its members that the place which had known him forty years would know him no more for ever. On February 8th, 1877, he entered the Gilded Chamber as Earl of Beaconsfield, and "the House of Lords presented an appearance such as has seldom been witnessed during the present reign." The House was so crowded that even the turret over the throne was occupied. "Lord Beaconsfield, clad in peer's robes, entered, preceded by the Deputy Black Rod, the Garter King-at-Arms, and the Earl Marshal, who led him within the railings. Here the Earl of Derby appeared, and, in company with the Earl of Bradford, presented Lord Beaconsfield to the Lord Chancellor. Then the new peer approached the table, and handed the clerk his writ of summons as Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden. This done, accompanied by Earl Bradford and Lord Derby he walked round to the Viscounts' bench, in which the three seated themselves, and gravely saluted the Chancellor by thrice raising their three-cornered hats, which they put on as they sat down. The Lord Chancellor, also wearing his hat, raised it in acknowledgment of the salute. Next, the three Lords proceeded to the Earls' bench, in which they again seated themselves and bowed to the Lord Chancellor, this time with their three-cornered hats in their hands. Finally, Lord Beaconsfield walked out of the House, and returning in ten minutes, divested of his cumbrous cloak, took up his seat on the Ministerial bench."

Just now it may be interesting to note from Mr. Lucy's Diary that Mr. Chamberlain's first speech in the House of Commons was delivered the week after the ceremony just described. "It is reported that Sir Walter Barttelot expected this fearsome Radical would enter the House making a 'cart-wheel' down the floor, like ragged little boys do adown the pavement when a drag or an omnibus passes." The good baronet had evidently evolved some fancy picture of Mr. Chamberlain before he met him face to face in the House, and his surprise at seeing the junior member for Birmingham in a coat and even a waistcoat, and on hearing him speak very good English in a quiet, undemonstrative manner, was un-

disguised. There was "an affecting scene" when Mr. Chamberlain sat down. Sir Walter, "awkwardly conscious of disguising his cart-wheel and no waistcoat theory, publicly abandoned it, and held out, over the heads of Henley and Beresford Hope, the right hand of fellowship to the Radical member for Birmingham."

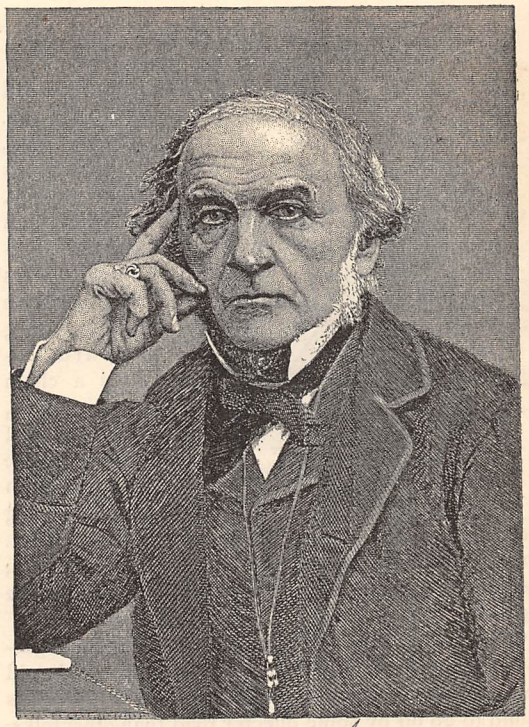
What to do with their hats is a most perplexing problem to some members of the House, and the effort to solve it has led to many an amusing scene. Sir George Bowyer, to avoid danger, used to place his hat far out on the floor of the House, where it stood "a melancholy monument of long usage and rough weather." On one occasion Sir Julian Goldsmid, on rising to address the House, judiciously placed his hat on the seat behind him. Carried away by the musical tones of his own voice, he unfortunately forgot all about his hat, and having brought his remarks to a conclusion, he abruptly sat down in the very middle of the article. "Never was there such a complete wreck of a hat. The curious 'crunching' sound emitted by the astonished and swiftly collapsing cylinder was heard all over the House, and it was in vain that Goldsmid, leaping up as if he had sat on a wasp's nest, began diligently and unconcernedly to straighten out the wreck and brush it with his arm as if nothing had happened."

"The House of Lords is not much given to cheering, and studiously eschews the vulgarity of laughter," says Mr. Lucy, but his volumes afford abundant evidence that in the Lower House

> "A little nonsense, now and then,
> Is relished by the wisest men."

Whenever Mr. Whalley essayed to give a quotation in support of his argument he was, for a long time, invariably greeted with the cry of "Sing, sing!" followed by roars of laughter. The cry of "Sing!" arose in this way. Whalley was addressing the House upon his favourite theme, and, wishing to gain its opinion upon a certain hymn accustomed to be sung in a Sunday-school, he drew "a little book from his pocket, observing that he would read it to the House." A member struck with a happy thought called out, "Sing it!" and forthwith arose a unanimous shout of "Sing, sing!" Mr. Jacob Bright one night "accidentally stumbled upon an error which greatly delighted both sides. He alluded to Lord Randolph Churchill as 'the noble lord the member for Woodcock,' a mistake which, he observed, when the prolonged laughter had subsided, 'might have been considerably less appropriate to circumstances.'"

"June 10th, 1880—Mr. Gladstone's last Budget," is a notable "side-heading" in Mr. Lucy's Diary, and the scene on that occasion is most graphically sketched. "The House was crowded in every part, members competing for seats even in the long gallery facing the Treasury Bench. Strangers flooded the gallery as soon as the doors were open, and all night St. Stephen's Hall and the Octagon Hall were thronged with people waiting for the remote chance of somehow or other getting within sound of the Premier's voice." "It was half-past five before Mr. Gladstone found his opportunity, his pale face flushing at the sound of the cheers that welcomed him back in his old rôle of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He spoke for two hours by the clock, but such was the charm of his oratory, so easy was the way made for listeners, and so intent the interest, that when the audience woke from its trance to find the malt tax gone, it was surprised to find that it was also half-past seven."



(Reduced, by permission, from the portrait in "A Diary of Two Parliaments.")

A division recently took place in the House of Commons, and on the numbers being announced at the table it was found that only one member had passed through one of the lobbies. At the time many people supposed that this incident was unique in Parliamentary history. Mr. Lucy, however, records as one of the most interesting incidents in the career of the Tory Whip, Mr. Rowland Winn (now Lord St. Oswald), that on the 25th of April, 1875, he had to announce a similar result. "Four hundred and thirty-three members—Whigs, Tories, Liberals, and Conservatives—trooped in from the left lobby, whilst from the right issued a single figure—Major O'Gorman. Here was an unprecedented thing that would have perilled the self-possession of an ordinary man. But Mr. Rowland Winn was equal to the occasion. When the cheers and laughter had subsided, his voice resounded through the still House, 'The *Aye* to the right *is* one, the Noes to the left *are* 433.'"

J. T. G.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

"THAT child will fall in!" so Mr. Stoneby said, stopping in his seashore walk. One of the men from the light-house was near; they were both looking seaward, towards a chain of slippery, green rocks, where a fragile little figure with short fluttering dress stood with both her hands up to hold her hat. The breeze might have blown her away, hat and all; she looked light as the seaweed, and white as the foam.

"She will, sir, she'll get drownded," said the light-house man, in the most matter-of-fact way. "My old woman says it won't make no difference, for she's bound to go off by some queerer road than other folks, not bein' a right child."

Mr. Stoneby looked horrified. He had a magnifying glass in his hand from habit, and he tapped his forehead with it. "Brains—eh?"

"Brains, sir! she's got brains enough for two. But she's what the old folk hereabout call a fairy changeling—such a wizen bit of a thing she's always been. I'll fetch her off the rock, sir, or she'll get drownded. We all know Miss Fay, sir—see her laughing and dancing now to frighten me—the mischief!"

The light-house man, treading the rocks nimbly, brought her to shore.

"What were you doing out there—eh?" old Peter Stoneby asked sternly in a big voice muffled in beard. The venturesome elf seemed to be well cared for. She was clad in dark blue, with a three-cornered glimpse of a white vest showing where the loose jacket parted at her neck, and there were gilt anchors on the blue ribbons flying behind her broad straw hat. Stoneby thought of another girl, a little older than she, whom he might see by chance at Graybourne—a threadbare ragged girl of nine whom he would have to own as his grandchild.

"What were you doing, Miss Fay? Tell the gentleman," the light-house man urged. He was an old friend, and her shyness melted. She looked up; it was a face untouched by sunburn, and too delicately fine and thin for a small creature of six or seven. There was something wonderfully piquant about the large dark-fringed eyes and the little mouth and pointed chin: something in her shy smile that reminded one of a flicker of light on a waxen face. "I was a mermaid," she said. "Three sham mermaids live in a sham cave under that rock. I danced when they went out ever so far to the bright water, where the sun is; they always dance there." The child suddenly realised that the stranger was listening. She turned her head away; the curls blew across her cheek, and it flushed with a pink like the dawn.

"How old are you—you young romancer?"

"How old are you, Miss Fay?" echoed the light-house man. She looked hardly seven.

"I'm nine," she said, without looking up, but trying to stretch her thin legs taller.

"She's a fairy, sir, isn't she?" laughed the man, with his hands in his pocket. "My old woman's about right."

Mr. Stoneby was not listening. He was looking hard at Fay. Fay, on her part, was only attending to the pattern of the threads in Mr. Stoneby's coat, as seen through the round glass in his hand. A nervous quiver pained the stranger; it was relief not to see her in rags, but it was pain to recognise his own daughter's look in this face so new in the world. "What's your name!"—an abrupt word in a gentle tone.

"Fay West."

"Go home," said the stranger, "and tell your mother that I have come and I am staying at Stokes's Hotel."

The light-house man stared. Fay looked up with big wondering eyes. Peter Stoneby turned from them with his bearded head bent, and his footprints deep in the sand; and he walked his own way alone.

His daughter, Carrie West—how *he* hated the name of West!—was already waiting for him at his hotel; and when he returned he found her there, pale, gentle, affectionate, excessively nervous.

"Now, father," she said, at parting, "the room in the Cottage is ready for you. Come and stay with John and me."

Peter Stoneby's face seemed to shorten when it reddened with anger. It was an old sign, that his daughter remembered since she had last seen him ten years ago. His lower lip was dragged up, and the grey beard stuck out, and lessened the length of that hairy, weather-worn face. "Don't name him to me," he said. "I can better afford to pay my hotel bills than—than he—can afford to entertain a stranger—a stranger to him."

She pressed and entreated. Why would he not forgive, why not take the great sorrow away from her life? John was such a good husband, such a good father, and really the Cottage was cosy, and the boat-building trade was——

"Don't talk nonsense, child," said the old man, opening the door of the hotel parlour to hint that it was better to be gone before they quarrelled again. His voice was the sullen prelude of a storm. "I did not come to Graybourne to see *him*."

"But you came to see me. Dear father, let us be at peace again. Come and see us, anyhow—to-morrow—do!"

"I came to Graybourne to fill a seaside herbarium,"

growled the testy old botanist. And yet, as it was ten years since he had seen this sweet, blue-eyed daughter, was it any wonder that he had felt a particular hankering after the seaside *flora* of Graybourne?

Every day Mrs. West left the handsome house that was called "The Cottage," near the boat-building yard where the name of West was on the cart-gates; every afternoon and evening she and her child were at Stokes's Hotel. The reunion of father and daughter was perfect; but she did not venture to mention her husband's name. John West himself had at first joined with his wife in preparing to receive the old man on the good principle that bygones should be bygones. But when Mr. Stoneby never came to the Cottage, and even ignored John West's existence, John West in return ignored Mr. Stoneby's presence in the town. He pretended not to know where his wife and little Fay went. He spoke of other things when they came back. It was passive resentment, but strong as iron; the time for reconciliation had gone by. If his father-in-law had refused to come near his threshold, the door was closed against him for ever now. John West lighted his pipe, and sauntered into the building-yard to see his men disperse; he made up his mind to be as proud as old Stoneby, but he was too fond of Carrie to hurt her with a word.

Meanwhile little Fay had wound herself about her grandfather's heart. He could not refuse her when she climbed his knee, and laid her soft cheek against his grizzly beard.

"Grandpapa, do, please, let me come to-morrow when you go to pick flowers?"

So on the morrow they went together. She had to run to keep pace with his long steps; but he did something to give his small companion pleasure; instead of putting his specimens in the collecting-tin slung across his shoulders, he let her hold them in her tiny hands.

"This is the lane where Red Riding-hood met the wolf," her treble voice prattled at his side. "That's her grandmother's cottage—I always think so. And there's a funny little house in the sand-hills, where Golden-hair went in and found the big chair and the little chair, and the *very* little chair, and the Three Bears came home. Have you read 'The Three Bears'?"

"The sand-hills!" said the botanist reflectively. "I must make a special search there for the Storksbill, though I doubt if I'll get it. *Erodium maritimum:* I must fill that gap."

"And have you read about the Sleeping Beauty and the tangle that grew round her?" chirped the little creature, as gay as a bird, dancing along the grassy cart-ruts of the lane. "She went to sleep in the house to let, round the corner from us; there's ivy all over it."

"Nonsense, child!"

"Oh! it's only what I play at in my head, grandpapa, and I say it out loud as I go along, while mother is sewing. I had to lie on the sofa for weeks and weeks, and then I talked long plays about the fairies."

"What?"

"About my fairies, grandpapa. There's a picture in our drawing-room of the ruined place where they dance, and there's another of the Fairy Queen sitting all among flowers, petting a darling donkey. Old nurse Jones says the fairies left me in the house one night and took the real *me* away—oh! I can't explain it—'twas when mother was gone out, before I can remember. It isn't quite a donkey the fairy is petting, it's such a queer picture; there's somebody with a darling donkey's head on."

"There are a great many donkeys in the world!" said the old gentleman cynically, thinking of nurse Jones.

"Oh, yes, grandpapa! there are ten at the stand on the shore—even when they don't bring out the nice kicky one."

Mr. Stoneby uttered a shout—a roar. He was not enraged by the mention of the "kicky" donkey. He was exasperated by Fay's ignorance of the methods of science. She had pulled the roots off all his specimens, and held them proudly, after making them into a nice even bunch. Foolery! stupidity! what better could be expected of John West's child? He walked silently home and dismissed her within sight of the Cottage: "Take the bunch away with you. You shall never come with me again."

"Oh, grandpapa!" with a tearful tremble in the petition, "do let me come to-morrow, and I won't pull off the flowers' tails."

"No, certainly not. It is study, not play; I'll have to go by myself for my flowers in future."

The child's disappointment brimmed over.

"I don't care," she cried, turning away on her little slim feet, "I'll ask my fairies to chop your flowers up!" But feeling the helplessness of her threat, she ran away not to let him see her sobbing.

Next day a very extraordinary thing happened—in fact, two extraordinary things. The first was that, in a hilly wilderness called the Warren, Mr. Stoneby in his absent-minded way passed two notice-boards warning trespassers, and beyond, he found a wild garden of treasures. He slipped from his shoulders the strap of his collecting-tin, and laid it on the ground, and in two minutes had filled it and wandered farther. And here he came upon the purple Storksbill of the seaside, for which the page "*Erodium maritimum*" had been waiting blank in his collection for three years.

"But these leaves are lanceolate," he muttered—bending on hands and knees. "This is a freak of nature. They ought to be lobed ovate leaves, like this first specimen." He had the first specimen in his hand, and he stood gazing at it through his magnifier, and then gathered from the ground the long-leaved, grassy form. It was very strange.

But this was stranger still—this was the second extraordinary fact—when he returned to his japanned tin box, the specimens were all dragged out, tangled, and chopped.

If he had been an observant, unlearned, ordinary mortal, he would have set this down as a freak of nature too; for he would have had eyes to see the rabbits of the warren flashing out of sight among the coarse grass. But as he had no thought for anything

but his favourite study, he saw no more of the rabbits than of the notice-boards. He took home his rare specimens, and told little Fay that the rest had been "chopped up" just as she wished, when he left them to dry, and he hardly attended to her prattle. A little later he was cut to the heart to think how he had let her go.

Alone on the beach, the child was last seen by the

"HE STOOD GAZING AT IT THROUGH HIS MAGNIFIER. . . . IT WAS VERY STRANGE!" (*p.* 563).

on the ground. If he had not been in good humour over the Sea Storksbill, he would not have amused Fay with the news of that unaccountable calamity.

"My fairies!" said the child, with a surprise that was fear. After a silence—"Good-bye," she said at last solemnly.

"And where are you off to now, Fay?"

"To the sea!" said Fay. "To the sea! I wonder do the fairies ever go down to the mermaids. I'm going to dabble for little crabs."

Peter Stoneby was laying his specimens in his press

people of the town. Alone she stood on the slippery green rock, with her wild locks and her little sailor-dress all blowing in the wind. She was listening to the great voice of the waters; her face was white as the foam of the waves rushing in; and her large, watching eyes had a far-away look, as if she were thinking of something as distant from us mortals as the red rim of the sun that was sinking beyond the western sea of light. And so she was thinking of things beyond this world and farther than the golden skies. At length, seeming to come back from her reverie, she crouched

"BENEATH THE TREES THEY LINGERED LONG."

"A LOVE-SET" (p. 565).

on the rock, and dipped her slender hand, white as a lily, down to the foam.

"She's fond of the water," said a brown hag, with a bundle of wreck-wood on her shoulders; "she's always in the pools, when the tide's out; and when it's coming in, she sticks on that there rock like a mussel-shell."

The other old woman, with another fagot of wreckage, croaked, "Get drownded, she will! or the fairies 'll take her. She ought to hear tell o' the old man that comes up out o' the sea all dripping with the brine, and the hair of him like sea-weed and the green moss on his back. But, bless you! children know nothing now, along of going to school."

So the two brown dames walked on with their fuel to town; and they were the last that saw Fay on the rock; and they thought that as they neared the town they heard a shriek in the distance behind them, like the cry of a sea-gull.

When twilight changed to night, and the darling of the Cottage could not be found, the hue and cry was raised through all the town. The boatmen were out with drags. The neighbours were searching the shore with torches for miles, in most forlorn hope. The mother was in the agony that only a mother's heart can know. The poor father was frank and simple as a boy in the reality of his grief; for a great sorrow and a great terror make the genuine character show, leaving no room for trifles on the surface. Peter Stoneby had met his son-in-law in the High Street. They had talked without apologies; they had acknowledged each other without taking time to shake hands.

"The woman says the child fell in, screaming," explained the younger man.

"Did she see her fall?"

"I don't know—I can't quite get at it. Oh! it's for my poor Carrie's sake—I am well-nigh mad. It will kill her, Mr. Stoneby. It will kill Carrie." Tears started to the man's eyes.

"Tut! man, don't despair," Stoneby answered; but his grizzly eyebrows quivered, and not a muscle of his face was still. "Go to my poor child—stay with her. Leave the rest to me."

John West went down to the dark beach, to the restless figure that ran in the wind. Peter Stoneby, with his head bent again in his determination, and his footsteps heavy, took a lantern from the inn, and went his own way.

Far off among the sand-hills he heard, at last, a wailing cry. Poor little Fay was journeying home, after a fruitless search for the fairies, and in the darkness she could only find her way by the sound of the sea. Its mighty voice in the darkness frightened her, and so did the dreadful distance to the stars. It seemed impossible ever to find familiar ground again. No wonder that she cried. But hush—here was a light in the sandy valley! A moving light! Were the fairies finding her at last? No; it was a man who was coming nearer to her; she could hardly have run faster from a hobgoblin.

But it was easy to capture her. Her shoes were full of sand, and she fell on the uneven ground. Then her grandfather's arms were round her. "Thank God!—my little child!" And he kissed the tearful cheek, as he had never kissed any one since the days when his own daughter Carrie was a child in his arms at their old home.

Peter Stoneby journeyed with his light burden straight to town, straight to the Cottage. He went in at the open door, lantern in hand, with the child's arms still locked about his neck, and the little face for sheer relief fast asleep upon his rugged shoulder. The crowd of the townsfolk waited outside. But the stranger did not come out to tell them the news. They only heard the first cry of the mother—sheer joy so great that it was almost pain; it might have been the cry of a breaking heart.

When Fay was in Carrie West's arms, the two men made the same movement, having perceived the same accomplished fact. They saw that the threshold had been crossed unawares, that the ice of ten years was gone from their hearts. The older man was the first to stretch a hand; the younger grasped it. There was no need to say anything; they understood each other. Peter Stoneby paid up his hotel bill next morning; he stayed at the Cottage—just to fill his herbarium, he said; and never a sharp word escaped him when little Fay pasted his specimens in all crooked.

"But I could not find my fairies," she said wistfully.

"I did," the old man said drily—"the fairies that dined upon my specimens. They had grey fur coats, and they ran from my lantern-light."

"A LOVE-SET."

"LOVE-SET," she cried, "six games to none!"
He smiled and seemed no whit dismayed:
Defeat like this was naught to one
Who for a sweeter victory played.

Then, leaving all the merry throng
Of tennis-players on the lawn,
Beneath the trees they lingered long,
While Love, glad Love, began to dawn.

A glance, a pressure of the hand—
And, ere the sky had lost its gold,
A newer glory filled the land:
The old, old tale of love was told.

And then, "Love-set," he whispered low;
"Love-set to me this time, my sweet!"
While she but smiled upon her foe,
And seemed to welcome her defeat.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DIET.

(FOOD IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH.—III.)

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HAVING in the previous papers of this series said a few words about the chief meals of the day, in practical and, I trust, popular language, it will be well in this to take a step forward and consider what are the elements of food in their relation to the animal economy. The food that we partake of during any one day might be divided into five distinct kinds: 1. The albuminoids. 2. The fatty elements. 3. The saccharine or starchy. 4. Mineral constituents. 5. Water.

A simpler division of the elements of diet might be: 1. The nitrogenous or flesh-producing foods, such as bread, beef, and flesh of all kinds, fish, eggs, &c. 2. The non-nitrogenous, respiratory, or heat-producing foods, including the starches and sugar.

Let me take the first classification as being apparently more simple to those who have little love for chemistry.

1. *The albuminoids.*—We find albumen in its simplest form in the whites of eggs. It is largely present also in the lean of meat—notably perhaps in beef—while from the bones and ligaments, &c., of animals, we obtain a substance somewhat like albumen, being nitrogenous, and which is called gelatine. It is this that gives to soups their richness and utility in building up and strengthening muscle. These albuminoids, or albuminates, are sometimes termed the proteine elements of the food, and are derivable from caseine, fibrine, &c.; the fibrine is found in both blood and muscle, the caseine in milk.

But we find also in vegetables a good proportion of nitrogenous substances, though remember they are in less quantity than in meat. This has a bearing on vegetarian diet. Let me say at once that I do not quite hold with the extreme views of vegetarianism. At the same time, far too much meat is used by people in this country, to the exclusion of a diet on which they would thrive as well, be lighter in mind, more lithesome in body, and less subject to inflammations of a painful and dangerous character. In proof of this, I adduce two illustrations that none can gainsay: First, the northern Scotch peasantry are, to a great extent, vegetarians, hardly ever touching mutton or beef, except on high days and holidays, and on the Sabbath. Secondly, the German armies were fed, during the Franco-Prussian War, almost entirely on a kind of pea-meal polonie. We know what they did, and we know also what the Highland Scots used to do, whose commissariat consisted almost exclusively of oatmeal and water.

Practically speaking, there are no better foods to build up and keep up tissue than meat used sparingly, pea-meal, meal of lentils or beans, and oatmeal. And when you need variety, are there not eggs and fish in abundance in this country all the year round?

2. *The Fatty Elements of Food.*—The principal use of these is—(1) to sustain the animal heat; being burned off as it were, they are the fuel or the oil which keeps the lamp of life burning; (2) to assist in the digesting of the albuminous articles of diet; (3) to assist in the formation of bile; and (4) a portion is stored in the body not only as a stand-by in time of need, but to act as cushions for more easily injured tissues, as the soles of the feet for example, and behind the eyes we find such cushions.

The fat of butcher's meat, butter obtained from the milk of cows, and the oil from many vegetables, are good examples of this important constituent of our daily food. The large quantity of fat consumed by the natives of Arctic regions and of Russia proves the utility of fat, and it gives us at the same time a hint that this element of diet should be less used in summer than in winter. That is an evident and practical deduction.

3. *The Saccharine or Starchy Constituents* of diet are also called carbo-hydrates, because carbon and hydrogen enter largely into their composition. Products of the oxidation of starch and sugar of very great importance are carbonic acid and water, carried off in respiration, and *lactic acid*, which is one constituent of the gastric juice.

The principal use of these carbo-hydrates, however, is the generation of heat. Now heat is convertible into force, and force makes motion.

Here is a table giving the formulæ and percentage composition of sugar, starch, and fat.

	Starch ($C_6H_{10}O_5$).	Fat ($C_{57}H_{110}O_6$).	Cane-Sugar ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$).	Glucose ($C_6H_{12}O_6$).
Carbon	44·44	76·85	42·10	40·00
Hydrogen ...	6·18	12·36	6·44	6·67
Oxygen	49·38	10·79	51·46	56·33
	100·00	100·00	100·00	100·00

Now, although, as is evident from this table, carbo-hydrates are similar in their chemical composition to fatty constituents, experience goes to prove—and this is well worthy of being remembered by those who wish to live judiciously and in accordance with common sense—that fatty matters are producers of heat which is not always converted into action or motion, whereas on the other hand the carbo-hydrates, starchy matters and sugar, are easily convertible into force. Would not this account for the prowess of the Scotch and Germans; or of the Soudanese Arabs, who on a meal of dates and rice are all force and fire? I think

such may be deduced. If so, and if one's work demands great muscular activity, he knows what to eat and what to avoid.

The vegetable world supplies us with our starch for food, and this almost alone. But even the cereals contain also albuminoids. However, the great value of potatoes, oatmeal, flour, pea, bean, and lentil meal, Indian maize, arrowroot, sago, tapioca, &c., depends upon the starch they contain, while we get sugar from various roots, such as beet, and from ripe fruits, &c.

I may mention here, as regards vegetable food, that while meat lies longer in the stomach, the former passes more quickly into the other portions of the digestive canal, there to be assimilated ; hence the use of green vegetables in cases of torpidity of the system, their beneficial action being of course aided by the salt they contain.

4. *Mineral Constituents.*—Many savage tribes and nations never use salt at all with their food, but they eat very largely of vegetables of all kinds, and these supply nature with all that is desirable.

These mineral constituents of our food are quite as necessary for the maintenance of health as even the albuminoids and other elements.

We find in the body, for example, lime, iron, sodium, potash, sulphur, phosphorus, &c.

In the blood we find phosphate of potash, and also iron ; phosphate of potash in the tissues also, and in the bones phosphate of lime, &c.

There are also various acids, and we find chloride of sodium in the secretions.

5. *Water.*—This is a most important element of food. The greater part by far of our bodies consists of water. It would astonish many who are of portly bulk and pleasant appearance, and who scale well, to be told how very little they would weigh and how puny they would look, were the water to be evaporated from their bodies—and life left, which would of course be impossible.

With our diet we take water when we are not aware of it. We do not drink it, we eat it.

Thus : while wheat-flour—I am not talking of loaf-bread, which some bakers know how to water to cause it to weigh well—contains but 15 per cent. of water, potatoes contain 75 per cent.; cabbage and greens, very much more ; beef, about 50 per cent. ; good rich milk, 80 per cent. ; good veal, 60 per cent. ; lamb, 45 to 50 per cent. ; mutton, 44 or 45 per cent. ; streaky bacon, 30 per cent.

It is a necessary of life, this water, and in the shape of soup, tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., is very largely used, an instinct causing us to take these hot, for thus they really aid digestion. Iced water cools the body, and to some extent calms the mind, but it positively retards digestion. Some Americans in their own country drink a cup of hot water some time before they sit down to their meals. This is a good plan. The draught may be rendered palatable enough by a squeeze of lemon and a morsel of sugar. It soothes the stomach and assists the digestive canal to secrete mucus; it is therefore to some extent a laxative. Hot-water drinking, however, may be over-indulged in, and thus fail in its effects.

On the other hand, the Americans use far too much iced water.

We ourselves, as I have said more than once during the last ten years of my career as a Family Doctor to this Magazine, use too much fluid with our meals ; we are apt to forget that if we use plenty of vegetables, and if we have partaken of soup, we have nearly all the water that nature requires. It would be well to remember the following advice :—

1. Whether it be breakfast or dinner or supper, eat before drinking.

2. Let the desire for fluid in some measure guide you as to the quantity you are to drink.

3. Too much fluid taken with or before the food dilutes the important gastric juices, and really the water so swallowed must be absorbed before these juices have much power to act.

4. There is no necessity for drinking at all if you feel you are better during the meal without fluid. In this case, however, nature will generally call for a slight refection in the shape of water soon after food.

I must conclude this health-sermon by saying a word or two about the use and abuse of condiments or accessories of diet.

In the use of these, we as a rule allow instinct to guide us. This is not a bad idea for a healthy man ; unfortunately the use of condiments very often leads to their abuse by depraving the appetite.

There stand the cruets, and there the extra sauce bottles. The cruets as a rule are honest and straightforward. There is no humbug about mustard, about black and white pepper, about cayenne, about salt, or about vinegar, though too much of any of these good things must be carefully avoided if we do not want to ruin the digestive organs, including liver and pancreas.

Mustard is very delicious with beef. It seems to assort well with it, and, if the beef be cold corned, a pickled onion— which contains sulphur—will be in *bon-accord* also.

A scraping of horse-radish is a tonic and stomachic with roast beef.

Salt is the simplest of all condiments.

Black or white pepper is one of the least hurtful.

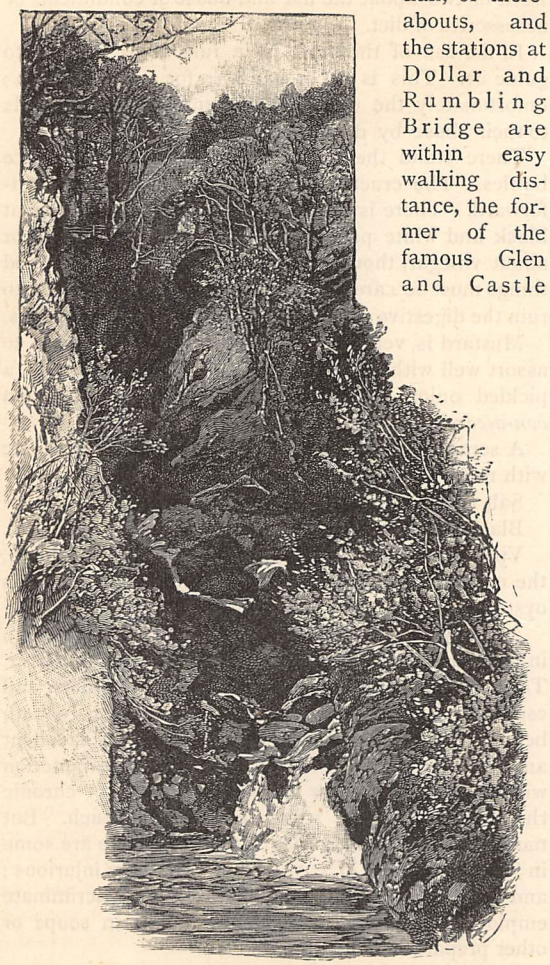
Vinegar goes well with fatty fishes, with the salmon, the mackerel, the delicious gowdie, the plaice, or with oyster and crab.

And cayenne ? Well, it can be friend or foe. Taken in large quantities it has an evil effect on the liver. Taken in moderation, and free from brick-dust, and especially if mixed with a little sugar previously, both being ground together in a mortar, it is an excellent and healthful condiment, and possesses in conjunction with mustard the power to keep off attacks of chronic rheumatism in those who are subject to such. But much depends on individual cases, for there are some in which the use of cayenne is positively injurious ; and cooks should be warned against the indiscriminate employment of this pungent condiment in soups or other preparations for the table.

THE GLENS OF THE OCHILS.

IF holiday-makers bound for the Scottish Highlands and Islands will only be persuaded to break their journey at Stirling for a day or two, in order to taste the beauties of the Ochil Hills and the Devon Valley, they will find themselves amply repaid for the trouble. I would urge them, however, to act upon this advice on their outward, not their homeward flight, for the same reason that it is always wiser and more enjoyable to inspect the water-colour collection before the oil paintings in the Royal Academy, or other gallery where both classes of works of art are exhibited. The gentler and quieter scenery of the Ochils, full of loveliness as it is, would not be properly appreciated after the grander or sterner picturesqueness of the Trossachs or Glencoe, of Skye or Loch Maree.

From Stirling to Kinross, the railway run takes an hour and a half, or thereabouts, and the stations at Dollar and Rumbling Bridge are within easy walking distance, the former of the famous Glen and Castle



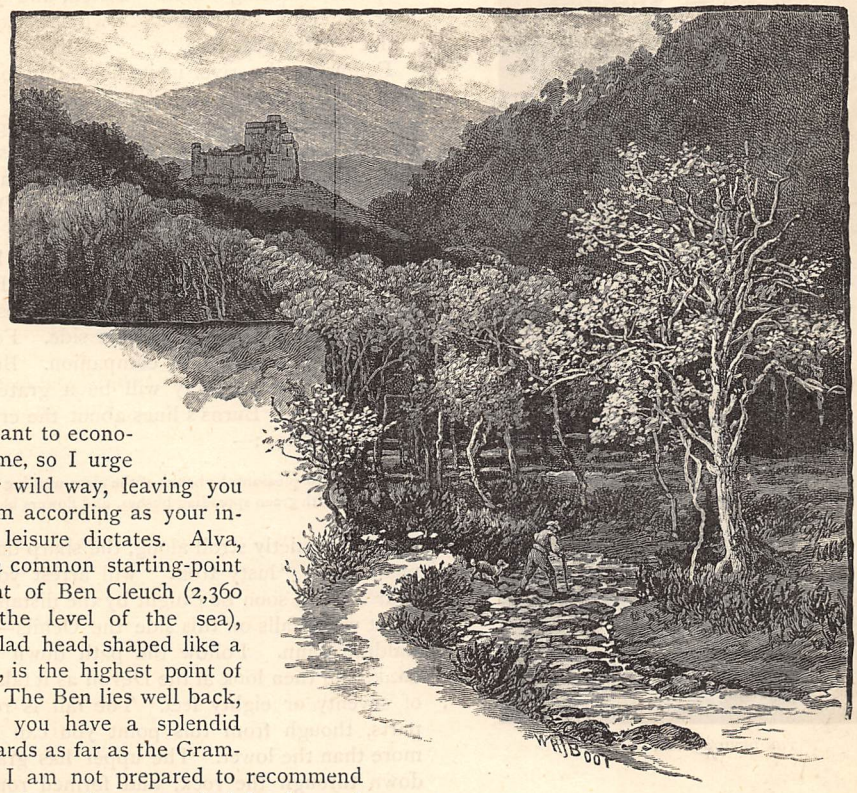
THE RUMBLING BRIDGE

Campbell, the latter of the Devil's Mill and the Falls of Caldron Linn. For those who prefer "Shanks's pony," there is a capital road, bordered nearly the whole way by the Ochils. The bracing mountain air invites you to foot it briskly, while hotels providing food for man and beast at moderate prices will be found at convenient intervals. Another consideration ought also to be mentioned. You will have the district (excepting, of course, the "hill-foot" towns) almost entirely to yourself, unless I shall succeed in my avowed aim of sending the health-and-rest seekers along with you in large numbers. Surely, an interesting locality, not yet overrun by tourists, ought to possess charms for a good many folk!

About a mile and a half from Stirling, travelling eastward, rises the Abbey Craig, a well-wooded spur of the Ochils, that forms an appropriate base for the monument which was raised some years ago to the "Wallace wight," and which is a conspicuous landmark for many miles. Climb the tower by all means if you can spare the time, and "view the landscape o'er." The links of the Forth will be traceable, and the venerable ruin of Cambuskenneth Abbey is easily visible between you and the river. Passing onwards through pretty Logie, you will soon arrive at the little village of Menstrie. Here lies the first large glen of the Ochils. It is, however, hardly worth while to explore its recesses, for an effort should certainly be made to ascend the hill of Demyat. Though not the highest peak (1,300 feet) of the range, this has the advantage of lying right in front, and the ascent can be effected even by ladies. The shoulder of the hill is a trifle stiffish, but this having been conquered, a gentle slope will carry you round gradually to the foot of the peak proper.

A personal experience may here be usefully related for the benefit of those who care to travel somewhat leisurely. If the company will take the trouble to pack up a parcel of sandwiches beforehand, and also carry with them a small kettle, some cups, a little tea, milk, sugar, and a few bits of firewood, let them partake of an *al fresco* lunch at this spot. There will be no difficulty in finding a spring of delicious water, and the meal can be despatched well within an hour. No banquet in the world will be more enjoyable, and the bare head of Demyat will be carried with the spirit and gallantry of an attacking force that knows no fear. The view from the peak is considered to be one of the finest in the kingdom. The serpentine windings of the Forth lie below you, clearly delineated as on a map, while the making-out of the leading features in the landscape will furnish agreeable amusement, and prevent your well-earned rest from becoming monotonous.

Returning to the high road, you will soon touch at the thriving manufacturing town of Alva. The two glens here—Alva and the Silver Glen—are worth a



CASTLE CAMPBELL AND DOLLAR GLEN.

visit, but I want to economise your time, so I urge you on your wild way, leaving you to "do" them according as your inclination or leisure dictates. Alva, however, is a common starting-point for the ascent of Ben Cleuch (2,360 feet above the level of the sea), whose turf-clad head, shaped like a whale's back, is the highest point of the Ochils. The Ben lies well back, and, though you have a splendid view northwards as far as the Grampian range, I am not prepared to recommend the ascent to those who are pushed for time. I will add that the descent can be managed much more speedily by coming right down from the hill, and emerging by Tillicoultry Glen. This route is avoided in the climb, as it is steeper and more arduous than the roundabout track from Alva. Tillicoultry, another hive of industry, is the home of William Gibson, the chronicler of the district, whose genial book of reminiscences abounds with interesting historical notes of the "hill-foot" towns and the mansions of "the gentry." A little to the east of Tillicoultry lies Harvieston Castle, with its associations of Robert Burns and Archbishop Tait.

Not far from Tillicoultry is situated the pleasant town of Dollar. This *must* be one of your stopping-places. The Glen and Castle Campbell once seen will hardly be forgotten. Scarcely have you entered the former than you are surrounded by trees and bushes, ferns and foxgloves, while far down, and often invisible, brawls the stream that is cutting the gorge still deeper. Pursuing the easy and safe pathway, you will, in due course, reach the foot-bridge that carries you over the stream, and brings you within sight of a gruesome gully called Kemp's Score. This is a long, narrow, almost perpendicular rent in the rock, like a huge natural ladder without rungs, and dark as midnight, but for the glimpse of blue sky at the other end. Mr. Gibson says that in his young days it used to be considered a great feat among the boys to climb the Score. He did it himself once, and his chum on the occasion stuck fast when he was half-way up. Here the lad yelled out instructions for his supper to be let down to him, but this was probably a little bit of bounce, just to keep up his spirits. At any rate, despair lending him more power and pluck, he buckled to the task, and achieved the ascent safely. It was a harum-scarum exploit, full of danger, and to be severely condemned.

Crossing the bridge, and pursuing a somewhat upward path, you will soon get glimpses of grey old Castle Campbell, and will speedily find yourself within the precincts of this fine ruin. Standing in solitary grandeur on a high rocky cliff above the junction of two burns, named Care and Sorrow, and surrounded by beautifully-wooded gorges, this venerable pile—once, no doubt, the scene of bloody frays and other lawless doings—possesses quite a singular charm for the lover of the peaceful and the picturesque. Fully four hundred years ago this stronghold seems to have passed into the hands of the Campbells, who retained possession of it till the beginning of this century, when the Duke of Argyll sold it to Mr. Tait, of Harvieston. Its ancient name appears to have been Glaume, or Gloom, and this circumstance may have originated the fanciful etymology which derives Dollar from Dolour (grief), and gives the aforesaid burns their titles of Care and Sorrow. The tenants of the castle evince great interest in visitors, and, for a consideration, will dispose of a tumbler of new milk and a scone, or a photograph or other memento. As you

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

climb the tower, you will be struck with the substantial character of the rooms on the different floors, the outer walls being some seven or eight feet thick. The view from the tower-top is of surpassing loveliness. On either side the gently-rising Ochils, below the bonny Glen, beyond Dollar village and the farms of the strath, with the spires and tall chimneys of Alloa's churches and mills in the distant background —these all combine to compose a scene for which the only proper epithet is "picturesque" in the landscape painter's sense of the term. Having "done" the Castle, you may, if, like Sairey Gamp, you feel "so dispoged," continue your stroll a little farther up the hill and see the Sochie Falls. Then you will retrace your steps to Dollar Station or to the high road, and wend your way to Rumbling Bridge.

At this spot, within a very short compass, you will find a group of scenic "bits," which will show you what Dame Nature can do in the way of variety, without in the least suggesting what is artificial. Passing through the grounds of the hotel, you will direct your steps, first of all, to the Devil's Mill. Rowland Hill complainingly remarked that he didn't see why the devil should have all the fine tunes. Perhaps a humble but too late protest may be entered against the custom which our forefathers adopted of naming most of the beautiful eccentricities—if I may say so—of natural scenery after this fashion. The Devil's Mill is formed by the rush of the Devon through a narrow precipitous gorge, from which the river emerges over a small fall into a large basin, where it looks like a mass of seething water. Listen, and you will hear, ever and anon, the *clack-clack* which accounts for the "mill" part of the title.

Following the river in its flow amid banks prettily timbered with the rowan and other trees, you will soon arrive at the "twa brigs." The older bridge, now moss-covered and, fortunately, inaccessible, lies several feet, but in the same vertical line, below the newer one, which conveys the high road over the Devon. This sight you will admit to be unique. The two bridges, with their picturesque surroundings, will be "made a note of" in the traveller's sketch-book. Returning for a moment to the public way, you will cross the bridge and rejoin the river on the other side. For some distance it will be your only companion. But the scene of placid sylvan beauty will be a grateful foil, and you will accept Burns's lines about the crystal stream in lieu of better :—

> "How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
> With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!"

As you quietly stroll along, the sharp darting movement of a "lusty trout" will arrest your eye, and your ear will soon be caught by the distant roar of the finest water-falls on this side the Ochils—namely, the Caldron Linn. Follow the path down the steepish bank, and then look at the Devon as it takes its header of seventy or eighty feet. The fall is really in two parts, though from this point you can see scarcely more than the lower. The upper has gradually worn down through the rock, and formed round pots, or *caldrons* (connected right across the stream), and through these the water boils and surges ; hence the

THE CALDRON LINN.

name. *This* fall can be viewed well only from the north side of the river, on the Blairhill estate, which used to be open to visitors, but, alas! is now forbidden ground. The middle pool, in which the Devon gathers breath, as it were, for its second plunge, is very deep, and the bottom pool, into which it leaps, was of considerable dimensions until largely filled up with an immense quantity of rock which "slipped" a few years ago. The attraction of these falls is their grace. When the river is in spate, the volume of water is of course much larger; but it may be claimed for the Caldron Linn over, perhaps, even more celebrated falls, which depend almost entirely upon mass of water for their effect, that it is always graceful, elegant, and pleasing. You may rest and be thankful here, for your journey with me ends at this spot. The walk back to the station will, of course, consist in simply retracing your steps.

It has been my object to briefly portray scenes of undoubted charm and beauty which are well deserving a visit, but which only a very small number of tourists have hitherto found it possible to see. The question of breaking new ground on the annual holiday (always an important matter) may be partially solved by following my advice. By taking the scenery of the Ochils and the Devon Valley in a leisurely fashion, a week could be easily and profitably disposed of. You would "do" Stirling, the Abbey Craig, and Cambuskenneth Abbey to start with, and you would gradually work your way eastward to Kinross and Lochleven, with its memories of the hapless Mary. Those, however, who would not care to run the risk of spending so much time in this locality, could without the smallest trouble visit Dollar Glen, Castle Campbell, and the Rumbling Bridge, with its curious group of natural features—the Devil's Mill, the "twa brigs," the river-side, and Caldron Linn Falls—in a day.

As my wish has been to be practical throughout, I will finish, as I began, with some business-like details. Look out the railway times in your time-tables, then start from Stirling by the first train; stop at Dollar for the Glen, Castle Campbell, and a *snack*. Join the train again for Rumbling Bridge. Visit the scenes described, and return to Stirling. In mapping out the day's work, I have erred rather than otherwise on the side of "taking things easily," for there would be time to run on from Rumbling Bridge, and get a glimpse of Kinross and Lochleven, and then return by the last train to Stirling. Next morning your journey northward would be resumed.

J. A. M.

NED.

A STORY IN RHYME.

NED?
Ned's dead!
'Mid winter snow,
A year ago
This very day,
Ned passed away!
And better so.

Why should he die?
Why better so?
You want to know?
I'll tell you why.

You knew poor Ned?
Knew that his life
Was just a strife
For daily bread?
Three years agone,
Thinking that what
He knew was not
Enough for one
Might do for two—
As men *will* do,
In bat-blind way—
Ned took a wife,
And all his life
Was glad that day!
And for awhile
Beamed Fortune's smile;
Plenty of work,
Plenty to spend;
Then, all too soon,
Came the sad end!
Trade was depressed,
And work was scant;
And to the nest
Came care and want,
And with them, too,
Ned's first-born child.
A blessing? True,
Had Fortune smiled—
A blessing rare!
But now, alas!
It brought new care,
New pangs!—well, there,
It came to pass
(The tale's soon told)
That one by one
Ned's sticks were sold!
Work there was none!

Then, in despair,
Ned gambled, lost
The few poor coins
Earned at high cost
Throughout the day!
Threw them away
Night after night:
Then, wan and white,
Eyes haggard, wild,
Went home to see
His wife and child
In misery,
Starving and cold!
Yet such a hold
Had gambling got—
So bright the cup,
That give it up
Poor Ned could not,
But dreamt that still
Some chance would fill
His hands with gold.

So, day by day,
From child, and wife,
And man, the life
Ebbed fast away.

At last one night
Luck took a turn!
Ned's hopes came right:
Fate, cold and stern,
Passed by or slept!
At one swift bound
Ned's shilling leapt
Into a pound,
The pound to ten!

And then,
Life bright with joy,
Which seemed *so* black,
He hurried back
To wife and boy,
To find them—*dead!*

Poor Ned!
That awful night
His brain gave way,
The doctors said:
And well it might!
And then to-day,
A year ago,
When winter snow
Hid all the way,
Ned thought, they say,
That wife and child
From heaven above
Looked down and smiled
With eyes of love!
And with a cry
Of joy, too deep
For words to tell,
Ned fell asleep!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Double Safety-Lamp.

There has recently been devised a double safety-lamp for miners, which we illustrate in Figs. 1 and 2. The idea is to duplicate each part of the lamp, so

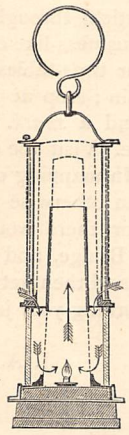


FIG. 1.

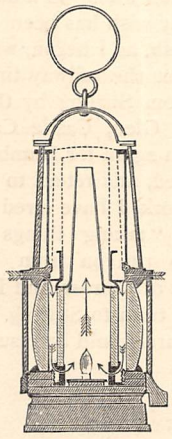


FIG. 2.

that if by injury any one part is broken, the lamp still retains its serviceable and safe character in an inflammable atmosphere. It will be seen that Fig. 1 represents the inner lamp, and Fig. 2 the outer or duplicate lantern. The arrows show the in-draught and out-draught of the air supplying the flame.

A Toothless Saw.

In the Central Hudson workshops at Greenbush, New York State, there is a Bessemer steel circular saw without teeth, which cuts a steel rail in two in about two minutes. The disc is 38 inches in diameter and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick at the edges. It is revolved at a very high speed by an engine of 90 horse-power, and is kept cool by water dropping on it. Nevertheless a ring of flame surrounds it while in action. Such a saw will divide 3,000 rails before it is worn out. Steel rails after several years' use become battered at the ends, and the object of the saw is to cut off these ends and render the rest of the rail good for use in branch and switch lines.

An Electric Submarine Boat.

A submarine boat, propelled by electricity, has recently been tried at Liverpool. It is cigar-shaped, the length being thirty-seven feet, and the breadth six feet at the middle, both ends tapering. A conning tower is mounted on the top of the boat, and her depth of immersion is regulated by external inclined planes controlled from within. There is a rudder placed aft, and also a self-acting arrangement for keeping the boat horizontal. The electric power to drive the screw is stored in fifty accumulators, and serves to drive the vessel for—it is said—ten hours, at a speed of about nine miles per hour. These cells also maintain glow-lamps to light the interior and work a pump, to empty the water-ballast tanks used in submerging the boat. The crew consists of two men, and compressed air is provided for their inspiration.

The Photoscopic Compass.

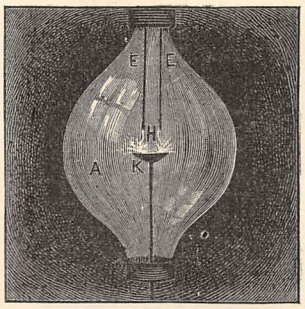
Amongst the exhibits at the Liverpool Exhibition is a "photoscopic compass" for mariners, which can be placed on the roof of the wheel-house out of harm's way; but which can be read by the man at the helm in the wheel-house by means of mirrors placed at suitable angles to reflect the compass-face for him to see it.

Poison from Mincing Machines.

Mr. Chodwick-Brown has drawn attention in a medical contemporary to the use of lead in the construction of certain mincing machines, whereby lead-poisoning may be produced. He was induced to make the inquiry by observing the blue line on the gums which is a characteristic of lead-poisoning, and he remarks that obscure forms of dyspepsia may be caused by the lead in these machines acting on the moist acidulous food in them. The substitution of wood or some harmless metal ought, in his opinion, to be made for lead in these machines.

Diamond Steel.

In the course of some recent lectures on "Impurities in Metals," which were delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor W.C. Roberts-Austen, the chemist to the Mint, he performed the curious experiment of turning malleable iron into steel by means of diamond dust, in such a manner that all present could see the process going on. He took a glass vessel, A in the figure, into which descended two terminal wires, E E, from a voltaic battery. These were connected together by a loop of fine malleable iron wire, H. A small pan, K, supported below the iron loop, held a little diamond dust. The loop H was then rendered white-hot, or incandescent, by the passage of an electric current through it, just as the carbon filament of an elec-



tric lamp is heated, and then brought into contact with the carbon dust. It was at once fused into globules of steel where the contact was made between the iron and the powder.

An Echo Fog-Signal.

The echo fog-signal of Mr. Della Torre has been tested at Fort Carroll by the United States Navy Department. It consists of a single-barrel breech-loading rifle, provided with a large funnel or speaking-trumpet on the muzzle, a box of cartridges, and a tripod. The first experiment was made from a tug at a distance of half a mile from the fort. On discharging the rifle a distinct echo was heard from the fort by those on board the tug. When a boat intervened between the tug and the fort two echoes were heard, one after the other. The sound was reflected back from both boat and fort. A passing steamer about a mile away also gave an echo. The plan is expected to be useful in foggy weather for ascertaining if ships or icebergs are near. The experiments were favourably reported on.

Lubricated Signal Wires.

An American railway company now uses signal wires running in tubes filled with petroleum oil. Some of the wires are 1,100 feet long, and are easily operated. The pipes are laid on stakes driven into the ground 8 feet apart, and are $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter inside ; whilst the wire is $\frac{3}{16}$ inch in diameter. The pipes run parallel to the railway, and follow the curves as well as the straight parts of the line.

Illuminating a Pond.

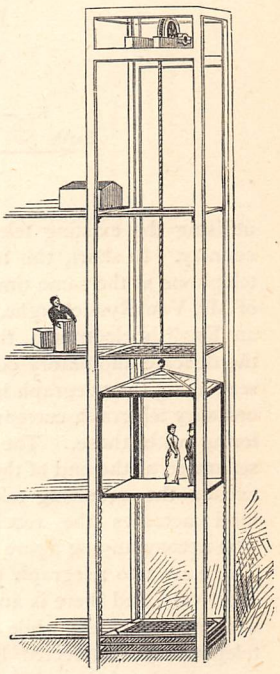
In the new *Cirque Nautique* of Paris, the ring where equestrian and other ordinary circus entertainments are performed during the earlier part of the evening, is submerged by means of machinery, the floor being lowered and its place occupied by water. This water is illuminated in the middle by a powerful electric arc light under the surface, and the swimming performers appear like fishes in a luminous sea, or better still, like mermen and mermaids.

A Colour Photometer.

Captain Abney, R.E., and General Festing, R.E., have devised an ingenious combination of the electric arc light and the spectroscope, for testing the luminosity of different colours, and the perception by the eye of different colours. It is thus adapted for examining persons to see if they are colour-blind. The ray of white light, after being decomposed by passage through a series of prisms, gives the component red, green, or blue rays on a screen in sharp defined blocks or sections, which can readily be compared, or on which the powers of the eye for distinguishing colours can be tested. While upon this subject we may mention a new photometer of a simple character which has been constructed by a well-known firm of Dublin instrument makers. It consists of two quadratical prisms of paraffin wax fixed together along one side, but with a layer of silver or tin foil between. When a ray of light from a lamp falls on one of these prisms, the latter appears luminous by the reflection of the ray from the foil ; and by allowing the ray of another lamp to fall on the other prism, the distance of the lights from their respective prisms can be so adjusted that both of these shall appear equally luminous to the eye. When this is so the relative intensities of the two lights are, of course, inversely proportional to the squares of the distances of the lamps from the prisms.

A Safe Hoist.

A plan for making the wells or openings of hoists safe is shown in our engraving, and can be applied to any hoist. It is simply to close the well at every stage with a light frame of strong lattice-work. The frames have a hole in the middle to allow the hoist-rope to pass, and they are removed and replaced by the cage as it rises and sinks. In rising the cage carries the frames with it on the top of the cage, and deposits them in their old places as it descends ; while similar frames are hung from the bottom of the cage, as shown, and in like manner are left near each landing as the cage rises, and are stacked at the bottom of the well as it descends. There is thus always a platform at or near each aperture, and if a person steps into the hoist-well, he either steps on the frames in their places, or, if the cage is above him, he can only fall a few feet, until he is caught by the frames suspended below the cage.



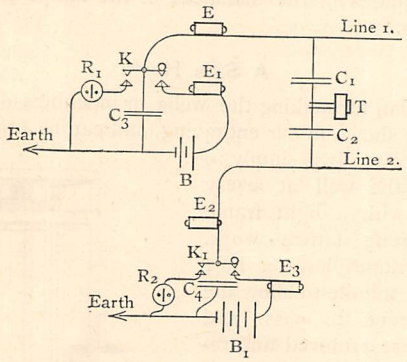
Dermatine.

"Dermatine" is the name given to a new artificial product intended as a substitute for gutta-percha, india-rubber, and leather. It can be made of any thickness and as pliable as required. It is said to be suitable for the "packing" of machinery, for railway buffers, rings, tubes, for boot-soles, and for insulating electric wires. It is prepared from copal gum, preferably the kauri or manilla gum. The gum in powder is dissolved in turpentine or naphtha in a jacketed pan fitted with stirrers. For india-rubber, sulphur is added, and albuminous matter prepared from lichen or other vegetable products. The whole is boiled and masticated, and more albuminous matter added. Slaked

lime or French chalk may also be added, and a proportion of old rubber. The process, in fact, admits of considerable variation, according to the properties of the particular kind of dermatine required.

Inter-urban Telephony.

In Belgium all the leading towns are connected by trunk telephone lines; and Brussels can speak to Antwerp, Bruges, or Ghent. This has been done by



utilising the existing telegraph lines throughout the country. In short, the telegraph lines serve for the telephone at the same time. By an ingenious system of Mr. Van Ryssleberghe, first indicated, however, by an English electrician, the late Cromwell F. Varley, the delicate undulatory currents of the telephone are sent along the telegraph line at the same time as the ordinary telegraph currents traverse it, without interfering with these. The two kinds of current are separated at the end of the line, and while one kind excites the receiving telephone to speak, the other kind actuates the receiving telegraph instrument. The accompanying figure shows the arrangement used. There are two telegraph wires, line 1 and line 2 respectively, and there is an ordinary telegraph on both, working separately, while at the same time there is a telephone T, connected between them and used independently of the telegraphs. For this purpose the lines are insulated from each other by "condensers" C_1 and C_2, which, while allowing the telephone T between them to act, stop the telegraph currents from crossing over from one line to the other. The telegraph apparatus at the ends of each line consist of the usual batteries B and B_1, the signalling keys K and K_1 to interrupt the current, and condensers shown at C_3, C_4. The instruments marked R_1 and R_2 are the receiving instruments which receive messages from the other ends of lines 1 and 2. The arrows marked "earth" are the wires going to the ground connection usual in telegraph lines. The devices marked E, E_1, E_2, E_3, are electromagnets essentially so made as to permit the signal currents from the key to pass through them into the line and have their "sharp ends," so to speak, taken off. In other words, these coils cause the signal currents to rise and fall gradually instead of suddenly, and hence the signal currents do not affect the telephone T, and make a clicking in it.

Condensing Milk in Vacuo.

At the Liverpool Exhibition there is a machine for condensing milk in a vacuum, a plan preferable to boiling it at atmospheric pressure, as the flavour is unimpaired. The apparatus consists of a large globular pan from which the air is exhausted by an air-pump. The milk then rises into it from a reservoir below and is boiled there, together with the sugar which is added to condensed milk.

A New Tennis Pole.

An iron tennis pole has been introduced, and is shown in the accompanying Fig. 1. The foot of the pole, which enters the ground by teeth, is allowed to remain there, and the pole itself is simply screwed into the socket when wanted for play. The cord of the net is passed over the pulley shown, and with one turn round the pin, is firmly fixed. The bottom cord is also fixed in the same way. A tennis screen is also shown in Fig. 2, and it is attached to the iron pole, or a separate one, as may be preferred. A handle permits the numbers to be changed by a simple action, which we need not describe.

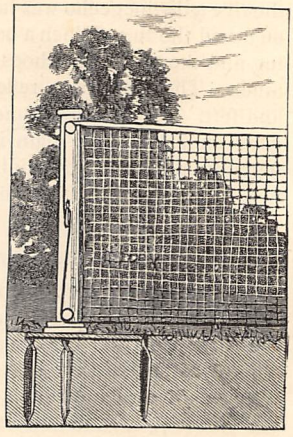
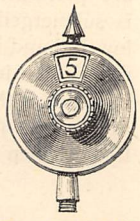


FIG. 1.

The Perspectograph.

This is an ingenious instrument for drawing perspectives mechanically, and as such may be useful to engineers, architects, and draughtsmen in general, particularly as it makes no construction lines on the paper, but produces the clean outlines ready for inking and colouring. We need not enter into the details of the apparatus, which are purely geometrical; but we may note that it executes perspectives of round and elliptical buildings as well as square ones, and requires no special knowledge of perspective drawing in the user.

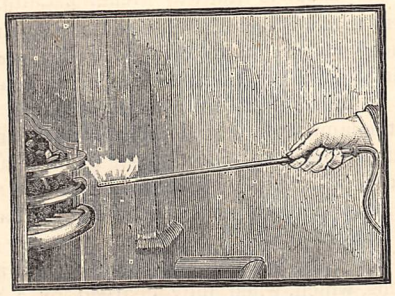


NEW TENNIS POLE.
FIG. 2.

The Luminosity of Leaves.

Dr. Gorham has discovered that the light reflected from green leaves consists chiefly of red and green rays, and by ascertaining the proportions of these colours reflected from leaves, and taking a revolving ring with the like proportions of colour on it, he has been able to mix these colours as it were in the eye and reproduce the tint of the leaves. He found during the inquiry, however, that the simple colours did not exactly reproduce the colour of the leaf required, but

that a certain admixture of black was necessary to this end. Black, it may be remarked, is well known to exist in the cellular structure of leaves in the form of carbon. It is deposited there, as is believed, from the absorption of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere by the *stomata* or mouths on the under side of the leaf.



A Gas Poker.

The gas poker, as shown in the engraving, is a contrivance in the form of a poker, which when lighted at the end gives a flame of burning gas sufficient to kindle a fire when inserted into it, or to boil a kettle of water when placed in an ordinary grate without other fuel. For this purpose the handle end is connected to a gas-burner in the room by a piece of flexible india-rubber piping, and the other extremity, which is perforated with holes to permit the escape of the gas, is lit by a match or other means. Other uses for the appliance will suggest themselves to readers; but it is obvious that great caution in its use is necessary.

The Phonophore.

The "phonophore" is a name given to a new and simple device, whereby telegraph wires can be used for the ordinary telegraphic messages, and at the same time for telephonic messages. It may be regarded as either a condenser made of wires, or as an induction coil used as a condenser—that is to say, with one end of both the primary and secondary circuits free, or, in other words, insulated. The device consists simply of two pieces of insulated wire twisted round each other, and then wound on a bobbin. We are not yet told exactly how the inventor uses the apparatus; but it is clear that it operates by induction between one of the insulated wires and the other. The fine undulatory vocal currents of telephony are superposed on the ordinary strong currents, and separated from them by the device so as to be heard in the receiving telephone. The inventor has recently tried the apparatus with success on lines in Kent.

Diatomite in Skye.

A discovery of some importance to the Isle of Skye and its crofters has recently been made. This is the existence of "diatomite" in large quantities at Loch Quire, Loch Columbkill, Glen Linsdale, and Sartel. Diatomite is so named from the diatoms entering into its composition, and it is used chiefly for absorbing nitro-glycerine in the manufacture of dynamite, or as a non-conducting coating for boilers and steam-pipes, but it is also used in the manufacture of silicate and ultramarine paint. It is also peculiarly adapted for making the silicious glaze of pottery, and it is applied to other purposes. As the quantity in Skye is estimated at from 72,000 to 150,000 tons, there is a likelihood of profit coming to the island. The diatomite found in the bed of Loch Quire is overlaid by vegetable matter. The loch appears to have been a volcanic vent or blow-hole, which has been filled up with diatomite by the stream which flows through it.

A Use for Fire-Damp.

It is proposed to drill holes down from the surface into the workings of "fiery mines" to allow the fire-damp which accumulates in them to escape, much in the same way as gas is allowed to escape from the natural gas wells of Pennsylvania. The damp would then be collected in reservoirs and used as gaseous fuel, while the pits would be freed from danger of explosion.

Purifying by Lignite.

Mr. Kleeman of Schoeningen has, it is stated, discovered a new method of purifying beetroot-juice by lignite, which when powdered and mixed with the juice of beetroot or sugar-cane clarifies it. It is said to purify other turbid liquids in the same manner, and to remove the disagreeable odour they may have. A deposit is formed which leaves the liquid clear. Beet-sugars produced in this way have, it is said, an agreeable taste, and the syrups lose the flavour of beetroot.

A Reversible Lock.

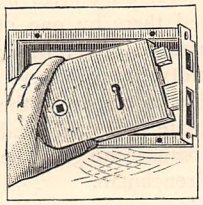


FIG. 1.

A lock has been devised for the rims or edges of doors, which can be reversed to suit doors having to open outwards or inwards, to the right or to the left—that is to say, in four ways. This convenience has recommended it to the Government and for Colonial uses. The figures give an idea of the arrangement of the new lock, the reversible part being fitted into a frame, from which it can be taken out and turned in the way desired, as shown.

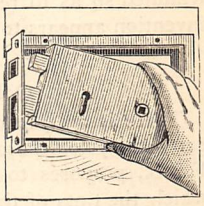
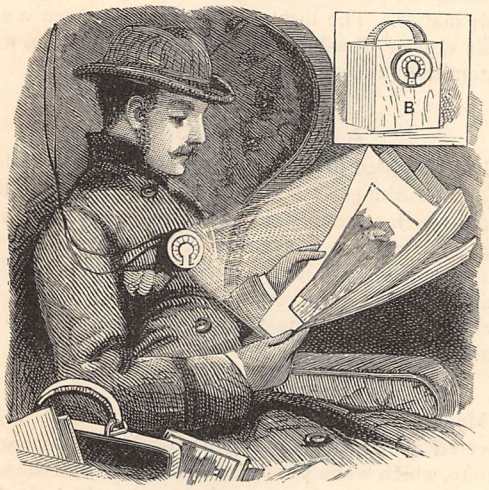


FIG. 2.

Damascening by Electricity.

Damascened metal, such for example as is seen in sword-blades, is usually the work of the hand. The metal is first cut into the device required, and the foreign metal is then filled into the chased pattern. By a recent process this can be done electrically. To explain the method followed, we will take the case of a copper plate which has to be damascened with silver.

The plate is first coated with an insulating varnish, and the device to be damascened into it is executed on the surface ; the varnish being scraped away where the lines of the device come, as in engraving on glass. The plate is then immersed along with another plain copper plate, both face to face, in a solution of sulphate of copper. The engraved plate is connected to the positive pole of a battery, and the plain plate to



RAILWAY READING LAMP.—FIG. 1.

the negative pole; and the passage of the electric current between the plates causes copper to be etched out of the exposed lines of the varnished plate and deposited on the plain plate. Thus the lines of the device are bitten into the copper by a kind of electrical engraving. The bitten plate is then taken out of the bath, washed, and dried ; and the foreign metal to be inlaid in the bitten lines is deposited there by one of the ordinary electrotyping processes. Silver being the substance chosen, a silver electrotyping bath serves the purpose. When the deposition is complete, the varnish is removed, and the plate polished and trimmed so as to resemble hand-damascening. The invention appears to be due to a Frenchman.

Colour Standards.

There is an imperishable enamel made at the Vatican factory for mosaic purposes ; and Mr. F. Galton, F.R.S., proposes to use it for a colour standard by which the tints of the skin and hair, or other physiological colours, can be registered. A scale of durable colours would be obtainable by its means. The French standards of colour, issued some years ago by M. Broca, already show a tendency to fade, which it is expected the Vatican mosaics will be free from.

Maize-Meal Food.

Mamaliga is a dish eaten by the poor in Roumania, and as it is very cheap and nutritious it is recommended for home use. It is prepared by stirring Indian meal in boiling water until it becomes a thick batter. It is eaten hot, either by itself, or with onion, dried fish, thick sour milk, or a slice of goat's cheese. Mamaliga is also eaten by rich Roumanians, but it is made from sifted meal, and has fresh butter added. A lady writer suggests that it might be introduced to English tables occasionally instead of soup.

An Electric Railway Reading-Lamp.

A very neat portable hand electric lamp has been introduced, for use in mines, gunpowder works, and other inflammable places, besides being adapted for use as a railway or carriage reading-lamp. Fig. 1 shows the lamp as now made, where the incandescent filament may be seen placed in the focus of a highly-polished parabolic reflector attached to the front of the box, B, which is of varnished teak, and has a flat, flexible leather handle on the top to carry the apparatus by. The box contains three or four accumulator cells, which, when fully charged by a primary battery or a dynamo, are sufficient to give a continuous light for ten hours. The size of the box is 6 by 5 by 4 inches, and the weight of the whole is only 6 lbs. Larger sizes than this are made for special purposes, but the size in question is used for railway reading. For this purpose the lamp is also separated from the box and cells by a length of flexible cord conductors, so that the box can be put under the seat of the carriage, or in the hat-racks, while the lamp is held in the hand, or fixed to the button-hole of the coat. Mr. Pitkin's lamp is one of the smallest and neatest of the kind yet devised. We may add that Mr. Warren de la Rue has modified his well-known chloride of silver battery for the purpose of keeping small incandescence lamps alight. To this end he has done away with the liquid solution of chloride of ammonium, and turned it into a solid or semi-solid substance, besides modifying the shape of the cells. Fig. 2 is a section through the new form, where A is a flat porcelain tray with slanting edges, B a sheet of silver foil laid in the bottom of this tray, C a layer of dry powdered chloride of silver, D a layer of vegetable jelly made by mixing a solution of chloride of ammonium, containing 2½ per cent. of the salt, with Ceylon moss or "agar-agar." This jelly is stiff enough to support a flat zinc plate, E, which with the silver foil forms the poles of the cell. A set of these cells, built one above another into a pile, form the battery used to keep the incandescent lamps going. Mr. J. W. Swan has also adapted his accumulators to the purpose of feeding a small Swan lamp, for use as a miner's lamp.

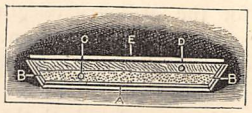


FIG. 2.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Intending Competitors in Competition No. 4 (Ladies Dress Allowance) are reminded that August 3rd, 1886, is the latest date for receiving MSS. Full particulars of this and other Competitions, open to all readers of the Magazine, will be found in our June Number.

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

COMPLICATIONS PROPHETIC.

THUS a juncture was reached at Wynstone whereat standing still was impossible, for besides the garrulous little brook of Miss Jean's fluctuating fortunes, other currents were sweeping along, gathering silent force that presently, breaking loose, was to stir two hearts to their inmost depths.

Those fair spring months were to Gilbert Hurst a storehouse of unuttered pains; of pleasures more unutterable. To Sydney they brought labour over which, abandoning all thought of self, she laid out her every endowment, from highest to lowest, on behalf of those whom unworldly honour called her creditors. Beyond the present she took no thought. That this present should ever turn and wound her sorely she never suspected. So if Miss Hurst, now absent-minded, now fussy, wanted her assistance over a dozen immaterial trifles daily, it was always ready. She could but give what was wanted. And if on Gilbert Hurst shone out the rarest, tenderest traits of her nature, why, that was neither her fault nor design: only the outcome of his need and her desire to pay him his due in some coin or other. So as April smiled over the earth, Sydney pictured to him who could not watch the season's gracious footsteps, the lovely miracle of fresh-clothed woods, from red-brown buds, and peeping crinkled leaflets, through May's coy bravery of outspread green, to the superb youth of queenly June; or the exquisite growth of pink-tipped fir cones, swaying, clustering, growing on dark-limbed parent boughs; or the frolics of a field-full of bleating lambs in the river meadows, whose sunset sports began with craziest vagaries in the jumping line, and mostly ended with a wild stampede round their safe hurdled quarters, and an importunate hurry-scurry to their mothers' sides. Earth's reawaking had never had such tales to tell Sydney as now when she courted all its signs to give pleasure to some one else. And to Gilbert Hurst never had it seemed fuller of happy human suggestiveness, than when its charms reached his senses mainly through a voice that was dearer to him than the singing of the south wind to the flowers!

But in that fatal knowledge lay much unintelligible to Sydney. Their book sped onward towards conclusion, but it was the amanuensis, not the author, who triumphed most in its completion.

"Only two chapters more!" she cried at the end of a steady morning's work at which her own quick intelligence had been no mean help. "Only two: then finished and folded, and away into the world it goes! Are you not glad, Mr. Hurst?"

"Why, yes," he answered, "how can I be otherwise?" But he was not glad enough to satisfy his questioner. There was a ring of sadness in his response, and against sadness, where Mr. Hurst was concerned, Sydney waged war.

Likely as not he regretted ending that fixed design which had occupied him so long. Well, it need not be the last of such attempts!

"We must set to work on some more of your manuscripts," she said cheerily, "or time will seem interminable till an answer comes back about this. What may we begin next?"

The "we" had become natural through recent months. But now it seemed to grate on Mr. Hurst. Sydney coloured as he answered with reserve—

"I have nothing else in a finishable stage, even by your help, Miss Grey. My first venture with your assistance must be my only one."

"Then all your other notes are quite beyond me!" (Could he have seen her face his coldness must have melted!) "There seemed so many of the time you were abroad. I thought, I hoped you could have made volumes from them!"

"Those notes are crude and inexact," he returned. "Not all your—kindness and industry—could shape them into readable form. Nothing short of another visit to the scenes they treat of could do that. And such a visit I can never make, now."

Except over his one grateful sentence Mr. Hurst spoke with extreme steadiness, bending himself to his bereavement with the unassuming pathos that always moved Sydney strangely. But pitying words she never harassed him with. All she could say was—

"Oh, how I wish I had read or seen more, or were cleverer, so as to help you more!"

He moved from the table uneasily.

"I felt the sun upon my shoulder just now. Has it clouded over? You must get out for your walk, Miss Grey." Obediently, she began to go. "Stay though. Will you lay our papers aside before my sister comes in?"

Now she had it! Miss Jean was at the root of his disclaiming fresh effort. From the first she had treated his book as a mere whim, hoping, with faint smiles, it might repay him, but—with shakes of the head—implying dismal disbelief in any such success. A little jealous to begin with, other more absorbing objects had made her indifferent to its progress. Marking this, Sydney had done her utmost to atone for the lack of sisterly sympathy in the literary babe by an abundance of her own. Now again she must to the fore, and fill the void.

"Ah!" she said, arranging the loose sheets, "Miss Hurst is prudently saving her praise till she sees this in print. Then she will be elated enough! And as for me——"

Mr. Hurst had taken himself to the window, where, with his back to the room, he repeated, "As for you——"

"Why, I am afraid there will be no bearing me. Your copying clerk will become—oh! such an epitome of conceit, you will repent——"

He stopped her almost roughly.

"Don't lose your time. Go for your walk, Miss Grey!" And jerking open the long window himself, he went out as though—so she read his action—he was in no mood to discount success as yet uncertain.

That June morning's work practically broke up the spring's congenial task. The final chapters were put together, but fitfully; Mr. Hurst sometimes pressing forward, sometimes delaying them. With spirits so varying, it needed all Sydney's knowledge of his hampered position to account for his changing humours. But there was enough cause for them in the attitude Miss Jean was assuming.

"I did very, very wrong," this sister would often deplore to Sydney, who easily discerned some foreign prompting in the complaint, "to let my poor brother drop into a life of ease, or really one might say laziness! But it is impossible to look forward in all things. Now here he is, without means of getting a living, on my hands as it were, poor dear fellow. And of course he naturally by now regards his maintenance as secure."

Resentment was seething in Sydney's bosom. But for recollection of how the Hursts grew poor it must have overbubbled.

"I thought," she said slowly, "you told me once Mr. Hurst so wanted to keep off burdening you——"

"Oh! don't use that word, Miss Grey," cried Miss Jean, conscience-pricked when she heard her grievance from another's tongue.

"Well, wanted not to use your money, then—wanted to struggle on for himself ever so humbly. Is that not exactly what you said? And you would not allow it? So, should he be blamed now?"

"Who wants to blame him, Miss Grey? Not I, I'm sure. If any one is to blame it is myself, for being so short-sighted and so soft-hearted. I meant to be kind—I really was unjust, to Gilbert and—to myself."

And this last aspect of the situation seemed continually rankling in Miss Jean's mind, oozing out in captious grumblings, constant carpings at things as they were, plaintive repinings at things as they could not be, alternating with fits of affection for her brother, displayed in hovering about him with melancholy caresses, desponding voice, and little sniffs suggestive of repressed tears.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she said to him one evening—it was Thursday, and the curate had just taken an excellent dinner at her right hand—"Mr. Babbington has been telling me of a friend of his who has done so well as a tutor near Cambridge. I wonder if you would have been so fortunate."

"Too heavily handicapped, I fear," returned Mr. Hurst.

"Still it might have been well to try it."

"Too late to wish it had been done now, Jean."

"Ah!" said Mr. Babbington with a complacent patronage of all his physical powers, such as they were, that set Sydney beating a fractious tattoo upon the floor—"I'm afraid, my dear Hurst, you let that trial overwhelm you. Frail man is easily overwhelmed. *I* know that. Your calamity of course is of a nature to absolve you from ordinary criticism; but it is deeply regrettable that you did not rise above it for once and for all—deeply regrettable."

"Jean," said Gilbert Hurst in a low voice, "you have not forgotten how ready I was to do anything on earth to help myself! You remember the plan I had formed. You know why I gave it up. Does Mr. Babbington imply I am indolent by choice?"

"Oh, no, Gilbert!" his sister answered in a tremor. "He, Mr. Babbington, only means, as I mean, that if anything could have been done perhaps it ought to. Nothing else. And"—to her guest—"Gilbert did want to make the effort—really. But it could only have been near Oxford, where Mr. Vaughan, you know, might have recommended him. But that signified outlay, and leaving Wynstone, and speculation as it were. And as—as—this little property was my all, I didn't feel justified in the risk. But perhaps"—appealing with mournful, moist eyes—"perhaps I was wrong!"

"I am quite sure you meant to be right," returned the clergyman with emphasis very nearly tender; and Gilbert Hurst, a spasm of overtaxed endurance passing swiftly over his features, rose from the table with—

"I would give half my useless years to come if I had had my way though, Jean!"

"Hasty, hasty to say that," rebuked Mr. Babbington. "It sounds, my dear fellow, like one of your rash boyish speeches. Do you remember how I used to check you jokingly for 'hating' so readily?" (Sydney felt as though rapidly getting into condition to be checked for the same fault!) "That unfortunate Mr. Alwyn for instance—forgive me for naming him, Miss Hurst"—the lady put up her handkerchief—"I have never forgotten how you poured your wrath out on his name. He is dead, I hear. You 'hated' him less, I trust for Christianity's sake, before he left this world?"

"Because I was passionate and headstrong then, does it follow I must never alter?" said Gilbert Hurst, and pushing aside his chair with "Jean, you have finished?" opened the door for the dinner quartet to disperse.

"Shrinks from even friendly searchings!" said Mr. Babbington, joining Miss Hurst on the still sunny garden path. "More openness would assuredly do him good, poor fellow!"

Where it would he had neither folly nor churlishness to refuse it. Sydney, suddenly blanched at mention of her father, was impelled beyond resistance to know whether Gilbert Hurst counted him yet his enemy. Following to the orchard gate, "Davis has fastened this awkwardly," she said, stooping over the withe-bound latch—"There, I have undone it, Mr.

Hurst. That some one—Mr. Babbington spoke of—did he injure you—past pardon?"

"What" he said halting instantly, "do *you* rate me so poorly? No indeed, Miss Grey, John Alwyn's memory may rest for me. Long ago I learnt to forgive his luckless advice as freely as he would have forgiven my schoolboy rage."

She let him go by without another word, her spirit upspringing with great thankfulness. Mr. Babbington sauntered to her over the narrow lawn. His children had come to fetch papa home. Miss Jean had taken them in-doors to clear the dessert dishes of sweets, while she mended—"so thoughtfully"—Bell's jacket. Looking at Mr. Hurst in the distance, the clergyman said gravely—

"Not sociable, our poor friend yonder, is he? You must find the hours he exacts of you very trying, Miss Grey?"

"No, I do not," said Sydney quickly. "It is never anything but a pleasure to be useful here at Wynstone."

"Well, Miss Hurst certainly appreciates your—er—unusual capabilities," returned Mr. Babbington most politely. "She has told me so. But that dear lady is eminently conscientious. She sometimes feels a l-i-tt-le anxious about you, Miss Grey."

"About me!" Sydney flashed such point-blank interrogation as her companion blinked under—"Anxious! Why? Do I not satisfy her?"

"Amply—amply. But, thinking of others before herself, as she always did, always does, she fancies her gain may be your loss. She and I are friends of long standing. You will excuse her mentioning any small difficulty to me, Miss Grey. As a clergyman I can perhaps say what she scarcely could. If you have family ties that should supersede these at Wynstone—don't disregard them: if, as some young folks have, slight family discords, heal them. Do not spend at Wynstone time you may afterwards regret as having withheld from closer duties."

This was all very fine, very grandiloquent, unintelligible, impertinent! Between Miss Jean's surmises and Mr. Babbington's interference Sydney felt bewildered, half insulted. But she curbed herself with remembering it was not for her to be angry with Miss Hurst. The injured are always armed. "I thank you, Mr. Babbington," she said, self-possessed by some effort. "I am glad to remain here. I think I must trust my own judgment as to no higher duty calling me away." And Flossy running clamorously out just then, she bowed good evening to her new mentor, with great relief.

But the impression of his words was not so easily got rid of. It filled her with vague alarm. What could Miss Jean's hyper-anxiety for herself mean? What Mr. Babbington's bland high-handedness with her as with Mr. Hurst? Closer duties did he hint she should attend to? Why, she had none. That morning had brought news from Paris. Leonora was this very month to marry an English gentleman: "suitable," wrote her delighted mother, "in every respect. And after the younger people's honeymoon they and she were to spend the last half of the year in visiting different European capitals." So Mrs. Alwyn "hoped Sydney continued content with her self-sought position, as Mr. Morecoombe-Wood could not be expected to open his circle to her immediately, whatever he might generously do in the future!" They, prosperously enjoying life's ease, would be hardly likely to want her—ever! And even Jacob Cheene seemed glad of late that she had elected to stay at Capel Moor.

"I am getting too old, Miss Sydney," his letters ran, "to tie you to my infirmities; you are best among younger people:" so nowhere was she wanted but at Wynstone. Now if Wynstone, the roof to which she had riveted her life, shook her loose——

But no! It was unfair to saddle Miss Hurst with the one project that would involve such change. Within that possibility lay a pain too intolerable to be faced!

But those June days, warm, luscious, flower-breathing without, within went very crookedly. The book was ended and sent away, less hopefully than it had begun. Mr. Hurst was resolute in attempting nothing fresh, but he had lost his old power of listening placidly to Sydney's reading. Miss Hurst took to sitting much in the study: attending her brother officiously, never chattering in the old inconsequential fashion, but breathing out sighs like minute-guns. Mr. Babbington's courtesy to Gilbert Hurst developed into a peculiar mixture, brotherly, paternal, pastoral, neither very happy nor acceptable in any form, though it was refinement itself compared with the bearing of a cousin whom he brought one evening to Wynstone, introducing him as Mr. Montague Carle, from Pembrokeshire. This gentleman announced himself as a thorough practical man and, on that ground presumably, ignoring the shilly-shallying politeness which generally adorns social intercourse, contrived to make every one on whom he bestowed his conversation thoroughly uncomfortable.

"You've a nice place here, Miss Hurst," he said loudly before the whole party; "lucky to drop into it! Horace told me it was your own. Pretty piece of property for a maiden lady—*or* a married one, eh?"

Had "Horace" indiscreetly divulged much more? Miss Hurst coloured, fluttered, and sent such timid glances at her impassible-featured brother, that the Reverend Horatius hastened to disembarrass her. "Was not this the time for those flowering rushes she had promised his children? And could he get them now?" So a move was at once made to the river-side, where Mr. Carle fastened his society on Sydney, remarking—

"You are not a fixture here, Miss Grey, I think? You see my cousin has told me the ins and outs of everything. Ah!"—twisting round his active figure and ferret-face for a good look at the house—"it *is* a snug little box. Two, four rooms below; five, I suppose, above; servants' offices; bed-rooms over them. Nice size for a small family. Pity it should be wasted on two, and one no business to be here, as it were."

Mr. Babbington had indeed disclosed the ins and outs of Wynstone! Sydney caught her very skirts together, from contact with this man's coat! Her

mouth curved into unconcealable disgust. "I think I can see some of the rushes Miss Hurst wants, if you will excuse me," she said, and all but ran from him to the water-edge, though she regretted freeing him when she saw him pounce on Mr. Hurst, and heard him start off a conversation of which the first words, "'Pon my honour, a handsome young lady you've got there!" were all too many for her.

What followed was equally unpalatable. Mr. Carle was great on blindness. "I know a thing or two about that," he boasted, "for I've a dozen young chaps at my place by Pembroke, and none of 'em can see a stroke more than you can. Gentlemen's sons all. It's a speculation of mine. I train 'em and teach 'em, and" —jocularly—"make a pretty penny out of it. They don't want things first chop, as if they could see. You understand that. I haven't sunk much in silver spoons and smart carpets, I can tell you. Now, I should say an able-bodied man like you, Mr. Hurst, would do a deal better picking up a living in such a place as mine than hanging on here, making an old maid of your sister, and being waited on by that pretty young party that's picking yellow flowers yonder——"

"Miss Grey!" Mr. Hurst interrupted brusquely, "whereabouts are you?"

"By the last willow: getting irises," Sydney's clear voice called back.

"Then," peremptorily, "move away. No: stop. Let me come"—moving straight as a dart along the bank he knew every inch of, till he reached her: then, "Never lean over for flowers or rushes just here," he ordered. "Half a yard from the edge this is the deepest spot on the bank. A slip would take you into ten feet of water——"

"And there'd be no getting out of that, young lady," put in officious Mr. Carle. "So just you mind what Mr. Hurst says; of course he only tells you what's for your good."

He looked very knowingly from one to the other, but neither face betrayed any sentiment, except one not flattering to himself: indeed Sydney shrank into such frigid irresponsiveness, that Mr. Montague Carle was as willing to get away as they to bid him adieu.

Miss Hurst watched her brother furtively when the callers were gone and they three had returned to the drawing-room.

"Mr. Carle is an excellent business man, I understand, though he may not be very polished." No reply to this from either listener. "I hoped you would have chatted with him longer. For"—moving ornaments restlessly about—"it is too dusk to read. And I am not inclined to walk any more—and—but oh, Gilbert, if *I* find the evenings long, what must you do!"

"Do you feel them long, Jean? You used not."

"Oh"—fretfully—"people are not always alike at all times. How I wish you had taken to music, as poor papa did, though to be sure it made him more intimate with that wretched Mr. Alwyn, and so brought us no good. Don't say 'wretched'? Well, I think he was, Gilbert. I feel it more and more. The 'cello' was papa's instrument, Miss Grey. He played so well! When he was young he was offered two pounds a night to join an orchestra. Two pounds a night! Fancy if my brother could have earned that!"

"Could have earned! Could have earned!"

Sydney saw him turn away. The cuckoo cry was too hard to bear. Some one must speak!

"I fancied neither of you cared for music," she said. "I have not once heard your piano," looking at the never-opened instrument.

"Oh, I like it well enough," Miss Hurst returned indifferently. "And you used to profess to be fond of it, Gilbert. But I fancied you cared nothing for my playing, so I gave it up. Some—people—used to like it, but no doubt it sounded poor to you, Gilbert——"

"Jean!"

"So I never even asked Miss Grey, for fear she might not be more successful than I was."

The speech ended with a querulous choke.

Sydney moved to the instrument in desperation.

"It is so long since I sang, I may offend you both; but I shall like to touch the keys again," she said, and sat down to the piano, tuneful still, though old.

The room was so still and full of soft twilight. The very birds outside were gone to sleep. Nothing seemed to stir save the ticking of one small timepiece, the throbbing of these troubled human hearts. Unbidden except by the tense necessity of the moment, unpreluded except by a few simple chords, Sydney's song broke the silence—

"Oh, rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him.

"Commit thy ways unto Him and trust in Him. And——

"He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

She never thought of how to sing it: only put into it the unformulated imploring of her own soul: knowing that Gilbert drew nearer and nearer, mute, not emotionless.

When she ended, poor Miss Jean thanked her volubly, tears dropping freely down—but her brother had left the room without a syllable.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

THE TURN OF A LONG LANE.

IF there be truth in the adage, "Coming events cast their shadows before them," then the result of Mr. Drayton's well-planned gift to Dr. Dacie may be taken as apt example of the same, for it certainly brought professional luck back to the Gate House, which seemed prophetic of better things that followed.

Whether the cob had anything to do with mending matters, or whether, having had their turn in the trough of the sea, they were now to rise on a crest of the wave again, must remain a moot question, but just now the outer ring of patients began to discover that after all they preferred the old doctor to his younger rival, whose bills were apt to be as long as his learned phrases. Moreover, "Alexander McAndrew, Esq., M.D.," as he preferred to be addressed, made a grand blunder in his first visit to Oakleigh Place. Misled by an inaccuracy of message, he had gone spanking off thither on the day Mr. Drayton was at St. Clair's,

in delighted anticipation of physicking through some complicated disorder the earl or countess, or a "lady" daughter at least, building on that base a vision of county practice that would turn his dog-cart to a brougham, his "buttons" to a full-blown groom! But troublin' for, my lady," Mrs. Pounce had reported, and that settled the Scotch gentleman's business. So what was one man's poison was another man's meat. Six servants obligingly took sore throat one after another. Dr. Dacie tended them carefully and kindly. Then

"SYDNEY'S SONG BROKE THE SILENCE" (*p.* 580).

woe to his ambition! The patient was the housekeeper—the malady a simple sprain. Alexander McAndrew felt hugely disgusted and revealed his feelings. When his back was turned, "We won't trouble *that* young man to come here again!" said the housekeeper, and the fruit of that affront was a summons for Dr. Dacie, and Dr. Dacie only, when a month later an upper housemaid fell ill with sore throat. "The Scotch gentleman don't seem to think us servants worth the epidemic attacked Lady Gertrude. He treated her with precisely the same kindly care, mixed with old-fashioned courtliness, which pleased immensely. Then he put a feather in his cap by discovering a mischievous drain: established himself as Lord and Lady Comyngham's trusted medical adviser, and by consequence soared into popularity again throughout the neighbourhood. Other people besides those at Oakleigh paid their bills promptly,

and Mary soon picked up lucky-pennies enough to pay hers.

The doctor found prosperity better medicine for himself than any in his dispensary. His wife brightened up like the affectionate old satellite she was; and if his daughter's satisfaction at this new turn of the wheel had any flaw, she kept it well and unobtrusively in the domestic background.

It was on one of those last May days when great perplexities were approaching at Wynstone, that events not unconnected with them were in progress at St. Clair's. At noon "Brownie" had just trotted off with Dr. and Mrs. Dacie to lunch with an old acquaintance at a distance. Very cheerfully the elders had started on their modest dissipation. Ashamed of herself for having to make an effort in reflecting their beaming good-byes, their daughter turned in-doors with the wise determination not to sit down and give rein to the depression that overhung her, but rather to disperse it by some vigorous distraction. A neatly labelled phial in the hall gave her the plea for a six-mile trudge; her mid-day meal, the matter for a few minutes only. She released the factotum to "Brownie" and the garden from his errand to Oakleigh Lodge, undertook herself to deliver the medicine there, left word where she was going, and thither set forth in all the freedom of having no one by to see if she were looking glad or sorry.

For a minute she had debated over best or second best hat, deciding for the latter: a suspicious haze was coming up with the wind; and moreover, as she thought rather wearily, out of tune with the mild promiseful day, "Nobody cares how I look!" so in sombre guise altogether off she went, her mind obstinately playing variations on that dirge-like theme all the way along by the broom-girt banks and briar-scented hedgerows.

But reaching the lodge, she had something else for a time to think of.

Her knock unheard, she opened the door, with "Mrs. Rand, I have brought your baby's medicine. May I take word to my father how the little one is?" and not only the keeper's wife replied, but Lady Comyngham came forward too, greeting Miss Dacie most graciously.

"How kind it was to walk over for that! Just like her father: so thoughtful. And now Mrs. Rand must keep baby warm, and do exactly what Dr. Dacie told her; and Miss Dacie must positively come up to the house as she was so near, and lunch with her and the girls: no one else was at home: but she would not hear of her going that distance back without refreshment."

Vainly Mary, not at all anxious for the honour, protested that she *had* lunched. The countess would hear no excuse, but with good-humoured imperiousness marched her reluctant guest up the long drive, paying her the compliment of making just such conversation *en route* as set her at her ease.

"They were so fond of Dr. Dacie: so glad they had a man like him at hand. She was talking of him to her son Edward's wife the other day. And, by the way, had Miss Dacie been to see Mrs. Edward Duvesne? No? Oh, then, when would she go?"

To this Mary responded with honest frankness—

"We are not rich, Lady Comyngham: we are only nobodies: I thought it would look like presumption to call at Oakleigh Rectory. Or, more truly, I never thought of it at all."

"Then, to oblige me, think of it directly," said the countess. "My daughter-in-law is a sensible little person. I am getting to know the people about here better now, and I very often hear of you in my travels. I shall take it as a favour if you will put Edward's wife into the ways of her parish. She will appreciate the kindness and she will appreciate you."

Lady Comyngham understood the art of gratifying. Her daughters were as pleasingly skilful. Mary soon forgot her winter weather-beaten hat, and enjoyed first the splendours of the Oakleigh calceolarias, and next half an hour's rest at the luncheon served with delicate appointments such as seldom fell to her lot. Regretfully her memory was recalling her last hour there, and Sydney with it, when, *clairvoyante* as it seemed, Lady Comyngham asked—

"Can you tell me, Miss Dacie, anything of that charming young friend of yours, Miss Alwyn? I confess to inquisitiveness about her. I imagine no one can enlighten me better than you."

"And I cannot do it at all," answered Mary. "I only hear from her just enough to know she is not forgetting me."

"Travelling with her mother, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! She is in England."

"England! What! has not that long visit her mother said she went on ended yet?"

"Visit!" echoed Mary, "I thought——" then she stopped, colouring confusedly.

The countess looked at her keenly. "I suspect," said she, "that visit was a — myth, to put it civilly. Will you mind telling me why the child went away at all? I am really asking for something beyond curiosity."

Mary hesitated. "Sydney hardly gave me a plain reason, Lady Comyngham. There was, I think, some —difference—between her and Mrs. Alwyn. Mamma went over and spoke of it, and brought away the idea it was about a—a—marriage."

"But you did not think so?"

"N—o!" Mary had to confess. "She scarcely thought it was that exactly."

"And you were right," said the countess, "and I am right," nodding to her daughters. "Mrs. Alwyn insinuated the story of an engagement to me——"

"There was no engagement," said Mary.

"And then some fanfaronnade about its breaking off. But I was convinced something else lay behind that. Now there are two things that upset families—matrimony and money. This was not matrimony. It was money. Used that pretty Cinderella—as my children called her, because she was always getting left at home—to tell you of her money arrangements, Miss Dacie?"

"Only," said Mary naïvely, "that she wished she

had more of it! Till—why, yes, just before she went. Then she was so delighted at coming of age, for she was to have—six thousand pounds, I think, of her own."

"There!" cried the countess excitedly. "The secret is out! Avena is told truly. Miss Dacie, be proud of your friend. She is worth her weight in gold!" Then seeing her hearer greatly bewildered by this outburst, Lady Comyngham explained how her daughter's maid had disclosed the grievous loss of her parents' savings, and Mrs. Alwyn's insulting reply to their appeal: stopping Mary's quick "Sydney knew nothing of this!" with "Of course not—or not up to last summer. Then she must have found it out. Did I not hear of her going into the Midland counties——"

"She went—oh, poor Sydney!—to fetch my mother home from Cheddeley."

"And there probably some chance enlightened her. How was she when she came back?"

"Why," remembering only too accurately, "changed, Lady Comyngham. I recollect it all now. And I only saw her once again—when she bade us good-bye so strangely."

"Then depend on it there had been battle royal in the meantime, and the result was, the poor wretches who lost their all through Mr. Alwyn's misfortune got paid at last with his daughter's money. Miss Dacie, I envy you your friend. I would go a good deal out of my way to shake hands with her again!" and the countess ended with Lewis's story, transmitted through Lady Avena, of how the various sums had been distributed through a clerk of Mr. Alwyn's.

"Jacob Cheene!" cried Mary.

"Yes—that was the name. And the giver of this money would not be known, though Lewis and others of the repaid list had put their wits together, and come to the conclusion it must be the old lawyer's child. And if so," declared the countess with acrimonious emphasis, "that mother of hers of course prefers such action kept in the dark, as she did what led to it. But, 'honour where honour is due,' say I. Once let us be sure about this, and then trust me to let people know why *Miss* Alwyn, at any rate, went away from St. Clair's!"

Mary's head was fit for no news after this. From such a source she might carry her tidings to Mr. Vaughan—with him discuss the right to seek out Sydney's retreat. So luncheon ended, and all offers of being driven back gratefully set aside, she started homeward, Lady Gertrude burdening her with choice flowers, Lady Margaret insisting on lending her an umbrella, the countess convoying her through the park, imparting as they went along intelligence of her elder son's approaching marriage to an heiress, and of her youngest daughter's equally satisfactory engagement: "so," said the pleased mother, "after the Rectory setting the fashion all the young people intend to follow it! We must see you at one wedding, Miss Dacie, and you shall hear all about the other too, if you care for such things. Good-bye."

After such kind farewell Mary should have gone away mightily elated. But somehow those anticipated nuptials struck a weak nerve. For a space they blotted out even the intelligence concerning Sydney.

"If she cared about such things!" Sooner or later what woman does not? It was all very well, having intimacy with these Oakleigh grandees pressed on her, but the attention was akin to offering stones when one badly wants bread! Why she was so foolish as to hanker after the unattainable, and at her discreet age cry like a baby for the moon, our good doctor's daughter knew not, but such was her predicament that afternoon, and before she had pulled through to more sensible regions, lo, the moon stood before her! *Her* moon, that is to say—Mr. Drayton.

He was waiting at a branch of the road, and at first sight of her advanced with undisguised pleasure.

"I feared I had missed you, Miss Dacie. Your servant said you were this way. But I have watched an hour for you."

"For me!" stammered Mary as he took her hand. "I had no idea you were at St. Clair's."

"Nor was I till noon. Then I left my bag at the Rectory, and came on to you. For I wanted so to see you."

Mary remembered why he wanted the same last Michaelmas. Was she going to hear of more marryings? Of Sydney's at last? She turned her head away and moved forward, Mr. Drayton keeping pace with her.

"In fact," he went on, finding she said nothing, "I came on purpose to see you, and say—something. Won't you put up an umbrella? It's raining."

Thus adjured Mary unfurled the Oakleigh "*tout-cas*," small shelter for one, yet Mr. Drayton begged half! "My shoulders are getting wet," said he, "will you let me hold that between us?" And this being accorded: "If you will take my arm," he added, "I think we shall get along better." And in that compact order they continued progress, a sheep looking over the hedge setting Mary blushing.

"Now you have not asked," said her companion, "what my important remark is to be."

"No; I forgot. What you came for," she returned. "I suppose, Mr. Drayton, it is about Miss Alwyn."

"It's nothing of the kind. It's about Miss Dacie." Mary's pulse gave a mighty spring. "I want to tell her—tell you—that I have prospered amazingly this last year. I was not sure of my luck last autumn: so I wouldn't talk of it. Now there is no mistake about it."

"I am very glad—Mr. Drayton—to hear of your good fortune."

"Then if you are, will you go shares with it? I'm no hand at fine speeches, but I care not a fig for property if I can't have you with it. Such as I am, will you take me? Yes or no, Mary?"

To think, oh! to think here was the inaccessible moon come down and begging to be received!

Mary was for a minute so dizzy, she had to hold Mr. Drayton's arm quite tightly, which he enjoyed very much indeed. Then she contrived to let him know what he desired, with such true womanly gladness in

her nervous sentence, that her escort, assured no one was in sight, was constrained to shut out the landscape with that useful little umbrella, and confirm the contract without loss of time.

The shower came on so smartly then, they had to shelter under an elm. Elms were Mary's favourite trees from that day forth. There Mr. Drayton made an exorbitant proposal. "We need not wait as if we were just out of our teens, Mary," said he. "Can you be ready to get married in a fortnight?"

"A fortnight! Oh, no—no!"

"Why not?"

"Because there will be so much to do, and—things to buy."

"We can buy them in London. If you get your bonnets alone I may not like them."

"Are you so exacting about fashions?"

"I am. For example, you must always have a bonnet like this one"— examining so closely, Mary had to retreat.

"Oh, foolish man! This is not a bonnet, but a hat, and a very old one!"

"Then keep the pattern, for you never looked better!" Which was true enough. No Kalydor on earth beats the bloom of happiness! "And now, for fear you should forget what you've promised, hadn't I better give you a ring?"

"R-i-chard! Did you make sure, then?"

"No, I did not. But I happen to have one by me that may fit." And out came the identical diamond that Mary had disposed of nine months previously, following on which so much more had to be said, that when he took out a watch she had also seen before, time had fleeted so fast, they had to set off for the Gate House in good earnest. Then Mary began to get in a tremor. What would her father say? What would her mother do without her? And—with a remorseful throb—what would Sydney Alwyn think? Would *she* mind this?

"Mind it! Only to be glad," Mr. Drayton assured her: "Miss Alwyn knew what I was after all through. I was in hopes what was bringing me good luck might be doing the same by her. But I was out of my reckoning there. You can't understand me, Mary? And you've something to tell me about her? Well, I must tell a long tale to the doctor to-night, of how I have means enough to come stealing his daughter and make all the amends money can for the theft; so then, if you sit by me and listen obediently, you'll hear all about everything, Miss Alwyn included, and we'll compare notes, and by-and-by you and I will go together and find her." And that wondrous "you and I," the charmed quantity which, from Adam and Eve's days, is ever making new Edens on this earth, absorbed them both till the doctor and his wife came back to be enlightened, rejoiced, aggrieved, over Mary's confessions and Mr. Drayton's demands.

The marrying in a fortnight could by no means be agreed to, but the suitor, backed by the rector, pleaded so well, a month's delay only was at last compounded for.

"And some of these days I shall use for an odd purpose," said Richard Drayton, when he and Mary next day went to stroll in the garden for ten minutes and stayed three hours, "for, to be honest with you, I have to clear my character before you marry me. A rascal whom I worked with in a Brazilian mine decamped and left me under a cloud with the owners. It cost heaps of time and half my earnings to set myself straight with them, but I did it. Still this scamp is at large and might turn up when least expected, to blacken me again. I've got a hold on him now by accident, and I mean to track him and make him recant. You'll let me stay here a week? Then I'll start after this business, and come back for you as long before the twenty-seventh as the rector will have me. Oh! and do you mind where we go after we've bought bonnets for a week in London?"—Mary, with very pretty blushes, hadn't a wish on the subject—"Then you shall come and see some one I will tell you of between now and then. I'll send him a line beforehand, but you shall not be announced till I take you with me and say, 'Here, Hurst, old fellow, I've brought my wife to call upon you!'"

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

"THE TRUTH: THE WHOLE TRUTH."

FOR a few days after the uneasy evening last recorded at Wynstone, the small household fell into what was less a calm than a lull, too full of watchfulness to be real rest.

The ending of his book maybe released Mr. Hurst's attention for another subject maturing under his sister's roof. Her rapid flights from downright crabbedness to unexpected complaisance, from spasmodic garrulity to silence maintained to the verge of gloom, filled him with strange thoughts, fears perhaps, but such as, side by side with others in his breast, drove him into reserved yet most expressive anxiety of waiting.

Waiting! And that was precisely the spirit that possessed Sydney too. A mental unsettlement, such as matches the physical disturbance which in the heavy haze of sultry noon prophesies "there must be tempest before night." An expectancy, whether of hope or dread, she knew not. She too waited, and, like Mr. Hurst, turned intuitively to Miss Jean as the mainspring of the next move, be it what it might.

For nigh ten days this lady was, as we have said, pronouncedly odd and out of sorts. Her clerical friend during that time gave them less of his company than heretofore. When he did appear there was a hesitancy in his manner of approaching his hostess, a studied effort to propitiate her brother, which Sydney would have preferred to his former demeanour, had it not roused suspicion of something it made her angry with Miss Jean to think of.

But then she least of any had right to be angry on that score. Sydney tamed her temper with that reflection pretty constantly, and exorcised fault-finding by setting herself to much about the house neglected by Miss Hurst in this disorganised interval.

She put the study-shelves in order, among other things, re-arranging the volumes more by sequence of subject than by size and shape, so that Mr. Hurst could

more readily have the limited pleasure of handling the companions of his happier years. While at this one morning he entered the room, and having heard what she was doing, and thanked her only by a smile, asked, "Would she undertake something else for him?—not

"You have changed your mind!" Sydney exclaimed; "I have seen the drawings. I am almost certain that I can etch them. You will begin another book!"

"Not at any price!" he answered brusquely—

"FOR ANSWER SHE FIXED THE BUDS IN THEIR PLACE" (*p.* 586).

very troublesome, he hoped, but he was afraid his sister might find it puzzling."

"Then puzzled she need not be, for I shall so gladly do it!" said Sydney, coming down from her steps. "What is it, Mr. Hurst?"

"To sort my manuscripts, such as they are, foreign and home. You will find a set of loose notes on Gothic buildings, and pencil sketches belonging to them. If you will place these in order they may be worth a trifle."

backing towards the door as Sydney joyfully advanced —"I merely want to sell these things as they are. A magazine writer might give a pound or two for them. I"—as though driven to say it—"I would not have asked your help, Miss Grey, if any one else could have done it for me."

"Oh, why not?" she returned, her brightness all evaporating. But to this Mr. Hurst only made indistinct response as to "trespassing too much," and

walked away, leaving Sydney to begin her assorting downcast and sad.

Mr. Babbington dined with them the next day. Before the meal he talked some while aside with his hostess, and presently at the table asked Mr. Hurst if he were intending to go to the Jervises on Friday: these being people who for a couple of summer months rusticated and fished at Perristone, a little higher up the river. Slight acquaintance, begun the previous year with Mr. Hurst, was followed up this season by invitation to dinner.

"For you only, Gilbert," Miss Hurst had commented on the note arrived that morning. "Mrs. Jervis is down, I understand, but they have not included me. Oh dear, no! Perhaps they have never noticed me. Or if they do know there is such a person, why, I'm only your elder sister. I have no position to make any one take account of me. Don't be offended at it, Gilbert. I'm not. I'm above being offended, though I can't help feeling it. You'll go?" But Mr. Hurst had told her, gently, to decline. He cared nothing whatever about it: and Miss Jean seemed gratified. Now she appeared to have altered. Answering for her brother—"Oh, he must certainly accept," she said; "to oblige me. Gilbert, you really, really must. Etiquette is nothing at all to me, so long as you get a pleasant evening."

"So I will call round and walk up with you," offered Mr. Babbington; but Mr. Hurst replying, "It brings you out of your road. I would rather make my way there alone"—"Then I will return with you, at any rate," persisted the clergyman, with a meaning glance at Miss Jean: "your sister will feel easier if you agree to that, I know." And Mr. Hurst acquiesced rather than combat such a trifle.

Seven o'clock on the day of this dining at Perristone found Sydney wandering from garden to drawing-room, intending to write there part at least of her letter to Jacob Cheene. Miss Hurst was cutting out jackets for the small Babbingtons in the study. Mr. Hurst she imagined gone, but there she was mistaken. Not due for another half-hour at his entertainers', he was standing on the hearth-rug, waiting before he started for the farewell inspection his sister had required; and Sydney halted on the window-step, letting her gaze, first of surprise, then of something more, rest on that tall well-built figure in English evening uniform. Another June evening, one year ago, another man so dressed she remembered vividly, and hung her head, as if for that wretched bubble of misdirected fancy she owed apology to the presence before her. He could not see that mantling shame, nor divine that secret self-reproach; but a keen sense of both bade her draw back, away from him. An instant and she would have been gone, but just too soon Miss Jean came hurrying in, one hand bandaged with a handkerchief.

"So you are ready, Gilbert! Or think you are. But, Miss Grey, would you very kindly give me the brush off the hall-stand? Thank you. Stretch your arm out, Gilbert. I hate a speck of dust on broadcloth, and of course you can't tell if it's there. Do you remember how I used to brush you in your schooldays when you never would stand still? Dear, dear! to think I have to do it now, and you—and everything—so different! But I never have repined. I don't mean to . even if—oh, Gilbert!"—breaking off to turn aside and wipe her eyes—"your poor old sister does like to see you as you are looking now! She is always ready to be proud of you! But come, you are not finished off yet. Mrs. Jervis is a bride, they tell me. You must go properly adorned. Where is a flower for your button-hole?"

"I want none, Jean. Let me be off. I shall be late."

"Not till you have a flower. Miss Grey, are those wild rose-buds you are wearing? They are lovely, anyhow. May we rob you of them?"

"No, Jean—no!"

"They are your own," said Sydney, unfastening them from her dress, "Davis had clipped them from the orchard hedge. I brought them in so that they should not die entirely neglected;" and she held the delicate cluster out.

Miss Hurst signed at her own disabled fingers.

"I cut them stupidly with my huge scissors. Will you be good enough to pin the flowers safely in? Oh, here comes Flossy for the jackets before they are ready! Gilbert, you have your hat? Now do enjoy yourself; and pray come back in good spirits. I—I—shall wait up for you."

Flossy was piping forth, "Miss Hurst!" in the hall. Flossy and her garments controlled the situation. Away Miss Hurst hurried. Shyly, reluctantly, Sydney took up the miniature nosegay.

"Have I to be decorated, then?" Mr. Hurst asked in a low voice, and for answer she fixed the buds in their place with wondrous speed, frightened at—herself.

Hardly a tithe of a minute her hands hovered about him; her soft skirt lay upon his foot. He could almost feel her breathing. Another second he could not have endured it. As thankless as when her song all but unmanned him, Gilbert Hurst took up his hat and went forth to keep his engagement.

"I shall take Flossy home if you will excuse my running away," said Miss Hurst, looking in some while after: "oh, I see you are writing. You will be glad to be left."

Sydney had just caught up her pen, guiltily conscious of an aimless fit of absence. Glad she was to be again left, but her letter was not finished, not even begun when, an hour later, in the twilight, Miss Hurst returned, nervous, tremulous, delightedly important.

"I have been too long, but I couldn't tear myself away from little Horace. He was crying for his father. Nothing would comfort him but my stopping till he fell asleep. Ah, it makes a woman very happy, Miss Grey, to have children fond of her; even—other people's!"

Then Miss Jean flitted away, smiling as she recalled the child's little warm hold upon her wrist. Presently back she came, suggesting—

"Don't let me keep you up longer than you like, Miss Grey. I want to talk to you very much, but I

think it must be to-morrow. Of course I shall sit up for my brother ; but you had best not wait."

"Are you sure the time will not seem long if you are alone?" Sydney asked, nothing loth though to escape a *tête-à-tête*.

"Oh! not in the least. I would rather you went —which sounds rude, but it only means I am not good company to-night. For—oh! Miss Grey, I must tell you this much—Mr. Babbington wants me to forget all these last years: to marry him now! He told me so three weeks ago. I have been distracted as to what was my duty. I told him yesterday I dare not answer for myself. Gilbert must decide. And he is going to talk to Gilbert as they come home. It does agitate me so. You won't mind my saying good night? I can—oh, dear!—I can tell you more to-morrow!"

How much more, and what would it be?

Sydney shook loose her heavy braids, wrapped her dark dressing-gown about her, and gathered herself up on the deep window-ledge in her bed-room, to ponder over that. Mutely she kept vexed vigil, while the outer world, that had sunk into shadow with the falling eve, re-woke to clear untinted shape beneath a full June moon. From beyond the far, dim hills ; touching the west woods' crests ; down the still, billow-like masses of full foliage ; to wreaths of mist about the meadows, the silver light had stolen before, through the perfect quiet, voices sounded nearing Wynstone. By the gate some minutes' monologue ensued, then an interchange of "good-nights," and Mr. Hurst re-entered the house to meet Miss Jean.

Well Sydney knew if arbitration were left to him what the issue of that conference would be. Acutely, as inarticulate sounds rose from the lower room to her open casement, imagination kept pace with the painful steps Gilbert Hurst must now be treading of self-renunciation to whatever point his sister's happiness demanded. For him, for his future, there was no one to plead: no one by to care! And she, an Alwyn, who ought most of any in the world to have helped him now, could do it less than the veriest stranger on earth. With a bitter flood of tears she buried her face in her hands, and feverishly struggled long to quell the useless torrent. When, throbbing and aching, she raised her head at last, the voices underneath had ceased. A footfall, Miss Jean's, traversed the lobby, and the hush of near midnight settled on the house.

Miss Jean's palpitations had long subsided into slumber, and still Sydney stood at her window, tormented by yearnings, passionate as futile, to furnish Gilbert Hurst—master, instructor to her as he had been, second thus only to Mr. Vaughan, clever as he was noble and worthy—to furnish him now with some haven from this last storm of homelessness that threatened him.

So earnestly she was thinking, looking starward, a movement below was unheeded. A figure from the house crossed the lawn, passed over the sloping meadow to the curve of the stream beside two drooping willows, then stood, a bare six inches from the foam-fringed eddying pool. There her eyes suddenly rested on it—took in the spot, the form. Something more subtle than instinct showed her the peril of that conjunction, and in that moment's awful fear she knew the truth. Gilbert Hurst's life was dearer to her than her own! Swift as thought, with soundless, slippered feet, she was down the stairs, out from the open window, over the grass, near, near, nearer to him : and not a whit too soon!

Bethink you, any who would condemn, how horribly close to mortal sin most men some time or other of their pilgrimage have been. How the strongest heart has had its hour of sickening weakness. How the lives of wellnigh all mortals know some era when sense and even faith are over-ridden by agony that seems incurable. Such, slow-gathering through months, culminated to-night in the hour when any world promised Gilbert Hurst more rest than this. In the white full light he stood, every pain-racked feature plain, one hand pressed hard upon his mouth. For one beat of the pulse he swayed ; another——

"*Wait patiently for Him: and—He shall give thee thy heart's desire.*"

Close to him now, she could not speak—she could not cry to him. Words of her own, her lips refused to frame. In that great crisis volition was all quenched. From a source beyond herself that strain, those syllables arose which laid the evil spirit tugging so hard for one more fainting soul. Gilbert Hurst turned, white as death, towards the notes which sounded like an angel's help.

"Why are you here?" he said hoarsely. "What brought you?"

"I saw you," she answered, panting, "so near the water, I was afraid for you."

"Afraid for him! Afraid for him!"—and had flown to his side thus, in her innocent bravery. Verily temptation had not done with him yet. He moved a step from the river.

"You need not be afraid for me now," he said: "go back," the cold words so warring with the fires in his breast, they rang out rough and harsh.

"Not without you," said Sydney: speak as he might, she would not leave him thus. "Mr. Hurst—do come!" she let her hand fall timidly on his shoulder; which of them was it who was trembling so? "Do come!" she repeated, and to that sweet imploring, that torture too dear to be denied, he yielded. Her light touch holding him in tender charge, silently they regained the house, a journey brief but never to be forgotten. A fitful night breeze swept her long hair across his hands as they were entering. He started aside as though the soft tress stung him.

"Go and sleep now, for I am safe enough, Miss Grey," he said, and strode up-stairs.

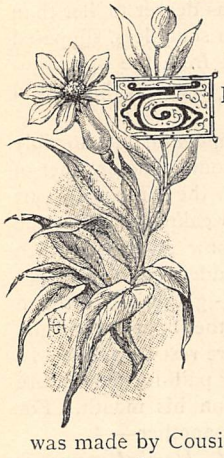
Alone she noiselessly barred the window, then as noiselessly crept back to her own room. But there strength suddenly discarded her. Upon her knees she fell beside her bed—thence sent one great entreating cry to Heaven—

"Safe! Of Thy mercy keep him safe. My love—my love!"

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

OUR CO-OPERATIVE PICNIC, AND HOW WE ARRANGED IT.

BY HENRY FRITH.



THE readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE have taken such a kindly interest in the co-operation initiated amongst the four friends and their acquaintance, that we are tempted to record a very successful picnic, which, proposed on the same principles, succeeded as admirably as the party-giving, the house-keeping, or the little holiday we have already narrated.

The suggestion for the picnic was made by Cousin Lucy to her sister.

"Let us have a water-party, Georgie. The river is charming, and it is such fun, watching the boats. Fred will row."

"Indeed, he will not," replied the captain. "My idea of true boating is to steer, while the boat is towed by a horse or man. No, Lucy, you need not reckon upon me as a pullist."

"Harry will pull, then," said Lucy calmly.

"I dare say he will for awhile," replied Cousin Georgie. "But he cannot pull *all* the boats!"

"We did think of having a Co-operative Picnic," said the captain; "so Harry will have assistance. We can borrow Jones's pony. Ask Jones and his sister, and their pony will be their contribution —eh?"

"Very well," replied Georgie, after a pause. "We may have three boats, I suppose, and boats cost money—even to hire. Here's Harry! More co-operation, Harry!"

"So I suppose," he replied. "Picnic? Well, if the weather holds like this, we can train to Taplow, go to Cliefden or Cookham, and have a splendid day."

"Railway travelling will cost more money," said Georgie, "unless we can obtain picnic or pleasure-party tickets."

"I think we can," said the captain. "Then as to boats——"

"We can manage them easily," said Harry. "Tom Allen has one, and Morris has another; all we have to do is to borrow them; ask the men, of course, first; and, no doubt, we shall manage splendidly. It's quite easy if you go about it in a business-like way."

"So far it seems easy enough; only first catch your hare," remarked the captain.

"Talking of hare," said Georgie, "how shall we manage concerning the luncheon?"

"Let each person bring something, of course," said Lucy. "Co-operation is no co-operation otherwise."

"I think we can do better than that. Every one will want to bring tarts, or cold boiled beef, or sandwiches. At the last picnic I went to—before I was married, my dear—there were three legs of lamb, no salad, and several currant tarts," said Harry; "now these are all nice things, but——"

"Bad management," said the captain. "Let us decide who is to bring what; and when our party is complete, let each person bring his hamper or bag—"

"Yes, and fill the boats with luggage!" remarked Harry. No; my idea is this. Let us ask twenty people, or rather sixteen besides ourselves. Then Fred, being a universal genius, will go down to Ray Mead, and contract there, or at Maidenhead, with a confectioner, to supply luncheon at half-a-crown a-head: uneaten viands to be returned. The contractor will carry the hampers to the lock, where we will ship them without any trouble or——"

"Hampering ourselves," remarked the captain.

"Precisely," continued Cousin Harry. "Soda-water and such things can be procured at the hotel, or supplied by contract. We can get a hamper of mineral waters at three-halfpence a bottle from the manufacturer: bottles to be returned."

"We will try, at any rate," said the quartette. "Let us divide the labour."

So the captain went to make the contract with the confectioner, and after some bargaining succeeded in procuring an extensive and varied repast at three shillings a head; all viands included. Tea was taken by the ladies, and a can of milk procured at Maidenhead was extra. Cost, three pounds ten shillings.

Morris and Allen not only brought their boats, but they also stirred up Jones, whose sister was a splendid hand at cakes; she made three, and her cousin carried a perfect arrangement of cruets in a small dressing-bag —utilised for the occasion—and, as no one had thought of condiments, this contribution was appreciated.

The pony came, and Jones rode him. Then an amendment was voted in favour of embarking at Staines, where Jones lived. This had another advantage, for the boats were at Weybridge; so, on the morning of the eventful day, Morris and Allen towed and steered them up in turn. Second-class cheap tickets (return) were taken to Staines by the London contingent.

At the riverside, a friend of Jones and Cousin Harry's was discovered. He had a skiff, and being a performer on the banjo he was at once invited, boat and all. He consented; fetched his banjo; and by half-past ten the whole party had started, the pony behaving beautifully so far as Old Windsor Lock.

There he stopped. No efforts of Jones nor the application of a stick could persuade this recalcitrant animal to proceed. But when Miss Jones, a very pretty girl too, disembarked with a huge slice of cake in her hand, the pony got into a better frame of mind, and proceeded for awhile under the blandishments of Miss Jones, who was obliged to walk.

"MISS JONES STEERED LAZILY DOWN" (*p.* 590).

Suddenly Jones's friend, who had been accidentally discovered at Staines, evinced a desire for walking. So he landed, and with Miss Jones attended (more or less) to the pony. I say "more or less," but it was decidedly less, judging from appearances; for Mr. Prior—that was his name—was much engaged with Miss Jones, and I verily believe, had any one proposed that he and she should tow the boats, with a boat-hook held between the pair, neither of the pedestrians would have objected, and the pony least of all!

Windsor was reached and passed. Then Surley Hall, where a libation was decorously offered to the river-god in memory of merry days when Eton lads came up to meet some older lads who pulled from Cookham, down. Then Monkey Island, past which and the late Amaden Bank Hotel, with the shades of Franklin and his charming grand-daughter watching us, the pony had to pull hard.

"Do you remember Mary?" asked some one, "and old Franklin and his family?" Remember them? Yes, indeed!

Then the Bray poplars and Maidenhead; and now expectation was raised to a fine summer heat. Suppose the confectioner had proved unworthy of ready money, not credit! Suppose the pickled salmon, after its kind, and with the disdain which is inherent in all pickled salmons, had flirted with the cherry tart, and finally allied itself with the cream! Suppose the beef had entered into an alliance (offensive) with the cheese-cakes and a lobster, which afterwards gave rise to suspicions! Suppose——!

"There's the cart! No," said the captain, "that is not our man. We must go on."

We proceeded, still expectant, leaving Miss Jones and Mr. Prior on the bank to wait. Really the self-denial of these young people deserved all the praise it received! The boats passed the deep Boulter's Lock, and emerged by the weir under Cliefden Woods. There were the man, and the cart, and two flat hampers! Hurrah!

He had sensibly carried them to a convenient place of embarkation. Cousin Harry hurried off to bring up the truants, and found them sitting on the lock-gate, calmly discussing, and at times quoting, Tennyson, quite oblivious of hampers. But they rejoined us, and then we pulled across the river, having left the pony at Ray Mead.

The opening of the hampers is a subject for an epic, but we refrain from quoting the poem on the occasion. Suffice it to say that the confectioner had, as Miss Howarth said, "behaved sweetly." He had done all that a baker could do, and nothing was underdone either.

We all ate, drank, and were merry. The whole afternoon was a series of pleasant "quarters of an hour," and when, after luncheon, some one proposed a stroll, and left the married ones to make tea, I really believe the young people enjoyed themselves. To Cousin Harry and the captain—who remained with their spouses and lolled lazily in the boat—it was a matter of much speculation as to the matches being made; and when the various pairs had returned, looking so happy, and brimming with innocent fun and laughter, we felt pleased to think that the co-operative system was likely to be extended in other directions.

The handy youthful matrons had by this time packed up the hampers, and made some delicious tea. The sun was descending, and Staines was afar off; so after tea we reluctantly re-arranged the boats, and pulled gently—very gently—in the soft evening light amid the shadows of the trees reflected in the glassy water, to the lock.

Mr. Prior, with a finesse which did him credit, managed to get into a boat alone with Miss Jones, who steered him lazily down-stream through the weeds behind all the other boats. Oh, Mr. Prior! was it *quite* "accidental," that meeting at Staines? But this is by the way.

We returned our hampers, and found the pony ready. There was not much time to lose, but Morris rode the animal to Maidenhead Bridge, crossing which he met us on the tow-path, and rattled us down to Bray and Surley Hall in splendid style. Windsor, all white in the twilight, was again passed, and then, by common consent, the pony was "cast off." Morris volunteered to lead him, and Miss Howarth (to her credit be it said) went, at his urgent request, to bear him company on the bank.

We in the boats floated down past Magna Charta Island and Ankerwyke. Cooper's Hill was smiling on us, and giving back some echoes of Lucy's clear contralto. Then Mr. Prior got his banjo, and kept us so amused that we ran aground while laughing at him. The pair on the bank said the tunes "sounded much better where they were!" How could they tell? Staines was reached again in time for the last train to London, and as the party disintegrated at the station, each and all declared they had had "a lovely day."

"Well," said Cousin Harry, as the train started, "what do you think of the Co-operative Picnic?"

"Went off beautifully," said Lucy; "I think the idea of procuring the lunch by contract is ever so much better than requiring each one to bring something. Trouble is saved in many ways——"

"As well as time and expense," continued the captain. "Our three-shilling lunch; five shillings to the man for bringing it and taking it away; our railway tickets at three shillings each—come to what, Georgie?"

"Let me see," said Georgie. "Oh, yes—luncheons and cartage, &c. &c., three pounds fifteen; sixteen railway tickets at three shillings—two pounds eight; that makes six pounds three; and I am sure we had lunch enough for three or four more people."

"Then the locks, and the pony?" said Lucy.

"Locks, about eighteenpence; Jones paid the pony's feed. Of course you have not counted him and his sister, nor Allen, Prior, and Morris, in the railway tickets, Georgie?" said Cousin Harry.

"No," she replied; "but we must, or certainly should, take their shares of the lunch. They provided the boats, you know, and brought some useful things."

This was agreed to. The money expenses therefore of our paying friends amounted to seven shillings and sixpence a head. For this they had a charming River Picnic, an excellent luncheon, congenial society, and bright weather. Our own shares were somewhat higher, but we were fully repaid by the complete success of our first, but not last, nor least, Co-operative Picnic.

WHY SHOULD A GIRL GO TO COLLEGE?

BY A STUDENT OF SOMERVILLE HALL, OXFORD.

WHY should a girl go to college? Why should a girl enter into a course of University training in the important years immediately succeeding school life, instead of learning at home how to sew, and mend socks, and cook, and prepare for her own possible future household? What other good will college do but to make her a walking encyclopædia, a literary machine? Will it not take all her womanly nature away?" Such and similar questions do I hear asked by very many parents even in these latter days of the nineteenth century—these days of higher education and of woman's rights.

They protest against University life for their girls without having any definite knowledge of the training it gives. Such a thing may be suitable for great geniuses, they argue—for girls who are "odd" and "bookish," or who have a decided special bent; but as for ordinary daughters—intelligent, but with no special gifts—a college course for *them* is out of the question—nay, ridiculous.

To those of my readers who hold these views I would specially address myself, and ask them to listen to a few definite points about girls' college training which they may not have considered.

College life is generally entered upon immediately after leaving school, and occupies the two or three succeeding years. It is, therefore, taken up in one of the most important periods of a girl's life—the period of domestic training. This being so, let us see what it gives in place of home influence.

College education may be looked at under three aspects: it is a *moral*, an *intellectual*, and a *social* training. Its second side—the intellectual—is generally brought forward so strongly as almost to hide the moral and social sides; but it seems to me that the last two are quite as important, if not more so than the literary side; and it is about them I wish to speak.

There is a strong *moral* influence at work in a girl's college life. A girl is taught three things: first, she learns to *think;* secondly, she learns concentration of will and purpose; thirdly, she learns the answer to the question—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

As to the first—the *thinking*. What can be more important in these days? I believe it is the want of time for thinking that makes so many girls' lives a failure now. We do not want to bring the *vita contemplativa* in place of the *vita activa* in this nineteenth century; it was a system that had its day, and died a natural death; but we *do* want a little more downright hard thinking (not morbid self-analysis) about life and its realities. This college life brings with it. A girl at school is too young and too busy to have leisure for thinking; and her ideas are generally reproductions of her parents' at home. At college, on the other hand, she is thrown on her own resources; she has to form her own opinions on all the social topics afloat at the time; she hears questions discussed from all sides, and viewed in all lights; she is called upon to speak her own views; and thus she is made to think with calm judgment, and to act with cool reason.

She is taught to think, too, of the needs of society around her, of its wants and miseries; of the value and use of money; finally, of herself and her place in the world.

Secondly, as to the concentration of will and purpose. The literary work done at college affords moral training in this respect.

A girl has a certain study placed before her, on which she must concentrate all her energies. She has to plough steadily through a certain number of books, and to work regularly for some hours—not skipping here and there, according to fancy.

This literary concentration has an inevitable effect on a girl's moral nature. It produces a corresponding unity of purpose and will; she cannot live in a desultory way; there will be, henceforth, some idea, at least, of the beauty of a life concentrated on one high aim, and with one great ideal in view. Is not the doing of this a very great work? And there is nothing, I believe, so much as college life that does implant this root of concentration. But I spoke of a third lesson in morals that University training teaches a girl—viz., the answering of the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

When a girl enters a college she finds herself in a small world, full of people with all shades of character and disposition. No ties of blood bind her to them; she knows nothing of their various tastes, nor they of hers. Living closely together for several weeks, she has daily opportunities of seeing this question rise before her fellows and before herself, and she sees how it is, and ever must be, answered, if the world is to jog on at all peaceably.

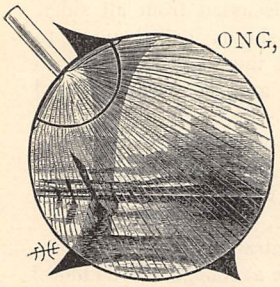
She sees how perfectly dependent human creatures are on one another, however much they may protest to the contrary; how each one must bear their neighbour's burden, if there is to be comfort; and, lastly, how the world is really kept together by the greatest of all virtues—charity. Thus she learns self-sacrifice.

There is little more to say. No one can deny, if they know anything at all about it, that the *social* training of college life is very great indeed. The mixing together of students of different ages has a wonderfully good effect: the younger gaining by the experience of the elder, and the latter by the energy and ardour of the former. The joining in the social amusements of a college takes a girl out of herself, and gives her a confidence and ease most valuable when she leaves college to enter into society.

In conclusion, let me say that in thus urging a University training for girls in suitable cases, I would, of course, except it for those who have any pressing home claims. For them college life is out of the question, and should be resolutely laid aside. Duty—"stern daughter of the voice of God"—forbids them to take it up.

SOME FRIENDLY HINTS ABOUT THE HAIR.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



ONG, long ago—a hundred years ago, so it *feels* to me, though I dare say it is not more than ten—I, your Family Doctor, wrote a paper in this Family Magazine, called "Beautiful Hair: How to Get and Retain it." I have not the article before me; the title, at all events, is a taking one, and I doubt not I gave many useful hints under it. Yet I am perfectly willing to confess that I was, as a writer, less practical and more diffusive in those distant days than I am now. We live in an age of condensation and practicability, and every one who would succeed must follow the fashion

That, then, is my apology for returning to the subject of hair, one which I feel sure has an interest for all, whether old or young; for beauty and abundance of hair is an adornment to the latter, just as the silvery locks are or ought to be the glory of the aged.

There is much more in health of hair than most people imagine. Simply speaking, on the one hand, the hair cannot be in health if the body be not so; and, on the other, an unhealthy scalp may positively produce grievous bodily ailments; at least, I believe so; and I would adduce only one proof of this. Think you not, then, that if the skin of the head be not wholesome, and every duct, whether sebaceous or perspiratory, acting well, headaches may occur, or a dull and hot feeling of the brain? You can conceive this to be true readily enough. Well, the brain acts, for good or for evil, constantly upon the stomach and organs of digestion, and on these latter depends the whole economy of the system, and the proper nutrition of bone, muscle, and nerve as well.

Remember when I say "hair" I do not mean only the visible portion of that appendage, but its roots as well, and the glands that lubricate the whole.

It would take much more space than I have at my command at present to describe the anatomy and growth of the hair. I may, however, state briefly a few facts concerning it.

1. Each hair, then, grows from the bottom of a minute sac or depression in the three layers of the skin—a kind of bottle-shaped cavity.

2. Each hair is composed of three layers, corresponding to those of the skin; first an outer, made up of scales or cells, arranged like the tiles on a house, the free ends being turned towards the point of the hair, so that the hair is, as all know, more easily smoothed one way than another. Secondly, a middle layer, called the cortical portion, and this is the chief substance of the hair, and it is this which splits in some ailments. Lastly and internally is the pith, not present in all hairs, though it probably ought to be. This pith consists simply of rows of large cells that line the cortical portion.

3. The colour of the hair depends upon a pigment which is found in the middle or cortical layer. This pigment is found both fluid and solid in the cells, and the intensity of colour, say of black and brown hair, depends upon the amount of this pigment more than its actual colour.

4. The bottle-shaped depression from the bottom of which the hair grows is called the hair-sac, and its depth corresponds with the length of the hair which is to grow therefrom; sometimes therefore the sac of a short hair will be only through the outer skin layer, while that of a long hair will be quite deep. The axis of each sac is at an acute angle; thus the hair is enabled to lie flat. If it were perpendicular, the hair would stand up. That it does so under great fear or excitement we all know. This is caused by a nervous tightening up of the skin. It is constantly seen on the backs of dogs and cats when they are enraged.

5. The hair grows from—is set on to, I might say—a little cone called the *matrix*, and this cone is fed from the blood, and in its turn feeds the hair and enables it to grow.

6. The natural gloss of the hair depends upon a secretion which is poured into the sac from two little glands called sebaceous, which secrete an oily juice. Washing the hair with hard alkaline soap entirely destroys this secretion and cannot but injure the hair.

This is all I need say at present about the anatomy of the hair.

A few words about the growth of the hair may be interesting.

The average length of the hair of ladies is, according to Dr. Pincus, of Berlin, somewhat over twenty-two inches, and it is exceptional to find it thirty inches long.

A hair can only grow a certain length, then it ceases, and in time is pushed off or thrown out, so to speak, just as the old leaves fall in autumn. The average age of hair is from two to five years or more, and it increases in length more quickly at first.

It is the generally received opinion that cutting the hair increases its growing power, but experiment in the hands of reliable authorities does not seem to bear this out.

Another erroneous opinion connected with the growth of hair should here be noticed. Ladies losing their hair, owing perhaps to weak health, sometimes tell me that it is coming out "in handfuls," and that it is coming out "by the roots," or "roots and all." The fact is, they notice at the end of the hair the bulb. But this is not the root, but the enlarged end on which it is set upon the nutrient cone or *matrix* before mentioned. This *matrix* is the real root, this it is which feeds the growing hair, and this it is which produces the new or young hair when the old one falls off.

But this *matrix* may become feeble and weak, or become entirely obliterated.

"Every hair," says Dr. Pincus, "that falls must have a root-knob" (bulb), and, as a rule, I may make the comforting statement that the stronger the root-knob, the greater is the hope of a good substitute.

Well, there is normal loss of hair, just as there is the normal fall of leaves from trees in autumn, and this in health is continually taking place.

When the hair that falls out has attained its usual length, there is little or no desquamation of the scalp; there is correspondingly little reason to be alarmed; but when the hairs that come away in brush and comb have point and "root" and are short, it indicates a serious loss of hair, more especially if the colour of it is also becoming enfeebled.

The ailments of the hair, and this of course includes the scalp, are either of an acute or chronic nature. The acute are more easily diagnosed by the sufferer himself or herself. There may or may not be any actual skin disease, but in any case a medical man should be consulted.

Meanwhile the nervous system should be kept as quiet as possible.

I need only remind the reader how much the mind and brain act on the growth and colour of the hair, as proved by the fact that great mental excitement may result in entire baldness within a very few months, and that several well-authenticated cases of the hair turning grey in a single night or single hour can be adduced:

> "My hair is grey, but not with years,
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night
> As men's have grown with sudden fears."

Poor Marie Antoinette! We all know her sad story. Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of sudden greyness, is that told by a physician concerning a young man of thirty. He had been walking on the quay at Rotterdam, when he noticed a crowd assembled calling loudly for help. A child was in the water. Being a powerful swimmer, he dived in and brought it to bank, *dead*. And the child *was his own*. At that moment his hair turned white.

Well, we learn from this how strong is the nervous action over the hair and scalp.

Avoid mental worry, then, in all cases of acute trouble of the hair. Be most temperate in living, in both eating and drinking. Use a comb and use it gently, but do not let the brush be too hard.

It has been recommended in the cases where there is much irritation to apply at night lukewarm olive oil, and to wash the scalp next morning with lukewarm water and soap. This last should be of the mildest description.

Now instead of treating in this paper on any particular diseases of the hair, I believe I can do more good by concluding with general advice about hair which is "not thriving," to use a simple phrase.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that the peculiar constitution of the hair is inherited. We notice that baldness—premature—runs in families, and so it is of the reverse condition, some men and women retaining quite a luxuriance of hair up to old age.

Still one ought to make the very best of the hair in one's possession.

The weaker and softer the hair is, the more carefully should it be treated. Children with soft, fine hair are probably more troubled with irritable scalps than others, and I desire to impress upon mothers the fact that if these are not treated immediately on their appearance, weakness of the hair is to be looked for in future, and even premature baldness.

But no great amount of hard brushing can be tolerated by the scalps of young people. It ought to be better known that treatment on this rough principle, though it may stimulate the skin and the consequent growth of hair for a time, soon does more harm than good, for the scalp becomes weak, and the hair gets shorter, thinner, and falls off.

Use therefore a soft brush, ladies, and youths of both sexes. But if you have very strong hair, then the brush may be correspondingly rougher.

Should oil be used? Probably a waxy pomatum is best, but even this should be used most sparingly. Really, in my humble opinion, the hair, to be healthy, requires fresh air and sunlight as much as does any growing plant, and all know what the result would be if a tree's bark were completely coated with any stiff paste. When oils or pomatums are used, care should be taken that they are quite fresh. Never make or buy any large quantities at a time therefore, and let the perfume with which it is mixed be of the simplest kind.

Hair that is oiled must be more frequently washed—say, once a week. Use the best and mildest soap, or lukewarm water and yolks of new-laid eggs, and dry carefully with a soft towel.

This washing is best done at night, so as to avoid a chill afterwards.

Ladies' hair to be kept in health should be carefully brushed and combed every night, and arranged loosely in a net. As to head-dresses for night use, every one must use her or his own judgment. I believe in keeping the head cool, and the sleep is often more refreshing when nothing is worn.

Splitting of the hair at the ends is caused by over-dryness and improper nourishment, and in reality points to a feeble state of constitution. Use some tonic, such as iron and quinine, or cod-liver oil with malt extract. Live well, take plenty of exercise, the morning bath, and use in this case hair oil.

It is worthy of remark that the first sign of failing hair-growth in ladies is the falling off of *short* hairs. Take the trouble to measure the combings: if a quarter of these are less than six inches long, something is wrong. Attention must be paid at once to the general health. Some change in that must be made, and cooling medicines and tonics taken.

As to local treatment, nothing is better than rubbing in a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda in distilled water three times a week; on the alternate days use a little oil: this for many months. Be careful to dry the hair with a soft cloth, else the colour may slightly change.

Brief and imperfect though these hints are, I sincerely hope many persons may be benefited thereby. The subject is a very extensive one, and difficult to condense.

One word in conclusion: beware of quack remedies, and trust as much to health of system as anything else to keep the hair beautiful.

CURIOSITIES OF LOSING AND FINDING.

"Losing is seeking—Finding is keeping."

WHETHER this old couplet can be classed under the title of "proverbial folk-lore" or not, I am not prepared to say; but, used as it was used in my school-days, it had all the force of an oracle. Many is the time that I have known a transfer of property effected under its authority. One boy had lost his knife or top; another (and stronger) boy had found it; the mystic formula was pronounced, and the transfer was complete—not, let us hope, without one healthy result: that of making the loser more careful for the future.

And, indeed, there is something fateful and solemn about the saying. It appeals to our common experience, and expresses briefly some of our deepest feelings. Spoken of our most precious possessions, it tells the story of many a life.

Of losings there are more sorts than one. Those which result from carelessness are vexatious, but those which result from over-carefulness are more vexatious still. To spend hours in searching for that which one has elaborately concealed in some forgotten nook; or, in the agonies of that modern torture known as a "spring-clean," to miss a wanted paper from that corner of the study-table on which one had placed it; or to have one's sanctum of ordered disorder invaded by the demon of tidiness: these are the things to test one's self-control, if not to shorten life and turn the hair grey. Over-carefulness causes loss of many things, and of time also.

But a little care and a wholesome order are great time-savers and strength-savers. Shelves kept for certain books, pigeon-holes for certain papers, cupboards for certain properties, days and hours for certain occupations: the man who so orders his life will do more, and do it better, than a much stronger man who is disorderly and irregular. It is Adolphe Monod who on his death-bed utters a most solemn warning on this head; and I am quite sure that I myself could do ever so much more than at present were I only more methodical.

Lost often means mislaid, and mislaid only for a while. Whether it is worth while at once and diligently to seek for what is lost will depend, of course, upon the value of the object. But it is wonderful what a little system and perseverance in seeking will do.

Not long ago I was in a certain company, of which one member amused the rest by telling stories of seekers finding; and some of these may well interest a larger circle than that there gathered.

"Two of my brothers," said the story-teller, "were walking in Switzerland, and on arriving one evening at their halting-place, the elder, who was also purse-bearer, found that his pocket-book, containing some sixty pounds, was missing. The money was in circular notes, not easy of negotiation; and a companion in travel, a German, whose acquaintance they had made on the way, at once offered to lend them any sum they might require, so that the inconvenience promised to be only temporary.

"But for all that, they did not like the idea of losing the pocket-book, to say nothing of its contents, and they determined to seek for it. It was now dark, and a slight rain was falling; but nothing daunted, they set out with a guide and good lantern, along the mountain road. Some five miles they plodded, scanning the ground the whole way, until they came to where they remembered having taken off their coats to lay them on the mule's back with the rest of their baggage. Just there they found an envelope addressed to one of themselves, which quickened their search; and in another minute the rays of the lantern revealed the pocket-book, lost no longer, nor to be lost again. It was sodden a little with the rain, but the notes were safe; and their return to the inn brought them greater triumph than their departure on such a wild goose chase—as their search expedition was deemed—had given them shame."

Quite in keeping with this was the conduct of another member of the same family, who, having lost a pocket-compass, a tiny trinket, in the Peak Cavern, went in search of it the next day, and found it several hundred yards from the entrance. Party after party had explored the cavern between the losing and the seeking: the cavern path is wet, and muddy, and narrow: the chances against finding the trinket were "all Lombard Street to a China orange," and yet the lost was found.

Even more remarkable, as it seems to me, was the story told by the same talker (a parson, by the way) of a lady of his acquaintance, who, being with her family at Hayling Island, lost a very valuable cameo brooch. She and her children searched high and low for it, but found it not; and vexed, if not saddened, at the loss of that which was a present from a dear friend, the erst possessor of the brooch returned home. When, the next year, the summer question was mooted in family council: "Where shall we go this year?"—the answer was again given in favour of Hayling Island. The first morning after their arrival, when mother and children reached the beach, almost the first discovery was that of the so-called "lost" brooch. Among the pebbles, above high-water mark, the jewel had rested, unharmed by winter storm or summer sun. If losing was seeking, finding has been keeping; for to this hour that cameo can be seen in possession of her to whom it was first given, fresh from the skilful hands of the Roman workman. Articles of jewellery, of course, are generally small, and therefore the more easily lost.

"A friend of mine," the talker told us, "sleeping for one night in a hotel, stuck his diamond breast-pin into the bed-curtain, rose hurriedly to catch an early train, and left it there. He hardly liked to trust the honesty of the chamber-maid, and left his loss untold. He spent a twelvemonth or more at Malta with his regiment; and, returning on furlough, went to the same hotel, asked for the same room, and found his breast-pin where he had left it." That does not say much for the cleanliness of the hotel, I hear some one saying. Perhaps it does not, but it says something for the sharpness of the pin-wearer. There was wit as well as luck in his method.

Here is a story of pure luck. A lady, a spectacle-wearer, went shopping in the West End. On putting her hand in her pocket for her "eyes," preparatory to choosing a dress, she missed them. Her husband, who professed to know her ways, was sure that she had never brought them. She was as sure that she had. He was rightly punished for his injustice by having to bear, unaided and alone, the responsibility of the choice of colour and material. The choice made, he went on his way to the City, the wife on hers to her home. Of frugal mind, she chose an omnibus as her mode of conveyance, and sitting meditative, as the vehicle bore her homewards, she fancied she recognised it as the same which had carried her townwards. She searched the straw at her feet, and found her spectacles, unbroken.

If losing be seeking—and to prove the use of seeking for that which is lost has been the object of this paper—there is not seldom a finding without a seeking. Of such finding take this as an illustration. (You will please to observe that it is still the clergyman who is talking.)

"A friend of mine went into a hosier's in Bristol to buy a pair of driving gloves. Selecting a pair which he thought likely to suit him, he asked, and was granted, permission to try them on. He tried them on, bought and paid for them, and then asked the tradesman whether he had ever had complaint made to him of the loss of a ring in his shop. The fact being that the little finger of the buyer's left hand had now upon it such a ring, which it had unwittingly withdrawn from the recesses of the glove, and which, doubtless, had been left there by some former would-be purchaser. The shopman, however, answered that no such complaint had been made; and the purchaser of the gloves left the shop with the ring in his possession, leaving behind him his name and address, in case the loser of the ring should ever turn up."

Somewhat like this was the loss sustained by an officer in St. Helena. He missed his ring, and searched for it high and low, but found it not. Suspicion fell upon his batsman, or soldier servant; but there was nothing to justify it, and in the end the man was cleared; for on being ordered home the officer turned out his drawers, and, throwing many things away, was surprised to hear an old kid glove strike sharply on the floor. He picked it up, and there, in its little finger, was the missing ring.

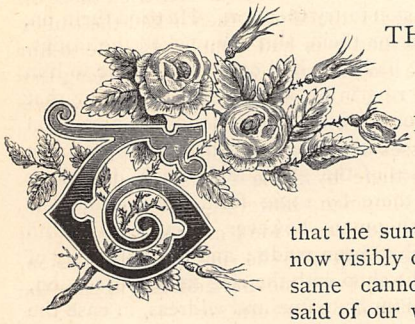
The suspicion which often falls on innocent people when valuables are lost is one, possibly the worst, part of a loss. Some fifty years ago a lady sat in her room with her child on her lap. Clutching as children do at anything, the child gave a sharp jerk to the long gold chain which the lady wore, and broke it. The chain fell to the floor, but was picked up, and taken to the jeweller's to be mended. When brought back it was considerably shorter than before, and its owner went at once to the jeweller to complain. He, worthy tradesman, was indignant at the bare thought of dishonesty being imputed even to his workmen, and per-

mitted himself the use of some very forcible language in his repudiation of the charge. The owner of the chain could not maintain the charge, but she felt, all the same, that she was being robbed. Years had passed away, and the family had emigrated to America, when the servant one day brought to her mistress a piece of gold chain which she had shaken from a long-haired mat. The chain had been snapped in two places, not only in one as had been supposed, and the wearer had picked up only the longer portion. The shorter piece had got entwined in the mat, and remained there for a dozen years.

No great harm was done in this case, but in another of which I am cognisant, the mischief was irreparable. At a sale which took place on the death of the rector of a parish near Chester, a piano was knocked down to a tradesman of the city. On being tuned and repaired, two costly rings were found beneath the keyboard. The finder communicated with the rector's widow, when the following sad story came to light. Eleven years before, a lady staying at the Rectory had lost these very rings. She had evidently taken them off while playing, and laid them on the piano, and they had then somehow slipped in under the keys. Suspicion, however, had fallen upon a maid then in the service of the family, and she was sent home. Her father, a small farmer, was terribly upset at the disgrace which had fallen upon his name and family, and refused to receive her. The poor girl went away from the neighbourhood; in fact, she disappeared. On the finding of the rings, every endeavour was made to find her, but in vain. Advertisements were even inserted in the public newspapers, promising her a considerable annuity, but with no result. Unjustly suspected, she had hidden herself from all her former belongings, and was never heard of again. And who can wonder if she sank beneath the weight of a lost character?—who can blame her if her thoughts of her employers and of their class were hard and bitter?

Who can hear such a story without a resolve never lightly to harbour suspicion? It is surely more likely that I should be mistaken than that my neighbour, however poor, should steal. My neighbour's character is, at the least, more precious than the costliest trinket ever made.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.



THOUGH we say, with a certain degree of sadness, that the summer flowers are now visibly on the wane, the same cannot certainly be said of our work in the garden this month. For, in addition to the carrying on of our fruit harvest and our general garden routine, we find ourselves towards the end of September commencing what we will call our annual garden change: namely, stripping our borders to a great extent of many of their flowers, and stocking our greenhouse for the winter. And further, we find it occasionally necessary, when this is done, to undertake a yet more laborious garden change, and one perhaps that we have been intending to carry out for some time past as soon as the season for it came round. Of these two changes, then, we shall first of all have something to say this September.

Now, it may have happened that, from pressure of work in August, we were compelled to postpone the taking of cuttings from our open beds until the present time. If so, not a day longer should this operation be put off, as should—what occasionally occurs—a gloomy and semi-wintry September set in, your young cuttings will not root so readily, or will very likely afterwards damp off and fail altogether. It is better, therefore, to have your stock taken not later than by the end of August. And then, again, it may be borne in mind that a large variety of our bedding-out plants—or rather, cuttings from them—can be preserved without all the nursery care of greenhouse temperature. Calceolarias, petunias, verbenas, and many fuchsias, for example, will do well in an ordinary pit; or we have seen many such plants preserved in this way: the young cuttings are planted out under the protection of a rickety and worn-out cucumber frame, care of course being taken to place it in a good sheltered situation, while in a period of intense frost any pieces of carpet, or some sort of additional protection, could easily be thrown upon the glass. In taking cuttings, use plenty of sand; four or five geranium cuttings can readily be stowed into one large flower-pot. But avoid getting over-stocked at this time of the year, for there is a great temptation just now to multiply our stock of any particular favourite. In filling the greenhouse then at this time, see that your tenderest plants are placed as nearly as possible in the warmest places: have the tallest plants and those that want most light on your middle and top stands, and the whole stock of cuttings in one place together, where you can most easily manipulate them. Camellias, as much as anything, can do without artificial heat: they merely want protection from frost, while the constant proximity or a sudden exposure to much fire-heat will make them cast their buds: a very annoying, but by no means uncommon catastrophe, to which under these circumstances you are liable between the present month and January. Nor must we, when speaking of our annual garden change, neglect to

say something of our now half-stripped flower-beds. As soon as our cuttings are taken and our large geraniums cut down for the purpose of endeavouring to preserve the old parent plants, say, under the stand of our greenhouse, we may turn our attention to the beds themselves. In sheltered situations, then, we leave a few of our hardiest plants to bloom a little longer where they are, and among these, and those of the perennial class, which of course we do not disturb, we towards the end of the month set in our spring bulbs, and at intervals also plunge in a few dwarf evergreens in pots, to relieve the otherwise dreary appearance of our flower-beds.

It is about Michaelmas, however, that we now and then find it necessary to undertake some radical and more arduous garden changes. These we never commence until the sap is down, as the risk of moving such things as valuable shrubs at other times is certainly great.

We begin then by marking out, say, the edge of a newly-proposed gravel walk, or the margin of our new shrubbery or flower-bed, our whole design having of course, some time beforehand, been sketched upon paper, or else clearly planned in our mind's eye. As far, however, as concerns the moving of evergreens, no harm will accrue if they are moved a little on in the year, provided there be no frost about. The outline of our designs being marked out, then, the next thing is to trench as deeply as the soil will allow of it all those parts of your ground to be used as beds, or that are to be set out as a shrubbery. All this is certainly better done in dry weather.

Now, in taking up a shrub, great care is necessary to avoid damaging the fibrous roots as far as possible. Where, however, a few roots have been at all damaged, it is best then to remove with the clean and sharp cut of your garden knife all ragged ends and broken or bruised pieces, and at the same time also cut away a proportionate amount of the head of your plant, to balance, as it were, the loss of the roots.

And next, dig your hole large enough to take in your shrub or plant with its fibrous roots all *spread out;* while instead of having the hole deepest in the centre—a very common error—contrive to have a little cone of loosened and pulverised earth in the middle. Do not plant too deep, but see that the collar of your plant in its new position is as nearly as possible where it was in its original situation, or if there be any difference, let your shrub be higher rather than lower, nothing being so injurious as deep or over-deep planting. In the act of planting, hold the plant in its proper position, and carefully spread out the roots. As you throw in the mould, gently move the head of the plant in every direction, so as to facilitate the soil settling well among the roots; lastly, keeping your plant steady in one position, tread gently and gradually the soil in all round. And in these changes, pay particular attention to the height to which various shrubs and trees generally grow, as well as to the pace at which they grow. Firs, for instance, are rapid growers, as also are laurels, but cedars and hollies are slow growers. Rhododendrons look well in the foreground, and almonds, large thorns, laburnum, or guelder roses go well at the back, whereas to place any of these in front would be absurd. Or again, the barberry, for instance, from its terrible spines, makes an admirable hedge shrub: we do not by this propose an entire barberry hedge, but at all events it is sometimes useful as a stop-gap, in addition to the use of its fruit as a preserve, although perhaps it is not a very popular favourite. A sandy soil is best adapted for its culture.

In our flower garden, however, among the last of the more brilliant blooms that remind us that summer is on the wane, is the dahlia. And in August and September they are in their perfection. For brilliancy of colouring nothing surpasses the single dahlia. Formerly, anything single was more or less despised in the flower garden; but the single dahlia is still very popular. It prefers a well-manured soil. One of the great hindrances to the development of good blooms of course is our old enemy the ear-wig, about whose depredations in this department of horticulture so much has been said. One suggestion among others that has been named to ward off this implacable foe is that of daubing some cotton with tar, and then tying it round the stem of the plant. One earwig destroyed early in the season is worth many destroyed later on; and in this respect it resembles the wasp, which just now is busy over our plums and wall fruit.

To flower dahlias in pots, they should at first be struck in sixty-sized pots, and afterwards removed to the next larger size, placing them, when they can well stand all the air, in plenty of sun, and giving them plenty of water: when next shifted into thirty-two-sized pots, plant them low down, and they will then flower well.

In our kitchen garden, onions not yet harvested should be got in, after being allowed in dry weather to lie for awhile on the surface of the ground before storing them away in a dry and cool place. The celery also will require careful earthing up: young plants of this, however, may yet be planted out in a small drill: not that we expect them from this time to attain any proper size, though they will be found very useful afterwards for soup flavouring.

THE CASE OF MR. HAYMANN.

BY LUCY FARMER.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OUR NEW TENANTS.

THE events which had occurred in Norfolk were discussed often by us. When the summer came round again, and Captain and Mrs. Armstrong—she had been Lady Pardock—had gone away, Mr. Hemphill came, for he had quite "made it up" with the Martin-Henrys, who were doing well with the mining, I believe. There was little in the way of amusement for us. Miss Katie and her sister came now and then, for she had not married Gideon Grasper, and didn't seem likely to do so. But Charley told me one evening in summer that he heard Mr. Cardewe was going away from the Manor for awhile.

"We shall be quite lonely, Charley," I said. "But we shall have the gardens all to ourselves for awhile."

"I am not quite so sure as to that," he replied.

"What do you mean?" I asked, rather puzzled by his manner. I must say Charley is at times very aggravating: just concealing the very one thing which any woman would want to know. This time he smiled as knowing as possible.

"I will not pretend to understand you, Charley Farmer," I said. "Cannot we go to the Manor? are we not to take care of it? some one must, for after all the robberies and burglaries we read of——"

"No fear of robberies," remarked Charley; "the Manor is let for two months to a family. Mr. Cardewe said just now we could still go there if we liked; but the new people are coming in three days after he and Mrs. Cardewe go away."

"Then we needn't change, Charley. What sort of people are they? have you heard?"

"There's the father and mother, and one daughter, I believe: that's all."

"No young gentlemen, Charley? It will be dull for the young lady, then, I'm afraid——Who's that?"

Charley turned round; and there, just outside the door, stood a gentleman: a tall, frank-faced, broad-shouldered young man, like an Oxford student on his holidays. He had walked some distance; he carried a knapsack, and seeing us through the open door, he stopped.

"Good day," he said cheerfully. "Are there any lodgings to be had hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, in the town near the station; or in the village yonder you might find rooms."

"No cottage to let, such as this, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," I said, interrupting Charley, "there isn't any one so handy as this, not likely to suit *you*."

"I'm sorry for that," he said; "but I only want a bed-room. I can dine out, or——"

"We have a room, sir," I said: "only——"

"Yes?" he said questioningly.

"Only our ways mightn't suit you. I could cook your meals for you, if you could use our sitting-room. Me and my husband could sit in the small parlour, and our children wouldn't be in the way."

"The very thing," he said. "My portmanteau will arrive at the station some time to-day. I will accept your offer, madam, with pleasure; your terms are——"

I glanced at Charley, and said, "If two pounds a week wouldn't be too much, that was my notion."

"Very well," he replied, "I am quite willing to pay that sum; and from this afternoon I will have your rooms. I will leave my pack here, and stroll about. Is that the Manor House yonder? Yes? I'll walk up there, then."

He unbuckled his knapsack, and with a bow, left us, walking as quietly and composed and cool as possible.

"There, Charley! didn't I tell you? This young gentleman is the young lady's sweetheart, and he has come to watch over her. It's quite romantic and lover-like; isn't it?"

"I wonder who he is? and I rather wonder at you, Lucy, letting my house in my teeth, so to speak, and asking so much. Why, the hotel would not be much dearer."

"But you see here he is nearer; and dearer ones are to be at the Manor, Charley. I saw the whole scheme at once. He is in love: the parents may disapprove—he wishes to marry the young lady, and impress the old people, and you will see there will be a wedding!"

"Well, we can manage him easily enough; but it strikes me I have seen him before, I cannot think where," said Charley. "I hope he'll turn out all right."

The young gentleman had been with us three days when the new tenants of the Manor arrived. We liked him very much. His name was Arden—Sydney Arden; and he was a bright, handsome young man. In his boating costume he was what Charley called "killing." The curate called on him, and asked him to a tennis party. Our young guest had not too much money, we found; but he used to live plainly, and visit all the country-houses with his guide-books, often staying away a night; quite a scholar he was.

He went over the Manor House with the old housekeeper, who showed him the pictures, for Cardewe Manor has a celebrated little gallery—some rare old masters: Dutch dark paintings, and frozen icy pictures, with some saints' heads, and a "Paul Very Uneasy," as Mrs. Jones called one painting—not that it was him at all; and we knew all these were worth thousands.

But if we were careful of the pictures, it was nothing to the new tenant's love for them. He and his daughter, who painted very well, used to inspect them frequently, and Mrs. Jones got quite tired of waiting on them. Their name was Haymann; the father was a merchant or retired banker. They had plenty of money, and were liberal with the people too. The old couple were sharp and shrewd: the lady somewhat foreign and stout-looking. Mr. Haymann was dark, and wore beautiful diamond rings. He smoked very much, I noticed, and was quite an admirer of pictures, old tapestry, plate, and china.

His daughter, Alicia Haymann, was one of the prettiest girls I ever remember in our neighbourhood, except perhaps Miss Katie, of whom I have already spoken, as engaged to Gideon Grasper. But in her way Miss Haymann was quite as beautiful, and dressed sweetly; she wore her hair in a fringe which became her. She was of good height, a pretty figure, which was a credit to her dresses, and she had a curious dreamy look at times which was so different from the merry laughing face which she sometimes wore. She had bright hazel eyes and small cherry-lipped mouth, arched brows, and a throat as round as a tumbler, and as smooth—a most lovable young lady; and it was now quite evident why Mr. Arden had come down. Charley got to call him "Mr. Ardent," and no wonder!

The only thing I could not understand about these two young people was this—they appeared to be strangers to each other. While the curate was deeply in love, the other kept aloof.

"I never knew such a woman as you are for finding 'mares' nests'," remarked Charley, rudely. "I declare, Lucy, you will do some mischief yet!"

But no mischief was likely. Of course we soon

became acquainted with the new tenants, and Miss Haymann would come down for a chat, on a sketching expedition, on the cliff, and on one occasion I was in the garden. Mr. Arden was in the sitting-room; but when he saw Miss Alicia he went out coolly, as if going for a stroll.

He had never been at home before when she had come over, and she started when he appeared.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I fear I alarmed you."

"No," she replied, blushing, for of course I came in at once, and saw her colour up, "though I did not expect any one but Mrs. Farmer; and you did startle me a little, I confess."

Then the curate, Mr. Barnes, came and talked with them. He was very fond of his young parishioner by this time.

But I had other things to do besides watching other people's looks and likings, so I finished my work, and went into the town to the railway station—for I expected a parcel by the train—leaving the two gentlemen and Miss Alicia walking on the cliff.

As I was waiting at the office I caught sight of Mr. Haymann. He was followed by a man carrying a packing-case—not a big one—so I stood back. He

"'ANY LODGINGS TO BE HAD HEREABOUTS?'" (*p.* 599).

didn't notice me. He sent the case to London, I saw, and got a ticket for it. He fumbled with his purse; and as people came pressing on, he hurried away. Then my turn came, and I perceived he had left his receipt. Knowing I could easily let him have it again, I put it in my portemonnaie and went home, where I found Mr. Arden.

"What a glorious evening!" he said. "Wouldn't your Amber-room look well in this western light, Mrs. Farmer?"

"The Amber-room at the Manor, sir? Oh, yes, indeed! The view from the gallery will be splendid to-night."

"I suppose I must not ask to see it?" he said.

"Why not, sir? Mrs. Jones and I are in charge, and you may go in at any time with us. My husband and myself often go up of an evening. No one will ever be the wiser. The visitors are in the other wing."

"Rather a large house for such a small party, Mrs. Farmer, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it is; but then, they've plenty of money. Now you mention it, sir, I must go to the Manor, because I have a receipt to give Mr. Haymann."

"Eggs and butter again?" he said, laughing.

"No, sir; only a parcel receipt, which he dropped at the station. He was sending off a case, and forgot his receipt."

"Well, let us go up, Mrs. Farmer. Where is your good man?"

"Off somewhere about the young birds, sir. He's got his hands full this time o' year."

We started after I had seen the children all safe in bed, with Susan in the room, and told her to tell Charley where I had gone. It was near sunset when we reached the gates, and we met Mr. Haymann in the garden. There were several people there besides.

"Good evening," he said, while Mr. Arden proceeded a few paces, and stepped quickly on the grass to speak to the curate.

"I brought you this, sir," I said; "I think it is your receipt—for a case."

You never saw any one turn so white, and then so red, as Mr. Haymann did. The smoke went the wrong way, too. Then, after a fit of coughing, he said—

"No—no—ugh—ugh—no! Quite a mistake!"

"But you dropped it, sir," I persisted. "I was there——"

"Nonsense!" he cried. Then he tore it up, and said to me—

"Next time, Mrs. What's-your-name, you had better mind your own business!"

My own business! "Well, if ever I do anything more for you, sir," said I to myself, "I won't be called names like that! Mrs. What's-your-name, indeed!"

Mr. Arden was now talking to Miss Alicia in the gallery. This is what he had come up for. He had examined the pictures, but it was not the old paintings he cared so much about.

He advanced and took off his hat, saying lightly—

"Miss Haymann, may I be so bold as to inquire what particular style of art you cultivate?—old masters?"

She blushed at his flippant manner—and I *did* think him rather rude; but she gave him a "Rowley" for his "Oliver," as the saying is—

"I like them much better than some *young* masters, Mr. Arden. Good evening."

She moved away, and Mr. Arden whistled. Then turning on his heel, he walked on thoughtfully.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

I HEARD a chuckling kind of laugh behind me, and there was Charley, who said sneeringly—

"At it again, Lucy? Another mare's nest?"

He had never forgiven me the Martin-Henry business. But I spoke up and told him all.

"Let me see that receipt," he said, as we were walking in the kitchen garden near the cliff, where there was a summer-house. Of course we had quitted the gentlefolks before this.

"Why, Mr. Haymann tore it up, I tell you!"

"I mean your own receipt. Ah!" he continued, "just as I expected. You are all wrong again."

I snatched the paper. *This* was Mr. Haymann's receipt, after all! I had handed him *mine* for a parcel of linen! I was annoyed. No wonder he had denied it.

"It's all your fault, Charley," I cried.

He only burst out laughing, and stood slapping his knees with his hands in a most aggravating manner, while he actually "guffawed" like a horse! Charley never *can* laugh like any one else—he makes such a parade of his amusement—and I am sure there was *nothing funny* in it!

"There's a telegraph boy coming in. Here, lad," said Charley at last. "Who's that for? Come this way."

The boy, who was going round, handed the message in.

"Mr. 'Ardman."

"Oh, Mr. Haymann you mean—not Mr. Hardman—Haymann. He's in the garden. Come with me."

So Charley and the boy went off, and I went and sat down in the summer-house, and began to think of Miss Haymann, the curate, and Mr. Arden. Would she marry the curate or the young lawyer, as he said he was to be? He was the younger and more manly, but the curate was very handsome and good-natured—a pleasant, kindly young man.

Evening was closing in, and Charley did not return. I was just going away when I saw Mr. Barnes, the curate, and Mr. Arden approaching along the cliff. They were discussing something, and talking loudly—in temper, apparently. Oh, dear! were they quarrelling about Miss Haymann?

"I tell you, sir," said the curate, "that I have asked Miss Haymann to be my wife, and your interference is unwarranted."

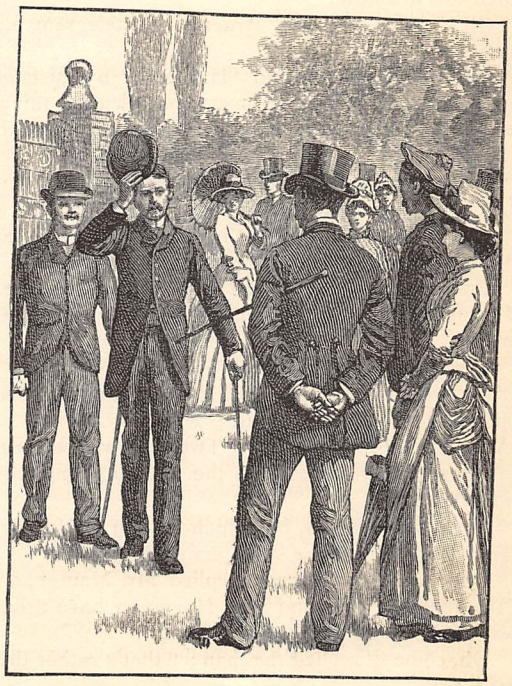
"My good sir," replied Mr. Arden, "if you knew the circumstances, I am by no means unwarranted. On the contrary, I have all warrants. But, Mr. Barnes, you must not marry Miss Alicia—you can't!"

Mr. Barnes got quite angry, and replied—

"Cannot? Why not? I can, and will, Mr. Arden. Who are you to interfere with my future happiness? Cease insinuation, please, and give your reasons."

"My reasons you will respect when you hear them," said the young man.

"Let me hear them, then, or apologise here—now."



"THEY CAME AMID THE STILL LINGERING PARTY ON THE LAWN" (*p.* 602).

"Mr. Barnes, I will apologise when I am wrong. You will do no good by being obstinate. Take my advice—wait!"

"You are a coward, sir!" exclaimed the curate. "You traduce an innocent girl by innuendoes, and cannot substantiate your words. Were I not a man of peace I would thrash you myself for your slanderous insinuations. Miss Haymann is all a lady should be."

"I dare say she is: indeed, I know she is—but still there are reasons, so do not call me names, please."

"Reasons! Names! Apologise—retract, or——"

"Don't you marry that gi——"

He never finished the word "girl," for Mr. Barnes stopped him, and I screamed as Mr. Arden drew back and nearly fell over the cliff. He pulled himself together, and just glancing down, advanced upon the curate.

I screamed, and caught hold of him tightly.

"Oh, Mr. Arden!" I cried; "don't—don't!—remember!"

"Well, Mrs. Farmer, he's a parson; so, Mr. Barnes, your cloth protects you, though I admire you all the more for your manliness."

"Here, what's all this?" cried Charley, who had

just come up. "Disputing? All seems wrong to-night."

"What's wrong, Charley?" I asked, delighted that he had come.

"Why, a telegram comes to Mr. Haymann, and he's off with his wife by this time in the vicar's dog-cart, which was a-waitin'."

"Off!" exclaimed Mr. Arden. "A telegram, did you say?"

"Yes; it was addressed 'Hardman,' by mistake; and the moment he read it he ran in, took a few things, and in ten minutes he and his wife were off to the station."

"That is very odd," remarked the curate. "And Miss Haymann? Any bad news, Farmer?"

"Can't say, sir," replied Charley. "The telegram was torn up. Miss Haymann is to follow."

"I dare say we can find the pieces," said Mr. Arden. "Let us see; that telegram, I think, *was meant for me!*"

"Surely you wouldn't read——"

"Oh, wouldn't I? Yes, sir, I would, if only to open your eyes. I told you to wait!"

We went into the garden. Two men were entering the gates. They came amid the still lingering party on the lawn.

"Beg your pardons, but which of you is Mr. Haymann?" said one of the strangers.

"None of us, my friend," replied Mr. Manton, one of the guests. "Mr. and Mrs. Haymann have driven away some time since."

"Oh, come!" replied the man: "that's rather thin, that is."

"Thin or thick," replied Mr. Manton, "it is true. What do you want? You are policemen, are not you? My name is Manton—J.P. for the county."

"Yes, your honour," replied the spokesman, touching his hat. "Well, the fact is, we've a warrant against them for felony—theft and misappropriation."

Consternation was visible on all faces. My heart leaped. I remembered the case. Was there anything in that suspicion?

"Felony!" exclaimed the audience. "How?—Where?"

"Many a where," replied the policeman. "Here at Cardewe Manor last."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the poor curate; "and Miss Haymann?"

"She's in the job, too," replied the man, "though not deep, or of *malice prepense*, only a tool in the old villain's hands. But she's in custody."

"In custody!" exclaimed all the ladies, with one voice.

"Ay, ma'am," said the man, addressing Mrs. Elliott, who was next him; "custody on suspicion—accessory, you know; true bill, I'm afraid."

"And the real culprits have escaped?" said Mr. Manton.

"No, sir, hardly. We're ready for them."

"And what of the other confederate—Mr. Arden?"

"Con—what? 'Pal,' do you mean? Well, Mr. Arden is a very clever young gentleman who hails from Scotland Yard. A very sharp detective he is, too!" He nodded as he caught Arden's eye.

A detective! Here was a revelation; and we had fancied him a gentleman! Well, so he was, in manner and appearance.

"But what is the nature of the offence?" was the next question.

"Plundering good goods, and substituting 'bogus' stuff," replied the man.

Mr. Manton started. "Substitution!" he cried.

"Yes, sir. This man, who is a Hollander, well backed up, takes a house for a term, and then steals the most valuable things he can. His wife paints beautifully, and his so-called daughter draws and sketches well. So she, being really fond of drawing, goes and copies an 'old master' as like as life, then the old lady and gentleman touch it up, colour, and varnish it splendid. They then remove *the original painting*, put up the copy, and send your 'masterpiece' to the Continent. Oh! they've done many a one; and with china, too. They'd paint a lily so lovely that you can smell the scent of it!"

A death-like silence fell upon us all. This was the reason why the pictures had had such an attraction for the tenants. This was why Mr. Arden wanted to see the gallery. In the case I had seen was the Paul Veronese picture, the gem of the whole collection, which old Haymann had managed to appropriate, leaving a very cleverly executed copy in its place.

A few words will now tell the sequel. The three Haymanns were tried and convicted. But it came out that the old people treated Alicia badly, and forced her, in terror of her life, to play the part she did. Inquiries were made, and her character did not suffer in the investigation. When the lighter term of imprisonment which the recommendation to mercy had obtained for her had expired, Mr. Arden traced her to Germany, and married her. We have reason to believe he never regretted his choice.

It transpired at the trial that Mr. Arden had come down on purpose to catch Mr. and Mrs. Haymann. Several clever robberies had attracted attention. The case Mr. Haymann had despatched had contained the picture, so I was on the scent myself. The telegram sent to "Hardman" had been really sent to Mr. Arden, but wrongly transcribed. It was to the effect that the warrants were out for the Haymanns, and bidding him co-operate with the local police.

When Haymann read this, he ran away, leaving the girl—his reputed daughter, no relative of his, or his wife either—to bear the weight of the whole business. But the police arrangements were good. At the junction, where the London train was waiting, Mr. and Mrs. Haymann were arrested. Mr. Murray Markham prosecuted for the Crown, and the prisoners got penal servitude. Of course, I witnessed against them.

Mr. Cardewe declares he will never let the Manor again. The almost priceless picture has never been recovered, and our gallery is more closely guarded than ever. So my idea was not such a mare's nest, after all, and I said as much one afternoon to Charley.

"No," he said carelessly. "You were on the right track, Lucy. But do you know who Mr. Arden, the detective, reminded me of?"

"No, Charley. Who was he? Any one that I know?"

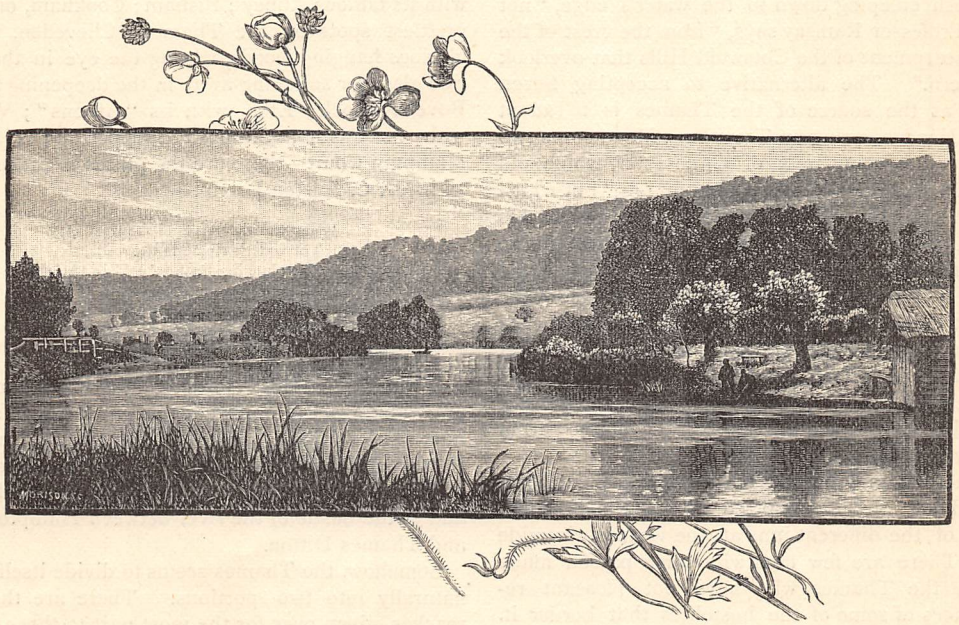
"Well, you *did* know him once. 'Set a thief to catch a thief'—not meaning you, or any disrespect, of course, Lucy. It was that young policeman who came over here about Mr. Alleyne's case. I saw him at Winchester, and I'm afraid——"

"What, Charley? Afraid of—of—us?"

"Yes, *us*," replied my husband; "and that's why he came here for lodgings. He had seen *us* in trouble before. But he has been twice mistaken in you, dear. Men are very foolish."

"That they are, Charley," I said. "So drop the subject, please."

And he did. That was the last time he ever referred to the diamond robbery of which I had been suspected, as told in these chronicles.



"THE ROYAL RIVER."

POPULAR appreciation of the beauties of the Upper Thames has increased immensely within the lifetime of the present generation. Where, a score of years ago, there was one man who gave his summer leisure to the enjoyment of the glories of London's river, there are now a dozen; there is no seclusion for the anchorite below, at any rate, Great Marlow; quiet, leafy nooks are made busy with passing life, or resound with girlish prattle and buoyant laughter; and the Thames, deprived, so far as the portion "above bridge" is concerned, of much of the importance as an artery of commerce which it possessed before railways were introduced, has become the pleasure-river of the toilers of London. How great is the consequent traffic, it is only necessary to spend half an hour at Moulsey Lock on any summer evening to ascertain, whilst it is asserted on credible testimony that on June 14th, 1885, no fewer than 900 pleasure-craft passed through Boulter's Lock at Taplow.

Putting aside those members of the various rowing clubs below Teddington who find their delight in boat-racing somewhere between Putney and Mortlake, it may almost be said that, for the ordinary pleasure-seeker, the Thames begins at, say, Kingston and ends at Oxford. There are few who push their researches beyond the University City; fewer who travel as far afield as the dilapidated lock at Lechdale, the first on the river, who visit Cricklade, between which and Oxford the stream is locally known as the Isis, or who wander on to the source of the river at Thames Head or Seven Springs. For, like many another good thing, the Thames is of doubtful origin. Dr. Campbell, in his "Political Survey of Britain," expresses the opinion that it has a quadruple source, but it is generally conceded that the choice rests between two spots. Messrs. Cassell and Co. have recently published, under the title which appears at the head of this paper, a description of the

Thames from source to sea. It is a magnificent book, worthy of "The Royal River" alike in its letterpress and in its illustrations, and is divided into twelve sections, each portion of the river being described by a writer specially familiar with the district of which he treats.

Mr. W. Senior, so well known to anglers, deals with the part of the river above Oxford; and he, in accord with Mr. James Thorne in his pleasant "Rambles by Rivers," asks us to accept Seven Springs as the source of the Thames. This is a spot some three miles south of Cheltenham — a small, shallow, neglected triangular pond in the midst of a common, overhung with the interlacing boughs of ash and hawthorn, and a sloe-bush creeping down to the water's edge, "not far," as Professor Ramsay says, "from the crest of the oolitic escarpment of the Cotswold Hills that overlook the Severn." The alternative to accepting Seven Springs as the source of the Thames is to adopt Thames Head, a spring on Trewsbury Mead some two or three miles south-west of Cirencester, which old Leland once called "the very head of Isis," but which has been sadly diminished in volume by the Thames and Severn Canal. At any rate, whichever origin we accept, the two streams undoubtedly constitute the Thames after they unite a short distance below the bridge at Cricklade. The feature of the river thence to Oxford is its quietude and utter rurality, and amidst scenes of placid life we pass on to Godstone, and visit there the time-honoured "Trout" Inn for the sake of the striking view of Oxford that can be obtained from its pretty garden.

And here it may be said that a very useful feature in the book already referred to is the frequent mention of the different inns at the various riverside towns. There are few men who have passed much time on the Thames who have not pleasant reminiscences of some of the hostelries that border it. The queerly-named "Beetle and Wedge" opposite Moulsford Ferry, quaint, old-fashioned, comfortable; the "Barley Mow" at Clifton Hampden, oddest and quaintest of inns on the river, and famous for its cider; the "Red Lion" at Henley, and the house of the same name at Halliford; the famous old "Bells of Ouseley," with its two bay windows and its steep flight of steps, a perpetual warning against the possible consequences of quenching thirst "not wisely but too well;" the "Angler's Rest" at Runnymede; the pretty old-fashioned "Swan" at Staines, and the picturesque "Swan" at Thames Ditton—these are some of the houses of entertainment that are familiar to most river-men, and that memory recalls to me as I write these lines.

Life in a house-boat is thoroughly enjoyable when it is intended to make a stay for any length of time in one place; camping-out, whether under a tent on shore or beneath an awning rigged up on the boat herself, is very pleasant in fine weather, though it yields too cramped accommodation to afford much comfort on a wet day, especially if the canvas is anywhere defective; but for the man who desires to move from place to place, and who, at the same time, is perhaps too old to appreciate the delights of "roughing it" for its own sake, there is much solace to be found in a riverside inn.

To row down from Oxford is now a favourite trip. This is not the place to descant upon the charms of the University city, nor—though, in Messrs. Cassell's book, Mr. D. S. MacColl and Mr. J. Penderel-Brodhurst have found plenty to say regarding the Thames between Oxford and Abingdon, and Abingdon and Streatley respectively—is there much, save pretty Iffley Mill, to detain us until we reach the latter place. From here, however, past Pangbourne to Mapledurham, is, perhaps, the most charming stretch on the river. Sonning, with its pretty weir backed by a wooded declivity; Shiplake; Henley; Medmenham, with its famous Abbey; Bisham; Cookham, one of the prettiest spots on the Thames; Clieveden, with its glorious hanging woods, resting the eye in the noontide glare, or softening away in the deepening twilight; Boveney Lock; Eton, with its "Athens"; Windsor, with its Castle; Staines; Shepperton; Halliford; Hampton Court—these are the places to make us say with Mr. C. Austen Leigh:—

> "The waving tresses of the weeds,
> The water's ripple in the reeds,
> The plunging 'lasher,' cold and bright,
> Making sweet music to the night;
> Old spires and many a lordly grove—
> All these there are, and more to love,
> By Tamise ripe."

Do not let us, either, forget Clifton Hampden, where, away amongst the water-lilies, is a charming spot for house-boats whose owners prefer quiet beauty and restful seclusion to the comparatively fashionable life at such places as Goring, Henley, or Maidenhead, and to the bustle of the river between Hampton Court and Thames Ditton.

Somehow, the Thames seems to divide itself almost naturally into two portions. There are the upper reaches, given over for the most part to those who are upon pleasure bent; there is the river below London Bridge, bringing us face to face with the stern realities of life. There are not a few who will contend that there is no beauty in the lower Thames, and that where

> "Lies London in her dusky pride,
> Deep in dim wreaths of smoke enfurl'd,
> The wonder of the modern world,"

the romance of the river has vanished. Mr. Aaron Watson, however, who is responsible for that portion of "The Royal River" which deals with the Thames from London Bridge to Gravesend, is of a different opinion, and it may be as well to let him speak for himself. "No effective justice," he writes, "has ever yet been done to the lower portion of the Thames. You will find it stated in most books on the subject that the river ceases to be picturesque when it has passed St. Paul's. A French poet calls it 'an infected sea rolling its bleak waters in sinuous détours,' and that is the despondent view that has been taken by the majority of English writers. Yet in the eyes of those who have roamed about this section of the river and have loved it, only at London Bridge does the river become really interesting. In the higher reaches it is

an idyllic river, swooning along through pleasant landscapes ; after St. Paul's, it takes on a new and more sombre sort of glory, assumes a mightier interest, and is infinitely more majestic in the lifting of its waters. Above London Bridge, even when the wind is blowing, the waves are small and broken like those of a mountain lake ; in the Pool, the water surges and heaves in broad masses, the light seems to deal with it more nobly, and the Thames assumes such majesty as becomes a stream which flows through the grandest city, and bears so great a proportion of the commerce, of the world." Truly the lower Thames has a beauty of its own, but it is beauty of the stern and manly sort, and it appeals, perhaps, to a different range of feelings from those that are aroused by the sight of the quiet and charming scenery of the upper portions of the river.

It is not necessary, however, to dwell on the beauty of the Thames below London Bridge. It is interest that most people will look for here. There is no beauty, perhaps, in the desolate spot that once was Woolwich Dockyard, or in the inelegant sheds that mark the site of England's greatest arsenal. Farther down, on the opposite shore at Tilbury, a work is in progress of which it is probably impossible at present to accurately forecast the results. The East and West India Dock Company is there constructing docks which, when completed, will be the largest in the world. Eight huge steamers will be able to coal at one time, and the main dock will cover an area of fifty-three acres. This, it is said, has been brought about by the Suez Canal. The long, weight-carrying, iron screw steamers, built to go through the canal, are not adapted to the windings and turnings of the Thames. There was a difficulty in bringing ships to the docks ; consequently the docks are being taken to the ships.

We have passed on our way down Erith and Greenhithe, famous yachting-places. Beyond them on the Kentish shore, Gravesend, with its narrow streets, its quaint shops and houses, is also a great yachting centre. It is too the home of whitebait fishing, the fish being taken in open boats, in long peak-shaped nets with a very small mesh.

Away on the north shore of the river lies for some distance a tract of low, swampy country. Here is the abode of wildfowl, and here, during a hard winter when fowl are plentiful, there is abundance of sport to be had. It is hard work, and by no means without a spice of danger; but wildfowl-shooting is one of those things that, if a man has once taken up with it, he is never content to abandon. Canvey Island, flat, dismal, lies hereabouts, and is a favourite spot for punt shooters; but the sport has been somewhat overdone of late years, and the birds are now generally wild and difficult to get at. There are marshes, too, on the Kentish shore to the eastward of Thames Haven, but it is not safe to visit them without a guide.

Southend, which shares perhaps with Ramsgate and Margate the proud distinction of being the paradise of Cockaigne; Sheerness, with its dockyard and its forts; these are our halting-places on our road to the Nore, where the striped buoy falls to the rhythm of the short seas, and the waving ball that surmounts the tall pole catches the eye for a long distance, a welcome signal to homeward-bound ships.

We have reached the mouth of "The Royal River," and in bidding it adieu, we may quote once more the words of Mr. C. Austen Leigh:—

> "And if, which God in heaven forefend,
> On us an alien foe descend,
> The ancient stream has many a son
> To fight and win as Alfred won;
> High deeds shall illustrate the shore,
> And freedom shall be saved once more
> On Tamise ripe."

W. T. MAINPRISE.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY WILLIAM HUGGINS, D.C.L., F.R.S.

IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.

IT is through light alone that we have any knowledge of the universe which lies outside the small speck-like planet on which we find ourselves. The eye, notwithstanding its great powers, is subject to several limitations in its reception, and in its interpretation of the light which reaches us. At the best, we are purblind, for the eye is sensitive to one octave only of light-waves—a small oasis in the great range of waves which come to us from luminous sources such as the sun and the stars. We may perhaps form some idea of our position in respect of light if we try to imagine what would be our condition musically, if our ears were as limited in range as are our eyes: if we were able to hear one octave of notes only in the middle of the key-board, and were deaf to all sounds above and below that small range of notes.

Another limitation arises from the circumstance that the eye is not able to profit by the cumulative effect of a continued luminous stimulus, which is too feeble to excite vision at the instant of falling upon the retina. We know that looking long does not enable us to perceive what is too faint to be seen at the first glance. Indeed, the eye speedily tires, and it is at the first glance only, and on a small part only of the retina, that we can discern the faint images of stars which are near the limit of our powers of vision.

As we have to use the same pair of eyes over again, the rapidity with which impressions fade out is an essential condition of the uninterrupted use of our eyes. Reading would be wearisome if it were necessary to wait, after turning over a page, for the impression of the former page to pass slowly from our eyes. The great rapidity with which the eye is able to present a *tabula rasa* to every new object is one of the most valuable of its powers.

There is also the limitation of area. It is only when the images on the retina are very minute, and even then only by an unconscious movement of the eye, that we can see (as we suppose at once) a large range of objects.

In all these points the photographic plate contrasts favourably with the eye, and is able to some extent to supplement it. By the choice of suitable substances, we can give to the plate the power of receiving the light which is invisible to the eye, because it lies beyond its range of power.

The action of a feeble light upon the plate accumulates by lengthened exposure, so that a star's image too feeble to produce a sensible photographic effect in one second may be able to impress itself strongly on the plate in one minute, by the cumulative effect of the sixty successive seconds of action. We shall see that for the faintest stars which have been photographed more than one hour's continuous action of the star's light has to be gathered up before a photographic image of sensible strength is obtained.

A plate, unlike the retina, retains the impression of the light which has come upon it, and so may be said to possess a memory which is unfailing. The plate can treasure up for all time the most complex forms, or

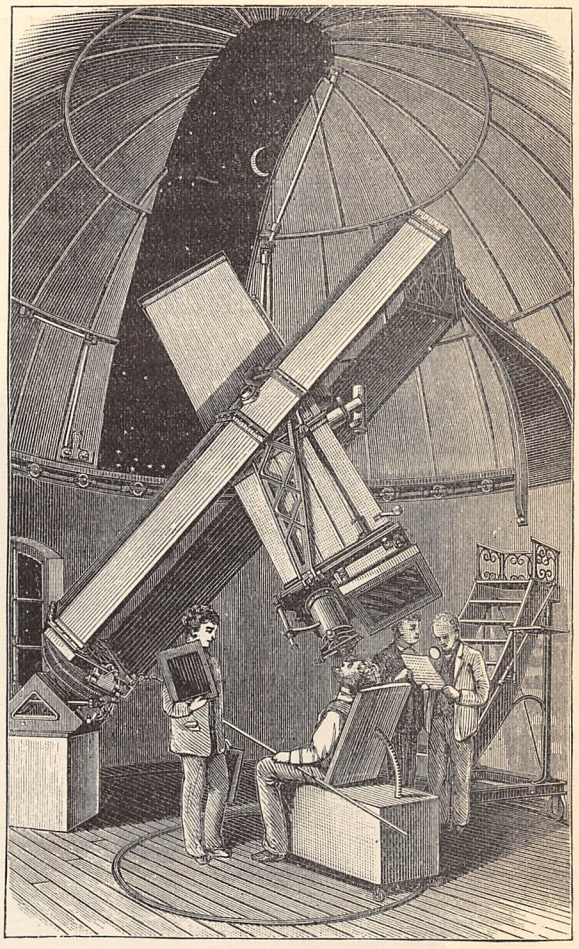
it may be the images of many thousand stars, which have once impressed themselves upon it. Again, by taking successive plates we can obtain a map of the whole heavens traced by the finger of light, on as large a scale as we may desire.

With these great advantages are bound up necessarily certain drawbacks: the plate has "*les défauts de ses bonnes qualités.*" In consequence of the cumulative action, the photographic picture is not true to nature. For example, in the case of the photograph of a nebula, the long exposure necessary to bring out the fainter portions causes the brighter parts to be so much overdone as to be wanting in details, and any bright stars which may be present are no longer, as they should appear, small points, but have grown into large discs, which may overlap each other, and may conceal what is close about them.

We have said already that photographic vision does not correspond with that of the eye. If ordinary gelatine plates are used, the violet light which is near the limit of the eye's power appears the most brilliant light to the plate, and the picture may not correspond with what we see, but represents a sun-spot, for example, as we should see it if our eyes were attuned to a higher octave of light-waves.

These drawbacks, and some other more subtle ones, are well understood, and if taken carefully into consideration, need not detract much from the enormous advantage which photographic plates possess as a help to astronomical research.

An almost limitless field of discovery lies before the astronomical photographer.



PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS AT PARIS OBSERVATORY.

It would be outside the scope of this short paper to trace, even in outline, the history of the use of photography in the astronomical observatory; but it is desirable to point out that the recent remarkable photographs of the heavens which have excited, and most justly, great popular enthusiasm, have not been obtained by any new method, or by apparatus of novel construction, but are due to the much greater suitability of the modern dry plate for astronomical work. Gelatine plates can be made to possess very great sensitiveness, and being dry, can be exposed for any length of time that may be necessary.

Daguerre, shortly after his great discovery, endeavoured to get a picture of the moon on his silver plates, but apparently without success. Shortly afterwards, in 1840, Dr. J. W. Draper succeeded in obtaining a portrait of the moon limned by her own rays on the metal which had been considered peculiarly her own.

At the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London, there were exhibited photographs of the moon taken by Professor Bond at Cambridge, U.S. Towards the end of the succeeding year Mr. De la Rue began the series of photographs of the moon and the planets which are so well known. During the next few years we find the names in England of Hartnup, Crookes, Fry, Huggins, Dancer, Baxendell, Williamson, and others.

We pass over thirty years, and come to speak of some recent successes.

M. Janssen has within a few weeks presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a photograph of a solar spot which may be regarded as one of the most perfect of the solar photographs which have been taken by him at the observatory of Meudon. This photograph shows with great beauty and distinctness the minute structure of the spot itself, and also the disturbed solar surface for some distance around it.

M. Janssen says: "We see (in the photograph) that the striated structure of the penumbra is itself composed of granulations arranged in "chapelets." On the edges of the penumbra the granulation is very brilliant and close, but in the penumbra itself the granules are less luminous and are wider apart, leaving dark openings between the rows of grains. The spot presents two very beautiful bridges, and an isolated and very brilliant mass of matter which unites them."

From the sun we pass to the faintest class of celestial

objects, and give an illustration to show what photography can do to record the forms of the nebulæ.

This fine photograph of the great nebula in Orion was taken by our countryman, Mr. Common, F.R.S., at Ealing, in 1883.

The photograph was obtained by causing the image of the nebula, formed by a silvered glass mirror of 3 feet diameter, to fall upon the plate, during an exposure of one hour. Mr. Common found that more details are brought out by every increase in the length of the exposure, and that the extreme limit of useful exposure with his instrument was not reached even at one hour

ful success is due to the modern plate being dry and extremely sensitive.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Rutherfurd, of New York, constructed a refracting telescope, in which the corrections for achromatism were made for the kind of light—blue and violet—which acts most strongly upon the sensitive film, instead of for the light towards the yellow end of the spectrum, which is most suitable for vision. This telescope had an aperture of 11¼ inches and a focal length of about 14 feet.

The instrument constructed by MM. Paul and Prosper Henry, and erected at the Paris Observatory,

THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION.
(*From a Photograph by Mr. Common, F.R.S.*)

and thirty minutes. With the comparatively short exposure of thirty-seven minutes Mr. Lassell's faint stars in the central parts of the nebula are distinctly shown, while details of the nebula itself, not represented in the best drawings that have occupied so much time and labour, and which indeed the eye can hardly discern and the hand could never properly represent, are clearly present in the photograph.

We have now to speak of the magnificent results which have been obtained at Paris and elsewhere, in making charts of the stars by photography. Enthusiastic admiration is the only feeling with which we can view a plate a few inches square upon which five thousand stars have, by their own light, and within an hour, fixed a permanent record of their positions and their relative brightness. In this case, also, there is nothing new in the instrument by which the images of the stars are produced upon the plate, but the wonder-

is precisely similar, but has a little larger aperture—about 13 inches.

Mr. Rutherfurd's limited success was caused, as I have stated, by the inferiority of the collodion plates then in use, but he clearly foresaw the great achievements which have now been realised. He said: "The power to obtain images of ninth magnitude stars with so moderate an aperture promises to develop and increase the application of photography to the mapping of the sidereal heavens. There is every probability that the chemistry of photography will be much improved, and more sensitive methods devised."

I should mention that Dr. Gill, Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, was one of the first to call attention to the fact that the time was now come for the fulfilment of Mr. Rutherfurd's prophecy. In 1882, at the Cape of Good Hope, Dr. Gill took very successful photographs of the great comet of that year

with an ordinary photographic portrait lens lashed on to a telescope mounted equatorially, and moving by clockwork. He was surprised to find upon the plate, besides the comet, a complete photographic chart of the part of the heavens where the comet was situated, of all stars down to the eighth magnitude.

The apparatus employed at the Paris Observatory is represented in the accompanying illustration (p. 607).

At the first glance surprise may be felt at seeing an observer intently engaged upon an eye observation. One of the difficulties to be overcome in taking photographs of the heavenly bodies arises from the circumstance that the earth on which the instruments rest is in motion. The well-known consequence is that the stars rise, south, and set. It is obvious, therefore, that a star's image on the plate would be a line, longer or shorter according to the length of exposure, unless the photographic telescope had a corresponding motion in the opposite direction, by which, notwithstanding the earth's rotation, the star's image could be made to remain stationary on the plate. In the illustration the large metal parallelopiped contains two telescopes. In the upper half is placed the specially constructed refractor, about 13¼ inches aperture, which is corrected so as to give sharp images of the stars with the kind of light which is most effective in its action on the plate. At the lower end of this telescope will be seen the "back," carrying the photographic plate. Placed parallel to this telescope, and immediately below it, is a second telescope of about the same focal length and 9½ inches aperture. To the eye-piece of this telescope the observer's eye is directed. These telescopes are so accurately placed that when the observer sees a star exactly in the centre of the field of view of the eye-piece, he knows that the image of the same star formed by the photographic telescope falls precisely on the middle point of the plate. Both telescopes are moved together by an accurately adjusted clock motion, and if this motion could be made as perfect as that of the earth, and further, if there were no shift of the star's apparent position during the exposure, by a variation in the refractive action of our atmosphere, the star's image would remain absolutely at rest upon the plate, and the photographic image of the star would be perfectly round.

Such mechanical perfection is scarcely attainable, and the changes of varying atmospheric refraction exercise a sensible effect during the time of exposure, so that, practically, the telescopes cannot be left to themselves, but it is necessary for an observer to keep with great care the image of the star precisely at the same spot, by small amounts of occasional control by hand of the motion of the instrument. He is aided in knowing that the star's image is stationary, by suitably placed wires across the field of view. So perfectly can this be accomplished that during an exposure of one hour there is no sensible falling off from the perfect roundness of the star-images.

HARLOWE'S HELPMATE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

MOTLEY AND HARLOWE had stopped payment! It was a terrible shock to all of us; for, little as we knew of financial matters, we understood that the stopping of a bank implies failure in business, with disaster and ruin to all concerned in it.

We were speechless, our eyes fixed on Philip in blank dismay. His hand trembled slightly; there was pity and grave solicitude in his pale face as he looked at his young wife. He was wondering, perhaps, how she would receive this sudden announcement of their downfall. I also was anxious for her; for she, having flown so high, must suffer most by the overthrow. Would she burst into a passion of tears as she realised the humiliation to which she must submit in relinquishing her proud position in society? Would she in sudden anger upbraid Philip for placing her in a fool's paradise, for culpable neglect in a matter where her dignity and happiness were concerned? These were the questions I asked myself.

She was the first to speak. Going to her husband's side, and laying her hand tenderly on his arm, she said:

"Philip, dear, how can I help you?"

Oh, I could have cried out "Bravo!" when I heard the brave woman say that. Philip was moved also. I saw a tear fall down his cheek as he put his arm about her, and looked fondly into her face.

"You don't mean to say it's all up with everything?" said Potter, aghast.

"It is not so bad as that," said Philip, with a short laugh. "I believe Motley will pull through the difficulty, but he does not disguise the fact that he may fail, and you see we cannot accept any invitation with that danger hanging over us."

Madge shook her head.

"A business like that can't collapse in a moment," said Potter, who seemed to feel himself particularly ill-used. "How long has it been going wrong, Phil?"

"I heard nothing until this morning."

"But Motley must have known. Of course you're not to blame. But I should like to know what on earth he's been staying at Brighton for this last ever-so-long with affairs in a shaky condition? Hang it all! I should hold him responsible if I were you. You

have let him manage the business and do it all just as he pleases—I should make him answer for it."

Philip took no more notice of Potter than he deserved; but seating Madge on a lounge, he took a chair beside her, and said—

"The bank has been robbed!"

"Robbed! I thought so," exclaimed Potter; "the manager, of course. I never did like the look of that man. Motley ought to have employed some one to keep an eye on him."

"He did," said Philip, "and the man he employed has committed the robbery—Burns, Madge: you have seen him?"

I remembered the pale, anxious young man. We were all astonished, although Potter, shrugging his shoulders, affected to see nothing more than he had expected.

"I do not understand the technicalities, nor could I follow all Motley's explanation, but briefly this is what happened. Before going away Motley put stock into the broker's hands to be sold during his absence. Heavy payments were to be made in connection with the alterations going on at the refinery on his return, and the money was to be paid in on the ninth—to-morrow. By some misunderstanding it was paid in on the sixth. Yesterday all went on as usual. In the morning the manager thought it advisable to telegraph to Motley, letting him know that the money had been paid in before date. This he did, notwithstanding that Burns had, according to his own statement, telegraphed at the time of the money being paid. The manager suspected from Burns' manner that all was not right. Burns had not telegraphed. Unfortunately, Motley was absent from his hotel yesterday: he only got the telegram when he returned late last night. He took the first train this morning, and got to the bank soon after seven. He has the master-key of every lock. Letting himself in, he went straight to the strong room and opened the safe. It was empty. Notes, gold, silver—everything was gone!"

"How much should there have been?"

"Between ninety and a hundred thousand pounds."

That seemed a great sum; we could say nothing. Philip proceeded:

"Motley telegraphed to the police. Then he set to work to get money for the day's requirements. There was nothing at the works: they had paid into the bank last night. However, he managed to raise enough cash to commence with. Up till eleven all went well; the demands were not heavy; after that the demands increased with alarming rapidity. It had got out that the bank was robbed. Every farthing that could be raised at the moment was paid out. Motley sent for me, hoping I might have funds in reserve. I gave him all I had. It went. Then a heavy cheque was handed in for payment. Motley had to announce that the bank must suspend payment. Most of the bank customers are tradesmen. Some of them became violent; they would not listen to reason; they could not or would not see that if we had time we might get over the difficulty. Finally, the bank had to be cleared and the doors shut."

Potter let us know what he should have done had he been in Philip's place, and when he had nothing more to say, and was silent, Madge, who had been sitting with her hand in Philip's, and listening in thoughful composure, said—

"Tell me what is to be done, dear."

"Nothing that we can do," replied Philip. "Motley is going round to the principal creditors; he promised when he had seen them to come here. He begged me, in the meanwhile, to keep quiet, lest any unusual action on my part should increase the agitation he is trying to repress."

"Of course, at such a time as this Mr. Motley must be unhindered in his movements," said Madge; "I did not mean that we should interfere in that way. But if money is needed to avert bankruptcy, we shall do well to collect what we have in readiness."

"I have thought of that. There's the house at Streetly, our furniture, plate, horses, and all that, I know. But they are not ready money. A mortgage cannot be raised on them in a day, or without exciting attention——"

"But you forget, dear, the sixteen thousand pounds that I have in the London and Westminster."

"That is settled on you; it is your own property. The creditors cannot touch it," said Potter. It was strange to think how mercenary a taste of prosperity had made him.

"All that I have is yours, you know, dear," said Madge to Philip; "and you must use this money just as if it were your own."

I was proud of Madge; and glancing at Philip, I saw that he shared my feeling. His eyes sparkled with delight, and he could only press Madge's hand in response. I knew she had made him happier than if the dishonest clerk had at that moment restored the hundred thousand he had taken.

I sat with my friends for half an hour, and then I bade them good-bye, it being close on the stroke of midnight. Philip went down-stairs with me to the door. As he opened it a cab stopped before us, and Mr. Motley pulled his bulky figure up, and stepped down heavily on to the pavement. I hurried to escape, that I might not delay the interview, but catching sight of me, he cried—

"Ha! Holderness; stop a bit—I want to speak to you;" and then holding me by one hand, and giving the other to Philip, he added, "No secret from our old friend, I suppose?"

"None whatever," replied Philip.

"Then come along in; not up-stairs, Phil. In the library, here; we shall have it to ourselves."

We went into the library, where a light was burning. Mr. Motley threw himself into a big chair, taking off his hat; and then blowing out his cheeks, he puffed a long breath through his thick lips, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Half a tumbler of seltzer, Phil, and a cigar; I'm dead beat," he said.

Phil went to a cabinet to get the desired refreshment, and Mr. Motley said—

"Well, I think it's all right, Phil. I've been round

to the big men. What a lot! Heads as hard as that wall, and as thick. But I've made 'em understand this—that if they give us three or four days they will get twenty shillings in the pound, and if they don't they'll have to put up with what we've got, minus law expenses. I've contrived to get enough cash to satisfy the small fry, and we shall open shop to-morrow morning."

"Why, that's good news, indeed!" said Phil, cheerily.

"Yes, it's all right, unless—" Mr. Motley paused, and took a deep draught of seltzer—"unless anything happens to frighten the big men."

"'HOW CAN I HELP YOU?'" (*p.* 609).

"What may happen to frighten them?" asked Philip.

"A damaging paragraph in one of the papers. Liberty of the press may be a fine thing for the newspaper people, but I'd muzzle the lot like dogs in July if I had my way."

"Surely, sir," said I, "established papers would not——"

"Well, I'm not sure of them. But it's the papers that are trying to establish themselves I fear—these precious 'society papers,' as they call themselves, that come out one week, and disappear the next, and will run any risk, say anything, do anything, to keep their heads above water. It's about one of these papers I want to speak to you, Holderness. You know a man named Thornton, don't you?"

"The author of 'Golconda?'"

"That's the fellow."

"I know him professionally—that is all. He has the management of the new cantata he has written with Mr. Cavello, and I have had to arrange the musical score to his libretto. Personally I do not know him."

"That don't matter. You have to conduct the thing when it is produced next week, eh?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And, of course, you could spoil the whole thing if you chose?"

"Naturally, if I failed to conduct properly, there would be a fiasco."

"That's just it. He's at your mercy, and he knows it. Of course, nothing on earth would induce a man of principle like you to ruin a young author's first piece; but he is not to know that."

"I don't quite see what you are driving at, Mr. Motley," said I, not liking his tone.

"I'm coming to the point at once. Thornton has just started a paper—edits it, or something. At any rate, he is at the head of it; and a scurrilous, vulgar, personal thing it is, too. You've seen it, Phil—*The Whip?*"

Philip had not seen it, nor had I. We said so.

"Well, you've lost nothing," said Mr. Motley. "It's the worst of a bad lot. First person, I think you call it, all through. 'I—I—I,' all the way through. *I* go to the theatre; *I* go to the races; *I* tattle in the club room; in fact, *I*—which is Thornton—pokes his nose in everywhere. Amongst other places, he has chosen to poke it into the City. It just suits the stock jobbers. Now, it's this fellow I fear. The precious paper comes out to-morrow, and if he takes up our affair we are done for. So, what I want you to do, Holderness, is to go to the office, find Thornton, and prevent any article concerning us from appearing."

"Certainly," said I, rising at once; "I will do my

best ; and I have a sufficiently good opinion of his honesty to believe that, when I tell him the truth about this robbery, he will write nothing to your disadvantage."

"Yes, that's all very well, Holderness," said Mr. Motley; "but if you can let him understand, at the same time, that if he injures your friends he injures you, and that you are not the sort of man to suffer injury without avenging it, you'll do quite as much towards keeping this press gentleman honest as if you appealed to his fine feelings."

"I will do the best I can," said I, passing over as well as I could what was certainly not an appeal to my sense of honesty.

"Don't be in a hurry ; the last train's gone. I'll take you to the office in my cab."

"There is no news of Burns?" asked Philip.

"The police have found that he started for Dover by the night mail, and crossed the Channel by the Ostend boat ; so we are likely to hear no more of him. We shall see no more of Thomas Burns." He muttered an imprecation.

"By-the-by, sir," said I, still thinking of the undertaking before me, "it has just occurred to me that Mr. Thornton is a friend of Mrs. Motley's. He brought her to the hall to hear the first rehearsal last Saturday."

"I know that. What then, Holderness?"

"Why, it seems to me that as the husband of Mrs. Motley you have a claim upon his consideration——"

I was interrupted by a burst of laughter from Mr. Motley.

"You don't know Mrs. Motley; you don't know her," he said. "It is just because she and Mr. Thornton are good friends that I fear him;" and then speaking slowly, and with emphasis, he added: "If there is a damaging article in *The Whip* to-morrow, it will be due to my wife. Don't you see that she would give anything in the world to ruin Phil and his wife?"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

IT was too late. The office in Fleet Street was closed ; and at the printer's, in Whitefriars, I was told that *The Whip* had gone to press. I hardly slept that night, I was so anxious about my friend, and in the morning I went out betimes.

Outside a bookseller's shop in the Westminster Bridge Road, I saw the contents bill of *The Whip*, conspicuous by the black figure of a riding-whip crossing it diagonally from top to bottom. A line in large letters caught my eye at once :—

"MOTLEY & HARLOWE SUSPEND PAYMENT."

I bought a copy of the paper. On the inside page, under the headline "Money," I read "Smash!" and below :—

"Messrs. Motley & Harlowe, bankers, of Throgmorton Street, suspended payment yesterday. A clerk absconded with the contents of the safe. No one paid in, and there was nothing to pay out, so Messrs. Motley & Harlowe, for lack of better employment, put up the shutters.

"Nobody in Throgmorton Street seemed greatly surprised—except the creditors.

"It is thought that the bank will resume business to-day, and it is hoped that the present difficulty may be overcome by the exercise of a little patience on the part of the large creditors. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished ; the only difficulty is to persuade the wolves to restrain their appetites until the rats are gorged. Were I a big creditor, I should take my chance with the little ones.

"On 'Change I heard a good deal of sympathy expressed for the bankers—no one there ever pities a creditor. 'Excellent man, Motley—terrible blow for him—the labours of a lifetime lost!' 'And Harlowe, you know—the husband of Mrs. Harlowe—a charming woman, about to be presented at Court—brilliant future lost!'

"Bankers and creditors, you have my sympathy and my congratulations at the same time. The misfortune would have been greater had it come later.

"The bank, I believe, is in a position to offer a fair dividend now. Mr. Motley, with his indefatigable industry and prudence, will retrieve his position. Mr. Harlowe will probably discontinue his connection with commerce—much to the satisfaction of all parties, I imagine, and of Mrs. Harlowe in particular. Society objects to its favourite meddling with industry. Therefore, for the sake of all concerned, I hope in the next issue to report a meeting of creditors.

"A meeting of creditors is always rich in revelations ; this will not be exceptional in that regard, I expect. We have heard much during the last half-year of Mrs. Harlowe; I am curious to know more about her husband.

"Dædalus got safely out of the labyrinth by keeping prudently near the earth ; Icarus, who flew too high, fell into the Ægean. It is my impression that we shall see Dædalus again, we in the City ; but Icarus—never!"

One can imagine with what indignation I read this infamous article. It seemed to me that its flippant vulgarity would serve to lessen its ill effect ; but I was mistaken. A gentleman seated behind me on the omnibus had the paper.

"This is smart," said he to a friend seated beside him, after reading in silence for a few minutes. "Read that."

"What is it?" asked the other, "'Money'—oh! a City article. I don't understand that sort of thing."

"Nor I ; but this paper makes a dull subject interesting. Just read it." On this recommendation the friend ran through the article.

"Yes, that's bold," said he, as he handed back the paper. "That's the way these rascally bankrupts ought to be served. I suppose Motley has been ruined by this Harlowe—it isn't likely a bank would stop because of a robbery. The clerk's a scapegoat. Poor beggar, I suppose he will be sent to gaol for appropriating a few hundreds, while the fashionable principal, who has appropriated thousands, will be

nicely whitewashed, and be made fit for the best society in the kingdom. Pretty state of things! We want an independent paper, that's not afraid to show up the real rascal. What's the name of the paper? *The Whip*. Ah! I'll take it in."

I had a friend living in the Temple, a man thoroughly acquainted with the law on such subjects. I showed him the paper, and asked if the article was not libellous.

"Libellous!" he exclaimed after reading it, "I should think it is. Every line is libellous. Men have got two years' imprisonment for saying one-half as much."

"I am glad to hear it," I cried.

"But," he pursued, "I doubt if the writer of this would be punished. A jury of shopkeepers could never be induced to look upon the defence of their interests as a punishable offence. Besides, these bankers would be the last people in the world to institute proceedings. They are much too wise to stir up muddy water. And again, how is a bankrupt firm to pay the cost of such an action?"

"But supposing they are not bankrupt—suppose the insinuation is false?"

"That's another matter. Depend upon it, no man in his sane senses would publish such an article as that unless he were perfectly sure that the event would more than justify his insinuations. He *knows* that the bank will not recover, that there will be bankruptcy and dissolution of partnership, and that the inquiries at the meeting of creditors will bring out facts damaging to Mr. Harlowe."

"That I know cannot be," said I.

"If Mr. Harlowe is your friend, I hope you are right. But I am greatly mistaken if this smart writer misunderstands his subject."

Yielding to my anxiety, I went into the City. The Royal Exchange bells were chiming twelve o'clock as I passed. The bank in Throgmorton Street was closed; a knot of men were talking before the doors. I learnt that the large creditors, so far from showing patience, had been the first to push up to the pay-desk when the doors were opened. The "wolves" had not restrained their appetites till the "rats" were satisfied—and this was due, Mr. Motley assured us, to the action taken by *The Whip*.

"My wife has taken her time, but she's done the business thoroughly," said he. He made no attempt to screen his wife; on the contrary, he made us understand that this ruin was the result of Mrs. Motley's vindictive hatred of poor Madge.

Philip had proposed to use his wife's money, telling Motley of her offer.

"It is what I expected of her," said Motley—"you've only to study a woman's character for a week to know beforehand how she will act under certain conditions. It's a noble offer, Phil, but as for availing ourselves of it, that's out of the question. If my wife could be brought to do as much, it would be all right; but Madge's money alone is no good to us. It would be swallowed up, and we should be no better off. Wait, my boy, wait. Let things take their natural course. Keep that dear girl's money where it is. We shall be glad of a loan later on, and we can borrow it with a fair chance of paying it all back, capital and interest. I've got it all planned out here," and he tapped his forehead. "I know exactly what must happen, just as one of those clever chess-players, by a glance at the board, sees how the game must end. The creditors will take what they can get, and not be too hard upon us, knowing the sort of man I am, and that it is to their interest to be lenient. We shall start again with a clean slate. We can borrow your wife's money, and by the end of the year pay up every farthing the creditors have sacrificed. We are not bound to do that; but it's good policy. Their confidence in us will be stronger than ever with this proof of our principle and soundness, and our position will be improved."

Philip was bound to submit to the guidance of his partner. Indeed, it seemed so reasonable and promising that no one could have desired better; and again we said, "What a capital old fellow Motley is!"

On the face of it there was every probability that he would verify his prediction, and that financially the two partners, after a certain lapse of time, would recover their former position.

But it was obvious, at the same time, that Philip and his wife had lost their standing in society, and it was doubtful whether Madge could ever again take a foremost place among people of social distinction.

Every one condemned Philip. The clerk's embezzlement was overlooked; Philip was saddled with the blame of having brought about the disaster. I heard the same cry, no matter whom I spoke to on the subject. The robbery was an accident that had precipitated the disaster; the fundamental cause was Harlowe's culpable neglect and reckless extravagance. And those who blamed him for neglect of business were the same who declared that Motley had done all that man possibly could do to improve the business, and that it could not have been better managed. When people give way to prejudice they are unreasonable and inconsistent. The influence of *The Whip* was visible in this, for people showed themselves vastly learned about Dædalus and Icarus at this time, though they had got their knowledge of this classical story, doubtless, as I had: by looking it up in the classical dictionary.

And this unthinking, unjust world was just as one-sided in praising Mr. Motley as it was in blaming his partner. No one ever spoke of his faults—ever discovered that his expenditure had been going on by thousands for years, while Philip lived content on a few hundreds—or took notice of the fact that he had never warned Philip of his danger, but rather lulled him into a sense of security and indifference. To hear people talk, one would have thought that Mr. Motley was the benefactor of his species, and above reproach. The creditors shook hands with him warmly, whereas they would, I believe, have torn Philip to pieces had he been left to their mercy. They seemed to regard him as racing people look upon a welsher.

We looked forward—and not with pleasure—to friends calling upon Madge to offer condolence. Not one of all her acquaintances called or wrote to her. The Harlowes were in disfavour.

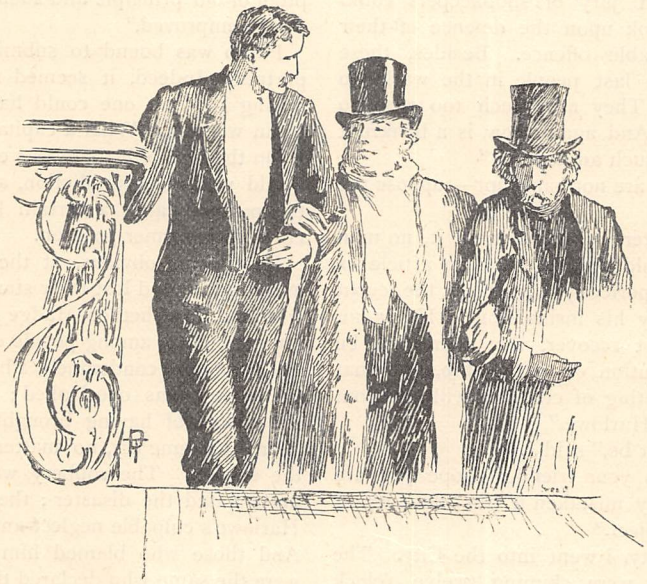
Philip felt this neglect keenly. Madge suffered also, not on her own account, but because she saw that her husband reproached himself, and grieved for her. He would have had her leave London till the affair was all over, but she would not go without him. Her place was by him, in trouble and in joy.

Their misfortune brought them one new acquaintance, though it drove the old ones away.

A gentleman came in a brougham to the house—a particularly respectable and well-to-do-looking gentleman. He told Philip he had often had the pleasure of being useful to persons of distinction, and should be happy to assist him if he was in pecuniary embarrassment. He would buy furniture, plate, jewels, horses, anything and everything, and no matter to what amount, and give ready money. Philip took his card, and rang the bell for the servant to open the door to this friend in need. His name was Hart M. Lazarus.

Potter was detestable at this time. He had got into society by hanging to his daughter's skirts, and under the spell she cast upon those about her, they had accepted her father as a genius, and taken his wretched sketches for works of art. He had been welcomed as an eccentric artist wherever Madge visited. Now, when he presented himself at these houses, expecting to be admitted upon his own merits, he found the doors closed against him. He had the assurance to hint to me one day that Philip had brought him to ruin. Then I lost patience, and told him I could not believe that until I saw him again in his old jacket, and dependent upon his daughters for support. I regretted losing my self-command. I thought the man would never speak to me again after saying that. But I was in error. He spoke to me the next day as though nothing had been said—only he was careful not to say anything against Philip in my hearing. That was his character.

Business brought Mr. Motley frequently to Grandison House now. He had never looked better, more energetic, or in better spirits; and this seemed marvellous to us, who were worn with care and anxiety. I say us, for my friends' misfortunes weighed as heavily upon me as upon them, I believe. But then,



"'NO SECRET FROM OUR OLD FRIEND, I SUPPOSE?'" (*p.* 610).

he was constantly busy in arranging this, settling that, or achieving something, whereas we were of necessity inactive. We could do nothing, and that made our trouble greater.

It was impossible to overcome our anxiety, despite Mr. Motley's hopeful assurances. He never failed to speak encouragingly.

"Don't worry—don't worry yourselves," he would say. "It's all right; don't take it to heart. Look at me! I don't let it upset me; and we're all in the same position. What's done can't be undone. Everything's going on as well as it can go. In a week or two all our troubles will be over."

He couldn't understand the feelings of sensitive and delicate minds. He laughed and joked with the men who came to value the house and effects. To Philip it was deeply humiliating to answer their necessary questions, and to show them what valuables belonged to him, and which were his wife's property. Sleep did not come to their pillows that week, I imagine.

How interminable the delay seemed! How we

prayed for the day to come when we might say, "Now we know the worst!"

At length the meeting took place. I spent the day at Grandison House. It was better for Madge to talk about the affair than to brood over it in silence.

About five o'clock Philip came home. His appearance alarmed us. He was pale and haggard. I had never seen him so completely shaken and unnerved. For some few minutes he could not speak to us: he could not find words to tell us what had happened. Madge led him to a seat, and sitting beside him, held his hand, while her sweet eyes seemed to say, "Have no fear, dear; I am strong enough to share your burden."

"They accuse me of dishonesty, Madge," he said, in a low tone, his voice and lip quivering.

"Who accuses you?" cried Madge indignantly.

"Every one—not in so many words, but by imputation. They will not believe that I have been a fool, and unless they allow that, my carelessness must be regarded as dishonesty; I ought to have ascertained my real position; I ought to have known that the firm was liable to fail, and my only excuse is that I was a fool."

"Has Mr. Motley deceived you?" asked Madge.

"No. I have deceived myself. I cannot lay my fault on his shoulders. He has hidden nothing from me. The heavy outlay he has been making on the works—the investment of spare capital—he told me all that. He has said again and again, 'We are sailing close to the wind,' but I never took the trouble to understand what that implied. It is my fault, and mine only."

Madge was thoughtful for some moments, then she said—

"I am trying to understand how your neglect can be considered dishonest."

"They believe that I foresaw this failure, or at least its probability, when I drew out from the business every available pound, and transferred it to you."

"Ah! now I begin to see," said Madge.

"There is nothing illegal in using the money in that way. The balance-sheet shows that the firm was in a position to pay twenty shillings in the pound when I drew the money out. How must this appear to men of ordinary sense? It is not the act of a fool, but a clever piece of business, such as might be practised by a trickster—a man who is a thief at heart—a rogue who has the cunning to cheat without the risk of punishment." He spoke in passion.

"Philip! Philip!" remonstrated Madge, in a gentle voice.

"It will be said that you have married a rogue, Madge."

"It shall not be said—it shall not be thought!" cried Madge, excited in her turn. "We will not touch a single farthing of that money. Everything shall be given up—everything but the presents you gave me before I was your wife, Philip."

"You will make this sacrifice to save my honour?" asked Philip, with glowing emotion.

"Yes, love, and count it cheaply bought. You think I cannot live without luxury! Ah, you shall see! Your happiness is more to me than all the world. You shall keep your good name, and with that we shall be better off than if we were ever so rich without it."

She was a real heroine—a true woman, and no longer a frivolous, silly girl. And so Philip's misery was turned to a great joy.

They sent for Mr. Lazarus, and he valued the diamonds and plate, and everything that belonged to Madge, and, according to his offer, wrote a cheque in payment for them. Then Madge went with Philip to the London and Westminster Bank, where she drew out her sixteen thousand pounds, and this, with the Jew's cheque, they took to Throgmorton Street, where they obtained an interview with the gentleman who acted as receiver for the creditors. Then Madge said, holding the cheques in her hand—

"This is all that Mr. Harlowe has given me since I have been his wife. I give all back to him freely now, to use as he thinks right," and she held out the money to her husband.

And then Philip, taking the cheques, not without emotion, handed them to the receiver.

When I reflected that they had given up all they had in the world, and that this was the inevitable consequence of preceding events, I wondered how it was that Mr. Motley, with his extensive perspicacity and knowledge of human nature and individual character, had not foreseen the event.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

"QUIXOTIC folly:" that is what Mr. Motley called the act of heroic sacrifice made by Madge and Philip.

"Why didn't you speak to me about it?" he asked. "I would have done anything to save you from such a blunder."

"It was a subject on which we needed no advice," replied Philip; "we do not repent what we have done, or regard it as a mistake."

"But it is a mistake—a fatal mistake," insisted Motley. "You don't see the results as I do. You don't look ahead, as men of business should. You think only of the present. What was your object? To clear yourself of an imputation made by a set of curs, whipped on by that scoundrel Thornton. Have you succeeded in doing that? No. Have you silenced that confounded *Whip?* No. Will the world think better of you for sacrificing your wife's fortune—and your own? No. I tell you they are a set of curs, that have no feeling of gratitude. They'll take no more notice of your sacrifice than if you had not made it. You should let them snarl: they would turn round and lick your hand in a few weeks, when they see that by our firm management we are able to restore them all they have lost."

"It does not matter; our conscience is at rest."

"Conscience — rubbish! Would that not have been satisfied by your paying off the deficit when reason directed? I tell you, Phil, you are more to

blame in this than you see. I dare say, for a man with your peculiar notions, it was hard to bear the idea of being suspected. But you knew you were innocent of any dishonest intention, and that ought to have satisfied you. You ought to have borne this unpleasantness for your wife's sake. You have done her a grievous wrong, and I do not see how you will repair it. What have you done for the creditors? Why, you have injured them! With that money to fall back upon, we could have started again, and paid up every farthing: as it is, they must put up with a loss, for I see no way of beginning business again without some capital. Now, you see what you have done. You have thrown away your wife's fortune, and you have, indirectly, injured your creditors, and all for the sake of appeasing some conscientious qualms at the moment. You have done a wrong thing, Phil."

"I don't think so," said Philip.

Mr. Motley tapped his fat fingers on the table, and sat silent and in thought for some minutes, then he said—

"Mrs. Motley is not likely to let us have a penny-piece of her money—a little jade!—not a penny; and without some capital *I* don't see how we are to start again. Do you?"

"I have no idea of starting again. Our partnership is at an end."

"Not yet. If the creditors accept a composition—"

"Under any conditions I shall dissolve partnership."

"Why?"

"I am not fit for that business. If the firm recovers it will be entirely due to your influence, and I will not take advantage of it. You say the creditors will regain all they have lost by the business being resumed. That is what I want. They will make better terms with you if I retire, and you have the whole affair in your hands. They trust you; they suspect me."

Mr. Motley attempted to pooh-pooh Philip's idea, but he did not seem in any way astonished by it.

Philip instructed a lawyer that day to make immediate arrangements for the dissolution of partnership.

Motley was quite right. No one expressed any admiration for Harlowe in the course he had taken; nay, there were some mean enough to suggest that he had made the restitution from fear of being proceeded against for fraud.

On the next day, Wednesday, *The Whip* had a spitefully humorous report of the meeting of creditors. It was prefaced by the editorial remark: "I predicted that we should get some curious revelations respecting Mr. Harlowe. It has come to light that in June last, when the firm was tottering to its fall, Mr. Harlowe settled £16,000 upon his wife. Hitherto I have done this partner an injustice. I thought he was a fool. I made a mistake. He is nothing of the kind."

Not a word in this villainous paper of the Harlowes' noble sacrifice—not one word.

Yet it was evident that the writer was fully aware of all that had taken place between the meeting and the time of going to press, for prominently displayed at the head of the "Latest Items of News" was the following paragraph:—

"Glad Tidings for Creditors—I have just heard that the old firm of Motley & Harlowe, merchants and bankers, stands in a fair way of recovery—thanks to the energetic action and sound principles of Mr. Motley. He has arranged for a dissolution of partnership with Mr. Harlowe. The creditors will now be justified in accepting a composition, for they know Mr. Motley's character sufficiently well to feel assured that under his untrammelled management, and minus the drain upon capital made by a sleeping partner, the business will speedily be restored to its original and flourishing condition, and all arrears will be paid

"HE WAS LEAVING WITH MRS. MOTLEY'S HAND ON HIS ARM" (*p.* 617).

up. Public confidence will be completely restored when the name of Harlowe is removed from the brass plate on the doors of 365, Throgmorton Street—and the sooner the better."

That here and there may be found persons sordid and base enough to write such stuff for their own ends, one can understand; but it is to me inconceivable that, in this age of civilisation and culture, readers with debased tendencies are sufficiently numerous to support such writers.

I had hardly the patience to be civil to Mr. Thornton when we met; and I could not take any interest in the suggestions he made respecting the details of the new cantata. My silence annoyed him, for he was a most irritable man; and snatching up the score, he said, turning to the manager—

"Of course, my work will be done for if Mr. Holderness is hostile."

"If you think that," I replied, "you had better arrange with Mr. Carr (the manager) for another conductor; for I must tell you candidly, Mr. Thornton, that I have the greatest dislike for you personally."

Mr. Carr reconciled us—seldom is a work of this kind produced without a quarrel or jealousies arising between some of the people engaged—and I said that I would do my best for the piece; and so I did. Nevertheless, to my great satisfaction, the cantata was a complete failure.

Mrs. Motley was in the stalls, and Mr. Thornton sat beside her during the first part, but he left her, and went round to the artists' room in case there might be a call for him. I saw him standing at the door with his hat in his hand, fingering his programme nervously—it was his first work—as the closing lines were sung. His friends in the hall called out "Author," and I signalled for him to come forward; but at the cry the critics and unbiassed audience began to hiss, and continued to hiss louder and louder until the friends were silenced. I caught a glimpse of him when I left the orchestra, as he was leaving the stalls with Mrs. Motley's hand on his arm; and his ghastly pallor, and the look of shame and humiliation on his face, reminded me of poor Philip on the evening he returned from the creditors' meeting.

"Ah, ah!" thought I, "it is your turn to suffer."

There was more hissing at the end of the second part, and the friends dared not call "Author." In the middle of the third part many people got up and left the house.

My satisfaction was even greater the next morning, when I read the newspaper notices. All condemned the book, while praising the music. One said, "The libretto is not wanting in silliness; all that is needed is a little business to render it worthy of a place in the comic scenes of a pantomime." Another spoke of the literary part of the production being "inane chatter turned into irritating doggrel;" a third said that it was "dulness robbed of respectability" (a definition which I heartily admired); and a fourth observed that the cantata needed excision, and added that if the whole of the first and third parts were cut out, and the second was re-written by a competent writer, the management might perform it a second time. Every one had a joke to crack over the unlucky performance. I do not think it deserved such harsh treatment, but Mr. Thornton had earned the dislike of the press by the insolence and bad taste with which he assailed everybody and everything in the pages of *The Whip*. It was retribution.

The partnership between Philip and Mr. Motley was dissolved.

"I see no way out of it, Phil," said Mr. Motley; "if I did, you may be sure I should oppose such a course. One advantage you get by it—your personal property will not be sold up to pay the debts of the firm."

But there were other debts besides those of the firm. I found poor Madge one day with a pile of bills before her, making an addition of her past extravagance.

"I am putting down what Philip has to pay for my folly," she said bitterly. "It is all my fault;" and then in heartbroken tones she cried, "Oh, if I had only been wiser!" She turned away, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. She wept, not for her own loss, but for her husband's. I saw her give way only this once. However deeply she suffered—and her suffering must have been very great—she overcame the natural impulse to tears. She would not add to Philip's pain. Her courage was as wonderful as it was beautiful.

"You can give me some practical advice, Holderness," said Philip, when we met and were alone. "We must get away as soon as possible."

I had expected this. It seemed to me that the best thing they could do would be to leave London for a time.

"I am afraid I can be of little service to you, Philip," I replied, "for I have never been out of England."

"Oh, we are not going out of the country," he exclaimed; "we can't afford to do that with all the world against us."

To be sure, that would have seemed cowardly. A man of his spirit could not take the course which one of my kind, for example, would have chosen.

"We shall stay here with our backs to the wall, and face the enemy," he pursued. "But you live in lodgings, and I thought you could tell me something about what I ought to pay."

"Why, there, to be sure, I may be of use," said I. "Where do you think of living? Brixton is a nice airy suburb, and not expensive."

"No," said he; "I don't think we shall like the suburbs after Kensington. It will hardly do for Madge. Too quiet. We must be somewhere in the rattle and stir of life, where there's plenty to hear and see. One of the streets turning out of the Strand, if the rent is not too heavy."

I promised I would look about, and in a few days I found a suite of three rooms, with a small box-room on one side that might serve as a kitchen, on the top floor of a new house in Bedford Street. The rooms were light and lofty, freshly papered and painted, and gay, with a glimpse of Covent Garden Market down a side street. But the price was high: thirty pounds a year. Nevertheless, they seemed the most suitable in every respect of all I saw, and off I went to tell Philip.

"Thirty pounds a year? why, that's nothing!" cried Philip, who had not yet learnt the real value of money. He seemed to think that they could not be good for that price. However, when he and Madge saw them they were quite content. Indeed, Madge was delighted, and her face sparkled with something of its old animation as she arranged where Philip's chair should be, and Philip's book-case, and Philip's desk. Her husband's comfort was uppermost in her mind, and took precedence with all things.

So they took the chambers—they were not called lodgings in the common way—and I had the good fortune to find a respectable young woman who had been cook, and was now the wife of one of the porters at the hall, and willing to come in and do all the household work for Madge at five shillings a week.

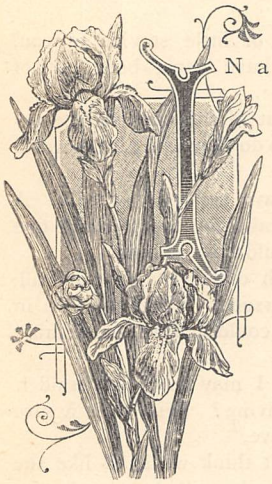
They selected what furniture and accessories were

necessary, and sent them from Grandison House to Bedford Street.

About a week afterwards there was a public sale at Grandison House; and when everything was sold, the money realised paid all their personal debts, and left them about twenty pounds in hand. Twenty pounds! and Philip still took first-class tickets when he travelled with his wife by train, and knew no more than a child how to earn money.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MORE HUMOUR IN ARCADIE.



IN a previous article a few of the mirth-provoking phases of the unsophisticated country life which the spread of School Board education is so rapidly revolutionising, were discussed on the evidence of incidents which had actually occurred. An attempt was made to mirror the fast-vanishing rustic humour of habit, thought, and speech peculiar to the sturdy workers who, in their days of boyhood and girlhood, were harassed by no fears of "Her Majesty's Inspector." But the subject is a wide one, and not in one paper—or in ten—could justice be done it. Again we open the note-book, and glean therefrom grotesque flowers of rural eloquence, and stray glimpses of unconventional situations.

Reference was made in our earlier sketch to the unlettered ambition of the village-green oracle, and the vagaries of metaphor and diction of which he is not seldom convicted. Honour is rightly due to an earnest and a pure desire on the part of any one—peer or peasant, clergyman or uncultured Methodist "local"—to uplift his fellows. But the smile is inevitable when the preacher announces his text—as in one vouched-for instance—as from "the prophet Exodus," correcting this, possibly in instinctive deference to the astonishment created by the announcement, by the *naïve* admission—

"No—a; that isn't ezactly right nayther, friends; I hope as how you'll excuse my hurry and nervousness. What I meant to have said was that you'll find the words which are the text of my discourse this afternoon in the Epistle to the Exodus."

It was surely an agriculturist born and bred, one whose whole mental horizon was bounded by the undulating hills of his native shire, and whose most exalted figures of speech were inevitably modelled on the lines of his daily toil, who, being entrusted with the duty of "giving out" a hymn, requested his hearers to begin the sacred melody "from the fifth line *under the hedge*," *i.e.*, with the second verse, printed in this case immediately beneath the top margin of the second column of the hymn sheet. A Wednesday evening service has been known to be opened by the singing of Stennett's familiar lines:—

"Another six days' work is done."

These things may seem incredible to the uninitiated, but are facts, nevertheless; and students of the social phenomena of the corn-growing Midland and Western shires, who include within the scope of their researches the economy of the humble wayside meeting-houses, will find no exaggeration in the presentment.

A phase of rustic humour which is destined year by year (and happily so) to shrink further and yet further into obscurity, is that belonging to rural superstitions. It has not disappeared yet. Far from it. Dwellers in remote country districts are aware how very frequently in the characters and modes of thought of their provincial-reared neighbours the ludicrous hovers on the border of the sublime. A man or woman entitled on many grounds to a place in the roll of nature's nobility — bold, ingenuous, intelligent, stout of arm, and strong of will—is nevertheless over and over again proved the victim of some petty delusion, or craven, ignoble terror. There are working men in secluded hamlets who still cling to their ancestors' faith in astrology and in the "voices of the stars," as translated to mundane comprehension through the medium of the prophetic almanacs. And this not vaguely, tentatively, but with a robust credulity which can shape and govern their everyday actions, their buying and selling, their sowing and reaping, their contracts, whether social, commercial, or matrimonial. We quote a *bonâ fide* example.

A skilled country mechanic, a man of distinct pretensions to ability, lost his situation after fifteen years of approved service. He sought another, but at first unsuccessfully. Trade was depressed, and the outlook sombre. An opening offered in a somewhat novel quarter. The inquiry was made if he could commence work on the Monday succeeding his engagement. He hesitated, and lugubriously demurred.

"I will come on the Tuesday, without fail," he said.

"Why not on the previous day?" curiously asked the employer.

"It's a bad one, sir."

"A bad one! How? I don't understand."

"By the almanac, sir. I wouldn't marry on that day if I were ever so deeply smitten by 'Cupid's arrow,' as they call it on the valentines, and if it were a choice between then and never; and I won't start at a new job on Monday next for any master in the country. Sorry to disoblige, sir."

Remonstrance and ridicule were alike vain. "No, no; I mayn't be able to explain it—there's a heap o' things in the world that we can't tell just the why and the wherefore of—but I've proved it, and that's better than explaining it," he cried; "in fact, there's a proof here in this little bit of business. My almanac told me I was to have changes this year. I looked all round, but couldn't so much as guess where they were to come from. But you see that after all the almanac was right; and I've noticed it scores of times."

This same artisan stood sponsor on another occasion for a statement so curious as to be worth reproducing, as a specimen of the humours not simply of rural, but of technical superstition also. He was descanting on various occult influences of the heavenly bodies—a favourite topic with a congenial audience.

"The moon's power is very remarkable," he said; "as is well known and admitted, it rules the tides. And it likewise makes a wonderful difference to timber. You may hardly credit this, but it's a matter of experience again. Timber felled when the moon is waxing planes or cuts up nigh as easy again as the very same sort, and age, and growth of timber felled when the moon is on the wane. It's queer, but true."

The country doctor is a person who, if he has a keen sense of humour—as every member of the profession should have, for his own sake—will encounter abundant opportunities of a genial laugh at these lingering superstitions — superstitions in connection with the hour of birth and the hour of death, with illness and with progressing convalescence, with nurses and with medicaments. Some of the latter especially, trivial as they may be, occasion him in the discharge of his duties not a little difficulty, and even annoyance. The provincial poor are rich in the possession of some pet panacea for almost every ill to which flesh is subject, and upon these they are prone obstinately to rely. The value of recipes—however intrinsically absurd—handed down by oral tradition from sire to son is in their eyes not lightly to be depreciated. The village surgeon may be "a clever mon" even in their exacting estimation, but his patient will often add to such an acknowledgment the important rider:—

"An' yet, after all's said an' done, I don't put a deal o' faith in any doctor's stuff. Yon mixture"—in a black bottle on the corner shelf—"cured my feyther, an' I reckon it'll cure me."

One of these favourite prescriptions may stand as the representative of a large class.

The lubricating properties of "goose-grease" may scarcely be disputed; but its value as a sovereign remedy for all external ailments whatsoever is an article of the rural creed which before now has amazed and confounded a young medical practitioner fresh from the culture and light of a great city.

"It is their single, indiscriminate resource," groaned one scandalised surgeon. "If a child has a sore thoat, they use—goose-grease; if the father suffers from whitlow, they use—goose-grease; if the grandfather sprains a limb, they use—goose-grease. It would be difficult to say under what conditions they would hesitate to apply it."

And rebuke, however stinging, is met by obsequious deference at the moment, and by stolid obstinacy when the mentor's back is turned.

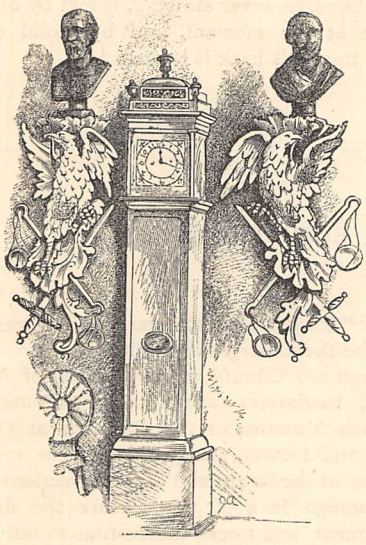
THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

E descended; but, oh! through what a subterranean world had I to guide my steps, and with difficulty keep my guides in view! What corridors, passages, rectangular wainscotings, all stuffed with tomes; and then, although in the blaze of noon, the sight, the smell of burning gas!" Such is the vivid, if exaggerated, description by Dibdin, the bibliographer, of his visit to the Advocates' Library, fifty years ago. If the learned doctor could but take a temporary lease of life and renew his acquaintance with the Library, he would find the tomes, the corridors, and the passages all there, but would experience considerably less difficulty in wending his way through the labyrinths of "Cimmerian darkness," as he was pleased to describe the underground solitudes.

Although the Library of the Faculty of Advocates (*Anglicé*, barristers) cannot boast the antiquity of the British Museum, or the Bodleian at Oxford, its progress and history are, perhaps, more remarkable than those of the larger and older collections. Hampered through lack of funds since the day of its establishment, and forced at one time to sell a portion of the building to acquire the means of subsistence; latterly put to manifold straits through want of space, and all along supported entirely by a small body of between four and five hundred members (considerably less in the early period of its existence), its 300,000 volumes form the grandest national monument that could be erected in Scotland. "*Si monu-*

mentum quaeris, circumspice" would be no inappropriate epitaph here for Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, who figures so unfavourably in the pages of Macaulay as the terror of the Covenanters, as the man "whose eloquence and learning, long prostituted to the service of tyranny, had made him more odious to the Presbyterians than any other man of the gown." Mackenzie, as Dean of Faculty (head of the Scotch bar), took the initiative, two centuries ago, in the founding of the Library; and for this good deed alone his name deserves to be kept in memory.

According to the Mackenzie catalogue, the number of books on the Library shelves in 1692—the end of its first decade—was but 3,140. The collection increased slowly and steadily, principally through donations, till 1709, when the Faculty secured the privilege—since continually enjoyed—of claiming a copy of every work published at Stationers' Hall. This right was, at the same time, accorded to four other libraries in Scotland—the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews; but each of these institutions in 1837 commuted the right in consideration of the payment of an annual sum. The Advocates refused to part with their privilege, with the result that their Library rapidly shot ahead of all others in Scotland, and now ranks in importance next to the British Museum and the Bodleian. When the state of their exchequer allowed it, a fillip was given by the Faculty to the augmentation by an occasional purchase, such as that of the great Spanish library of the Marquis of Astorga, bought, in 1824, on the recommendation of John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter



ON THE STAIRCASE.

Scott's son-in-law, for the sum of £4,000. This collection, rich in early editions of Cervantes and the classics of Spain, is now worth more than £10,000. The catalogue of 1692 consisted of 152 pages; the present catalogue, forming seven handsome volumes of about 800 pages each, was printed by the Faculty at a cost of £5,285, the money being raised by subscription among the members themselves.

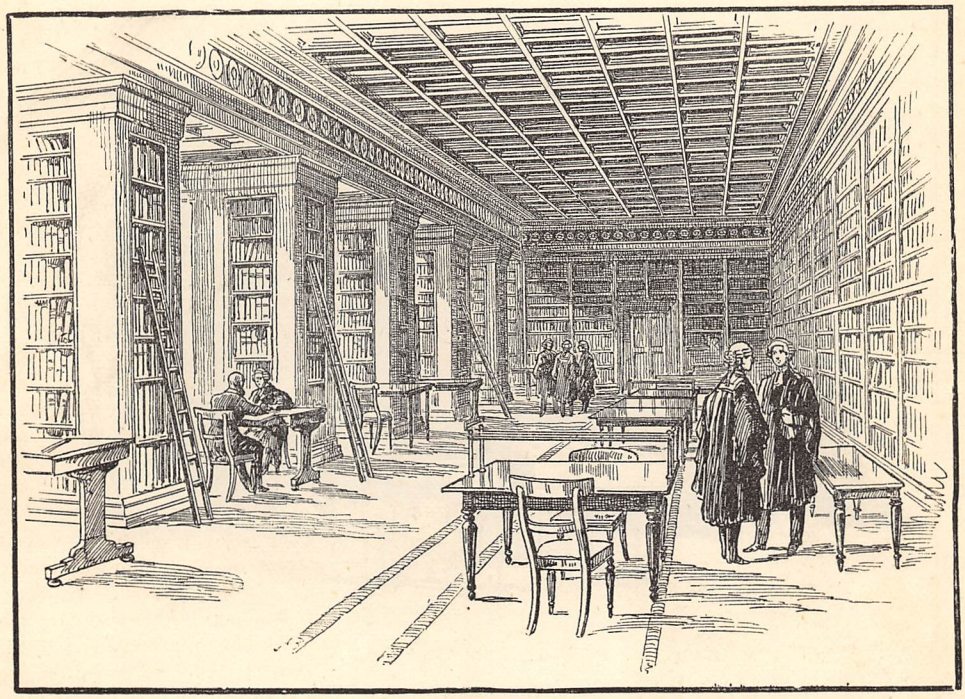
To obtain admission to the building, the visitor enters the Parliament House by a door opposite the brass slab behind St. Giles's Cathedral, which is pointed out as the last resting-place of John Knox. This is within a stone's-throw of the "Mercat Cross," recently restored by Mr. Gladstone. Passing through the doorway the visitor finds himself in a hall—a miniature copy of the Great Hall at Westminster—through a small door at the far side of which we reach the upper corridor of the Library, described by Dibdin as "one of the most quiet, composed, and book-looking rooms in Christendom," the sides of which are lined with works mainly devoted to English and Scotch topography and history; for throughout the Library, in spite of the continued pressure on the space, each room and case has its own special class of literature placed on the shelves. Above the door is hung the standard of the Earl Marshal of Scotland, carried by the "black Skirving" on Flodden's fatal field. Passing down-stairs, the Library proper is reached. Facing the visitor is the Business Room, where the wants of advocates and readers are attended to by the Library staff, and where every book is stamped and catalogued before being placed on the shelves, a copy of the title-page being made of all the works which enter the Library. Beyond this room is that reserved for readers, as may be guessed from the litter of books and papers scattered on the table at which they sit. To the left is a long hall, with massive stone pillars, and books, books, books from floor to ceiling.

In the centre of the hall are exhibited in glass cases several of the rarities of the Library. Here is the original manuscript of "Waverley," in the clear handwriting of the "Wizard of the North." How few the corrections, how fewer the interlineations in this first draft of his first novel! As if to guard the treasure, Sir Walter sits in effigy a few yards from the manuscript. Beside this volume lies a shabby tome, old, but worth its weight in gold to the student of Scottish history, for within its boards are found the earliest known letters of Mary, Queen of Scots—addressed to her mother from France, when she was a child of eleven, under the care of her uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine. It is interesting in these letters to notice how "notre petite Reinette Écossaise," as Catherine de Medici called her, submits in everything to her mother's views. "I entreat you never to speak," she writes, "but to command me as your very humble and very obedient daughter and servant, for otherwise I should not think I could hold a place in your regard. As to my master, I do as I am directed." How respectful the subscription of all the fourteen letters—"Votre très humble et très obéissante fille, Marie." Not, as in the nineteenth century, "Your affectionate Mary," but, "Your very humble and very obedient daughter, Marie."

The next volume is of more interest to English visitors, who will find before them a school-boy letter

from the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to his father. It quaintly runs: "Swete Father. i learne to decline substantives and adjectives. give me your blessing. i thank you for my best man. Your loving sone, York." From this it would appear as if the youthful York had been undergoing the pleasant experience of being "tipped." The letter following, in equally elegant Latin and penmanship, is from Charles I. to his father, to whom he subscribes himself, "Tuae mtis filius observantissimus." Beside this precious volume lie several exquisitely illuminated Bibles and missals, with the colours as bright as on the Prince wore for four or five days when he was obliged to disguise himself in a female dress, under the name of Bettie Burk."

Not far off two frames catch the eye, one containing "The King's Confession, 1580," when James I. and his household solemnly renounced the "errors of Popery;" and below it stands "The National Covenant, 1638," when Scotland abjured Episcopal Church government, and Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the head of the Dean in St. Giles's Cathedral, as a quiet reminder that the English liturgy was far from acceptable to a Scotch congregation.



THE CORRIDOR.

the day when they were executed. So fresh are the strawberries on this "De Civitate Dei" that they might have been plucked this morning. Modern scribes, with all their ingenuity, have not inherited the old monks' secret how to make the colours last for centuries.

Another curiosity in this case is the first stereotype plate ever produced. The inventor was an Edinburgh goldsmith named William Ged, who little dreamt when he printed by his new process this little copy of Sallust in 1739, that in the next century every newspaper in the kingdom would be taking advantage of his great invention. Close at hand is displayed a manuscript volume entitled "The Lyon in Mourning," to the inside boards of which are affixed some relics of "bonnie Prince Charlie," with their descriptions annexed: "This is a piece of the Prince's garter." "The above is a piece of that identical gown which

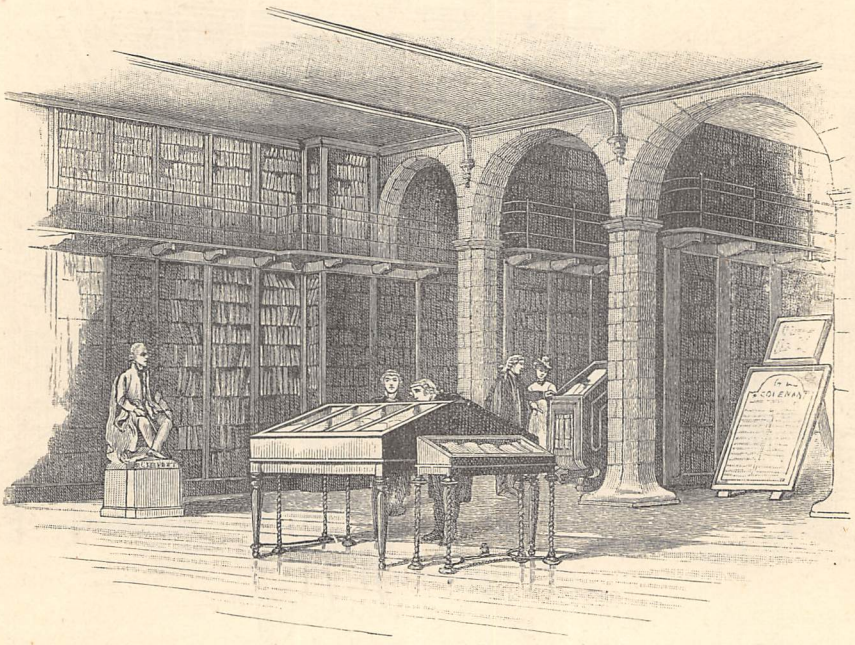
Here on the shelves can be inspected a set of the earliest and smallest of newspapers—*The Edinburgh Courant*, each number consisting of six pages measuring eleven inches by seven!

In the next room, separated from this by glass doors, long cases occupy the centre of the floor. In these, arranged on trays, lie several thousand ordnance maps of Scotland, on the scale of twenty-five inches to the mile. Here a country cousin may look upon his dwelling in the far north, the duke survey his castle with the elms in front, and the crofter his hut with the cabbages behind!

The door near the end of the room is the entrance to the large fireproof stronghold of the Library, containing over 3,000 valuable manuscripts, and a copy of the famous Mazarine Bible—the first book printed from movable metal type by the inventors of printing, Gutenberg and Fust, 1450–55. The king of all

black-letter editions of the Scriptures is called the Mazarine Bible, as the first copy was discovered in the library of the famous cardinal. A perfect copy, such as the one in the Advocates' Library, is worth £4,000. But in this Library we have Bibles of all sorts and sizes—from the portly tomes of the Complutensian, to the modest sixpenny edition carried in the pedlar's pack. Among others there is a grand edition of the "Vinegar" Bible, grangerised with large etchings and engravings illustrating sacred history. The Albert Dürers and Lucas van Leydens, in their finest states, are an endless source of delight to the eyes of art connoisseurs.

The Scotch bar, the Scotch public, and the Scotch publishers have every reason to be proud of their great Library. That the bar has profited by its possession is shown by the fact that it has produced such literary giants as Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, Lord Jeffrey, John Gibson Lockhart, Francis Horner, "Christopher North," and Sir William Hamilton; while for librarians it has had the services of scholars like Thomas Ruddiman, David Hume, Adam Ferguson, and David Irving. The present literary reputation of the bar is safe in the hands of Professor Blackie, Laurence Oliphant, and Robert Louis Stevenson. That the public has benefited by this Library



THE HALL.

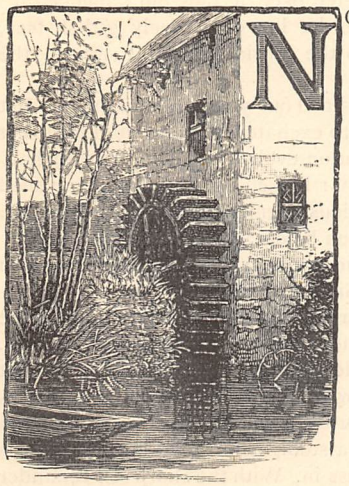
Then we have the Caxton Memorial Bible, described by Mr. Gladstone as "the climax and consummation of the art of printing." Within the space of twelve hours the sheets of this edition were printed and dried, forwarded from Oxford to London, folded, rolled, collated, sewn, pressed, gilded and bound. This certainly equals the feat accomplished by the gentleman in the North of England, who presided at dinner in the evening in a dress-coat made from the wool of a sheep sheared that morning on the lawn in presence of his guests.

To all their valuable stores, the Faculty are ever ready to grant free access to those engaged in *bonâ fide* research—in fact, to all but *dilettanti* inquirers stepping down for refuge from the rain to pass an idle hour in the Library, and asking the assistants for books with imaginary titles by imaginary authors.

is proved by the constant acknowledgments of the assistance rendered to them, made by writers in the prefaces of their works. As to the privileges accorded to publishers, the following extract from a letter by the late William Chambers, the eminent publisher, speaks for itself: "Publishing may be almost termed the 'staple trade' of Edinburgh. Until now it has been assisted by the liberality of the Faculty of Advocates, and if that has to be withdrawn, a heavy loss will be entailed on the community. I may just say, on behalf of the publishing business with which I am connected, that if the Advocates' Library is shut up to public investigation, we shall probably have to remove to London, and an expenditure of about £20,000 per annum amongst a miscellaneous body of persons will be abstracted from Edinburgh." It is to be hoped this catastrophe will be long deferred.

GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

MR. DALBY'S MONTH OF PROBATION.



NO, my lad! Old heads are wiser than young ones. You mustn't have your way all at once, though it's a way I confess I like well enough myself. It would look as though we took advantage of your good luck and 'nailed' you before you knew your own mind. So do as I say. Pack up and be off to Southwick. See if you prefer a city practice to a village one, and a city love—ah, well, well! I won't say anything of that—but keep away long enough to make sure of what you really wish, and then if you come back, why, I'll bid you welcome and—h'm—some one else perhaps won't be sorry!"

Thus bluntly spake Dr. Moore to his assistant of three years, and though his ultimatum was not altogether agreeable it had to be accepted. Common-sense, of which the young man had his share, bade Mr. Gerald Dalby yield, though he chafed at this first check to his fond hope of bursting suddenly from chrysalis to butterfly existence, and resented the implied doubt cast on the fixity of his intentions.

"I'll take a month then, if you insist," he said rather ruefully.

"Three would be better," quoth the doctor, brutally judicious.

"One will be as long as three to me, sir," was the reproachfully pathetic reply, "so it will answer the same purpose." (The doctor coughed dubiously.) "Then I may speak to Miss Hester as soon as I return?"

"If you're still of the same way of thinking," answered Dr. Moore, sitting down to his writing-table, and Mr. Dalby quitted the surgery, bestowing a glance of injured dignity at his own reflection in the little mirror he kept hung up over the medicine bottles.

He felt it hard, this young man just come into a large slice of property, not to be allowed a whole cake at a time. A week ago, if told he would by now possess a snug two hundred and fifty a year, the legacy of a distant relative, he would have declared himself content for long to come. Now here he was, quite used to feeling himself a man of means, and ready to grumble because sensible Dr. Moore would not take him for a partner and give him his pretty niece Hester to wife at four-and-twenty hours' notice! The callous selfishness, the stony-hearted worldly wisdom of elderly people were incredible! Mr. Gerald Dalby pitied himself amazingly as he packed his portmanteau, and prepared to journey from this Lincolnshire village towards the Midland city where, under the auspices of Dr. Moore's friend, Mr. Earnshaw, he was to see something of town practice before binding himself to the country. This move was superfluously prudent. It would puzzle Hester—pretty brown-eyed Hester, who had been first so openly, then a trifle timidly delighted at his new prosperity—*his* Hester, as during the last few days he had all but called her, who such a little while before had seemed out of his reach. In the first flush of independence he had felt himself rather a fine fellow to lay his newly-acquired thousands at dear little Hetty's disposal so promptly, and now to have the doctor cold-shouldering him down to probation in this excessively cautious way! "Oh, hang it!" thought Mr. Dalby, cramming his clothes together in reckless confusion—"It would serve him right if I never came back from Southwick at all!"

This being his frame of mind, our gentleman was ill at ease through his last evening at Crouleby. Mrs. Moore, good soul, could never keep a secret in her life, and so had not been trusted with this one concerning the young people. For three years she had been on the alert to repress the impecunious assistant's evident admiration of Hetty. Now she felt aggrieved that, the impediment of poverty removed, he should make no further advances. Hetty was wistful, pale, shy: avoiding direct glance at Mr. Gerald. But when for good-night, and good-bye, her little soft, clever hand lay trembling in his (longer than it had any need to do) the young fellow could have gnashed his teeth over his promise to her uncle, and was fain to whisper, "I shall be writing to you soon, Miss Hetty," as he relinquished the small nervous fingers. So the brown eyes shot up one trusting beam, and the owner, innocent-hearted and unsuspicious maiden that she was, comforted herself with that farewell, and lived hopefully through dreary weeks in expectation of that promised letter.

But she waited in vain. Day after day went by: no letter came. Three weeks, then arrived a brief missive for Dr. Moore. He read it with a curt "Dalby's all right," and though Hetty was almost crying with hunger for more news she dared ask no questions. Her uncle was kindness itself to her, but he was frowning over something else.

"Ah, Mr. Dalby has got quite above us hum-drum folks, I expect," complained Mrs. Moore when another fortnight went by without bringing fuller tidings of their late assistant. "I really had a better opinion of him. I never thought he would forget old friends like this!"

Some one else had thought he never would—some one who could have waited patiently, bravely, for years, once sure of his love, but who paled sadly under this most strange neglect.

"Is Aunt Pleasance right? Oh! has he forgotten me?" thought poor little heart-sore Hetty; and to answer this we must do what our disconsolate lassie could not—follow our hero.

It was late afternoon when he reached Southwick—he lost his luggage at one junction, his train at another, his attention being less given to his journey than to a six-and-a-quarter kid glove that he carried about in his breast coat-pocket.

"My round is over to-day," said Mr. Earnshaw at the dinner-table, "but if you're not tired I'll take you to Landon Oaks this evening. The Chevrons' place, you know—Sir Marmaduke Chevron's. Family been there from Tudor times. Not very wealthy, but real old stock. My lady has weak nerves. I take her a tonic and all the news I can collect about three times a week. Calling on her is my prerogative. You won't step into that, young gentleman, even if we do knock up a partnership. Still I'm above jealousy! I told Moore that whoever he recommended to me should see the whole of my circle, so you may come to Landon and welcome."

Acquiescing in which, not without a covert smile at what his host evidently considered a magnanimous offer, and an inclination to announce that even immediate attendance on Sir Marmaduke's family would not bribe him to stop at Southwick, Mr. Gerald put on a brand-new coat and tall professional hat, and was soon spinning along the high road towards the dwelling of this aristocratic patient. (Oh, that he had been sitting down to tea with Hetty opposite instead!) Up a splendid avenue—down a broad drive—through massive gates on a wide gravelled space—by a stately brick mansion they pulled up. A hearty voice from a deep mullioned casement greeted them. A fine elderly figure came forth on to the lawn.

"Here at last, Earnshaw! My lady's ready for a gossip. Let's hear what you have to say; then I have to take my little girl to a party at the Lennoxes'. She doesn't want to go, but we won't let her mope—not stop with her mother too much, eh? Who's this?" with a nod at our young doctor; "got a new gr—"

"Mr. Gerald Dalby—Sir Marmaduke," interposed Mr. Earnshaw. "A gentleman who may possibly take part of my practice."

"Oh, I beg his pardon," said Sir Marmaduke courteously (Gerald didn't exactly see what for); "come in, sir, while Earnshaw and I go up to my lady," and as the two elder gentlemen stepped up the flight of dark oak stairs, the junior medicus was ushered into a drawing-room unique in his modest experience. It was a room costly yet sober in adornment; big enough to hold half Dr. Moore's whole house: wealth in every detail compared to what he was used to; a scent floating throughout, sweet, refined, delicious. Mr. Gerald drew a deep breath and fell under this new charm. With a shudder he recalled the powerful aroma of furniture-paste pervading the Moores' home, where spring-cleaning was just over. For the first time that odious smell, those simple solid mahoganies, struck him as vulgar. Towards the satin-draped windows he moved admiringly and saw—something that cast over his foolish brain yet another spell.

Just outside, on a broad balcony, a beautiful untidy rose climbed up a lattice. Over its branches, full in his view, stooped a slender figure, clad in pale-tinted silk and lace. An exquisite outstretched arm, a most shapely hand, hovered over a blossom: plucked it: lifted it a moment to the lips of a lovely girlish face, then fastened it, to the music of a faint sigh, in the front of her dress.

Mute, entranced stood our young doctor, having but one thought. Oh! to exchange but one word with that vision! The aspiration evoked a gasp. The enchantress without heard it: looked up, and instantly, veiled with a certain gracious dignity the like of which Mr. Dalby had never seen before, advanced composedly.

"Excuse me, I did not hear you announced. You are wishing to see Sir Marmaduke?"

Never since his first awful hobbledehoy hour at the hospitals had our hero felt so utterly *gauche* as now. He had an agreeable idea that his general deportment was excellent. Now he felt as clumsy as a fortnight-old puppy: nearly broke a window with his elbow, and all but tripped over a stool, as he stood back to let this peerless creature pass in. With the sharp self-reminder (very rarely required by Mr. Gerald) that he must collect his wits and put his best foot forward if he would not seem quite a fool, he stammered out—

"Oh, thank you. I am merely waiting for Mr. Earnshaw. I'm—er—looking round with him. Perhaps—er—I may become his partner." But this position, which would have sounded rather superb to—well, Lincolnshire friends for instance—seemed to shrivel into insignificance at Landon Oaks; Mr. Dalby's voice sounded apologetic as he explained it, and he grew deferentially, unbecomingly red.

Patricia Chevron's instincts were all kind. The stranger was an intrusion on minutes that she would rather have spent alone, but he must not be permitted to feel himself so.

"Mr. Earnshaw's profession is yours then," she said: "it is a noble one" (Mr. Gerald glowed with returning courage), "we are so dependent on it everywhere." How thankful he felt he was a doctor! He would make the most of that compliment.

"Yes, indeed," he said complacently, "I suppose all people are. And it's a profession that's not exactly easy—er—and—sometimes it's dangerous!"

"Ah, yes, even at home it must be that," agreed Miss Chevron, "while abroad—oh, there it must be ten times worse."

Her voice betokened sympathy with expatriated practitioners. He wished he had been one, only then he could not have been here! Women all liked courage. He would lay claim to it himself, the more boldly the better.

"Yes, there's dangerous work abroad," said he, "but I should like to be there for that very reason." She looked at him kindly. "With our army, for instance." (Oh, Mr. Gerald! and good-natured as all the old people of Crouleby confess you over common physic, you know you never yet dressed a cut without feeling sick!) "I've a school-fellow who's gone in for that sort of thing, and I'm always wishing—at least I wish

"OVER ITS BRANCHES STOOPED A SLENDER FIGURE."

"*MR. DALBY'S MONTH OF PROBATION*" (*p.* 624).

now—I could step into his shoes ! He's in the thick of the fighting in Egypt."

This *ruse* of bloodthirstiness had its reward. Miss Chevron kindled at the spirited words. Her eyes darkened and glowed.

"You wish you were in those terrible scenes ! Oh, that is very good of you ! Your friend is safe, unhurt, I hope ? "

"Right as a trivet," responded Mr. Dalby, charmed at her interest : "he had a run for it lately though. An English officer was within an ace of being stabbed by a beast of an Arab, when Brereton made a dash forward from his ambulance, broke the fellow's arm to splinters, and saved Major St. James in the very nick of time. But I beg your pardon"—Miss Chevron had grown suddenly pale—"I ought not to tell such tales to a lady ; they're only fit for men ; only"—seeing her eyes begin to sparkle again—"what *I* should like if I had the chance," and finding this topic seemed to hold her interest, Mr. Dalby launched into fluent talk of the then current campaign, praised the courage of his friend, the splendid deeds of the rescued officer, and keeping himself and his burning desire to share these dangers well to the fore, made such good use of fifteen minutes that beautiful Patricia Chevron actually looked sorry when a servant, entering with carriage wraps, announced that Sir Marmaduke was waiting without.

Sorry, was she ? Sorry at the interruption ? Mr. Gerald's heart gave a great thump at the flattering suspicion, and he flung as much suppressed feeling as he dared into his formal farewell when she left him—reluctantly, he could have sworn !

"Good night," she said softly with a most seraphic smile, "and," she added, with what to his excited fancy seemed eloquent confusion, "you will be coming again, I hope. I like to hear you talk—of Egypt."

How those words floated about him ! and how the whole foreground of that night's restless slumbers was filled, not by the pretty form of absent Hetty, but by the fair and fascinating gentlewoman who had that day crossed his path ! "She liked to hear him talk !" He'd always an idea he talked well. Now he exulted in his power. At her bidding he could talk for ever. And she would requite him—well, our young gentleman went fairly off his head and indulged in calculations which, published in Southwick, would have gained him the general verdict of hopeless insanity !

In the glamour of this hot but well-concealed adoration, Mr. Dalby worked for three weeks with Mr. Earnshaw, showing skill enough professionally to make him an acceptable partner if he would have it so. Mr. Earnshaw said as much one day.

"Decision does not rest with myself entirely," returned Mr. Gerald, rather loftily, and he left his slightly amused senior, to go and speculate in seclusion on whether two hundred and fifty a year, part of an old-established practice, and a handsome person—"he knew he'd *that !*"—whether these and a most pungently passionate affection would induce the baronet to give him his daughter—would induce the charming girl to take him. And vanity whispered "Yes" to the whole scheme !

So for three mortal weeks the young doctor missed no chance of visiting Landon Oaks, gathered up every scrap of converse on that topic which she had as good as told him he handled so well, and intoxicated by every fresh minute of Patricia Chevron's presence, strayed daily farther into a fool's paradise.

And meanwhile what of his three years' love, what of Hetty Moore ?

Why, the thought of her made him uncomfortable, so, lightly be it written, he thought of her as rarely as he could. How wise Dr. Moore had been though, to refuse to close with those precipitate proposals made in the first flush of fortune's arrival ! How very wise ! He could never be grateful enough. He wrote, with a hint to that effect, the letter which Dr. Moore looked black over. As to a letter to Hester !—well, he'd not exactly promised it. Perhaps she had forgotten what he said (he knew she had not !) He could write her a friendly sort of note by-and-by : when Sir Marmaduke —if Miss Chevron—oh, when he was certain of anything ! So presently he got his experimental visit to Southwick prolonged : Dr. Moore screwed up his face over the letter which bore the information, Hetty vanished to her room to cry over it : and then came an evening when Mr. Dalby, walking in the Landon gardens beside Miss Chevron, daringly begged a flower from that trellis by which he had first seen her. And this beautiful princess, this queen of roses, bestowed a bud upon him with a sweet half-reluctant shyness that sent him away in a species of delirium !

Next day he wrote to Crouleby, saying he had almost determined to remain at Southwick, and this done, an officious sense of honour that bade him be off with the old love before he was on with the new, impelled him to write to Hetty. So spoiling six sheets of paper and six pens over it, he compiled a cold, studiously friendly note to her : thanked her for her sisterly care for his comfort while he had been at her uncle's, and hoped they might possibly meet at some future time. He did not at all enjoy writing that epistle, but he felt he had done his duty as a gentleman when it was completed, and he thrust it in his pocket when he had to start for Landon Oaks, resolving to post it on his return.

As usual now, he waited for Mr. Earnshaw in the house, but in a different room, next the small drawing-room. Its open window overlooked the balcony and the clustering rose and—gracious powers !—what *did* it overlook as well !

Two individuals : one Patricia Chevron, radiantly lovely ; one a handsome soldierly man, who bent towards her with devotion unmistakable. She spoke —our luckless friend, mute as a mouse and rigid as a stone, heard every syllable.

"They even kept the papers from me, Graham. I had only stray tidings of you to live off. I used to watch these roses you were so fond of, till my heart ached with wondering if you would ever come to them and me again. I called them yours always—the dear things. But once I gave one away. Our doctor brought an assistant or something of that kind here, and strange to say he knew that brave fellow who saved your life. He told me so much about you, dearest, I

even let him have a flower to pay him! He was a harmless, respectable sort of young man, and——"

The harmless, respectable sort of young man nearly choked with a stifled groan, then turned and fled.

Out of the house and half-way home he'd got before Mr. Earnshaw picked him up with "Air of the room disagreed with you? Ah, it's sultry to-night. And they kept me a long while too. Deal to talk about. Colonel St. James just back from the Soudan, the man they tried to stop their daughter being engaged to before he went out. She might have been a countess, but the coronet kicked the beam when weighed against her colonel, so now he's covered himself with glory they're to be allowed to marry in August. You'll see something of the wedding if you stop with me."

But Mr. Dalby did not stop with Mr. Earnshaw. He had a gruesome attack of—indigestion; found out Southwick disagreed with him; took himself to the coast for a week, and by the sad sea waves meditated on what an ass he'd been. Then he got himself back to Crouleby and, with a humility that has much improved him, courted the healing of his wounds by brown-eyed Hetty.

They two were on their September wedding-tour when the bride, foraging for a fusee-case in an overcoat her husband said he had not worn for months, brought out a letter addressed to her own maiden name.

"Why, what is this, Gerald?" questioned she; "did you write to me after all from Southwick, and forget to post the letter? And may I have it now?"

To which he made answer, "Why, yes, I wrote, but now you've got me, pet, you want nothing else, do you? There!"—tearing the paper into shreds and casting them into Windermere's waters—"we won't talk of the time I was away from you. This is a hundred times happier!"

Acknowledging which, Hetty never suspects or asks aught anent what her husband determinately consigns to oblivion: that month of midsummer madness!

THE TEXAN FARMER.

BY AN AMERICAN.

TO a large class of American youth there is probably no pursuit more fascinating than farming in Texas. The Lone Star State, as it is called, represents to them a sort of modern El Dorado, where gold can be made, if not found, and where a life of pleasant adventure awaits the enterprising stranger.

The youth arrives fresh from college or from a luxurious city home, bearing in his face and person such credentials of refinement and simple enthusiasm that he is immediately dubbed "tender-foot" by the earlier settlers. Then begins a novel experience indeed, which affects the new arrival according to his own peculiar temperament. It is much less fun and far harder work than it is generally supposed to be.

Again, it is, like other pursuits, remunerative only in a certain fair proportion to the work and capital involved. There is no greater mistake than for a young man to go to Texas with little or no capital, expecting to come back a millionnaire. It will end, as it so often does, in a speedy return to his home, with empty pockets, and either better or worse in health of body and morals.

This young man will perhaps relate exaggerated tales, and give various wild explanations for his change of plans. Or, if he has not lost his simple, honest disposition, he will avoid all mention of his trip, and blush at the merest reference to those days of disillusion and disappointment.

We may include another class, occupying a middle position between the two, who went with less ardent expectations, and who will say that "it was really worth doing once."

However, to return to our young "tender-foot" as he first appears on the ranch, clothed in a dapper suit, quite ludicrous to Southern eyes, and his face radiant with hope and self-confidence. Let us suppose that he owns the surrounding acres, and the live stock thereupon; also that he has sufficient capital for his purpose, and "means business," as they say. He buys land for a song, and also sheep or cattle, or both, in what would seem to us enormous quantities.

These animals are kept entirely in the open air, quite at liberty in the day-time, under the eye of a skilful herder, with horse or dog as assistant; and at nightfall they are merely penned into what is called a sheep-corral or a cow-pen, placed in the most sheltered spot available, to be sure, but with only the mesquite bushes and tall grasses for protection against the wind.

During the night there is usually a regular watcher to keep off the prowling coyotes, and especially if a cow-boy of dubious character is known to be in the neighbourhood. The patient watcher sometimes sleeps on the bare ground, regardless of dews and rattlesnakes; but if he is on a large ranch, there will be a rude dwelling of variable size and structure.

Our young gentleman-farmer puts his different corrals, or cow-herds, in charge of subordinates, who may be either his friends or his inferiors. He himself will doubtless spend much of his time in riding about from post to post; in fact, to be a successful farmer he must have a keen eye over all his affairs, and must

acquire a good judgment in selecting and managing his stock and his overseers.

He may ride for hours in this semi-civilised tract of country without seeing a single habitation, for the houses are situated from two to fifty miles apart.

It is probable that the head of the house may be travelling about at the same time on a similar errand.

This indiscriminate hospitality of house-owners, and the rude honour of the guests, is one of the peculiar

A TEXAN FARMER.

Wherever he arrives at night he halts outside the gate, awaiting the invitation to dismount, which is always given immediately, but without which it would be a gross breach of Texan etiquette to enter the house. The best that the place affords is then set before the weary traveller, and he is offered and accepts a bed for the night. The next morning, after breakfast, he is always expected to ride away, and make room for other possible wayfarers. He may give his name or not, as he chooses.

features of Texan farm-life. Another one is the great dependence of men upon their horses, owing to the immense distances to be traversed daily; the result of which is that horse-stealing in this State is regarded and punished as a more heinous crime than murder.

For those who own sheep the "lambing season," of about six weeks in duration, is the busiest and most trying time of the year. The merry-making, however, follows the "shearing," and much money is then spent

in drink and cards at the neighbouring towns by the wilder spirits of the ranch. These towns, deplorable to relate, are usually a small aggregation of dwellings grouped about a tavern, a grocery, and a gambling-saloon. The cow-boys (who may or may not be owners) lead the most active and dangerous life, driving, roping, and branding cattle, and are always the most reckless of Texan youth.

The climate of Texas has been greatly maligned, and, except upon the coast, does not merit the reputation it has gained of being unbearably hot in summer and equally cold in winter. Even on the coast, during the most trying hot season there is always a breeze for a couple of hours during the early evening. In the south-eastern part of the State the climate is really delightful; and as for the fierce winter winds—the famous "northers," so hurtful to beasts—they are really highly exhilarating to one possessed of an average robust constitution. Indeed, invalids are now sometimes sent to the vicinity of San Antonio.

You can see that a hardy young farmer, who lives much in the open air, will greatly benefit his health by such a life; and if he has a taste for his occupation, a certain amount of capital, and steady business habits, he will in the course of a few years return to his family (that is, if he does not bring them to Texas) richer in money, health, and individual force, in romantic experience and knowledge of his fellow-men.

Welcome Back!

DUET.

Words by ELIZA COOK. *Music by* T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus.D.

1st VOICE.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to

2nd VOICE.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to

Allegretto. ♩=96.

PIANO. *f*

cres - cen - do. *p*

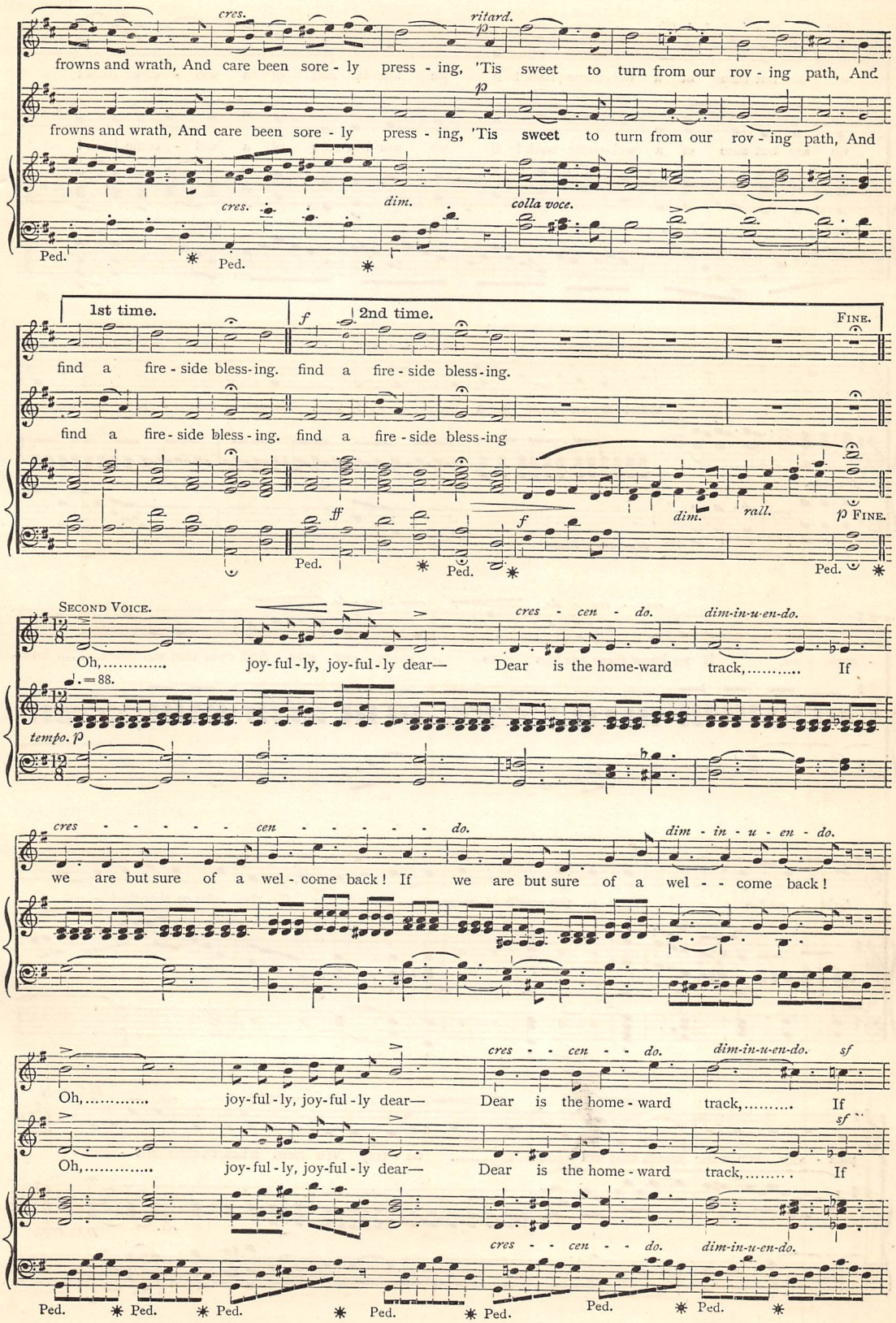
meet us, Where hands are striving as we come To be the first to greet us: When the world has spent its

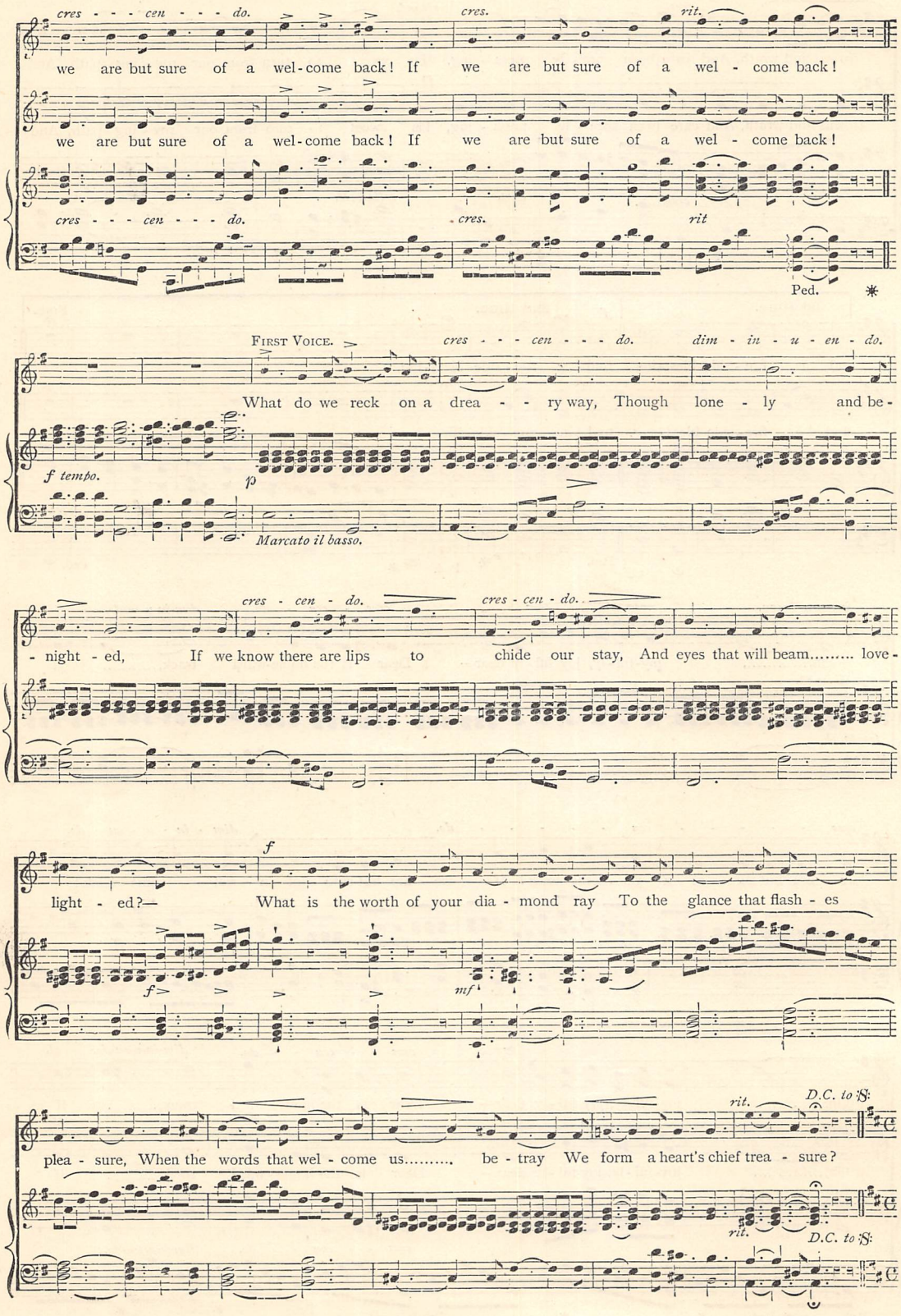
meet us, Where hands are striving as we come To be the first to greet us: When the world has spent its

tr

p

Ped. ✱


cres.
ritard.
p
frowns and wrath, And care been sore - ly press - ing, 'Tis sweet to turn from our rov - ing path, And
frowns and wrath, And care been sore - ly press - ing, 'Tis sweet to turn from our rov - ing path, And
cres.
dim.
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.
1st time.
2nd time.
f
FINE.
find a fire - side bless - ing. find a fire - side bless - ing.
find a fire - side bless - ing. find a fire - side bless - ing
ff
f
dim.
rall.
p FINE.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
SECOND VOICE.
cres - cen - do.
dim-in-u-en-do.
Oh,..... joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly dear— Dear is the home-ward track,..... If
♩.=88.
tempo. p
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
dim - in - u - en - do.
we are but sure of a wel - come back! If we are but sure of a wel - - come back!
cres - - cen - - do.
dim-in-u-en-do.
sf
Oh,..... joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly dear— Dear is the home - ward track,..... If
sf
Oh,..... joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly dear— Dear is the home - ward track,..... If
cres - - cen - - do.
dim-in-u-en-do.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


cres - - - cen - - - do.
cres.
rit.
we are but sure of a wel-come back! If we are but sure of a wel - come back!
we are but sure of a wel-come back! If we are but sure of a wel - come back!
cres - - - cen - - - do.
cres.
rit
Ped.
First Voice.
cres - - - cen - - - do.
dim - in - u - en - do.
What do we reck on a drea - - ry way, Though lone - ly and be -
f tempo.
p
Marcato il basso.
cres - cen - do.
cres - cen - do.
- night - ed, If we know there are lips to chide our stay, And eyes that will beam..... love -
f
light - ed?— What is the worth of your dia - mond ray To the glance that flash - es
f
mf
rit.
D.C. to %
plea - sure, When the words that wel - come us..... be - tray We form a heart's chief trea - sure?
rit.
D.C. to %

WHOSE CHOICE?

SOME faces are supinely fair,
Some sparkling in their splendour;
Some are demure and debonair,
And some divinely tender.

Some win us with one fatal glance,
From eyes too brightly beaming;
Some smile that smile that brings a trance,
Till life is lost in dreaming.

Some flit before us, sweet and gay,
To fill our hearts with laughter;
Then fade as fancies fade away,
And leave no achings after.

And some—some faces, sorrow-kissed,
When holiest thoughts are thronging,
Come back, come always in that mist
Of everlasting longing.

So faces come and faces go:
Some make existence sweeter;
And some, they make life sad, we know,
Yet being sad, completer.

Until one face comes up at last
(Heaven knows each heart: don't doubt it) –
The Future fades, the Past is past!
We cannot live without it!

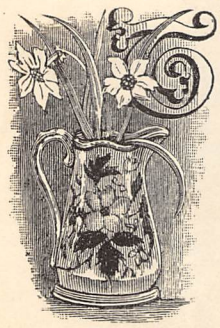
We ask not if men call her sweet,
Or fair, or wise or clever:
We ask, we passionately entreat,
"Will you be mine for ever?"

WILFRED WOOLLAM, B.A.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.



THE months succeed each other with such rapidity, that before we have quite learnt the value of summer, autumn is once more upon us. This is perhaps the month of all others when every kind of dress may be worn; for it is often hot enough for the thinnest muslins and cold enough for a warm fur cloak. The gowns made, however, specially for this time of year are of soft neutral tints; browns and greys carrying off the palm for daily wear, while for more dressy occasions we have light greens, blues, pinks, and cream, the latter especially, blended with yellow. An easy useful fashion for country wear is creeping in, viz., loose coloured Garibaldi bodices—I think they call them shirts now—with simple skirts of a contrasting tone. This is a comfortable fashion; a light woollen skirt is often more useful wear in the country than a cotton, which soils quickly and wants constant ironing, and the appearance of lightness and freshness is produced quite as much by a pretty washing bodice as by the whole dress. A dark moss-green skirt with a chintz bodice is both artistic and fresh-looking.

There is certainly more variety of colouring apparent in ladies' dresses at country garden-parties this year than I have noticed before; dark navy blue is worn with white and with tan waistcoats, porcelain-blue zephyrs are trimmed with heavy white embroidery; pinks, coral, salmon, and deep rich reds show up well on the grass; and so also do the grey alpacas with their light blue trimmings.

For economy's sake I recommend the wearing of tussore and all that class of silk made from the natural raw silk; it washes and wears longer than any other kind. Great efforts are now being put forward to make the silk culture in India more productive and lucrative; many improvements in the machinery for winding have greatly increased the value of the silk, and there is a large importation to England of the fabric. It looks best with brown or ruby trimmings, if there is any contrast of colour; but to my mind it is a material that does not require it. This year fancy tussores are much worn, printed, interwoven with satin and brocaded, but those with gold threads introduced are by far the most successful.

AFTERNOON TEA ON THE GROUND.

There never was more variety in the mode of making. One pretty style is a bodice with three box-plaits down the front, through which broad bands of ribbon are threaded—say, red or pink on white. The kinds of plastrons and waistcoats worn are legion. The Princess of Wales and other leaders of fashion have a frilling of white muslin just on the front of the open jacket; others gather a strip of lace at the neck and waist, and so form a plastron, black for ordinary wear, white for more dressy occasions. Plain flat waistcoats are buttoned on both sides of the bodice, others are perfectly distinct, but in every case they form the great feature of the costume. Norfolk jackets, viz., box-plaited back and front, are a favourite style for woollen and cotton gowns and are easily made.

For seaside wear it is curious how little variety there is. If you were to make a tour to most of the places where fashionable folk elect to pass the autumn and recruit after the labours of the season, you would find on fine days nothing but cottons worn, some the ordinary washing kinds, but more of the darker tones with broché stripes, which look like wool and

keep clean some weeks. On wet or cooler days there would be little else than tailor-made gowns, mostly serge, dark tones trimmed with white, covered with a braiding of the same shade as the dress, or thin striped cloths fitting like a glove and always showing a waistcoat. Happily they are light in weight.

The prettiest tennis-gowns now worn are all striped flannel in bright colourings, and generally the loose bodice matches the dominant tone. Many of the collars and cuffs have long buttonholes through which ribbon is threaded and tied.

The smartest thing that has been brought out lately is a new walking-coat, with a tight-fitting waistcoat of blue fancy drill, with white spots. The actual coat opens loosely in front, but fits to perfection at the back, being kept in its place by a band beneath the waistcoat; in front it fastens with one button just below the collar. Riding-capes, too, have been brought out, but have their drawbacks. They are made of thin cloth, waterproofed, and have three capes, the lowest made with sling sleeves; but surely for actual driving a sling sleeve is the last thing people would choose. The bathing costumes have a little that is new to commend them this year. Moreover they are more becoming. Some are made loose, like a Breton jacket, in serge, trimmed with white and red braid, the ornamentation carried out on the knickerbockers. Others have sailor collars worn over distinct waistcoats in stripes. But there is an inclination to use striped flannel, and provided the colours bear the water, it is a move in the right direction. Another idea is knitted suits made like those Italian fishermen wear, with woollen frills at the neck and sleeves; but they fit the figure too closely. Some of the vests fasten on the shoulder, so are not liable to open unduly at the back or neck. Nearly all this year's bathing dresses have the trousers and tunic in one, the drapery attached to a waistband—the less ornamentation the better; imagine tufts of wool made up as rosettes placed down the front of the tunic! One introduction to be avoided is a waterproof dress for bathing. Why should people venture into the water with clothes intended to protect them from that element? Netted bags to place the wet dresses in are, however, a very good idea, as the water oozes through them.

Neat and trim, and showing English styles, are the costumes worn by the little girl and her elder sister in our second woodcut. The former wears a canvas dress, plain light brown, and the same with bouclé stripes of red and green, which latter does duty for the skirt, sash, and bag plastron, likewise for the upright collar and deep cuffs. This combination of plain and striped material in the same colour is harmonious and pleasing. The second costume shows a similar style, but in this instance the colour is the ever-favourite navy blue, and the striped serge is used for both skirt and tunic. The jacket bodice is plain blue cloth, and the shirt with its neat white tie is white. The straw hat is trimmed with blue. The fashion of white shirts and white waistcoats under small tailor-made jackets is deservedly popular among Englishwomen, as it suits their figures generally.

DOWN TO THE BEACH.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

There is much difference in the cut of the present fashionable bodices in Paris from those worn in England; the waistcoat is made of some striped stuff, so arranged that it forms a series of points down the front, and over this is an open loose jacket, with straps and points by way of trimming. To English tastes, however, I think this style is best suited for out-door wear.

The fashionable world has now left Paris, and the several dressmakers are busy with travelling suits,

which are nearly all woollen—cheviots or serges being most in favour. They all have movable waistcoats, one of which invariably matches the dress itself. A truly Parisian style for these vests is one made in tucked linen, which keeps fresh and uncreased longer than most others. Frenchwomen understand well how best to make dresses to suit individual figures. You never see at French watering-places fat women with short draperies arranged over broad-plaited under-skirts, and thin women with long, falling tunics, which make them look gaunt.

A capital arrangement for well-developed figures is the long drapery with only one seam, the selvedge showing. The use of the selvedge, especially where it has colour introduced, is at the same time an economical and becoming arrangement. If you wish to have a well-cut foundation skirt, make it as follows :—

A front breadth, 23½ inches wide in front at the top, 27 at the bottom ; the back a straight piece 38 inches wide ; two gores, one on each side, the top 11 inches wide, the bottom half an inch more. The two steels in the back should be 17 and 20 inches, 8½ inches apart, 14 from waistband. If you get the foundation right and study a good fashion plate for the draperies, you may achieve a well-cut French gown at little cost. French dresses are better made by dressmakers than tailors ; for the latter class of gown fall back upon England. The French dressmakers make use of a much larger choice of materials. I have seen a number of pretty gowns made in canvas and watered silk. The plain cream tones are excellent wear for summer or dressy occasions ; blue finds favour with Parisians, but it is the dark navy blue, and will stand good hard wear and tear. Every dress of this kind is, however, trimmed with watered ribbon, and especially stylish are the grey camel's-hair costumes thus treated ; no material is softer, more lasting, or drapes better.

Plaids are in favour with Frenchwomen, and they treat them very skilfully, cutting them mostly diagonally. Shepherd's plaid has been used on many of the travelling gowns ; with an admixture of blue velvet it is admirable. The travelling hats worn by young ladies are of the coarsest description ; indeed, they look as if their wearers had borrowed a picturesque fruit basket, lined it with velvet, and trimmed the front with long looped bows and wings. The most curious part of a young Frenchwoman's travelling outfit just now is the mass of etceteras that hang from her waist: a bag of some kind or other, generally leather, and always quaint and curious; pocket-books of the royal red leather, edged with silver, and sometimes scissors and daggers. Dainty kerchiefs peep out from amid the bag and pocket-book, and the bag has a purse concealed within ; it is all attached to a broad leather belt. Whether the fashion will return to us again it is difficult to say, but these belts went out of date with us some years ago.

The demi-toilettes are mostly made with a V-shaped bodice, and the draperies of soft material are allowed to fall in careless folds on the bust, with no intervening jacket. If the gown is intended to serve a double purpose, it can be filled in for day wear with another colour fastened to a collar-band.

The bonnets show large floral wreaths placed beneath the brim, and the most fantastic ideas as to shapes. Lace bonnets of a brilliant colour are the latest mode, and they are made to glitter with studs of jet of the same tone as the rest of the bonnet. Flower bonnets have given place to bonnets made of leaves, but they are supplemented with wreaths of flowers over the face.

Suède gloves are worn to the exclusion of almost any others, but some are extravagantly embroidered. Orange is a fashionable tone, blended with white, which rather shows off its vividness. Shoes have higher heels and are more pointed ; but they do not try the foot as English shoes would under the same circumstances, because the bootmakers contrive the sole of the foot to be brought on a level with the heel ; there is consequently no strain on the muscles. The embroidery on these shoes invariably carries out the idea of the whole toilette, as do the fan, the parasol, and all the adjuncts so wonderful in Parisian dressing.

The manner of arranging embroidery on a fête or carriage dress is illustrated in that worn by the first figure in our engraving on page 632. The material is rich Bengaline, the waistcoat and sash being soft Surah, a shade lighter than the colour selected for the dress. The embroidery ornaments the collar, Figaro jacket, sleeves, panel, and cuffs. In the model, the still popular *mousse*, or moss green, is the colour, the embroidery in the same tone and gold.

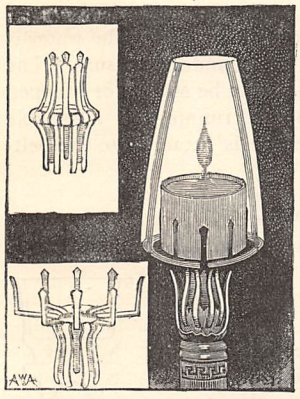
Lace is a favourite trimming with Frenchwomen for afternoon dresses, and on the second costume (centre figure) it is skilfully managed so as to be effective. It forms a yoke on the bodice, small paniers below the waist, and revers each side of the tablier, the left side of which has a beaded panel. The little girl's costume is simple, but the make is one that admits of variety. The under-dress should be dark—red, blue, or green ; the tunic is of printed de-laine, a bright, cheerful-looking fabric, eminently suited for children's frocks. The hat should be trimmed with ribbon to match the colour of the under-dress, which in the model is red, the de-laine tunic being cream printed with red flowerets.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Night-Light Holder.

The figure shows a little device which may be useful in households. It is intended to be used with any kind of candlestick, and the curved springs on the under side enable it to fit into any socket, whilst the upper springs open out and hold a chimney and night-light as shown. The one with the double row of springs above is that specially designed for holding the glass.



Explosive Ice.

In Branchville, Connecticut, U.S., there is a kind of quartz which explodes, owing to minute cavities in it being filled with partly liquefied carbonic acid. A similar phenomenon has been observed by Mr. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, and occurred in connection with a French "gasogene," the domestic appliance used for preparing aërated water. The water in it, which had been charged with carbonic acid gas, had frozen into ice and burst the vessel containing it with considerable violence. Moreover, the ice itself, when taken into a warmer place, broke up with repeated explosions and threw off fragments to a distance.

The Graphophone.

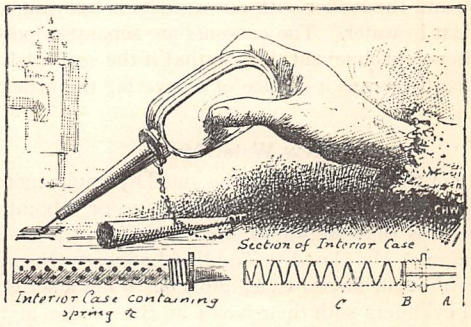
On February 16th last, Professor G. Bell and others patented in this country an invention for reproducing, transmitting, and recording speech, the *modus operandi* of which is as yet a secret; but something of the matter has been revealed, and to the effect that the apparatus comprises an improved kind of phonograph, or graphophone, for recording and reproducing speech. The agency is said not to be electrical, but purely mechanical, and the impulses of the speech are registered on wax, from which the original sounds are capable of being resuscitated.

An Electric Travelling Crane.

In a former GATHERER we have referred to the electric hoist of Dr. Hopkinson, and we have now to mention a travelling crane worked by electricity at the warehouses of a well-known company at Roubaix, France. It is used for lifting and storing cotton bales coming from America, and owing to the risk of fire in the premises steam power is not used. Electricity has therefore been adopted. The crane is placed on a trolly which runs on rails, and a rail fixed to the ceiling of the warehouse guides the top of the crane-post. A small Gramme dynamo machine of four horse-power is fixed on the trolly and kept running at 900 revolutions per minute, and by means of suitable gearing it is employed to hoist the bales, run the crane on the rails, and operate the jib, which has a derrick motion. The generating dynamo supplying the current to that which works the crane is a six horse-power Gramme dynamo. The current is 15 amperes, with an electromotive force of 250 volts. Some 60 per cent. of the original power is utilised by the crane. With the help of this crane it is said that four men can now do the work of ten men formerly employed, and in far less time.

Aluminium-Tin.

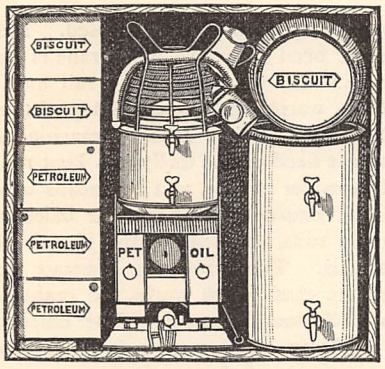
An alloy of 10 parts of aluminium to 100 parts of tin is stated by a French physicist to be capable of replacing brass in optical and other instruments. It is very little heavier than aluminium, and resists chemical action like the latter. It is well suited for some apparatus, and it can, moreover, be soldered like brass.



An Improved Oil-Can.

The holes for oiling locks and machine joints have a very awkward habit of becoming clogged with dust. This dust very often has the effect, when the nozzle of an oil-can is introduced, of blocking it up and rendering the oil-can useless. A new oil-can has lately been patented which is provided with a pin (shown at A in our illustration) that projects through the nozzle and can be used for clearing away any dirt that may be blocking the oiling hole. When this has been done pressure on the pin will force the valve, B, open and allow the oil to flow round the pin and through the nozzle. The valve and pin are generally kept in position by the coiled spring, C, which is enclosed in a

perforated tube. This tube is secured inside the reservoir by the screw that holds the nozzle in its place, and the escape of any oil that may be left in the nozzle round the pin is guarded against by a small close-fitting cap.

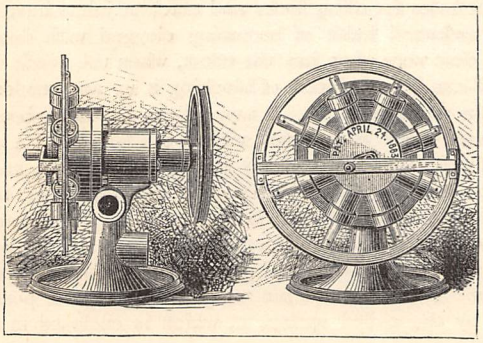


A Floating Locker.

A handy "locker" for small boats, especially those carried on ships for cases of emergency, is shown in the figure. It only occupies a space of three cubic feet, and can hold 200 small biscuits, 2 lbs. of oatmeal, 2 lbs. of beef, 2 lbs. of condensed milk, 2 lbs. of olive oil, and smaller quantities of tea, tobacco, meat extract, and so on. In addition there is a complete condensing apparatus, with sufficient petroleum to distil 120 lbs. of drinkable water from the sea; while provision is made for burning wood, coal, spirits, resin, or tar. A compass, chart, signal, lines and hooks, are also provided, and the locker with its contents is buoyant, and will float in water. The contents are separately put up in water-tight, buoyant tins, so that if the sea wash it overboard there is a chance of recovering the articles.

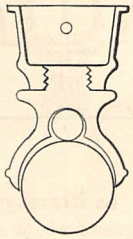
A New Water-Motor.

One of the most novel of the small hydraulic motors which have been designed for domestic or laboratory purposes is that shown in our engraving. It is the invention of Mr. David P. Todd, of Lawrence Observatory, Amherst, Mass., U.S., and consists of a series of radial cylinders with their bases at the centre of the motor, through which runs the driving shaft. The pistons in these cylinders are single-acting, and the water is admitted to them in succession by the rotary valve, which forms part of the main shaft. The pistons in pressing outwards exert their force on a strong ring to which is bolted a cross-bar, which engages the crank of the main shaft. The ring is thus caused to turn the shaft, and it has the vibratory motion of an eccentric, returning the opposite pistons to their cylinders as it is distorted in shape by the extruding pistons. Several minor details need not be referred to. The supply pipe has a diameter of 1½ inches, and the motor gives about two horse-power. The water is supplied from the city pipes under pressure. The motor has no fly-wheel, and can be started or stopped very soon. For continuous running at invariable speed a centrifugal governor is attached to the belt-wheel.



A New Castor.

A new form of ball castor recently brought out is shown in our woodcut, which represents a section through it. A steel ball enclosed in a ring or socket forms the rolling body, and a second smaller ball bears on it. The motion is smooth and free from friction. Another form has three smaller balls, two at the sides. Tests show that the ball continues to roll with loads up to 1,800 lbs. on a hard floor. The trouble given by ordinary swivel castors is greatly in favour of the new form in question.



Sugar and Boilers.

A French physicist has been making researches recently into the action of cane-sugar and treacle on iron, and finds that they corrode or decompose iron, with the formation of an acetate of the metal. The fact is of practical utility in connection with boilers, because it sometimes happens that sugar gets into the water supplied to boilers in sugar refineries, and consequently tends to deteriorate the boilers. Other uses of the fact may suggest themselves to readers.

A Magnesium Torch.

A cylinder of magnesium ten inches long was recently exhibited at a meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society, and it was stated that in some German mines torches of this metal are now used to facilitate the work. When in a more massive form than the ordinary ribbon, it is thought that the combustion is less rapid and better for the purposes of illumination.

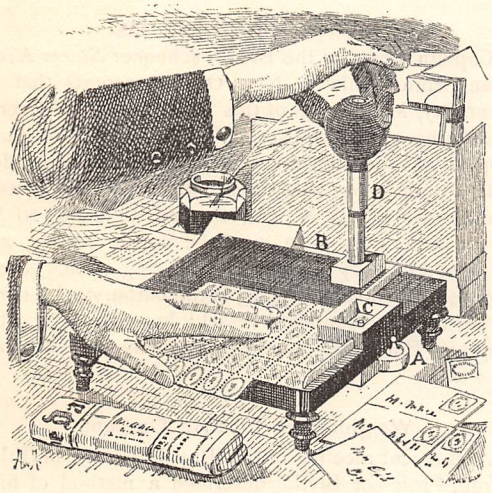
A Green Sun.

Some years ago, soon after the Krakatoa eruption, a blue sun was observed in different parts of the world, notably in India and the Soudan, where the ill-fated Hicks Pasha saw the phenomenon before the disaster which befell his army, and in a letter home asked the question, "What does this portend?" An appearance of a similar kind was more recently seen in the Lyonese

mountains, where on January 10th of this year, after a fall of snow crystals rather than flakes of snow, and about 2 p.m., Marie Lacharrière and some friends saw the sun like a yellowish-green disc in a grey sky. The luminary was also surrounded by a greenish aureole. This appearance was seen by them for three hours, until the sun hid himself behind the mountains.

A Stamp Affixer.

An apparatus for separating, damping, and affixing postage stamps or gummed labels to letters, circulars, newspaper wrappers, and so on, is shown in the accompanying illustration. In it B is a small table on dwarf legs, with a metal reservoir of water under-



neath. On the right of the figure a strip of cloth is in communication with the water. A is the tap of the reservoir; D is the affixer, consisting of two short brass tubes, the lower telescoping into the upper. The lower tube ends in a die with a small hole in the centre of the face. The upper tube ends in a hollow boxwood knob, with an india-rubber air-chamber, alternately exhausted or filled by the closing or extension of the telescopic tubes. The stamps are pushed under the enclosure, C, by hand; a small rail, shown, guiding them. The die is then stamped down on the stamp penned in the enclosure, and cutting edges within the latter detach it; whilst the wet moistens the gum; and the die, by suction of the rubber ball, lifts the stamp with it. The stamp can thus be transferred to the envelope or other paper.

Egyptian Petroleum.

That a copious supply of petroleum has been discovered at Jebel Zeit, in Egypt, is now beyond doubt; and the oil, though said to be a heavy petroleum, will find its uses, either as a lubricant, or as an illuminant in the new petroleum lamps, many of which are capable of burning heavy oil. It is claimed for these heavy oils that they are safe, and that therefore they are to be recommended for use in lamps.

A Handy Screw-Jack.

The figures show a useful little screw-jack which can be worked by one man, and has the advantage of not only raising articles in a vertical direction, but also of tilting them. Thus Fig. 1 shows the jack set for vertical raising, while Fig. 2 shows it set for tilting; the screw being inclined at any angle required by means of the screw and quadrant at its base. In using it a strip of iron is inserted between the blunt top of the jack and the object to be raised.

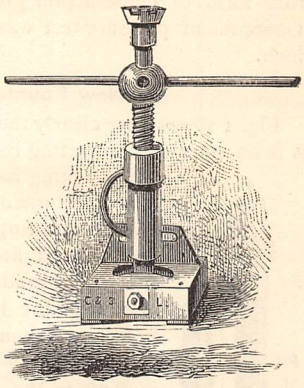


FIG. 1.

An Optical Illusion.

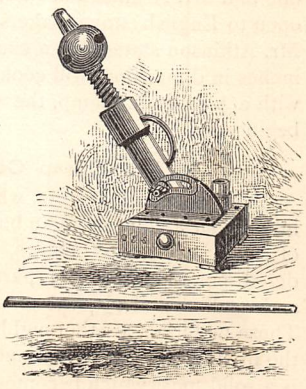
When, on a dark moonless night with a clear sky, the head is leaned against a wall, and the eye fixed on a particular star, the latter sometimes seems to swing or move about. The Germans call this *Sternschwanken*, and a French physicist finds that a similar illusion can be seen if in a very dark room the eye is fixed on a very small faintly luminous object. The effect is not to be confounded with the twinkling of a star, which is a different phenomenon.

The Speed of Swallows.

An interesting experiment was recently made to test the speed of the swallow's flight. Two hen birds were taken from their broods in Pavia and conveyed to Milan, where they were released at a given moment. Both of them made their way back to their nests in thirteen minutes, which gives the speed as 87½ miles an hour.

A Steel Wire Gun.

An experimental cannon of steel wire, 33 feet long and weighing 25 tons, has been constructed and tested for the Government. The trials were so satisfactory that orders have been issued for several more guns of the same description. The gun consists of an inner tube on which the steel wire is coiled in 78 layers. Each length of wire is 2,400 yards long, and the lengths are joined by being brazed and riveted over a length of 15 inches. The form of the wire is flat, so as to fit close in winding. A steel jacket is shrunk over all. It is obvious that



A NEW SCREW JACK.—FIG. 2.

this form of construction gives great strength : the Government pressure test was 65 tons to the square inch.

A New Fountain Pen.

Fig. 1 shows very clearly the nature of this new pen. A is an outer cap protecting the point, and is removed when writing has to be done. The end B is then turned ten times to the right, and the feeding tube, C, is dipped into the ink and kept there while the part B is pulled gradually out. The ink then rises into the holder by suction. The holder D is then taken off and replaced in such a way that the tube C points inwards to the pen, as in Fig. 2. The pen is then held well downwards, and a slight turn of B will feed it as often as required till the supply of ink is exhausted. Should too much ink be forced into the pen, it can be drawn back into the holder by pulling back spring B. When not in use remove the holder D, and replace it again with tube C pointing outwards, then put on the cap A. The pen can thus be carried in the pocket without any risk of spilling.

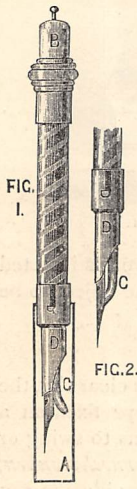


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

Water-Power from Niagara.

The water-power of the Niagara river is about to be utilised by the inhabitants of Lockport, who intend constructing a canal capable of transporting 50,000 horse-power to their town. It is expected that the canal will develop a large manufacturing industry in its vicinity.

A Lamp-Stove.

The Hon. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, has devised a cooking stove on the principle of accumulating the heat of a common hand oil lamp inside a chamber surrounded by thick walls of pine-wood, which retard radiation. Meats are cooked in this oven in their own juices. The heat is supplied to the chamber from the lamp by water circulating round it and heated by the flame of the lamp. The device is only an experimental one and Mr. Atkinson has not patented it, so that it is open to English stove-makers to try the same plan. Mr. Atkinson states that a cooking chamber $6 \times 4 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in dimensions will cook 3 lbs. of meat in an hour with a $\frac{1}{2}$-inch wick lamp, the water being warmed to begin with.

A Cheap Concrete.

An economical concrete, which is said to be coming into favour among Parisian builders, is made of 8 parts of sand, gravel, and pebbles, 1 part of burnt and powdered common earth, 1 part of pulverised clinkers and cinders, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ parts of unslaked hydraulic lime. These materials are thoroughly blended while dry, and the mixture is then wetted and beaten up. The result is a solid mass which becomes very hard in a few days. It can be made still stronger by the addition of 1 part of cement. A three-storey house, 65 ft. by 45 ft., has, it appears, been built of it without iron bonds in the walls, or wooden lintels, beams and posts. The new concrete is stated to be free from cracking or scaling, while it can be made of materials which are very common.

Thermometers for White Heat.

Thermometers have recently been constructed for high temperatures, similar to the ordinary sort, except that the bulbs are of platinum or porcelain, and they are filled with air, which by its expansion acts directly in moving a column of mercury along the scale indicating the temperature.

A Submarine Oil Spring.

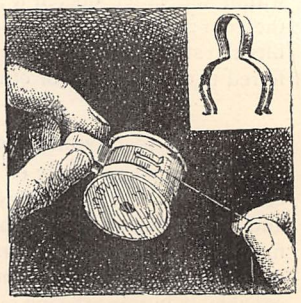
Captain Eden, of the British schooner *Storm King*, bound from Utilla to New Orleans, reports that on Thursday, March 11th of this year, he passed over a submarine mineral oil spring. The oil bubbled and rippled all round the ship and extended to a considerable distance beyond. The latitude of this phenomenon was 25° 48′ N., and the longitude 86° 20′ W. At 11 a.m. they were over the spring proper, and at 11.30 a.m. they were outside the ring of oil. Some suppose the so-called spring is the outburst of a cargo of oil from a foundered vessel ; but it may be what Captain Eden has supposed, namely, a submarine oil well.

Weighing an Electric Current.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor Blythe described a method of finding the strength of an electric current by weighing its attractive force. Two parallel circles of copper wire, of a certain radius and a certain distance apart, are traversed by the current in such a manner that they attract one another. These circles of wire take the place of the scale-pans of a delicate chemical balance, the wires being carefully insulated between discs of glass. The apparatus is said to give a very constant result.

A Thread Tidy.

Ladies sometimes complain that their cotton or silk breaks away from the nick made in the reel to receive it, and makes the work-basket untidy. To obviate this, an Accrington firm has patented a "Cotton Tidy," which consists of a small steel spring so bent as to grip the reel rather more than half-way round. As will be seen from our illustration, in each side of this spring is a long slit through which, when the clip is in its place, the thread passes The middle part of the spring forms a convenient handle, and on holding



this the thread can be readily drawn through the slits and cut off as required, while the action of the spring precludes all possibility of loose ends.

Luminous Cement.

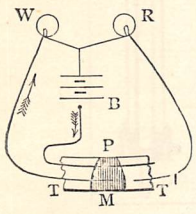
A process has been brought out for mixing Parian cement with sulphide of calcium, the luminous material in luminous paint, so as to render the cement light-emitting. From 2 to 5 lbs. of the cement are mixed with 1 lb. of the sulphide of calcium; and this mixed with water gives a plastic substance which can be moulded into any form, or laid on ceilings and other surfaces by a trowel. The moulded articles as soon as they are dried are placed in a bath of melted paraffin wax, or benzoline, to make them waterproof. It is proposed to use the luminous cement for outlining paths, buildings, docks, notices, and so on, thereby preventing accidents in the dark.

A Dead-Black Paint.

A dead-black paint for optical instruments is made by taking two grains of lamp-black and mixing it with a very little gold size in a saucer. The size may be added a drop at a time. When thoroughly incorporated add about twenty-four drops of turpentine, and again mix all together. The paint should be applied with a camel-hair pencil, and allowed to dry.

An Electric Light Fire-Damp Alarm.

Messrs. Walter Emmott and W. Ackroyd have applied the electric glow lamp in use as a miner's lamp to signal fire-damp. In their apparatus (see illustration) there are two glow lamps W, R, one of white and the other of red glass. They are fed by the current from a battery B, as the arrows show; W, or the white glass, being that which is lighted when the air is good. P is a part of a glass tube which has a mercury plug or seal, M, filling up its diameter inside and making electric contact between the wire T and the wire from the battery, thus sending the current through the white lamp and giving a white light. When, however, fire-damp accumulates in the air to about five per cent., it diffuses so much into a porous reservoir joined to the pipe P, as to alter the air pressure on the mercury and drive it up the pipe to the right, thereby breaking contact with T, and making contact with T^1. The current is thus shunted to the red lamp R, which shows the miner the presence of the gas.



Slag Manure.

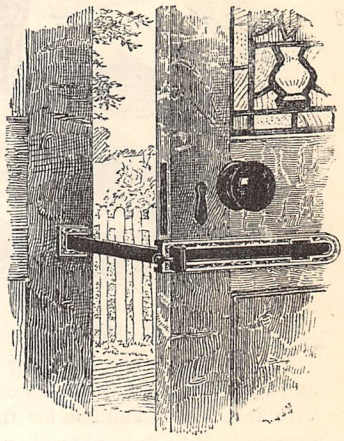
Experiments have recently been made with the furnace slag made by the Thomas process, used as a fertiliser. The slag is ground before applying it to the land. When mixed with nitrate of soda it gives good results, but is said to give better when also mixed with kainite. The mixture should be used as early as possible in the manuring season.

Dagame.

"Dagame" is a Cuban wood, of great strength and elasticity, which is now coming into use in place of lance-wood for the manufacture of such articles as fishing-rods. The dagame tree (*Colycophyllum candidissimum*) grows to a height of forty to fifty feet; the wood is yellowish and close in texture, resembling box-wood, but differing from the latter in its great flexibility.

A New Door-Bolt.

The combined door-bolt and chain shown in our illustration has the merit of holding a door open or closed without damaging the door, as is often the case with ordinary door-chains. The contrivance has a steel bolt sliding in a guide fixed to the door, and a catch fixed to the door-jamb, into which the bolt slides. When the bolt is pushed quite home into the catch it allows the door to be opened some four inches, and will hold it open to that extent, if required for ventilation. When the bolt is pushed partly into the catch it will securely close the door.



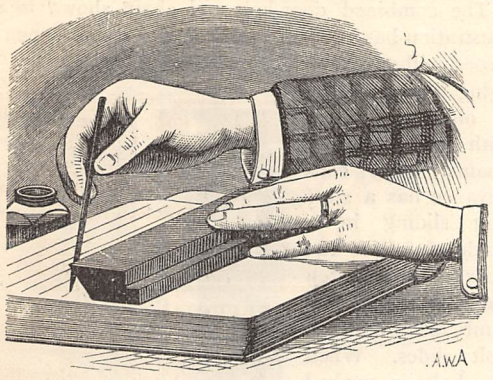
Pine-Tree Gas.

Experiments have been made at the Bordeaux Municipal Gas Works in order to distil illuminating gas from the pine-oil which is burnt in the district. The experiments are said to be successful, and the inventor claims for the new illuminant that it is cheaper than coal-gas.

A Quickly-Boiling Kettle.

Our old-fashioned kettles have a provokingly bad habit of bringing their contents to boiling point very slowly. This fault, at any rate, cannot be alleged against a new kettle, by name "Victoria," recently patented. In outward appearance it is not unlike its predecessors save that the spout is of wider bore and is not so long, and that behind the handle is an aperture whose use is not at first very apparent. But on inverting the utensil its peculiarity is seen at once. Instead of the old flat bottom, a cone-shaped flue runs through the interior of the kettle, sloping to the opening behind the handle. Although this plan of construction materially decreases the holding power of the vessel, its advantages are obvious. Not only is the water heated by the fire round the sides of the vessel, but the flue through its centre secures a quick draught, which does its work so rapidly that in little more than four minutes the water is boiling.

These kettles can be used over coal fires, or on gas or oil stoves, and are peculiarly well adapted for camping-out. For this latter use a little perforated metal attachment, to contain enough tea-leaves to convert the water in the kettle into tea, is made, and can be placed inside the kettle, or removed, at pleasure. The danger, according to our own experience, with these new kettles is not lest they should be too slow in doing their work, but lest they should "boil over" before they are expected to be ready.



A Reversible Ruler.

The engraving shows a ruler which can be reversed, and which by the form of its edges prevents smearing with ink. It is suitable for the use of young people especially, as it does not roll or easily shift. One end of the ruler is bevelled, so as to rule close up to the edge of the thickest book. The figure shows the peculiar shape of the appliance better than any verbal description.

Amalgam Relief.

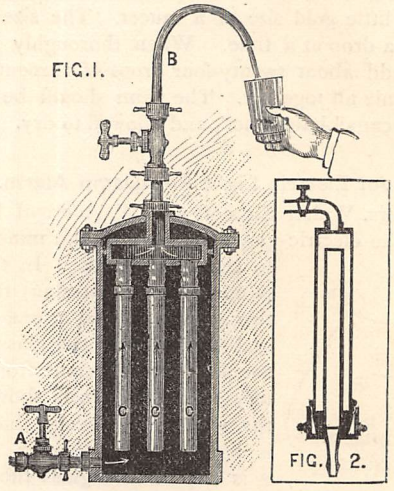
Professors Ayrton and Perry have observed that when mercury is amalgamated with other metals, such as gold, silver, and so on, there is a certain swelling of bulk which would produce a kind of "relief" on the surface of the solid metal; and they attribute to this the phenomenon of the Japanese magic mirror, that presents a plain highly polished surface in which, however, a design can be seen by proper inspection. These gentlemen thought a few years ago that this effect was produced by hammering the back of the mirror and altering the density of the metal; but they are now inclined to the view that amalgamation has caused the change in the metal which makes it exhibit a picture in the light reflected from its surface.

Paper Shingles.

Tiles are now made of paper for roofing purposes in the United States. The pulp is moulded into the form required, then partially dried, impregnated with a waterproof solution, and baked. The tiles are then enamelled and sanded, which process renders them fire-resisting, while giving them a pretty appearance. The paper tiles have the advantage of being lighter than slates, and they can be readily nailed in their places.

The Pasteur Filter.

The celebrated M. Pasteur, whose experimental treatment for hydrophobia has given him a world-wide reputation, has, in conjunction with Mr. Chamberland, devised a filter which is said to filter water of germs as well as other impurities. The filter is shown in section in our engraving, and though we have before referred to the invention in the GATHERER, we deem it desirable to give the latest particulars of the contrivance, which is now introduced into England. In Fig. 1, A is the inlet pipe, fitted with a stop-cock, by which the water is allowed to enter the filter. B is the exit pipe by which the filtered water leaves; and C C C are three hollow porcelain cylinders through the pores of which the water is pressed and purified. The filter is made in other forms suitable for requirements. A single tube or cylinder form when attached to the water-supply pipe of a house will filter from 6 to 12 gallons per day, according to the pressure of the water. The filter illustrated will supply a large establishment with from 200 to 10,000 gallons of water per day. Wine may also be filtered by the same means,



on a large scale. Fig. 2 is a filter for use without pressure, the water being merely supplied by hand. It gives from 1 to 10 gallons per day according to its size.

Kettles Made by Electricity.

An American has recently patented in this country a method of making copper vessels, such as pans and kettles, as well as reflectors, by electro-deposition. A "form" or pattern of the vessel is made, and coated by dipping with a thin layer of pure wax, which in turn is coated with a conducting surface of blacklead, or some equivalent substance. The copper is then deposited on this in a sulphate of copper bath with a dynamo current. The vessel "grows" by electro-deposition on the mould, and can be made of the required thickness. One electric light company, we may add, are building a dynamo for quantity electrotyping, giving a current of 122,500 amperes, which is capable of depositing 315 pounds of copper per hour. Tin is also about to be deposited on iron from scrap tin by electrolysis.

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

THE GRAND ALLIANCE.

THE week bargained for and three days' grace beyond Mr. Drayton stayed at St. Clair's: long enough for Mary to rub her eyes plenty of times and make quite sure her new-come happiness was no mere dream: long enough for Mr. Vaughan to sun himself in the bright situation with the keen, amused pleasure which almost turns unselfish age to youth again: and long enough for Lady Comyngham to be attracted by the tidings to the Gate House, there to make congratulations in such sort as set Mrs. Dacie's maternal pride in a blaze which has never since subsided.

To this day she relates how the countess said, "St. Clair's must not expect to find another Miss Dacie in a hurry, but they must beg her to put young Mrs. Duvesne in training before she left, and Edward, with his small parish, must help Mr. Vaughan with his large one, and they must all try and make the bride as little missed as possible!"

A programme which it is pleasant to record, obtained forthwith, and still remains in excellent working order. Then the bridegroom expectant went off on his less agreeable errand, and having run down to overlook what he had in hand at Granfylde, and returned thence to see after his wedding suit in Bond Street, was putting away a Monday afternoon before starting the same evening for Paris, by a lounge in the Park, when from the crowd of idlers he was unexpectedly accosted by Major Villiers, beside whom was Mr. Rupert, whose acquaintance he had not before had the honour of making.

Both these gentlemen were extremely willing to receive a third party into their conversation.

The honest old major was sorely hurt, far below the surface, by what he considered his son's currish conduct at the Dale the summer before. This, combined with the young man's breach of promise as to loo and congeners of that seductive pastime, had set up a barrier between father and son: so neither was well at ease in the other's company nowadays. By a substratum of selfish sense Mr. Rupert had escaped going to the dogs, but he was imbued with a distaste for the leading-strings of prudence, and though now living in bounds of moderation and his actual income—for with his biggest asseveration the major had vowed nevermore to pay a penny of debt for him—he adopted the cynical air of a man to whom the world is a used-up toy, decorum and respectability just tramways into a wished-for abyss of oblivion!

After a few minutes' stroll, "I have been trying, Mr. Drayton," said the major, who by an effort was always the cheerier of this pair, "to make my son spare me a journey the end of this week. He could get away from Friday to Monday and have a couple of days at Paris if he would agree to it; but"—with a glance at Mr. Rupert, less proud, less confident, than of yore—"I am afraid he won't contrive to oblige me."

"It is the sort of thing I don't care for, sir," answered the younger man, with his chin in the air, and a tone declaring him bored with the subject. "The Channel always turns me bilious, and I would rather not go."

"Paris!" said Richard Drayton. "Why, that is where I'm bound to-night. When do you go, Major Villiers?"

"Oh, Thursday, if go I must. We've a summons from Mrs. Alwyn to her daughter's wedding on Saturday. I suppose I have to give the young lady away."

"Mrs. Alwyn's daughter! You mean the elder? You don't mean——"

"Yes, yes, the elder. Not Sydney—Miss Alwyn," put in the major, with a quick look at his son, who pretended not to hear what was being talked of, "it is my own niece, Leonora, who I'm given to understand is making a grand match at last. But I wish they had not dragged me over for it. Suppose, Mr. Drayton, you go to them with my compliments and say *you'll* be deputy for me!"

"When they would send me back with anything but compliments," was the laughing answer. "No, I must decline such a delicate embassy!"

"Ah, you've no taste for these affairs either," sighed the major. "So I must e'en pack up my coat and show up myself, I'm afraid."

"That you must, sir. Though"—with a meaning twinkle—"I am not above taking an interest in such things. In fact, I'm going to take a very strong interest in one somewhere about the end of this month."

"You don't say so!" cried the major; "what have I come on now? Why, who's the lady?"

"Some one you know, sir. I have to fetch her from St. Clair's." Mr. Rupert deigned to look round at this. "It is Miss Dacie."

"Hey-day! sit down and tell us all about it," said the major with a clutch at some vacant chairs. "I'm heartily glad to hear again about that friend of—about Miss Dacie. When was it settled? And when does it come off?"

These and sundry more questions Richard Drayton freely answered the much-interested inquirer, Mr. Villiers sitting meanwhile a few paces off, consuming cigarettes with an aspect of total indifference. For finale the cause of his expedition to Paris was explained, which his hearer, with many an interpolated "Scamp"

and "Scoundrel," was getting vastly excited over, when a passer-by with friendly greeting claimed "old Villiers," and for a couple of minutes Richard Drayton was left to Mr. Rupert only. By way of civilly saying something, he handed the young man a commonly executed carte de visite, remarking, "People should not leave these tell-tales behind them. If I had not picked this up by accident at Granfylde I should never have been able to track out the original, whom I have been telling your father of."

The photograph was of a young man with marked features, gazing not straightforward but sideways from the picture. Mr. Rupert took it carelessly, but at the first glimpse his expression changed. With an ejaculation he flung away his cigarette, then wheeled his chair closer to Mr. Drayton. "I really have not been attending," he said, "but is this a friend of yours?"

"Friend? No! Enemy rather."

"So much the better for you."

"Why? You know nothing of him, do you?"

"Once upon a time I did—a little. And I knew him for a rascal. You say you intend to find him up for something or other?"

"Yes—to settle scores with him."

"Ah, lucky to be able! Wish I'd the same chance, Mr. Drayton. But if you meet your gentleman you may find it useful to be able to tell him"—looking askance to see his father was out of hearing—"that one of the parties he played with at 'little St. James' (he'll know where you mean!) on the first of May two years ago, understands about his *King of Hearts* well enough now. In plain English, you may tell him he is a card sharper and a blackleg, and men in a livery he doesn't love will receive him with open arms if ever he sets foot in London again!"

"And may I mention who says this?"

"He'll be none the wiser. I cannot even tell you what he was called, though I should know his face among a thousand. We met in a company known only to each other, sooner or later, by two names—fools and rogues. He belonged to the last. I had the slight superiority of belonging to the first class. You perceive"—the liveliness imparted by the notion of a blow at his old associate giving place to his former drawling lassitude—"I reveal the secrets of my unregenerate days, Mr. Drayton: now *nous avons changé tout cela*, and I'm never going to be naughty any more! Sh!" Mr. Rupert applied himself to another cigarette, and nursing one knee, as the major returned to his place, and taking up the thread of his interrupted dialogue remarked regretfully—

"What a pity, Mr. Drayton, your prosperity did not come a year ago, when Miss Dacie's friend, poor Sydney, could have shared its pleasures."

"Just the one drawback we both deplore," said the other man heartily. "But we don't mean to let it last a day longer than we can help. Mary—Miss Dacie—has written to her through the mother, as usual. If she won't give us leave to go and see her, we mean to attack Mrs. Alwyn for permission. We think we know why she is banished. Now we mean to know where it's to."

Then he repeated the countess's conjectures and asked point-blank if they were correct.

"Why, to be sure they are!" answered the major, uncommonly relieved that the murder was out, "and as this has got wind just as I said it would, I shall urge my sister-in-law to take off her preposterous veto on the poor child corresponding frankly with us all. If I knew where she was stowed away I should be tempted to let it out now. But I don't. For"—with a vexed frown, which Richard Drayton fancied he could interpret anent Mr. Rupert—"she will have nothing to do with me now! But if you should chance on Mrs. Alwyn over yonder, ask her about Sydney yourself."

"Small likelihood of that," returned Richard Drayton, "my business will not carry me into ladies' company. But such as it is I must be off after it. I've only time to get my portmanteau from the 'Langham' and catch the seven-twenty train from Victoria;" and with genial farewell from the major and a bow from Mr. Villiers, who was talking now with some ladies at a little distance, he was soon out of the Park, and *en route* for his first stage towards searching out his old slanderer among the slums of Paris.

There at least, assuming that like seeks like, he was prepared to find Mr. "Thompson," as the gentleman appeared to have been known at Granfylde, or "Thomas Travers," as he styled himself at San Nicolas; but Tuesday having been spent fruitlessly among such haunts as he had been privately directed to, he was fain next day to take the advice proffered by the courteous manager at Meurice's, and invoke the aid of the French police. A morning visit to the office of one of the *chefs* in the Boulevard du Palais had the effect of clearing the lines. Mr. Travers was perfectly well known in Paris, under yet another alias. He was the moving spirit of a gang for whom the law was on the alert. His movements were watched with much solicitude.

"You will probably find him, Monsieur," said the polite functionary to his inquirer, speaking English so fluently that the conversation, to Richard Drayton's unaffected relief, was carried on in that tongue, "on the Sunday evening at a certain gaming-table in the Rue Beaubourgh or—you desire him sooner?—then any morning at his recently engaged *appartement* on the Boulevard de Malesherbes, or in the earlier evening at Nombre Dix-huit, Avenue Bois de Boulogne, where he spends now much time. He is clever, very, this your compatriot. He evades us yet. But if you will his detention under this"—touching documents just shown him—"you shall be immediately accompanied to that purpose."

Richard Drayton deliberated. Once his own name was cleared, he hardly desired to push the man to this extremity. He would give him another chance—try other means first. Thanking the civil official, then, and arranging for further communication, if needful, he bent his course towards the well-known Boulevard de Malesherbes, and requested of the *concièrge* at one of its best-appointed dwellings an interview with Mr. Thompson under his latest Parisian pseudonym.

But "M'sieur was not within. He had arisen but to

set forth and make visits. The hour of his return was totally uncertain."

On, therefore, to the Avenue Bois de Boulogne went Mr. Drayton, trusting, though with some wonderment, to come, in that well-inhabited locality, upon his gentleman with his intimates for the time being.

But at Number Eighteen he was also too late. An active-minded attendant was "bien chagriné, but le Monsieur Anglais was but just departed to drive with his friends to Longchamps. He would be returned only at the hour to dine in the evening."

Allowing seven as the "hour to dine," Richard Drayton put away the time impatiently till eight, then presented himself once more at the balconied, flower-garnished little mansion, requested to be announced merely as a gentleman from England, and speculating much on what species of company he was entering, found himself, after traversing a spacious gilded corridor, in a brilliant decorated salon, and in the presence of Mrs. Alwyn, Miss Villiers, and Mr. Morecoombe-Wood!

The ladies were in charming, costly evening toilette. Mrs. Alwyn's satin draperies certainly became her; Leonora in pearly silk and muslin, with a semi-cuirass, was looking up with rapt attention at her masculine companion. He, in immaculate dinner costume, seemed whispering soft speeches for her ear alone. All three showed visible amazement—no fraction greater than what he felt!—at Richard Drayton's appearance. In one of the trio a flash of something like fear showed at the back of this surprise.

"This is an unexpected—call," said Mrs. Alwyn, rising, ceremonious interrogation in her aspect. "You bring no ill news, I trust?"

"Oh, certainly not. At least—that is—of course not," returned Mr. Drayton, shaking hands with herself and her daughter, then coming to a most awkward full-stop before their guest, during which, thought Mrs. Alwyn rapidly, "This man has found Sydney out. He wants to marry her. That is why she refused to come here to me. If he hopes for one *sou* of dower he will find himself disappointed!" Aloud she said—

"You do not know our companion. Allow me to introduce——"

"Excuse me," the caller interrupted, "I do know Mr.—Wood—Morecoombe—er—" (Among the aliases he grew confused. "Mr. Morecoombe-Wood," corrected Mrs. Alwyn, her eyebrows contracting at this *gaucherie*)—"perfectly well. To be candid, it is for him my visit is intended. I must plead guilty to never having suspected that it would bring me into your society."

Mrs. Alwyn drew her mouth into surprised lines, sank back with dignity, and made a gesture implying, "Then proceed with your business, pray!" Miss Villiers, with a scarcely concealed pout, gave a glance of pettish offence at the intruder. But Mr. Morecoombe-Wood took a seat doggedly by the fair Leonora, and from that shelter met Mr. Drayton's eye with a stare of steady defiance.

"Before ladies you will excuse me from entering on any discussion that may have brought you here," he said. "It is not exactly the form that obtains in Paris."

"As you will," answered Richard Drayton. "But having come thus far to meet you, and being in haste to get back to England, perhaps Mrs. Alwyn will permit me to wait here till you can spare me five minutes:" and he took a chair close to the door, sitting there through a minute of embarrassment to all, broken by his hostess asking if he was particularly occupied in England, that he must return thither quickly from this enchanting city.

"I fear, Mrs. Alwyn, I don't find Paris half so enchanting as the village you left," was the blunt reply to this. "At any rate, it is to St. Clair's I have gone to look for a wife."

"And found one?" cried the lady, suspicion aflame again.

"And found her."

"Actually in that remote corner of the earth!" said Leonora pityingly. The French capital was her Paradise. St. Clair's in reminiscence—well, exactly the reverse. "You must be easily contented, Mr. Drayton!"

"Indeed I am not. I could find no match to Miss Dacie elsewhere, I assure you. For I have followed Dr. Primrose's advice, and chosen my wife as she would choose her gown—to wear well."

"Miss Da—cie!" repeated Leonora, with an inflection of amused patronage: "Actually to be married! And you say Dr. Primrose advised it? Is he a medical man you both know, then?"

Mrs. Alwyn tapped the floor impatiently. Sometimes her dearest Leonora was provokingly stupid. She was so now. What would that well-read Mr. Morecoombe-Wood think? She need not have disturbed herself. The well-read gentleman had enough else to think of in those seconds, to let his fair lady's pretty ignorance pass unheeded.

"Drayton," he said, getting up armed with a resolution to take the bull by the horns, "Mrs. Alwyn will permit us the use of her *salle à manger*, I am sure. We had best dispose of what brings you here at once." Richard Drayton was on his feet instantly, still in front of the door. Unearthing his quarry where he had, put him in a bit of a daze, but one idea he kept well in sight. Having found the fellow, he must not let him go till what he wanted was secured.

"We can dispose of it without so much as leaving the room," he answered, "Mrs. Alwyn giving us leave to talk ten minutes by yonder writing-table."

"My room is at your service, Mr. Morecoombe-Wood," said the lady. "Leonora, love," as the two men moved off the length of the apartment, "read me *Galignani's* London letter, will you?" And to that distant accompaniment Leonora's lover wound up accounts with him whom he had nearly made his scape-goat years before.

His cavalier air changed to one of lynx-like anxiety; he watched while, without a single word, letters from one Senor José de Souza of San Nicolas, detailing certain sums unlawfully abstracted from his possession by a Francis Travers, a telegraphed order for the

arrest of this Travers if necessary, and a second telegram giving entire power to deal with the matter to Richard Drayton, were laid before him.

His quick wit caught at the saving clause, "if necessary." He put his finger on the syllables. "What buys me off?" he asked in the lowest audible voice.

"This," said Richard Drayton, unfolding a sheet of letter-paper, on which was set forth clearly a recantation of the tissue of lies told by Francis Travers, to stain his colleague's character at their Brazilian post.

"At this distance of time and place, for sums insignificant to him, Senor de Souza has no special desire to prosecute you——"

"Chut! Chut!"

"If I am contented, so will he be."

"Give me a pen!" whispered Mr. Morecoombe-Wood, with the harsh hard breathing of a man at bay. "There!" seizing a slender, gilded toy of Leonora's, and dashing off a shaky "Francis Travers"—"that's soon done, and upon my honour" (an asseveration with poor enough backbone) "I'm glad to do it, Drayton. You can't tell what I was put to out with the De Souzas. But I've often felt in an awfully low way over it. I never did a trick of the sort before or since. You are satisfied? You'll go now? You won't let out upon a fellow?" (This in rapid, feverishly eager undertone, his evil calculating face well kept from the ladies' sight.) "You'll cry quits if you're as generous as you used to be."

Even with his precious draft safe, Richard Drayton hesitated, knowing the man a liar, whose mere acquaintance boded ill to Mrs. Alwyn and her daughter. While he demurred Miss Villiers flung down her paper, crying out—

"Oh, Travers, Travers! A horrible bee is on my arm! It will sting me. Oh, here, here! what shall I do?"

"Confound—the bee!" said Mr. Morecoombe-Wood *sotto voce;* but he had to go to her assistance, while Mrs. Alwyn, sailing down on Mr. Drayton, made motherly excuse for the familiar appeal.

"If you had been a few days later you would have missed finding your friend with us. On Saturday my dear daughter changes her name, and the gentleman beside her becomes my son-in-law. I think you once said you had a little place in the South of England. Perhaps you know other members of his family, and the beautiful place they own in Devonshire?"

Then Richard Drayton made up his mind what to do. Leonora's flutterings were calming down. He went up to the man beside her. "After all," said he, curbing a strong inclination to expose this cozener, "there is something else I must speak of to you. Suppose we step out together for half an hour?"

"Oh, tiresome!" murmured Leonora to her pale *fiancé.*

"One minute only, *chérie!*" he answered in the same tone, stooping to lift her white hand to his moustache; then the two were out in the lobby together, and in one man's scowl of contemptuous disgust the other saw his game was up.

"Jean! My hat—my gloves. Ah! the lazy beggar is not here. I must wait upon myself. Excuse me." And with that he dived with snake-like rapidity into an unlighted passage, whence for nigh five minutes his companion impatiently awaited his return. No sign of him then, Richard Drayton followed in the same direction: went through baize-covered doors, down a long corridor ending with a second staircase, up which came Jean, humming gaily. Then it all flashed on him. Number Eighteen was a double house: a corner house. By the side entrance the bird had flown. "Monsieur Morecoombe-Wood? Oh, he was set out since many minutes—rapidly! Would Monsieur return to Madame Alvyne?" asked Jean, and to his excessive mortification Mr. Drayton felt that was the only thing he could do.

Ushered again to her *salon,* the lady was doubly surprised to receive him, alone; tenfold more when he begged a private interview, and—Leonora, in bewildered annoyance, having swept away through folding doors, to throw herself on a couch in the next room, and listen attentively to every sentence uttered in the one she had left—beyond expression startled at what he had then to say.

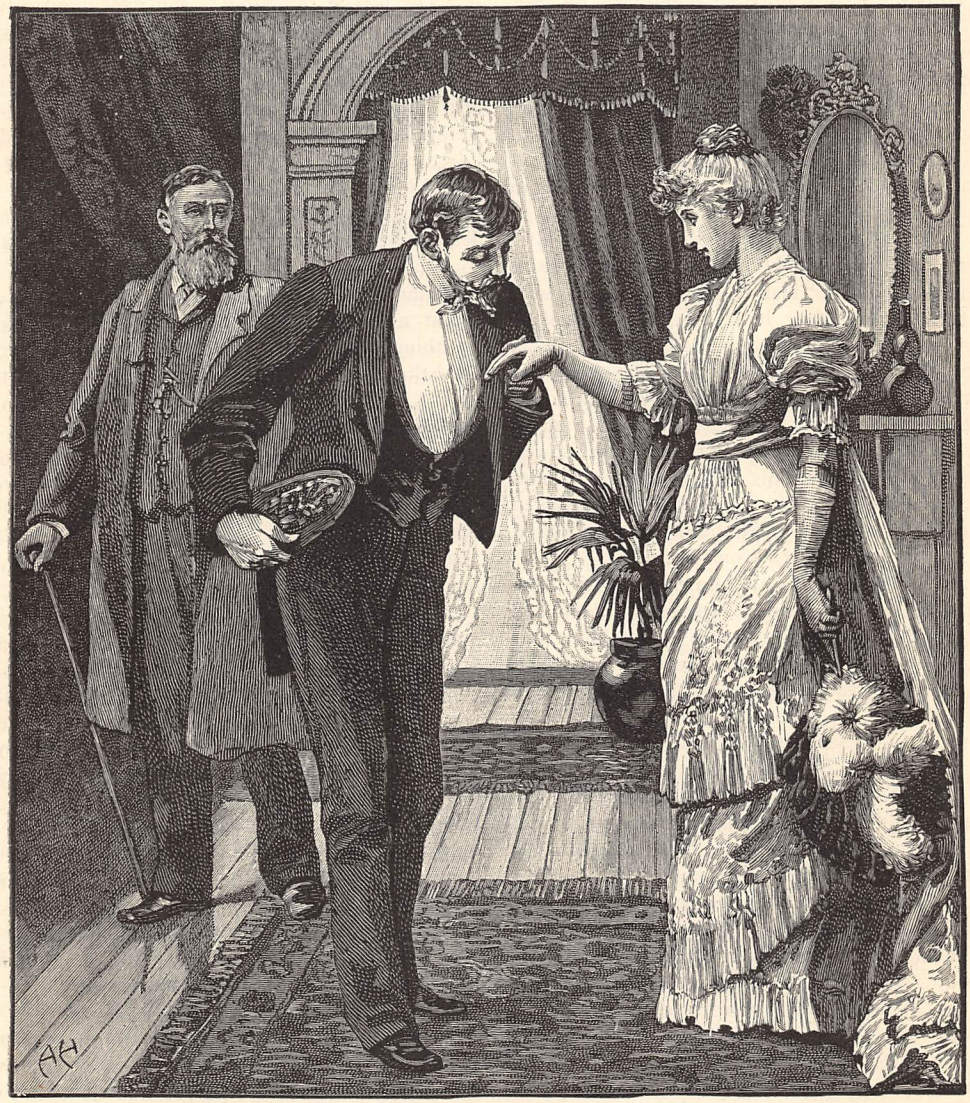
"Am I satisfied with the marriage projected for my daughter?" (Thus he broke the ice.) "Of course I am, Mr. Drayton! "Mr. Morecoombe-Wood is a gentleman of property, of leisure, of undeniable position, of excellent birth. His family is irreproachable. He is a baron: Hanoverian—Bavarian: I am not sure which. Count Küster, his closest friend, has visited us here. He cannot speak too highly of him. My daughter stays with Count Küster's circle through the winter Berlin season. I do trust"—faltering angrily before Mr. Drayton's pitying expression—"you are not come to me with any annoying hearsay. Slander floats in Paris as well as in other places, but I have no desire to hear any of Mr. Morecoombe-Wood."

"My dear madam," was the reply, "I wish fervently I had no worse than slander to report. Try your utmost not to be upset. But there is no time to lose. The truth must out, come what may. I am bound to tell you this man you have received as 'Morecoombe-Wood' is just plain Francis Thompson: a fraudulent clerk in England: a thief in his employment in Brazil: a card-sharper noted in a dozen cities: an unmitigated scoundrel under all conditions. You have but one thing to be thankful for in your connection with him—that is, that you have probably seen the last of him."

"The—last—of him!" gasped Mrs. Alwyn, her cheeks shrivelling with anger and fright beneath their coating of cosmetics, "Mr. Drayton, this is not true! I—you—he shall confront you! He shall disprove this! Take me—take me to him! How can I, how can my child, know peace till we find this false?" And with frenzied weeping and fright, powder and rouge rubbed off, leaving a woman grotesquely aged and faded, Mrs. Alwyn demanded a carriage to take her and Mr. Morecoombe-Wood's calumniator to the Boulevard de Malesherbes, there to win denial of these most abominable accusations!

Poor lady! the miserable drive had a yet more miserable end. The swindler, never unprepared, had got the start of them. From his elegant *appartement*, hired, not as he had assured them for the year, but for one month only, the *concièrge* told them—furnished, not from his purse, but from his landlord's—Monsieur had but a short quarter of an hour before removed many personal belongings: "summoned to Bordeaux!" And not his belongings only were missing.

"Where," cried Mrs. Alwyn, "are the cases of china, sent here direct from England? They were to be ready when my daughter came. We were to have a frieze of 'Spode,' Mr. Drayton, worth a hundred guineas! There was Wedgwood too. And a piece of Faïence de Henri Deux! Priceless! Where is it? Where is my daughter's trousseau? Half had been sent here. They were to have come on Saturday themselves. There was lace! There were jewels!



"'ONE MINUTE ONLY, *CHÉRIE!*' HE ANSWERED" (*p.* 644).

Mr. Drayton, Mr. Drayton, I am losing my senses! What am I to do? What *am* I to do?"

Difficult, this, to answer.

Between the wrath of the unpaid *concièrge*, the lady's ravings, and his own imperfect command of French, Richard Drayton had a distracting night of it. Back at the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, sounds reached the *salon*, where he was left awhile, of Leonora bewailing, upbraiding, blaming: her mother fondling, soothing, scolding, retorting: both finding their one

consolation in casting the onus of this catastrophe on each other : a deplorable duet, lasting till long after midnight.

Then, tortured and dishevelled, the elder lady appeared again, revealing a yet more serious cause for her violent agitation.

"Mr. Drayton, if this horrible nightmare be true, where is the—man? He must be found—detained ; for he has grossly robbed me!"

"If your loss be bearable, I would almost counsel your putting up with it for the sake of your daughter. If you move the law against him, you will only have to suffer painful publicity, and he owns nothing but ill-gotten gains at cards. Nothing can be recovered of him."

"But it must! It shall!" half shrieked Mrs. Alwyn, and then divulged the further fact that besides smaller sums lent him "just till his dividends came in," and for furniture which he represented himself as purchasing, the sharper had actually inveigled his dupe into taking her daughter's portion—half her entire remaining fortune—from the English funds and placing it in a "*compagnie*," of which he was a managing director! This worthless scrip she now showed with trembling eagerness, only to have her worst fears confirmed. In fatuous credulity she had been befooled of five thousand pounds, and Richard Drayton dared hold out no hope of recovering one farthing!

He went by daybreak to set the police astir, Mrs. Alwyn insisting on that course, the result of which was the discovery some four-and-twenty hours later that the swindler, in flaxen wig, and yet another alias, had got safely off from Havre and set sail for an American port. Whether he had meant to carry out the marriage on the ensuing Saturday, and so wrong his victims yet more heavily, could never now be known.

Major Villiers, stopped by telegram from coming over, so strongly urged by letter their making the best of a very bad business, that all idea of legal retribution was discarded. At the end of the week Mr. Drayton left the bitterly distressed ladies preparing to give Paris a wide berth, as soon as they should be fit to travel. Then, remembering it for the first time in all this hurly-burly, he ventured the suggestion that the presence of Mrs. Alwyn's youngest child might be some comfort now. Might he, or might Miss Dacie, send Miss Sydney to her?

But the mother answered with concentrated irritation, "Most certainly not. My daughter has chosen to strip herself of all that might have helped us. Now, therefore, less than ever can I condone her wilfulness or suffer her return!" And seeing she was too angry and too actually ill to be reasoned with, Mr. Drayton had to take back to England this unsatisfactory reply as the corner-stone of his—in so many ways—most unsatisfactory expedition.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

MISS HURST ARRANGES EVERYTHING FOR EVERY ONE.

WHEN Sydney woke after that strange night of overwrought emotions, the sun high in the heavens, and sounds about the house, told her usual rising hour long past.

As she fully roused to realisation of what crimsoned her cheeks and smote her with a pain she could not have parted from for worlds, a light tap sounded at the door and Miss Jean's head was cautiously intruded.

"Oh, awake this time!" she exclaimed, advancing cheerfully. "I looked in twice before, but I wouldn't allow Fanny to disturb you. 'No, Fanny,' I said. 'When people sleep so heavily it is a sign they require it;' though if I reasoned like that for myself I should rarely be up before noon. I am sure the birds were twittering and it was getting quite dawn to-day before I had had a single doze!"

This was a general delusion of Miss Jean's, a harmless hallucination, never gainsaid in her household. But this morning the martyr-like boast carried with it singular dread. Nervously determining to hear the worst at once, Sydney lifted her head to ask, 'Did anything disturb you then so very much last night?" And the suave self-delusion of the reply, "Oh, nothing fresh! Only, as you may imagine, after such an agitating talk with my poor brother I was not able to close my eyes for hours!"—was a relief beyond expression. The new mystery of her own life, ineffable folly, sweet, miserable as it might be, she could keep safe from outside cognisance. To have had the other phase of the late hours' brief drama suspected, known, would have been terrible. Miss Jean's shocked investigations, their inevitable sequence, Mr. Babbington's officially scandalised upbraidings, these Mr. Hurst was spared. Immeasurably grateful she felt that this was so.

While Sydney rapidly thought, Miss Jean chattered on: wondered Miss Grey could sleep with undrawn curtains; it was bad for her eyes; she always told Gilbert it was bad for his. Yes, she never neglected any trifle that might give him a chance, poor fellow, though long since she had lost all hope for him. She quite imagined he had done as much for himself, but going off as he had this morning to Dr. Legh, showed her mistaken.

"Gone!" Sydney echoed, sitting up, her fears for him all starting to the fore again. "When? Has Mr. Hurst left Wynstone this morning?"

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Hurst. "Do you sleep in a dressing-gown, Miss Grey? Haven't you sufficient blankets? Would you like Cousin Priscilla's knitted quilt? Why didn't you tell me you were cold?"

"I am not, indeed," Sydney stammered, "only—my head ached. I fell asleep with this on. And you said—Mr. Hurst——?"

"Is gone to the same place he was coming from when you met him last July. To James Legh's, an old friend of our family. He told poor Gilbert last year if anything could ever benefit him it would be total cessation from work, absolute freedom from anxiety; and *that* I know he has had. "'Try those,'" said Dr. Legh, 'and come again next summer:' so he is gone, much to my surprise. I thought he had given up the notion, but this morning it appeared to have taken hold of him, so I would not vex him by saying 'no' to it: I merely remarked, 'I'm

afraid it's a waste of money, Gilbert dear, and with quarter-day near, I am short as usual, nevertheless here are two sovereigns, and I know you'll give me any change you bring back.' But really, Miss Grey, you look as if you had a headache : how glad you will be of a quiet day with me alone! While you are getting up I'll go down and make you some strong tea. You'll enjoy that!" and with a pleasant glow of self-appreciation off trotted Miss Hurst.

In half an hour Sydney descended too : the stairs, the hall, the very sunshine, all looking strange, as if she had had some illness since noticing them last. The gleaming river beyond the garden set her shuddering. The house seemed curiously, eloquently empty —the absence of one pervaded every room, every minute.

At the end of the breakfast-table Miss Hurst sorted and dusted sundry inherited treasures of crockery. While Sydney made the best feint of a meal she could, the industrious lady proceeded with her Crown Derby, explaining—

"I take the opportunity of doing this while Gilbert is away. I am so careful not to hurt his feelings : I always try to avoid saying, 'Mind where you are going, or what you are doing :' and I'm sure the way he moves about is extraordinary ; but I tell him prevention is better than cure ; so I put cups and saucers like these out of his reach, for he would be sorry to do me an injury in anything, little or large, as I'm sure he proved last night." Then, after a halt full of self-consciousness—

"You will like to hear how I got on with him, Miss Grey?"

"Y—es. If you don't think Mr. Hurst will mind your telling me."

"Why should he? If I choose to confide in any one what need stop me? Mr.—Mr.—Oh, dear!"—with quite a juvenile simper—"I must say 'Horatius'—is gone to Hereford till this evening, and I am not one who can keep my pleasures to myself. That is"—with a tinge of offence at her grand disclosure not being more eagerly met—"if you care to hear of them, Miss Grey."

"I really do. My head makes me seem stupid. Please go on."

"Ah, the sun glares through the window. I'll let the blind down, then the pain will pass off. There!" —suiting the action to the word and re-shelving her precious china as she talked : "Well, you can imagine how nervous I got waiting for Gilbert last night. I could have sunk into the ground when I heard him and—and Horatius at the gate. I couldn't think what to say nor how to say it, but Horatius"—that bewitching name was as an apple of gold to Miss Jean's tongue!—"had been so good. He had entered into every particular with Gilbert. There was nothing for me to explain except"—with appropriate confusion—"how truly I am still attached to Horatius." A little pause. Then : "My poor brother! You see he has been accustomed to consider himself everything to me. I am afraid it came as a blow upon him. He looked so odd, so pale when he came in. But I impressed on him that a wife's affection is quite different from a sister's ; that I can expand to the one without robbing him of the other; and that though—or even because—he may never know a wife's he shall never, never lose a sister's! And I told him if he thought me wicked or foolish or unfair to him to marry, just to say so candidly, and I would see if I could endeavour to give it up, though of course it would break poor Horatius's heart, and mine, and ruin the poor motherless little children's prospects for ever! And when he said my happiness was the first thing, and if marrying Mr. Babbington secured that, I must put *him* out of the question altogether, I said, 'No, nothing on earth should make me do so! And if he could agree to neither of our plans which Horatius named to him, why still, as long as I lived he should always have a corner in my home."

"Plans?" Sydney, with expectation ordered to numbness, put in. "What were the plans, Miss Hurst?"

"Well, mine that Gilbert should become a clergyman. Yes, indeed! I could teach him the prayers by heart myself : an undertaking, but for him I would attempt it. Horatius would attend to his views. I haven't a doubt Horatius could make him orthodox, though," with fine inconsequential confusion, "I don't think he can be so much amiss, in spite of his not liking to argue on theology. But he is a most honourable man, and I'm sure no one could ever say a word against his character, and he has a good voice, and poor people always get attached to him. Davis is, Taffy was. So the Church is the very thing for him."

"And he decides——?" Sydney asked, Miss Hurst leaving off for breath.

"Nothing yet. He hardly said a word. And I begged him to understand that I had no intention of driving him into work. "Of course," I said, "dear Gilbert, if you just live with—us, you will make—er—our children your companions. They are backward now, but in a year's time Belle will be able to read to you. And you wouldn't expect me to go on paying Miss Grey to stop here, when there will be plenty of us to attend to you, and my poor little income will be wanted in fifty new ways."

A tremor of that coming separation turned Sydney cold.

"It is reasonable," she said, shrinking from her own words, "that I should leave you."

Miss Hurst had strayed on awkward ground. In her own embarrassment she overlooked Sydney's emotion.

"You and I will settle that by-and-by. But I was bound to just name it to my brother. And, dear Miss Grey, now don't mind this, but I said too that I thought for your own self it would be a good thing for you to leave us."

The blood rushed tingling over Sydney's face. Was her secret an open one? What had Miss Hurst guessed? What had she told her brother?

"A good thing for me to leave!" she faltered : "but—why?"

Miss Hurst had finished her china. Now she drew

her chair close to her startled companion, and patting her arm, said with genuine kindliness—

"Because, my dear, if I may call you so, for Miss Grey sounds stiff, and whether you are Susan, or Sarah, or Sybil, you've never told us—because I really do not think this is the place for you. As Horatius himself said, being interested, you know, in every one I like, a lady so young and nice-looking ought hardly to have been put in such a post. I was conscious of it from the beginning. But I never spoke of your age or your appearance to my brother. They have been alluded to before him, but such remarks seemed simply to go in at one ear and out at the other. So I am free from trouble on that score. But other people make comments. Mrs. Preece has done so. And I think, and Horatius thinks, that another home would be more suitable for you. Besides——"

"Well: besides?" said Sydney slowly.

"Why, I must drop concealment, and say to you as I did to my brother last night, that I feel confident—yes, quite, that you have some matrimonial project which may be brought to a happy crisis by your quitting us. Now, don't be offended"—as Sydney started violently—"I will be quite frank. I have put things together which you have said, and so on, the weekly letter you are so particular over, and the one that comes for you—"the gentleman's letters," as that inquisitive-eyed Fanny called them, though I've never seen even the

"'DIDN'T YOU KNOW, MISS?'" (*p.* 651).

address of one—and I can quite see you have had disagreements with your family. But"—with a gush of romantic fervour—"you and your lover have been constant! So let me just write to this mother and sister of yours, 'travelling in France,' you know, and tell them that you've earned a right to be rewarded. It's not that I want to lose you. If I had the means we lost really through that wretched Mr. Alwyn, why, I would say, 'Stop, Miss Grey.' Some one I am told has paid that unfortunate man's actual creditors after all. But we have no legal claim. No one thinks of our moral one. So we must go injured to the end of our days, and so must others, indirectly, even you! But, as I said to Gilbert, it is my firm trust that Miss Grey in leaving us will gain her due—a home and a husband such as she is fit for. Now, my dear, have I not guessed right?"

Over this excellent-intentioned labyrinth of words Sydney turned dizzy. What to set right, what to leave unexplained she could not sift out. Deeply reddening, then chill and pale, she was able only to thank Miss Jean disjointedly for her expressed interest, interrupted by a brisk "Don't say a word about that. Our obligations are equal—as I insisted on to Gilbert. He was naturally taken up with my prospects and appeared to pay no attention to yours; kept walking at the other end of the room and didn't answer once till I said, 'Really, Gilbert, you *ought* to wish Miss Grey prosperity in marriage or anything else! Don't let me have to tell her you care nothing for her going or staying!' Then he said" (Sydney sat motionless, but with hands so tightly locked, her father's small seal ring cut deeply into the finger it encircled) "'I certainly care for Miss Grey's well-doing. I have regretted her being here for months past. She should be freed from us immediately.' No more breakfast?"—Sydney had risen, and moved away—"Well, I am to fetch the dear children to lunch and must be going for them. Take a day or two to determine what you wish. And ask me to do anything you can think of for your advantage."

So ended Sydney's last lengthy conclave with Miss Hurst. For during her remaining days at Wynstone if the elated *fiancée* was not holding charmed converse with Mr. Babbington, Florry's frocks or Horry's food or Bella's boots, or some willingly antedated duty demanded her time, and Sydney was left weary leisure in which to chafe her spirit more and more sorely. Miserably useless encumbrance, despite all her cravings to serve them, no matter how cruel the wrench, one hour she longed to be away; another, the prospects of him who, all uncaring, had drawn forth her love never to be given back, the foresight of his isolation, sympathy only too poignant with that nigh fatal acme of his desolate sorrow—and leaving him seemed impossible. But very soon decision was imperative.

"My brother's friend is not to be put off!" Miss Jean announced the third morning of Mr. Hurst's absence. "Of course I open Gilbert's letters. Here is one from that Mr. Drayton, and he means to look round, as he calls it, the end of this month or the beginning of next. He wishes for no answer. May not be at home to receive it. Which is all very well, but how does he know if I can receive him? There are the rooms——"

Sydney gathered up her resolution. She would be gone before Richard Drayton came.

"My holiday was to have been asked for soon," she said. "Of course now you will not want me back after it. Let me leave directly. I will write to—to—where I shall stay, and you will have room enough then for your guest."

And to this Miss Jean, inclined to be provoked at her continued reticence, agreed somewhat stiffly, and Sydney took the initial step towards departing, by writing briefly to Jacob Cheene that in one week's time she would be with him at Stillcote-Upton.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

"FAREWELL."

THE next day Mr. Hurst came home. Sydney saw him nearing Wynstone, very erect but surely aged, with a face that looked stormbeaten since that evening he had gone out to Perristone wearing her badge of wild white rosebuds. His footstep past the poplars, his voice in the hall, set all her pulses springing with delight that refused to be gainsaid; but sight of the steadily-forced smile with which he entered, sound of his greeting words, to her subdued or cold, made her gladly escape, with eyelids smarting over unshed tears, while Miss Jean poured forth inquiries anent his visit.

"Just as I said!" was her discouraging report when a few minutes later she followed Sydney up-stairs. "The case hopeless as I knew it to be. Poor Gilbert has only flung thirty shillings away to hear what I could have told him as well. Those thirty shillings would have come in handy, but it can't be helped. As I told him in all kindness, it may be many a day before I have another one pound ten to spare him for an outing, so I do hope, once he got over Dr. Legh's ultimatum, he managed to get a little enjoyment out of this one!"

"In all kindness," was poor Miss Jean's battle-phrase just now, used with implicit belief that it represented her relationships with her brother. "In all kindness," she fired off speeches in his hearing as to the multitudinous expenses soon coming on her, and the blessing of work to people who could brace themselves to it: "in all kindness," she encouraged her soon-to-be step-family about the house at all hours, for "dear Gilbert" to grow used to them before their final removal thither; and "in all kindness" she affectionately so contrived to fill the situation with stings and barbs, that each day found Sydney more hopelessly heartsick over this, the last turn of fickle Fortune's wheel.

Mr. Hurst she saw seldom. Her speedy going was spoken of before him often. He himself never named it. The few words he addressed voluntarily to her were marked by extremest reserve. The subject neither could desire to approach seemed to have raised an impassable bar between them. The happier ease

of late months became a lost Eden, and every minute Sydney stayed at Wynstone was freighted with fresh pain.

But the very minutes were counted now, for it was the noon she was to leave. To satisfy Miss Jean's anxious hospitality she had swallowed some of her last luncheon ; but she had declined a supply of eatables for the journey.

"Then you are not going far?" queried her hostess. "Not far, to-day," was her answer, registered as "uncommunicative as usual!" and then Miss Hurst was seized with the fear that Davis, who should by now have come for Sydney's luggage, had mistaken the hour and might not come at all. She must run down and see after him. She would only be five minutes. Meanwhile Miss Grey could take leave of her brother and be ready to start when she came back.

Outside the study door Sydney stood with nerves all quivering : knocked and went softly in : looked from flower-buds clustering about the long casement and books she had now done with, to the one figure shut out from all, though in their midst, with the unsyllabled yearning of a last farewell.

Mr. Hurst knew what brought her there. He was ready with what to do and say. As the door fell back, latched by a west breeze, he got up from some letter he was slowly writing and spoke first, the table's breadth between them.

"You leave us now," he said, "but I have something here for you to read before you do so :"—passing across a business-like missive.

Sydney took it—read it. A short acceptance of his book. An offered payment, small, as the work was a first one, but a suggestion that a more copious volume on the same lines would be worth a larger sum. "An opening at last," thought Sydney bitterly, "and she must not help him to use it!"

"It reads like irony, does it not, Miss Grey?" was Mr. Hurst's comment, as if he saw what passed within her breast. "Still this lifts me out of a beggar's estate. For that release I have to thank you. This will take me from Capel Moor without further encroachments on my sister : so again I thank you."

"You too are going?"

"Yes, to find my level among others as sightless as myself. I am to make one of Mr. Montague Carle's household ; to learn, and to teach, and to get my daily bread under his orders. Mr. Babbington suggests this scheme : my sister desires it."

"And you——?"

"I accept it. It is means to the only human end my life may know—my sister's relief. I thank God for that."

To Mr. Montague Carle's! Under his roof—his rule, hard, grasping, grinding, vulgar, intolerable! Sydney glowed, trembled, in angry revolt.

"You can never go there," she cried passionately, "it is cruel——"

"No, no! They see no cruelty in it. Like me, they see the necessity."

"But"—fighting this fact—"Miss Hurst spoke to me of something else for you."

"Ah—to undertake, maimed as I am, for loaves and fishes, what I never counted myself fit for in more capable days. No. This is better than that. I had a friend once, Miss Grey, a Robert Vaughan, who always held that solace of some sort lies at the end of the road called straight, however narrow, however rough it might be." (Sydney's eyes filled fast. Heaven send he might so find it!) "There was"—very slowly—"an hour when I forgot this. Henceforth I must forget it no more. When Jean in her great sisterly goodness willed to keep me with her—idle—I yielded ; for I had no right to risk money of hers in seeking advantage for myself I might never secure. That way was narrow enough, but peaceful too. Now things are altered. Brighter times seem come for Jean. It would be unjust for me to mar them. So I turn out—late, not unready—on the rough way."

(No calm could hide how he was suffering. Her tears fell quick and silent. Oh, to comfort him! to comfort him!) "I would not have tired you with so much about myself"—he had to be very careful of each word now—"only I would fain have my—helper—of so many months remember me fairly—at least as no worse than I am." He broke off abruptly. Sydney could barely muster voice to answer him.

"I will remember most, Mr. Hurst, that you taught me very much ; that while you let me learn of you, I grew almost to forget some great troubles."

"Troubles which may be nigh done with now," he returned ; "for," mechanically repeating the sentences he had drilled himself in, "Jean tells me what she sees in store for you. If she is right there is assuredly one cause for—for us—to be glad at this break-up."

Glad—was he? Best so a thousand times. And yet a momentary faintness surged over her. Outside Miss Hurst was heard. "Here, Davis. This is the luggage. Be careful of it. We have no time to lose." Sydney moved nearer Gilbert Hurst.

"Then I can only bid you—good-bye," she said.

He leaned against the chimney-piece—his usual fashion, as she first saw him at Wynstone. Her own hand she held forth in farewell. He knew it, but kept his arms fast folded. For honour, for reason, he must act the churl.

"Good-bye," he repeated, motionless.

"Miss Grey!" cried his sister without : the door opened : a rush of flower-scented air filled the room : it closed : Sydney was gone.

* * * * * *

She never remembered clearly that walk to Capel Moor station with Miss Hurst. Belle Babbington ran out from the manor and claimed to join them. Davis brought a great bunch of white stocks as a valedictory offering from his "missus" : Miss Jean kept up a stream of mysterious offers to write anywhere or do anything for her benefit, and wafted salutes from the tips of her fingers as the train moved off ; but all this, with the hot midday journey which ensued, seemed only like a dream, and herself an automaton moving through it.

They were nearing Stillcote-Upton when she roused from this breathing-space to pain once more : to pain,

and to dim hope, struggling against readier unbelief in the dictum Gilbert Hurst long before, she later, at St. Clair's had learnt of their mutual master, Robert Vaughan.

But even that was fated to more conflict.

Her destination reached, she traversed sleepy little Stillcote guided by landmarks Jacob had pointed out last autumn. Past the lodgings of his clerkly days, where her father went to and fro each morning ; down the quaint irregular High Street, where shop folks stared at her, so evidently a stranger ; by St. Clement's, its rectory shadowed by the buttressed tower ; by Stuarts, where guelder roses peeped at her from the old walled-in garden ; and so towards Jacob's dwelling.

She looked up at his bow window, longing for the old man's smile : the only one in the world she could now count upon. He had not written back to her, but she never doubted his ready welcome. How much she would have to tell him : how much to withhold !

On Miss Ambler's shining knocker she sounded a summons, modest enough, but it set the echoes flying down the old town, and brought in immediate response a small rosy-cheeked handmaid, with very red eyes.

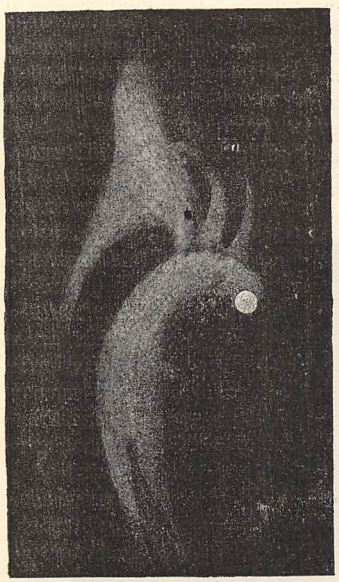
"Mr. Cheene, miss!" ejaculated Nancy, as, too tired to wait for invitation, Sydney entered while asking for him—"oh, didn't you know, miss? Hadn't nobody sent you word of it? Why"—recklessly crumpling a clean apron over her face—"poor Mr. Cheene, he died o' Thursday, miss, an' they've buried him on'y this very mornin' !"

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY WILLIAM HUGGINS, D.C.L., F.R.S.

SECOND PAPER.



NEBULA NEAR MAIA.
(*From a Drawing by MM. Henry.*)

EACH of the plates of the starry heavens taken by MM. Henry, in the way we have described, corresponds to a little more than six square degrees, and in the case of the plate reproduced in the illustration on page 653, there are impressed upon it more than 5,000 stars; the faintest of these stars are beyond those which the eye could see with an instrument of the same aperture.

The length of exposure depends upon the smallness of the stars which it is desired to include, a very great relative extension of time being necessary for the fainter stars. MM. Henry give the following lengths of exposure for stars of different magnitude. These times apply, of course, only to the apparatus and to the plates used by them, on a night of average clearness.

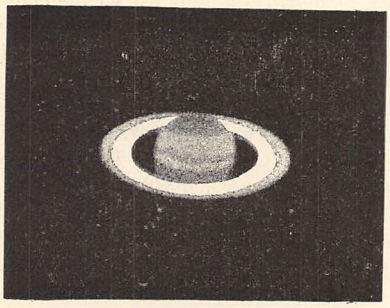
1st magnitude stars require	One two-hundredth of a second.
2nd ,, ,, ,,	One hundredth and a third of a second.
3rd ,, ,, ,,	Three hundredths of a second.
4th ,, ,, ,,	Eight hundredths of a second.
5th ,, ,, ,,	One-fifth of a second.
6th (faintest visible to the naked eye)	Half a second.
7th magnitude stars require	One second and a third of a second.
8th ,, ,, ,,	Three seconds.
9th ,, ,, ,,	Eight seconds.
10th (mean magnitude of the asteroids)	Twenty seconds.
11th (mean magnitude of the asteroids)	Fifty seconds.
12th (mean magnitude of the asteroids)	Two minutes.
13th magnitude stars require	Five minutes.
14th ,, ,, ,,	Thirteen minutes.
15th ,, ,, ,,	Thirty-three minutes.
16th ,, ,, ,,	One hour and twenty-three minutes.

The stars of the sixteenth magnitude are the smallest which have been photographed by the Brothers Henry. The duration of exposure of the brightest stars, as compared with that of the faintest on the plates, is as 1 to 1,000,000. The relative brightness of any two consecutive magnitudes is 2,512.

M. L'Amiral Mouchez, the director of the Paris Observatory, has recently invited astronomers of different nations to unite in making a complete photographic chart of the whole heavens ; and he has shown that such a great work, on the scale which he adopts, could be accomplished within ten years. We should then possess, and be able to hand down as a magnificent legacy to the astronomers of coming centuries, a permanent record of the positions, and the relative brilliancy at this time, of some twenty to thirty millions of stars. This number is too great for the mind adequately to realise, and is indeed overwhelming as compared with the number of stars which have been recorded by the slow process of measurement by eye.

If it were thought desirable to risk a small loss of extreme accuracy of position by taking a much larger piece of the sky on each plate, and not to go below stars of the ninth magnitude, a photographic map of the heavens could be accomplished in a much shorter time. It is on these lines that Dr. Gill has been

working at the Cape of Good Hope, with the assistance of the able photographer, Mr. C. Ray Woods. Each plate is six inches square, and covers an area of about thirty-six degrees, about four times as great as



PHOTOGRAPH OF SATURN.
(*MM. Henry.*)

that of the Paris plates. In this way the whole sky, from dec. 63° to 90°, has been photographed in duplicate. Owing to the generosity of Mr. James Nasmyth, Dr. Gill will be shortly in possession of an instrument similar to that at the Paris Observatory, but rather smaller in aperture. This instrument will be used for photographing special areas, and especially those containing dense clusters.

In our own country similar work has been begun by Mr. Isaac Roberts, near Liverpool. In May last he began the regular work of taking photographs of the stars in the northern hemisphere, commencing at the Pole. He works with a silver-on-glass reflector of twenty inches aperture and 100 inches focal length. In consideration of the frequent atmospheric changes that occur in our climate, Mr. Roberts has decided to limit the time of exposure to fifteen minutes, and therefore not to include the fainter stars. He says :—"The chart upon which I am engaged will be upon a scale twice the size of Argelander's, and will contain a larger number of stars than are shown in his work."

At the beginning of this paper I spoke of the fields of discovery which were before the astronomical photographer. The Brothers Henry, on November 16th, took a photograph of the Pleiades, and were astonished to see a sort of spiral nebulosity apparently issuing from one of the bright stars of the group, known as Maia. This was found to appear in four other plates, and they then realised that the photographic plate had "seen" and recorded an object which had hitherto escaped the most careful scrutiny by eye of many observers with many instruments. It may be that it shines chiefly by blue-violet light, and is therefore much brighter, as considered by its action on the plate, than by its power of exciting vision. Henry's plate is reproduced in the accompanying illustration. In the original negative more detail can be made out than on a print on paper. The illustration on the previous page shows the nebula on a magnified scale, as drawn by MM. Henry.

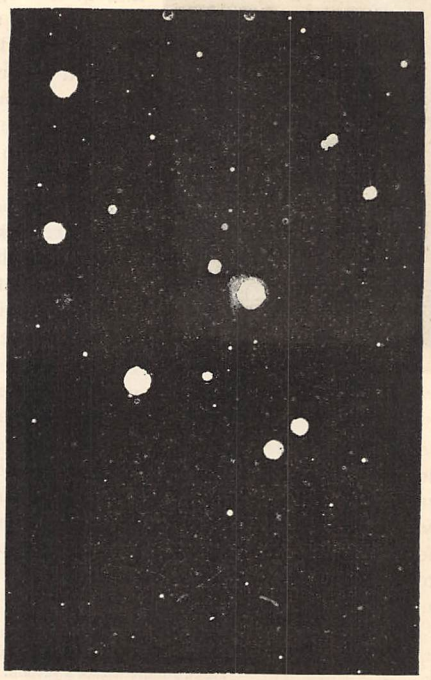
Professor E. C. Pickering, of Harvard College Observatory, states that in a plate taken there on November 3rd, 1885, an irregularity of photographic action about this star was noticed, but was put down to some defect in the plate.

When photography had shown the existence of the nebula, M. Otto Strune succeeded in seeing it with the thirty-inch object glass of the new Pulkowa telescope. He has since been able to glimpse the object with a fifteen-inch telescope. The nebula has also been seen since by MM. Perrotin and Thollon ; but M. Perrotin adds :—"We have seen the nebula because we knew that it existed. We should certainly not have observed it otherwise."

MM. Henry have obtained since traces of two nebulæ in the Pleiades, both of them near bright stars. One, a faint nebulosity near Merope, they consider does not resemble the nebula discovered there by M. Tempel, but is similar to the nebula seen by Mr. Common with his three-foot reflector in 1880. The third nebula appears as a faint nebulosity starting from Electra, and proceeding towards the east ; this object is evidently at the limit of photographic visibility that can be reached with their instrument, and required an exposure of three hours.

Among other results which the Brothers Henry have obtained at the Paris Observatory, the following are of great interest and value :—Good photographs of the principal planets, those of Saturn (of which an illustration is given) being especially fine ; the principal division in the ring, and the belts upon the ball, are very distinct. Their recent photographs of Jupiter show the red spot and the apparent influence of this spot upon the adjoining belt.

The satellite of Neptune has been photographed



NEW NEBULA NEAR MAIA.
(*MM. Henry.*)

in all parts of its orbit, even at the point of nearest approach to the planet. Forty-two plates have been obtained of the Milky Way and other regions of the sky. More than 600 double or multiple stars have been photographed, besides the star-clusters of Hercules, Clypeus Sobieskii, Ophiuchus, and Perseus. Two hours' exposure on the nebula of Orion brought out very faint details with great distinctness.

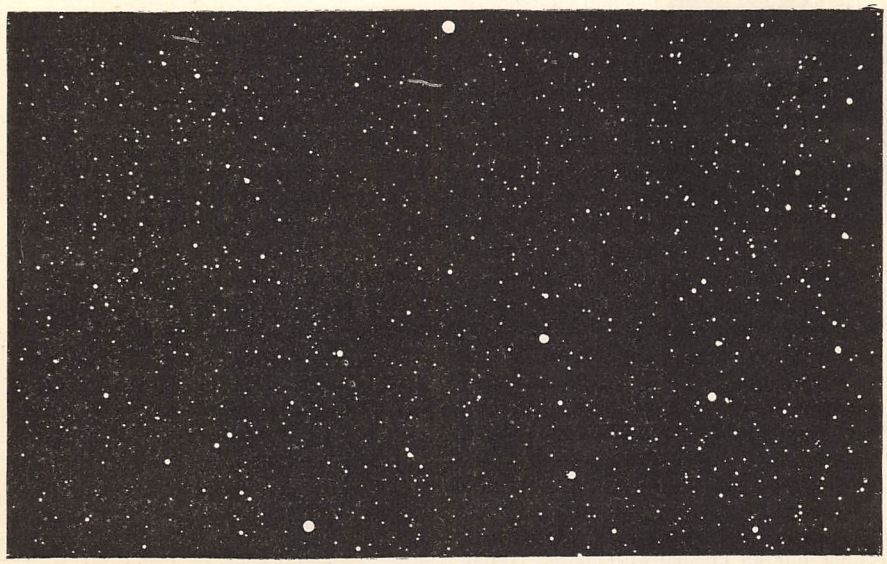
The Emperor of Brazil has already given orders that the Observatory of Rio de Janeiro shall be furnished with a photographic apparatus similar to that at the Paris Observatory, and that it shall take part in the photographic survey of the heavens proposed by Admiral Mouchez.

for determining the motions of satellites, and may even lead to the detection of others, if any such exist.

It is not too much to hope that the study of double and multiple stars will be greatly helped by photography, and it may be that the delicate work of observations for parallax and for proper motions may be, to say the least, confirmed by the photographic plate.

The photographic method is specially applicable to the study of groups of stars such as the Pleiades, for the purpose of determining whether the members of the cluster have a physical connection, and are in movement among themselves.

At present, indeed, photography seems less easily applicable to stellar photometry, and to the study of



PHOTOGRAPH OF A PORTION OF CYGNUS.
(Part only of the Photograph by MM. Henry.)

Another important result is the possibility of discovering asteroids by photography. Small stars appear on the plate as very minute round points, but an asteroid would be distinguished at once in consequence of its proper motion among the stars, for its image on the plate would be a short line. This line, by its length and position, would indicate the asteroid's motion in direction and velocity. The Brothers Henry have already obtained the image of an asteroid of the eleventh magnitude, which showed its motion by a sharply-defined line, all the neighbouring star-images being minute round points.

Professor D. P. Todd, who regards the evidence in favour of the existence of a trans-Neptunian planet to be well founded, has said recently:—"The capacity of the modern dry plate for the registry of the light of very minute stars, makes the application of this method the shortest and surest way of detecting any such object." The success of MM. Henry in photographing the satellite of Neptune shows that photography may take the place of eye observations

the changes in the light of stars which are variable, but the difficulties in this direction of work are certainly not insuperable, and success here also lies probably in the near future.

The writer has not referred to a far more refined application of photography to the heavens, one on which he has specially worked—namely, the photography, not of the simple images of the stars, but of their light after passing through a prism. The writer obtained the spectrum of a star on a collodion plate as far back as 1863. He has since photographed the spectra of many stars, of two comets, and of the nebula in Orion. It is not the place to speak of the increase of our knowledge of the physical conditions of those bodies which these photographs have given to us. Space forbids to speak of the photography of the corona of the sun, and the determination, photographically, of the motions of stars in the line of right.*

* The writer wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Common, Admiral Mouchez, and the Brothers Henry, for the original photographs from which the illustrations have been made.

COOKING AT SEA.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," ETC.

"THERE! don't bother me; I don't know which way to turn." How often has this remark been made by our old friend, the good plain cook, to some interrupting fellow-servant, most probably the unlucky page, who, on occasions of preparation for extra festivities, generally has rather a lively time of it. On these exceptional occasions, perhaps a little fussiness, and even a little extra irritability of temper, may be excused; but what a dreadful thing it would be if some modern Mr. Bultitude, who had not thrown away his Garuda stone, were to wish his good plain cook to change places with one at sea!

In one instant the comfortable and spacious kitchen shrinks into an iron-bound apartment probably one-quarter the size. The kitchen range becomes the galley fire. The view from the window, commanding a delightful prospect of the area railings, is changed into one of rolling billows crested with foam. What was formerly the kitchen floor is now an inclined plane, sometimes sloping thirty degrees in one direction, and sometimes in another. Then the creaking, groaning, banging, swinging, crashing, shouting, which seem inseparable from sea-travelling, that are always going on. How bewildering!

The ship is the *Kaisar I Hind*. We are midway between the ports of Aden and Colombo. Our cook is Mr. Baker, an old friend of mine, whose first experience of cooking at sea was making an omelette on board the lugger *Mary Ann*, while Captain Webb swam by the side on his memorable journey from Dover Pier to Calais Sands. The bill of fare, which to-day is considerably more extensive, is as follows:—

P. AND O. S.S. *KAISAR I HIND*.

AT SEA BETWEEN ADEN AND COLOMBO.

5th day of November, 1884.

SALOON MESS.		SECOND CLASS.	
Passengers	82	Passengers	22
Officers	8	Children	—
Children	13		
Engineers	6	Warrant Officers	12
European Stewards	41	Natives	8

BREAKFAST.

FIRST CLASS.	SECOND CLASS.
Porridge.	Porridge.
Findon Haddock.	Mutton Chops—Chips.
Rump Steak and Onions.	American Hash.
Hashed Poultry.	Minced Collops.
Irish Stew.	Ham and Eggs.
Kidney Omelette.	
Curry Rice.	ENGINEERS' MESS.
	Do.

FIRST CLASS CHILDREN.

Porridge.
Fried Fish—Mutton Cutlets.
Pish-Pash—Hashed Fowl.
Boiled Eggs—Curry Rice.

LUNCHEON—FIRST CLASS.

Roast Ribs of Beef.
Roast Shoulder of Mutton—Mint Sauce.
Pigeon Pies—Corned Leg of Pork.
Salmon—Cucumber.
Potted Meats.
Mashed Potatoes—Biscuit and Cheese.
Currant Buns.

DINNER.

FIRST CLASS.	FIRST CLASS CHILDREN.
Soup:	Soup.
Scotch Broth.	Boiled Mutton.
Joints:	Roast Fowl.
Roast Shoulder of Mutton and Onion Sauce.	Cornish Pie.
Entrées:	Curry Rice—Pastry.
Chicken à la Marengo.	ENGINEERS' MESS.
Green Peas à la Brétonne.	Soup.
Poultry:	Roast Beef—J. P.
Roast Goose and Apple Sauce.	Cornish Pie.
Curry—Allahabad.	Curry Rice—Pastry.
Pastry:	STEWARDS.
Naples Pudding.	Corned Beef.
Meringues of Damsons.	Vegetables.
Lemon Cheese Cake.	WARRANT OFFICERS' MESS.
SECOND CLASS.	Corned Beef.
Soup.	Vegetables.
Corned Beef—Carrots.	
Roast Mutton.	
Cornish Pie.	
Curry Rice—Pastry.	

Before entering into a description of cooking at sea, and explaining how such cooking differs from the ordinary methods on shore, I must first guard against the common error with writers who may be described as amateur sailors, of using what they would call "sailors' lingo." I shall therefore, in order to render myself perfectly intelligible to all classes, including that very large one—those who have never been to sea at all—carefully avoid using any nautical phrases. There must be, however, a few exceptions.

The first thing that naturally attracts the attention of a landsman is, what a fearful state of confusion there must be in the galley during a rolling sea! Imagine an ordinary kitchen grate covered with saucepans, &c., were it suddenly to begin to swing backwards and forwards like a see-saw. This diffi-

culty, however, is easily overcome. Every galley fire is fitted with a number of iron bars fastened to a rod at the back, and which fit into little grooves in a rod in front. Consequently, when the sea is rough these bars are fixed, and each cooking utensil is held tightly in its place between the bars just the same as a saucepan could be held over an ordinary fireplace with a strong pair of pincers.

Another difficulty is when the saucepans on the fire are at all full—when the ship rolls they run over. The remedy for this is as simple as Dr. Abernethy's one for the old lady who complained of having such a dreadful pain in her arm when she went "so." He pocketed his guinea and said, "Don't go so." So with the saucepans, the simple remedy is, "Don't fill the saucepans." No saucepan on board ship should ever be more than three-quarters full when the ship is rolling.

My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship was—how many practical lessons might be learnt from it by cooks on shore! How often do cooks complain that "there is no doing anything in this pokey kitchen;" the pokey kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch, and dinner have to be prepared daily for over 200 persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.

We must not, however, be tempted by the strange surroundings, especially of faces and temperature, to write an article on cooking without giving some new receipts. On turning to the bill of fare for the day, there are at least two or three dishes the names of which are to me quite unfamiliar. These are Pish-Pash, American Hash, and Cornish Pie, to say nothing of the Allahabad Curry; but at some future time I hope to explain the different kinds of curries, which are so numerous that they require a dictionary all to themselves.

It will be seen that Pish-Pash is one of the dishes served at the children's breakfast. It is very simple, and a more excellent dish for children, whether on sea or at home on land, cannot be conceived. It is made from the remains of chickens which have been previously cooked. The meat is carefully removed from the bones and cut up into small pieces not bigger than dice, and it is served mixed with boiled rice moistened with a little stock. Sometimes Pish-Pash is made from the remains of boiled mutton. Children, of course, eat it with a spoon and fork. This dish is one that certainly deserves to be more widely known than it is at present.

The next dish which strikes my eye as a novelty is American Hash. This is made by mincing some corned beef in a sausage machine, and mixing it with mashed potatoes and flavouring it with pepper, mustard, anchovy sauce, and nutmeg. The mixture is pressed and shaped in a mould; it is then egged over and baked in the oven.

I may here state that the cooking on board the *Kaisar I Hind* was really first-class, quite equal to that at the first-class establishment in which our present cook formerly served. I was, however, particularly struck with the economy shown, which in my experience invariably goes hand in hand with excellence. The grand maxim of gathering up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost, was carried out to perfection in the cook's galley on board the *Kaisar I Hind*, while at the same time every dish prepared was nourishing and appetising.

The Cornish Pie—another name also new to me—was made by mixing meat and potatoes in equal quantities, adding gravy, flavouring, &c., and covering the whole over with pastry. This again is a dish that only needs to be better known to become very popular.

I think I have met with the same dish in the North of England under another name, but I cannot recall it to mind.

There is one other dish in the bill of fare which, perhaps, may need a little explanation, and that is *Poulet à la Marengo*.

This is an exceedingly nice entrée when properly made. I will describe how to make enough for six or eight persons. First parboil a young and tender fowl, and when it is quite cold cut it up into small joints; the legs must be cut through the joint, the bone of the drumstick chopped off close to the meat, the thigh cut in half, the bone being chopped; the wings should be cut off rather short, and the breast cut across so as to make three joints. These, with the merrythought, will make twelve meaty little joints without using any of the back. These joints should be quickly fried a bright golden colour. They are best fried in oil, but they can be browned in the frying-pan, in which has been placed a very little oil or butter, which must be made very hot. The mistake generally made is that in frying the joints brown the cook dries them up. The joints of fowl should be piled up neatly in the centre of a silver dish, and a rich sauce poured over them, made as follows:—

Take first some really good, rich, brown gravy—say rather more than a quarter of a pint. The gravy must be similar to what would be served with a roast goose or roast turkey—not thin beef-tea thickened with flour, as one so often finds it in middle-class homes on shore.

To this quantity of good gravy must be added four or five table-spoonfuls of tomato pulp, or, as it is called, "tomato conserve." This can be obtained in bottles, and is far superior to the tomato sauce, which contains vinegar and has much less of the pure tomato flavour. A small tin of mushrooms should be added to the gravy and tomato pulp, and the whole made thoroughly hot. The dish should be garnished round the edge with fried eggs and pieces of bread cut into some shape and fried a bright golden brown colour. The eggs should not be fried like those served at breakfast, but should be sent up resembling in appearance small, round, light brown balls. A few of the largest mushrooms should be picked out of the tin

and dipped in some bright glaze, and placed round the edge to assist in ornamenting the dish. A few stoned olives may also with advantage be added just before serving.

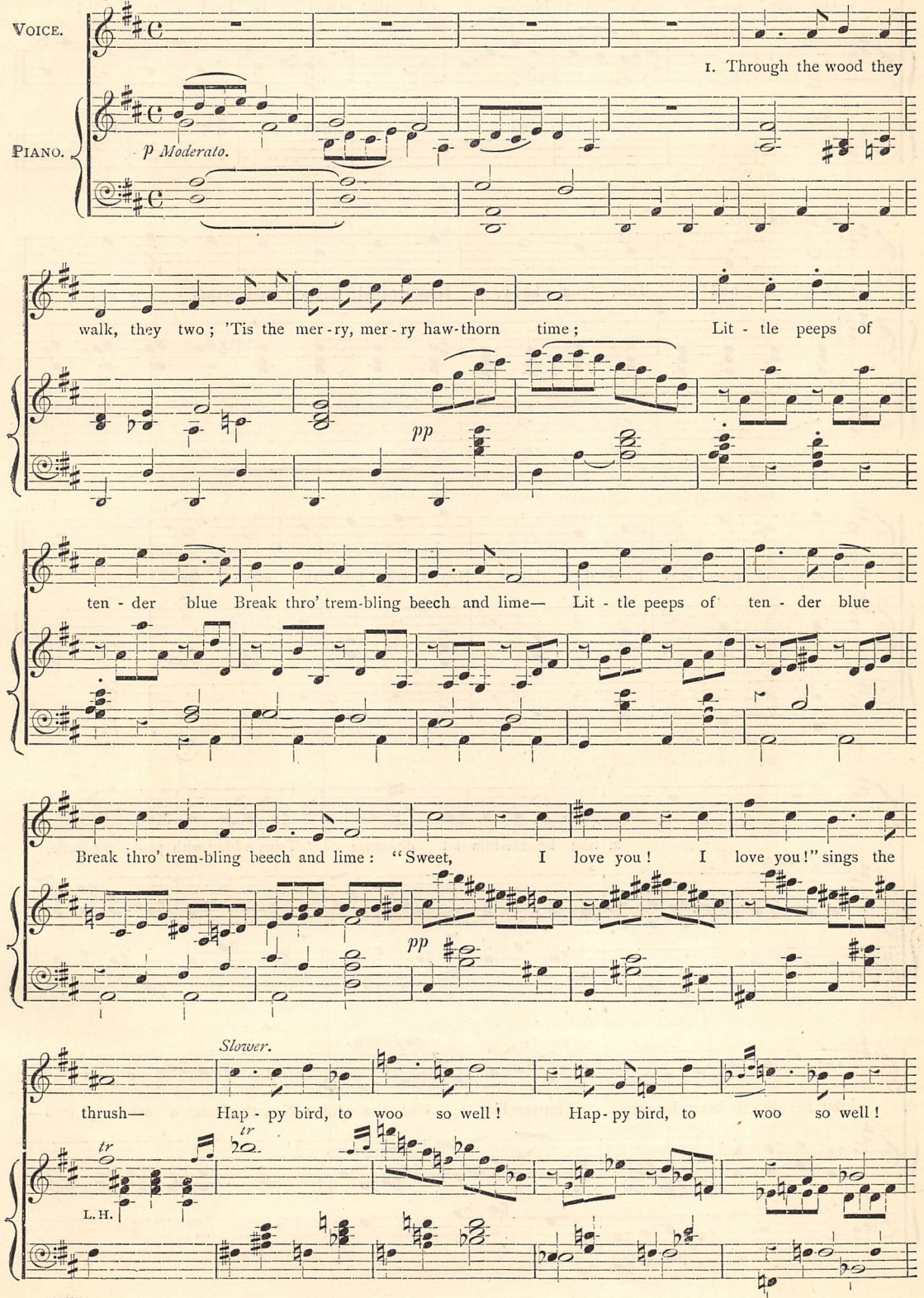
In the altered mode of living which we experience when first we exchange our bed for a berth, perhaps the change is most apparent on the breakfast-table. Probably many persons, in glancing over the bill of fare served on the occasion I have mentioned, will have their attention drawn to the rump steak and onions and Irish stew served at breakfast. We have always regarded Irish stew as a dish best suited for supper on a cold winter's night. Here it is served as a breakfast dish, with the thermometer standing at over 80° in the shade. I remember on the occasion of a former voyage to New York, Irish stew was a constant item in the breakfast bill of fare. What is more to the point is that the dish was always a favourite one with the passengers. Travelling does a great deal to rub off prejudice. If those housekeepers who are constantly complaining—and they are a large class—of the sameness of the English mode of living were only to look abroad, they could astonish their households with a series of startling and most agreeable novelties.

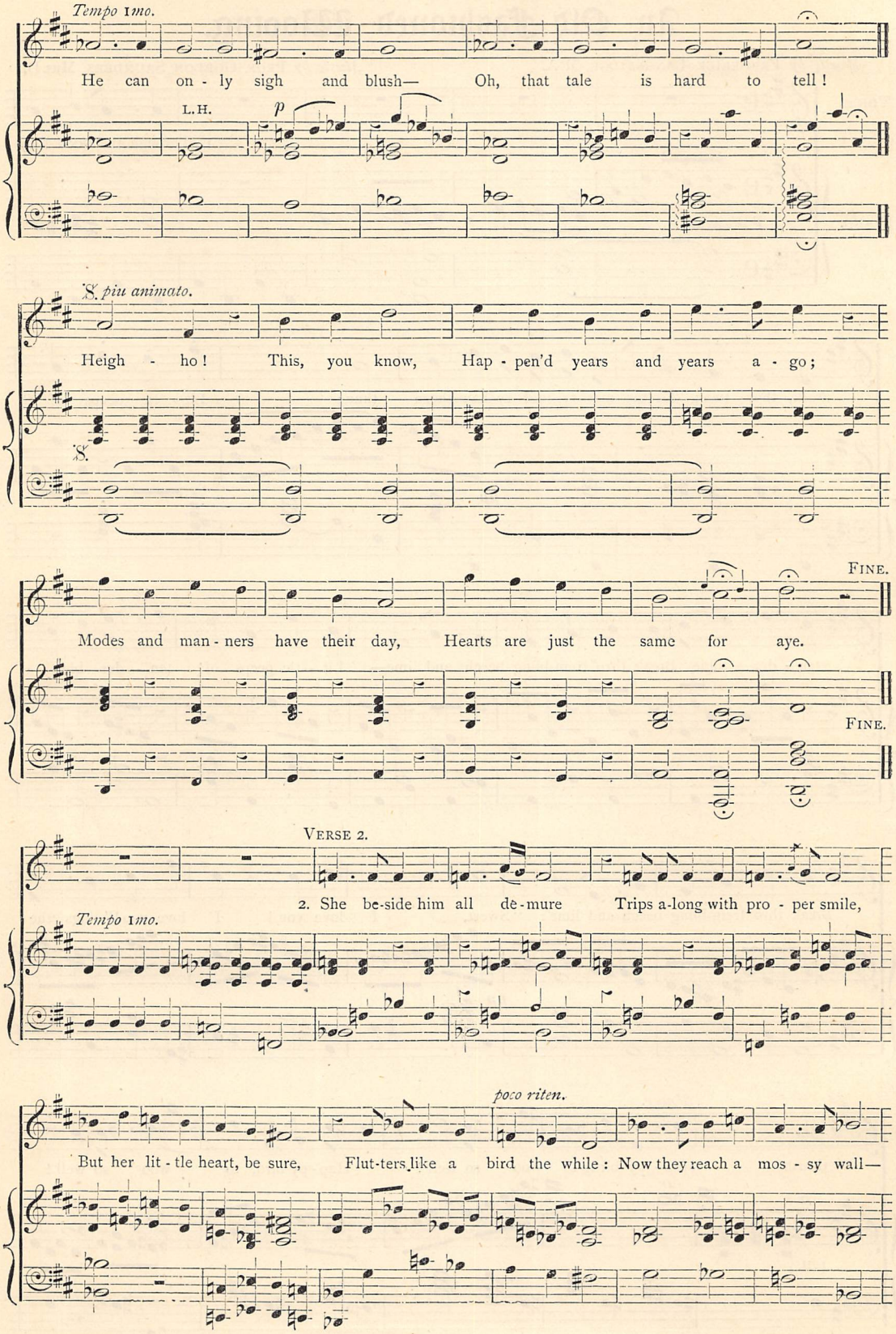
THE COOK'S GALLEY ON BOARD THE *KAISAR I HIND*.

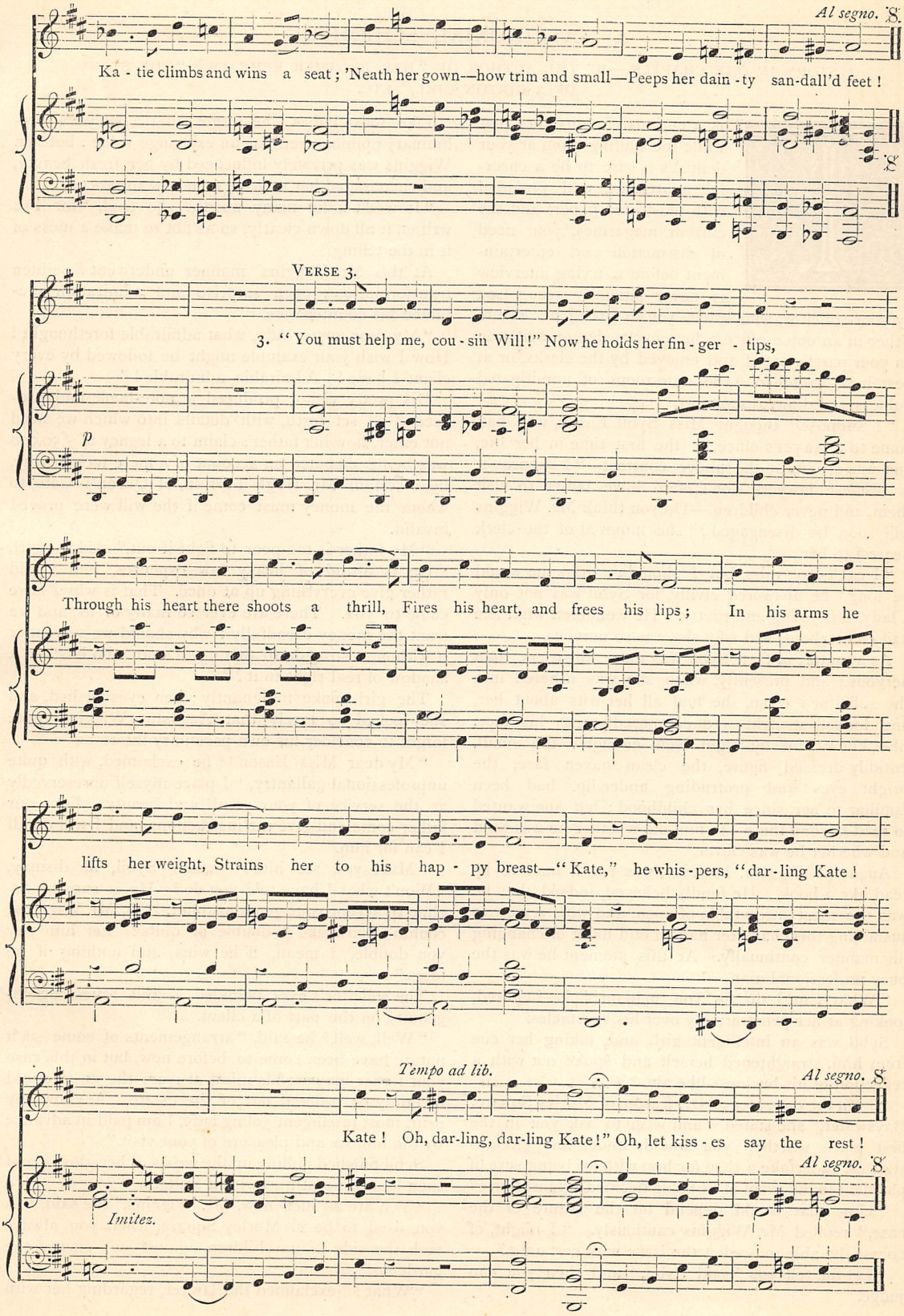
Let, therefore, some good housewife who has had to listen to complaints, wait till some hot day in August or September, and serve for breakfast, in lieu of the continual boiled eggs and fried bacon, some Irish stew followed by a dish of curry. If expostulated with on the innovation, she can quote the breakfast-table of the *Kaisar I Hind*.

An Old-Fashioned Wooing.

Words by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A. *Music by* PROF. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D.




Tempo 1mo.
He can on - ly sigh and blush— Oh, that tale is hard to tell!
L.H.
p
8 più animato.
Heigh - ho! This, you know, Hap - pen'd years and years a - go;
8
Fine.
Modes and man - ners have their day, Hearts are just the same for aye.
Fine.
Verse 2.
2. She be-side him all de-mure Trips a-long with pro - per smile,
Tempo 1mo.
poco riten.
But her lit - tle heart, be sure, Flut-ters like a bird the while: Now they reach a mos - sy wall—


Al segno. 𝄋
Ka - tie climbs and wins a seat; 'Neath her gown—how trim and small—Peeps her dain - ty san-dall'd feet!
VERSE 3.
3. "You must help me, cou - sin Will!" Now he holds her fin - ger - tips,
p
Through his heart there shoots a thrill, Fires his heart, and frees his lips; In his arms he
lifts her weight, Strains her to his hap - py breast—"Kate," he whis - pers, "dar - ling Kate!
Tempo ad lib.
Al segno. 𝄋
Kate! Oh, dar-ling, dar-ling Kate!" Oh, let kiss - es say the rest!
Al segno. 𝄋
Imitez.

A MATRIMONIAL SCHEMER.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.—BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER BROTHER EPHRAIM," "THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC.

IT is a curious circumstance that while the waiting-room at your dentist's is sure to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction and entertainment before a trying interview is never similarly recognised by your solicitor, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer office, where every sign of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at best in a wretched little ante-room of unmitigated dulness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast—"I suppose it is because lawyers don't often have ladies to visit them, and never children.—Do you think Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest to her.

"I can't say, miss, but I shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about, and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact, Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently, when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her, and looked straight and composedly into his face. She knew him by sight well enough; the small, untidily-dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under-lip, had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond these—to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins, however, was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most inscrutable of men, and with a view to sustaining this character had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At this moment he was the busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and, taking her cue from him, straightened herself and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason, of Morley Square, Bayswater," she stated, "and wish to ask you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of payment in the event of its being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, "and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value: but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her with a grave bow to proceed.

"It won't take many words," she said, "for I've written it all down clearly, so as not to make a mess of it in the telling."

At this Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illumined his countenance.

"My dear young lady, what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have! Admirable, admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a note-book and proceeded to set forth, with details into which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of £50,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality, by a certain Mr. Hugh Lorrain, of Queen's Gate, to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He is afraid of heavy law expenses, and would rather give everything up at once. That is why *I* have come to you. There are ever so many of us, and we want the money dreadfully: why should we surrender it without a struggle to this mean man who has not a shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly; her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus Wiggins quite forgot to consider his own pecuniary interests.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry, "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil, in dismay. "Won't what I have told you do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh, Mr. Wiggins! couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double, I mean, if he wins, and nothing if he loses."

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshing ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said, "arrangements of some such nature have been come to before now, but in this case your father may set his mind at rest; the costs would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honour and pleasure of your visit."

Sybil finished pulling up the wrists of her gloves, and then looked up at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Morley Square, when you always took the side of us children against our enemy, the gardener."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with

fresh interest; "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and send the stones all over the grass?"

"Yes," replied Sybil; "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the rope and counted for us."

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"Ah, I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil, laughing, "and that in a large family is an ageing circumstance. Good-bye, Mr. Wiggins. I don't know how to thank you."

"Now, that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down-stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man, as I know of old."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office. As he passed outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son!" he exclaimed, and then he stopped, put his cane to his nose, and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Morley Square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy Bertie, who was at Eton.

"HE STOPPED, PUT HIS CANE TO HIS NOSE, AND MADE A CALCULATION."

He must be six or seven and twenty by now. Who was the king who planned a match to stave off the Thirty Years' War? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a law-suit in the bud? James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't, and won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of all those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he piqued himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as wily as Ulysses, as patient as—as Penelope."

Next day Dr. Eason, a nervous man with a thin, fair

face and deprecating manner, called and gave him not only all the information in his possession, but full instructions to act for him. The more Wiggins entered into the case, the more doubtful he became as to his client's chance of winning it, and the more closely he hugged the notion of bringing about a match between Bertie Lorrain and Sybil. As a first move he found out that the young man was at present in an architect's office in Bloomsbury, and, important detail, usually lunched at a certain restaurant in the neighbourhood. Thither at lunch-time the very next day old Wiggins betook himself, and there, glancing round, he perceived his young friend at a table close at hand, and immediately possessed himself of the opposite seat.

"Well, Bertie Lorrain, it's a long while since I tumbled across *you*," he observed, feigning what he considered just the right amount, and no more, of astonishment.

The young man could not fail to recognise the queer, ill-dressed, bright-eyed little man whom he had often seen at his father's house in bygone days.

"Mr. Wiggins, as I live!" he returned, shaking hands cordially, "and looking not a day older."

"Can't say the same of you, my boy. You have grown into the man about town since I last saw you. What are you doing?"

"Oh, grinding in an architect's office near here."

"Married, or engaged, or going to be?"

"No."

"Bravo! that sounds sensible. No woman worth having, eh?"

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I get some cash, anyhow," he said.

"Pooh! Cash! Talk like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get me a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done, they'll bring it you a little less raw than usual; if you want it *cooked*, you must say done to a *cinder!* Now tell me more about yourself."

At the end of an amicable conversation, the two parted with mutual friendliness, Lorrain promising to dine with the solicitor the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of this dinner-party, which must be planned from beginning to end with a view to arousing the interest of the young couple in one another. When Thursday came, his two servants wondered at his fussiness. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference, but on this occasion not only must he inspect the *menu* and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangement of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put *so*, the chess-table *so*, this little armchair here, that screen there, and so on all round the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; he's going a-courting of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his buttonhole, and a pair of "panksnay" on his nose.

Lorrain was the first to arrive, admirably dressed, and with a dash of the patrician about his open, self-possessed bearing, which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Sybil. The solicitor contrived very casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Morley Square?" the young man asked quickly; but before any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimpy," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her; and as she stepped in now, with soft folds of Indian muslin falling about her lissom figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she made a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding lodgment for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any one of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she unbent, reflecting that she might have caught the name wrong, or he might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he asked her whether she lived in Morley Square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Queen's Gate?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft reference on Wiggins' part to what he had found out to be Bertie's hobby—namely, mountaineering in the Alps. Lorrain was easily prevailed on to hold forth on this subject, and Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she hated him.

After dinner Wiggins put forth all his powers as a strategist, and made it surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide safely for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, of sending you the book we have been talking about," Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very straight into the girl's face, and her "Thank you very much; good night," was given in a low, slightly constrained voice.

During the next few weeks, the young man, really thoroughly in love, went ahead like a steam-engine helped by the puny pushes of a child, who imagines it is doing all the work—Wiggins, it need not be said, being the child.

Sybil was bewildered by the frequency with which she met the son of her father's opponent, but Mr.

Lorrain always looked so very surprised to see her, that she could not for a moment suspect him of complicity.

All this time, though both knew well enough that a law-suit was pending between their parents, the question was never broached between them. Sybil had a reputation for plunging headlong into any subject rather than maintain a constrained silence upon it, but on this matter a new shyness kept her silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim, and had so far signally failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

At last the date was fixed for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins' office, looking the picture of despair.

"I'm going daft, Wiggins," he remarked, "and this sickening case is at the bottom of it."

"Kindly remember that I am solicitor for the other side, and avoid that subject," said the lawyer severely.

"Oh, hang it!" said Lorrain, "I'm not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologise humbly for ever having made it."

"That statement, made to me by your father through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is mere waste of words."

"Wiggins, don't get on the stilts," said Lorrain impatiently. "You might see what a fix I'm in."

"You are taking up my time, sir," remarked Wiggins significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you understand that I'm dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and that whichever way the case is settled I'm done for? If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money? Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins shortly.

"To her, do you mean? Now? My word, if I dared! Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word.

Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh, Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow you are! I say, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question, Mr. Lorrain," said Wiggins magisterially, "is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave my office."

Lorrain walked out very soberly and hailed a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself, as he directed the cabman to Morley Square.

Once more luck favoured him; Sybil was sauntering round the square alone. Bertie joined her, and presently—she hardly knew how—she found herself sitting on a bench with him standing in front of her.

He was quite simple and direct. "Sybil," he said, "your father and mine are fighting this case, and next week it will be decided; if for us, you will hate me; if for you, I can't play the part of a fortune-hunter. So let me say now that all I want in this world is you for a wife, and tell me, Sybil—will you give me what I want?"

Sybil was equally simple, but had not so much to say. "I don't know whether I know you well enough," she faltered, glancing up at him and down again, "but I think—I *think* I do."

And therewith she glanced up again with a happy smile and told herself that of course she did: was he not everything a man should be?

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins' word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing, but old Hugh Lorrain was furious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him, and in the end the old man, actuated partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultations, a division of the money was effected which, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legatee, settled a large sum on the young couple.

Wiggins was not so jubilant as might have been expected. True, his great scheme had succeeded admirably, and his reputation for diplomacy was recognised all round; but, on the other hand, he had become deeply interested in the case itself, and so convinced of his ability to establish Dr. Eason's claim, that the compromise patched up at the last minute seemed to snatch a second, even sweeter cup of triumph from his lips.

It was not till the wedding-day arrived that his self-satisfaction regained undivided supremacy. On that occasion his calm consciousness of sagacity, benevolence, and power over his fellow-men made his manner grand. Everybody credited him with having been the manager of this affair, and for once in his life he had his fill, or almost his fill, of deference and respect.

Privately Lorrain whispered to Sybil, with the basest ingratitude, "You know, all old Wiggins really had to do with it was the original introduction. After that I didn't need any egging on; love would have found out the way anyhow."

"But I shall never forget that Mr. Wiggins thought of it and smoothed it," said Sybil warmly. "I'm going to be grateful to him all my life."

H. L.

A NORWEGIAN PEASANT WEDDING.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

THE traveller in Norway may move to and fro a good deal and never see a Norwegian wedding, just as he may pass through reindeer regions and never see either reindeer or Lapp. There are good reasons for this rarity. It is possible to produce a dozen or two, but the most striking of all is that there are not many people to marry. The country is sparsely populated, the peasants are careful and thrifty, the young people are gravely brought up, and they have usually too much to do to let their thoughts run too early upon married life.

Very little, too, in the way of courting is seen by the passing traveller, because most of the peasant girls are away up the mountains in the summer, at the *sæters*, or milk farms; and in the winter, when fun and frolic abound, the observant foreigner is at home, studying weather-tables, and wondering when snow, sleet, frost, and east winds are likely to come to an end.

A Norwegian wedding is a very significant incident. There is really so much that precedes it. To the man it means that he has attained a certain position. There must be no doubt of his ability to keep a wife. If he is a *bonder*, or freehold farmer, he must have succeeded to the farm, or his parents must be willing to retire from active work and leave him supreme. If he is a houseman, or labourer, he must also have succeeded to the allotment on the skirts of the bonder's farm, consisting of a cottage and patches of land, or he must have attained his allotment in some other way. He pays rent, does work for the bonder at fixed wages, and has his land settled upon him and his wife. The miscellaneous persons hanging about a big farm-house are the housemen and their wives, who seem to English eyes to constitute almost one family.

To the woman, marriage is the beginning of a third term of existence. The first is girlhood, which ends with confirmation. Dress shows each stage. All the unmarried girls in Norway wear their hair in two plaits, and have short skirts until they are confirmed. This ceremony—a serious one, involving much preparatory training—takes place about fifteen with common folk, and until it is past girls do not usually go from home to work, or earn their own living, though they assist in the home fields. After confirmation, they wear long dresses, and are expected to take a serious view of life and its duties. Neither men nor women can be married without having been confirmed, and a pastor will decline to marry a "happy pair" unless they can show evidence of ability to live.

These details will confirm my remark that a Norwegian wedding is full of meaning. There is yet the betrothal to notice. It is really a preliminary wedding. The intending pair go to church, and, before the clergyman and their friends, indicate their desire to be betrothed. Questions are asked, rings of plain gold are exchanged, and the ceremony is completed by presents of jewellery and apparel that must be worn on the wedding-day.

It was a bright Sunday at V——. There was going to be a wedding, perhaps two. The pastor was not resident, and there was service in the church on alternate Sundays only. An immense sheet of water came up to the edge of the village, and around it were bold green hills, their lower edges dotted with farm-houses, painted a bright red, with door-posts, windows and window-frames, and barge-boards painted white; whilst the hill-tops were splashed with snow and tracts of pale green, with here and there a grey *sæter*, and an occasional smoke-wreath, to tell us of lonely maidens making butter and cheese, and spinning to fill up their leisure-time. It was from a small group of these lower houses across the lake that the wedding party was to come. A little crowd watched for the arrival. Presently the faint sounds of a fiddle could be heard across the water, and a cluster of boats, looking like a flock of swans, was visible.

Yes, there were to be two weddings, for two brides' boats could be seen, each with a sort of awning of red and white, under which bride and bridegroom were sitting in state. It was some time before anything like a procession could be made out.

First came the bride's boat—a huge thing, capable of holding a dozen persons. The fiddler sat on the prow, in a quaint short jacket, with a red worsted cap on his head, and a considerable knob to it. He was playing a soft, mild, monotonous air, with occasional breaks of liveliness in it, that made the occupants of the boat smile in a grave manner, as at the freaks of an original musician—for such they undoubtedly were. I believe they were produced by a second row of strings underneath the first. Bride and bridegroom sat under the awning, very demure, very much dressed, and very stately. The boat was rowed by six maidens, with white sleeves, red corsets, and bare heads. It was their white full sleeves that had made them look like swans. The other boats were rowed by young men and maidens indiscriminately.

When the two processions reached the rough landing-place, the boats were soon emptied, dresses were trimmed up a bit, the fiddler placed himself at the head of each party, and the procession wound its way under some pine-trees to the church. I had now time to study everything minutely. It was really a pretty sight, and a certain amount of subdued fun amongst

"THE PROCESSION RETURNED TO THE BOATS" (*p.* 666).

the younger persons in the groups made it enjoyable. Immediately behind the fiddler came the bride and bridegroom, arm in arm.

The bride was about twenty-three, I should say, with a ruddy complexion, good features, and large blue eyes. She had upon her head the bridal crown, without which few peasant women are married in Norway. I tried one on my own head on another occasion, and found it heavy. There is a brass rim to fit the head, and the open silver-work above it is often gilt in places with patches of gold, and embellished with garnets. Such crowns are kept as heirlooms; and it is no uncommon thing for the women of the same household to be married in a crown that has done similar duty in the family for one or two hundred years. The skirt was of black material, the bodice was snowy white, with a corset of red and green, and an apron of white, with bands of embroidery hanging in front of it. Around the neck and the waist were squarely-made, dusky silver bands, looking like an eccentric collection of old buckles.

The bridegroom wore a "top hat," which seemed to have been kept in his family much after the fashion of his intended's bridal crown. He had a red waistcoat, very short in the waist, with brass buttons on it, and a singular kind of coat, very loose, with frontal ornament. There was just a suspicion of red piping down the side of the trousers. He was a muscular, sun-burnt, hardy-looking man of about thirty, though probably younger than he seemed to be. The white bodices and coloured skirts, the silver jewellery of the girls in the procession, and the snowy head-gear of the married women, with

crimped lappets hanging down the back, and V-shaped, made a brave show.

The second couple looked much older.

The brides had their wedding-rings already on their fingers, and each carried several handkerchiefs neatly folded up, of various colours. These handkerchiefs are usually presents given at the betrothal.

The ceremony was short. The service and communion were over before the bridal processions reached the church ; and as they entered the two couples advanced to the altar, knelt down, and then placed themselves, with their friends, about the altar-rails. The pastor, in a black gown, with an Elizabethan ruff round his neck, addressed a few words to the groups, and then questioned bridegrooms and brides in turn. Each couple then knelt down, with their hands joined together, and the pastor pronounced them man and wife. A benediction concluded the service.

I learnt that the couples had been betrothed in the same church a year previously, and that they were to live on the same bonder's farm.

The procession returned to the boats in due course ; the fiddler played a livelier tune, with more freaks than ever ; an air of merriment passed over the whole party ; and they rowed back over the lake to their festivities.

"Do they make much of their wedding festivities?" I asked of mine host.

"They make them last three days, and every one you have seen in the procession will be eating, drinking, and dancing until Wednesday."

"Could I see them at their fun?" I asked.

"M'm—yes—if you like. We'll row across to-morrow."

We did—a stiff pull of about four miles. Long before we reached the other side our object was guessed by the villagers of B——. An old man, with merry twinkling eyes, came down to meet us, and mine host introduced me. "Always proud to see an Englishman," said the old man in Norwegian, translated by my companion. I found he was the master of the ceremonies. Dinner was over when we arrived. The younger husband had built a house, and his large room was the bride's-chamber, or meal-room, for the guests of the first pair. Tables and seats were placed all round, and at the top two conspicuous ones for the bride and bridegroom. They made their appearance, and the company sat round to eat porriage, cakes, bread and butter ; but the company seemed to eat without much appetite. In another cottage was the store of eatables sent by neighbours or brought by friends for the festivities : huge cakes, piles of *flabræ* or barley-cake, pots of butter, Indian meal, and other things. The largest room of another adjoining cottage was the dancing-room. Here we found our old friend the fiddler, reinforced now by a youth with a curious-looking flute.

When all the provisions are gone, and all the guests, who have been sleeping anywhere during the three nights of revelry, are tired out, the married pair begin the more serious duties of life.

The lights were twinkling in the cottage windows at B—— the night following my visit, so that the wedding festivities were still on. In their rough, homely way, the peasants of Norway know how to keep a wedding ; and as bride and bridegroom have their healths drunk and their hands shaken at and after every meal, they must feel that if happiness can come by much wishing, it is always sure. Whether all this health-drinking and dancing are appropriate is another matter ; my task has been to describe what actually takes place at a Norwegian peasant wedding.

EVER TRUE!

JOYOUS at heart as a summer day
A lassie stands by the meadow way,
And looks at a face that is very dear,
And wonders in words that know nothing of fear—
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love *me* as I love *you?*
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"

Joyous at heart on their wedding-morn
Husband and wife walk home through the corn,
And each seems to hear the old-time song
As, hand in hand, they wander along :
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love *me* as I love *you?*
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"

Joyous at heart when their hair is grey
Husband and wife together stray,
And hand clasps hand as they pass along,
And the heart of each is glad with song :
"You have been true, love! you have been true!
Loving me well as I have loved you!
And time and change, and good and ill
Have linked us closer and closer still—
Hearts ever true, love! hearts ever true!"

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

"A LASSIE STANDS BY THE MEADOW WAY,
AND LOOKS AT A FACE THAT IS VERY DEAR."

"*EVER TRUE!*" (*p.* 666).

STIRRING SCENES IN STIRRING LIVES.

II.—SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

THE BUXTON MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE 24th of May, 1832, was a memorable day not only in the life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, but in the history of the struggle for the abolition of slavery in the British Empire. On the evening of that day he plainly saw that a certain step must be taken by him in the House of Commons, unless the cause of abolition was to be hopelessly postponed, perhaps lost for a generation. It was a step of prodigious difficulty for him, because not only his opponents were fiercely against him—some of them ready to tear him in pieces—but the Government, who were slowly coming round to his views, and his most intimate and valued friends, were one and all imploring him not to do it.

When he rose that morning, he did not think it possible for him to hold on. The evening in the House was one of protracted anguish; it was such agony to go on hour after hour resisting the entreaties of his friends, that he felt as if he were having his teeth extracted (no chloroform in those days!) all the time. By God's help, he stood firm to the end. He insisted on putting the motion which he had made at the beginning of the sitting, and though it was defeated by a considerable majority, he gained a real triumph; the Government now took up the question, and in little more than a year, on the 28th August, 1833, the Bill for the Abolition of British Slavery received the Royal Assent.

To understand his position, and the glory of his act, let us briefly rehearse the history of the struggle. Probably, even in these days of competitive examinations and universal cramming, there are some persons who do not know that there were two great anti-slavery struggles in the early part of this century—the struggle for the abolition of the slave trade, and the struggle for the abolition of slavery. With the former we connect the name of William Wilberforce, its grand, intrepid leader, and along with him his associates, Clarkson, Babington, Zachary Macaulay, and others. After nearly twenty years of hard, unceasing warfare, the Royal Assent was given in 1807 to a Bill declaring the traffic in slaves to be illegal. Many important steps had to be taken to make this law effectual, and in particular a squadron had to be stationed on the West Coast of Africa, to deal with those who continued, in spite of the law, to carry on the traffic. It was only by degrees that our philanthropists began to find out that as long as there were slaves, the temptation to carry on a slave trade would be too strong for the knavery of the community to resist. Then they began to ask, Ought there to be slaves? At first, they were not prepared to say that there ought not, but there were certainly some things in their condition that ought to be amended.

To get their condition improved was all that our Christian philanthropists attempted at first. It was the stupid, senseless, almost devilish opposition of the West India planters to the most moderate and reasonable improvements proposed in the condition of the slaves, that drove our philanthropists at last to demand nothing short of entire abolition. That was the ultimate issue in the struggle, which ended, as we have seen, in 1833 in complete emancipation, although the planters got twenty millions by way of compensation for the loss of their property, while to the poor slaves themselves there was awarded, as compensation for all the hideous wrong and robbery that had been most ruthlessly inflicted on them from generation to generation—not one farthing.

When this new struggle hove in sight, about the year 1821, Wilberforce was turning old. He did not feel able to gird himself for the toils and worries of a new campaign. He saw that it was necessary, and that possibly it might be as arduous as the former one. So he looked about him for a successor, on whose shoulders he might lay his mantle. And he found one very unlike himself in one respect, very like him in another. Wilberforce was a little man, of whom Boswell, who was present when he addressed the electors at York at his first election, said: "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table; but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." Buxton, on the other hand, was tall and strong, the very picture of manly strength. But the two were very like in the depth and strength of their Puritan piety, and in the force and tenderness of their philanthropy. Buxton, in whom the blood of an old English family was tempered by that of the Society of Friends, and

who, by his marriage with Hannah Gurney, a younger sister of the renowned Mrs. Fry, was further in touch with Quaker philanthropy, had been a few years in the House of Commons as member for Weymouth, and had excited great notice by a speech on the Reform of the Criminal Laws, delivered on May 23rd, 1821, described by Sir James Mackintosh as "the most powerful appeal that he had ever had the good fortune to hear delivered within the walls of Parliament." Next day, Mr. Buxton received a letter from Mr. Wilberforce, telling him how much he desired to bring in a measure for improving the condition of the negro slaves

SIR T. F. BUXTON.

in our Transatlantic colonies, and to find a member of Parliament who would be an eligible leader in this holy enterprise. After hearing his speech the night before on the Criminal Law, he could not doubt that he was the man he was in search of, and he earnestly besought him to give himself to this blessed service.

It was not the first time his attention had been drawn to the question. Buxton's sister was married to William Forster (father of the late W. E. Forster), who had besought him to take up the state of Africa and of the slave population in the West Indies. And his dying sister-in-law, Priscilla Buxton, knowing what had been proposed, sent for him as desiring to speak to him of something of importance. When he reached her bedside she was seized with a convulsive fit of coughing, which continued so long that her strength was utterly exhausted; unable to say what she wished, she just pressed his hand, and said, "The poor, dear slaves." Buxton, however, did not at once commit himself to the cause. He took some time to read and ponder, the more especially that he was alarmed lest any mismanagement of his should lead to an insurrection of the slaves, and if some 50,000 of them were to perish, would not their blood be on him? In the autumn of 1822, he gave Mr. Wilberforce his final assent, and forthwith his leadership began.

His first motion on the subject was made in May, 1823, in the face of a request from the Government that he would delay. Mr. Canning moved an amendment, in principle agreeing with him, but declaring that any settlement of the question must contain a provision for compensating the slave-owners. Next year, however, when the resolution should have been enforced, Government would do nothing. Nor was the public very deeply interested. Other political questions, such as that of Catholic Emancipation, were engrossing the public mind.

We need not dwell on all the proceedings of the next nine years, the committee of inquiry, the violence of the planters, the death of the missionary Smith, the expulsion of the missionaries Knibb and Gardner, the public meetings, the rise and progress of the anti-slavery feeling at home. We pass at once to the crisis in 1832. The new elections had brought a considerable addition to the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Buxton determined to press a resolution which should not simply declare that the condition of the slave should be improved, but that slavery should be abolished. For this the Government were not at all prepared. The West India party was a powerful one in the House, and the Government did not wish to drive them into opposition. It was therefore earnestly desired that the anti-slavery discussion should be staved off. Buxton was most reluctant to embarrass his friends. But, on the other hand, the information he had from the West Indies showed that, notwithstanding all the brotherly exhortations that had been addressed to the planters for many years, the mortality among the slaves was greater, and therefore their treatment more oppressive than before. And if something were not done quickly, there might come a general insurrection, which would be attended by effects which one shuddered to think of. In spite of the requests of the Government, Buxton determined to bring forward his motion, and bring it forward he did.

The 24th of May was the day for its discussion, and seldom has any poor human being been more distracted than Buxton on that day.

After breakfast, he goes out with his daughter to ride. He cannot brace himself for the battle—it is too awful. He thinks of his friends being driven to vote against him, and so running the risk of offending their constituents and losing their seats. He is in an agony. But then he says he must think of the West Indies; he must remember what the missionaries and the slaves are enduring; he must not think merely of the suffering that comes under his own notice, but try to feel as he would feel if he were himself in the West Indies, and to act as he would consider the advocate of the slaves ought to act. The way of duty gradually clears before him, and his mind becomes settled. It is well the decision is come to, for as he rides back he meets some one every other minute, and is asked what he means to do, and when he tells them he is to stick to his motion and divide the House, they turn off in blank amazement.

A hasty meal at three o'clock ; to the House at four, his daughter and some other lady friends finding places in the ventilator—the only spot where in those days ladies could witness the proceedings. As they look down on the members they cannot see him for a long time. It turns out that he had been sent for by Lord Althorp, for a last, but still ineffectual, attempt on the part of the Government to get him to yield. The petitions are presented—many being anti-slavery, including a huge petition from the West Indies ; at last the order of the day is reached, and he rises to move his resolution.

Happily his style of speaking is mainly a dealing with facts, telling in themselves, and carefully arranged for the desired effect, so he escapes all risk of nervous confusion. He makes an excellent use of his materials, pressing some facts regarding the decrease of the population which have been questioned, with increased earnestness and decision. Mr. Macaulay follows with a brilliant oration. Lord Howick does not attempt oratory, but he tells the House that last year Mr. Buxton's assertions had surprised him, but he had made inquiry into the facts, and he found them undeniable. Then up rises Lord Althorp on the part of the Government. He is in sympathy with Mr. Buxton as to his object, but not quite as to his method, and he proposes an amendment which simply adds to Mr. Buxton's motion that regard be had to the resolutions of 1823. And now comes the tug of war. Members and friends of the Government beseech him not to divide on a trifle ; they hate going against him when their hearts are with him; he is sure to be beaten, and in place of helping his cause, he will make a mess of it, and throw them all into trouble. Almost every friend he has in the House makes the same request. He said afterwards he thought there were a hundred who spoke to him. One member went to him four different times. Friends under the gallery were entreated to use their influence to persuade him to accept the one word "interest." Fancy his poor daughter in the ventilator, witnessing and watching the scene ! And fancy her recalling his words so late as that very morning, when he told her it was so painful he could not possibly hold out !

Poor child ! she knows him to be but mortal, and she can only make her appeal to the God of heaven to send him help from the sanctuary and strengthen him out of Zion. At last the debate comes to a close —he rises to reply. Thank God, after all, he stands firm to his motion—alone, one would think, against the world. The Speaker puts the question—the Noes have it ? Loud and firm is Buxton's almost solitary word of dissent—"No, Sir."

After an eight hours' debate, the House divides at two in the morning—the numbers are announced—90 for the motion, 136 against. It is a great minority in the circumstances, a moral victory, in fact ; but Buxton has offended all his friends.

For days after many of them cut him right and left. Never mind, thou fearless warrior ! Lord Althorp says to T. B. Macaulay, two or three days afterwards, "*That division of Buxton's has settled the slavery question.* If he can get ninety to vote with him when he is wrong, he can command *a majority when he is right. The question is settled ;* the Government see it, and they will take it up." And the Government did take it up, and in a year *British slavery was abolished.* How he continued to resist all the pressure was a wonder to himself. He felt with intense keenness the disappointment and pain he was giving to his friends. This was his weak point, and he knew it. But he had found a passage in his Bible which he read so often that the book would itself have opened at the place : "We have no might against this great company that cometh against us ; neither know we what to do ; but our eyes are upon Thee" (2 Chron. xx. 12). "I sincerely believe," he said, "that this passage was the cause of the division."

There were yet other fields where the battle on behalf of the slave remained to be fought. Buxton's attention was more and more called to Africa. Though the slave trade was now unlawful by British law, there were other nations that sanctioned it, and the horrors still prevailing were equal to any that the Parliament of Britain had dealt with. Buxton contributed his share to the measures deemed most expedient for suppressing the slave-trade throughout that continent. But never again did a day come in his life like that 24th of May. He helped on the good cause by his powerful advocacy, as other good men did, and more, perhaps, than any one else. But never again did he receive, Ajax-like, on his single shield the weapons of a whole hostile army ; never again, like Horatius, had he alone to defend the bridge. The firmness of one night secured the triumph of a noble cause, and earned the gratitude of 700,000 of his fellow-creatures, whom it rescued from the bondage of ages.

W. G. Blaikie.

On the Nutritious Value of Certain Foods.

(Food in its Relation to Health.—IV.)

By a Family Doctor.

In a former paper in this Magazine, I treated all too briefly on the adulterations of food. It is a subject to which I do not care to return at present, for it is by no means an inviting one. It would be difficult indeed to name any kind of marketable commodity of an edible nature, that is not liable to be mixed or mingled with something or other which may render it more profitable to the vendor,

though less nutritious to the consumer. We have reason to be thankful when the adulteration is not altogether poisonous.

It has come to this: that the simplest articles of diet are the safest, and that is, in my opinion, another argument in favour of plain living. Yes, the simplest are the safest, and let me add, the best are the cheapest. The butcher, for example, or the egg-merchant cannot adulterate his wares, but he may have several qualities; and there is a stage at which all animal foods arrive, when kept in shops, which renders them to a large extent poisonous, and this is as bad, if not worse than adulteration.

We often hear it said that shop eggs, as they are called, are good enough for frying, with bacon for example. This is a positive mistake; an egg that has even a suspicion of staleness about it is deleterious to health, not to say dangerous, no matter whether it be fried or boiled. And the same may be said of flesh meat of all kinds, and I will not even except hare, nor venison. I am quite prepared to have this latter sentence pooh-poohed by the robust and healthy; I only add that I adhere to it, that I have the courage of my convictions, and furthermore, that I have invalids and dyspeptics, and those with delicate digestions, in my thoughts as I write.

I grant you, my healthful athlete, who can tramp over the moors with gun and bag from morning dawn till dewy eve, and never feel tired, that the eating of long-kept game may not seem to injure you, but the bare fact that piquant sauces and stimulants are needed to aid its digestion is exceedingly suspicious. There are two animals in particular that like their food high and tender: one is the crocodile, the other our friend the dog; but both have wonderfully strong digestive powers, little inferior, in point of fact, to that of the ostrich, about which bird so many fanciful stories have been written and told.

It may be said, without much fear of contradiction, that any kind of food or any mixed diet or meal which requires the aid of stimulant, either of the nature of condiment or wines, is not salutary. Such diet as this is a tax upon the whole system, and causes heat and discomfort, and a feverish state of the blood, which can only end in debility of the nervous system, and more or less of prostration.

But those who would obtain the greatest amount of health and comfort from the food they eat must be most careful in its selection. Leaving idiosyncrasy out of count for the present, although every one ought to know what agrees with him and what does not, there are many things connected with the value and digestibility of food obtained from various sources that I do well to remind the reader of.

Change of diet, frequent change, is a *sine quâ non* of health with every one, but more especially with the dyspeptic. Pray bear that well in mind.

"There is a hantle o' miscellawneous eatin' about a pig." This was the sage after-dinner remark made by a Scotch laird. But let the pig stand on one side for a minute or two, and give place to his betters, the sheep and the ox. "There is miscellawneous eatin'" enough about either. The sheep's head is considered the humblest portion of the animal, and yet, if young and tender, with brain sauce and a sprinkling of sweet herbs, it makes a most wholesome dish. The tongues of sheep eaten cold make a nice breakfast change. The neck contains tender, easily-digested lean, either for a curry or for an Irish stew for lunch, only dyspeptics must be cautious not to use too much of the fat.

By the way, they make a most nutritious soup from the sheep's head and trotters in Scotland, which I recommend to dyspeptics, owing to the large amount of carbon it contains. The head and trotters are not skinned, but singed carefully with a red-hot iron, then as carefully washed, and cooked till tender.

Well, legs and shoulders, chops or saddle, are good and easily digested, if too much of the fat be avoided. The liver is delicious when fried with a little bacon, the slices of the former being somewhat thick, and the bacon cut thin.

But much of the value obtained from mutton depends upon its cooking and previous tenderness. It should be kept till tender, and the time will depend upon the weather.

The tenderness of meat and its cooking cause the fibres thereof to be more easily broken up in the stomach; it is thus digested without delay. Beef-steak should be most tender before being submitted to the process of cooking. It should always be done—or rather underdone—over a clear fire of coal cinders or coke, which is better still.

The dyspeptic will do well to give hashes and stews a wide berth, unless they are exceptionally well cooked.

Tripe is an easily digested and most succulent supper dish.

Now as to pork. For a man who is in good health, and has the opportunity of taking constant exercise in the open air, this food is good and nutritious, but the invalid and dyspeptic must beware of it. Ham or bacon, with eggs, in the morning, however, is tolerably easily digested. So is pig's liver with bacon; and cold pig's cheek is good either as a supper or breakfast dish to those in ordinary health.

After pork comes veal in the scale of indigestibility, so that, on the whole, my best advice to the dyspeptic is to leave both alone, with the exception of frizzled thinly-cut bacon as a relish in the morning.

Sweetbreads, whether calves' or sheep's, are very nutritious, and assist in the digestion of other foods.

On the whole, the health-seeker will do well to make the flesh of the sheep and ox, in moderate quantities, his staple, so far as albuminoid food is concerned, but he must vary this constantly with chicken, game, and fish, when in season.

He will hardly need to be told that beef and mutton, when good and properly cooked, give him life and energy, and therefore comfort, and to a great degree happiness; but I may remind him that an undue proportion of animal food renders him more liable to inflammatory troubles, whether acute or chronic; and again, if subject to rheumatism or other blood complaint, he must be cautious in the use of such viands.

As to tinned provisions, a few words will suffice. First, then, they are over-cooked, and there is always the suspicion that they may not be what they seem.

There are brands and brands, however, and many respectable firms would not put up a bad article. Tinned mutton or beef I cannot personally endure: my taste tells me to avoid them, and I do; but tongues tin well, if properly put up, and are nice for lunch or breakfast.

As a rule, with few exceptions, fish is more easily digested than flesh. It also makes a delightful change.

There is, weight for weight, however, less nutrition in fish than in fowl or flesh, owing to the former containing a larger quantity of water. As I shall have more to say on fish another day, I may here merely warn the dyspeptic against the stronger, oilier fishes—salmon, mackerel, &c.—and add that fish agrees better if eaten in the fore part of the day.

Without going far in the direction of vegetarianism, I must say again, as I have always said, that too much meat and too little of a vegetable nature is consumed by the people, and that if the reverse were the case, we should be, as a race, far hardier and healthier, and better able to battle against the wear and tear of life. Moreover, our death rate would be considerably diminished, and many ailments that now are rife would be almost unknown. Farther even than this I will go, and say that if more vegetable food and less animal were used, there would be less stimulants partaken of, because people would not feel the need of them.

Over and over again have I advocated the use of oatmeal in these columns. For breakfast or supper, what a stay and support to life is good porridge! Not over-long boiled, however; and made of a medium oatmeal, and eaten with butter or milk, or both.

Oat-cakes again—not the horrid imitation they sell at the confectioners'—but wholesome home griddle-baked cakes, with nothing in them but oatmeal and salt and a pinch of carbonate of soda, are excellent.

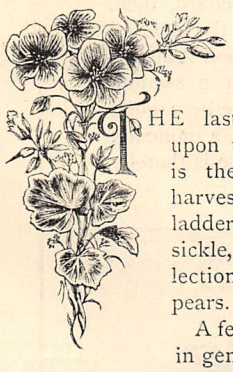
As to flour-bread I am, of course, a firm believer in the whole-meal bread, in which there is more nutriment and less binding qualities. Bread should never be eaten new. It should be a day old at least. Even toast ought to be made from stale bread. Toast should be thin and allowed to cool, if for breakfast. But toast for tea may be, and is better, thick. Here is my receipt: Cut the slices from a loaf a day old, with a strong sharp knife; let the slices be one inch thick or more. Toast them slowly, then butter abundantly, pricking the surface with the knife's point that the butter may run well in. Crush the edges of the toast with the back of the knife, sprinkle a little salt over the surface, and eat while hot.

But independent of oatmeal and flour, there are many valuable farinaceous foods which are, unhappily for our population, made to take a back seat in the scale of diet. Lentils, peas, beans, and maize are among the number.

If those who suffer from dyspepsia could only be got firmly to believe that frequent change of diet is most essential to well-being, and believing this, were to give these farinæ a fair trial, thousands among them would be restored to health, and be dyspeptics no longer.

There was a pamphlet written some years ago, called "One Hundred Ways to Cook Eggs." I have no idea what these hundred ways were, nor even a tenth of them, but as eggs are so very nutritious and easily digested, dyspeptics would do well to learn some of the many methods of rendering them palatable.

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.



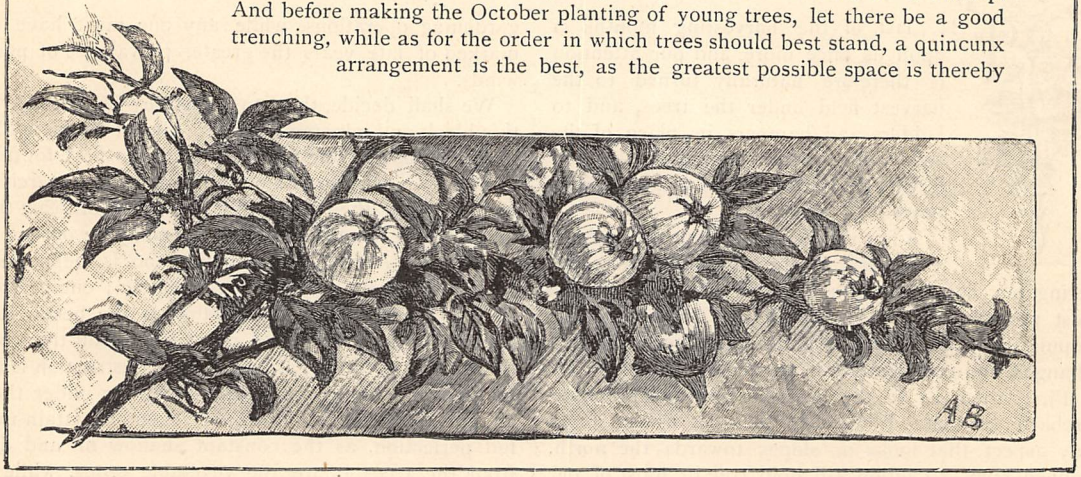
THE last of the harvesting months is upon us once more, and our attention is therefore naturally turned to the harvest field under the trees, and to ladders and hampers in place of the sickle, for we are busy over the collection and storing of our apples and pears.

A few words, then, about the orchard in general will be advisable before entering our flower-garden; and we have chosen the best possible month in which to talk about these popular fruit-trees, for October is the time for garden changes, and tree-planting in particular.

First, then, as to the best site for our proposed orchard; and as to how *not* to do it, let us say, avoid any aspect that looks or slopes towards the north. Indeed, such a caution will hold true in most of our gardening operations, while any one must have remarked of late years the greater prevalence of north winds.

We shall decide, then, to be as shy as possible of this bleak and gloomy quarter. Almost as ineligible, too, is a slope having a direct westerly aspect, for from the west we get most of our gales and keen searching winds. It is then the sunny south or south-east that we prefer for most things, and especially for our apples and pears. A very high situation, too, is inexpedient, as liable to exposure to rough weather; one perhaps fairly low, but certainly not damp, is the best. It is also a mistake to have too many large fruit-trees in a kitchen or vegetable garden; mutual destruction is the result of this too frequent experiment, for under these circumstances neither trees nor vegetables attain their full perfection, as the constant shadow of and drip from the trees injure the vegetable crops, while in

their turn the trees themselves are damaged by the repeated diggings, and it may be also by the amount of manure that a kitchen garden requires. An orchard, then, should rather adjoin a kitchen garden, to which, if placed upon the exposed side, it can form a sort of shelter. And of the last importance, good drainage is essential; fruit-trees, or anything else, will never thrive in a swamp. And before making the October planting of young trees, let there be a good trenching, while as for the order in which trees should best stand, a quincunx arrangement is the best, as the greatest possible space is thereby



obtained for each tree, as the accompanying simple sketch will show :—

When, however, you are unavoidably growing your apples and pears in the kitchen garden, let them be standards as far as possible; some pears will generally do well against a wall—such, for example, as the Marie Louise, Winter Nelis, Glou Morceau, and many other selections that could be named. As for apples, for kitchen use are still recommended the Blenheim Orange, Codlin, Wellington, and for dessert use the Irish Peach, Syke House Russet, King of the Pippins, &c.

Turning again, however, to the orchard proper, we might again recommend the experiment at the end of the month which we have occasionally advocated. Some of our good old trees are too often allowed to gradually, perhaps almost imperceptibly, fade away for want of a little proper nursing and attention. On these you will often remark a few fine fruit at the top only, while the rest for the most part will be small and poor, and perhaps much of it cracked all over, the little fissures being covered with a rusty fungus which appears to be eating the fruit away, and at all events destroying all hopes of your ever gathering a keeping crop.

Under these circumstances, take up the surface turf and soil to the depth of some inches, and fill up with all the strongest of the manure, no matter if it be in a semi-liquid state, upon the whole replacing your turf, so as to retain as far as possible the nourishing properties of your manure. In addition to this give a sharp pruning to the tree itself and "top" it, and the next season you will find a new vigour imparted to your tree, and the fruit will largely recover its former good quality.

As for the apple-gathering itself, which just now so busily engages us, take care that the fruit is in no way bruised in the process, or it will be certain not to keep. Up to the present time it is best to have used wind-falls only; the collection next for use should be those that have had a tumble or got bruised in the gathering; while lastly the carefully gathered should be stored away in the apple-room or dry outhouse.

Before leaving the fruit department we might notice the strawberry-beds. All the runners and large yellow leaves on these should now be cut off, and this waste of their own growth dug in between the rows as a manure; the raspberry canes may be pruned, and if all the leaves are off they can be removed and planted out as well. Gooseberry and currant cuttings may be taken off for propagation, only let them be of this year's growth. The last of the October peaches will ripen quite early in the month; a little previously to their ripening off they will swell a good deal, and it is a pity to have them gathered too early.

Even though it be "chill October," we cannot afford to pass by the flower-garden. Of course, our stock of bulbs we are getting carefully in this month, merely taking care that no frost is about when we are getting them in. Crocuses and snowdrops and all the smaller varieties of bulbous roots should be set in masses, and not singly, like the larger of our hyacinths. Perennials, too, may now be planted; if they have grown too large take off the piece from the plant where it can best be spared, and set it out where most wanted.

And into winter quarters our greenhouse stock is also entering. For the preservation of the vast majority of its inmates, all that we are anxious about is the actual exclusion of frost; two or three degrees above freezing point at night time need cause us no alarm.

Provided, then, that frost is wholly excluded, there is a new cool greenhouse plant lately successfully imported into this country to which we might as well here call attention. It is known as the Microloma, or Wax Climber, the foliage being graceful and the flowers lasting. It can be trained to run over trellis-work or grown in pots, provided it has a few light sticks or twigs to run over, and being nearly hardy, it is well worth trying as a charming and most effective novelty.

It is well again at this time of the year to repeat the caution against overheating the greenhouse upon the arrival of the first cold day; indeed, as much colder weather is, of course, in store for us, it is far better just now to err on the side of air-giving rather than of overheated atmosphere. Some air, in fact, our plants must have all the year round, or they will die or commence mouldering and damping off.

In the kitchen garden also there is plenty to be got through this month. Potatoes not yet got up should at once be got in and secured safely against frost; and a good many crops will now have to be cleared off the ground, after which have a good and thorough trenching of the soil made; and take care to leave it all quite rough-dug and in ridges, so as to enable the frost to act well upon it, thus rendering it afterwards, when broken up, friable and adapted for an early planting of spring crops. Have your winter spinach thinned out so that the plants are some eight or ten inches apart; and for small salads the season may yet be prolonged by sowing under some now discarded cucumber or melon frame such things as mustard and cress, radishes, or even a few onions. For mushroom-growing we have frequently recommended, too, the employment of an old frame, into which some horse-droppings have been thrown, and upon which the spawn is placed and afterwards covered over with a little dry mould.

HARLOWE'S HELPMATE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IT was some weeks before Philip and his wife felt the pinch of real poverty, and during that time it was a pleasure to see them at home and abroad. Madge proved herself an admirable housewife; her sitting-rooms were the picture of neatness and order, and gay with flowers, bought at a quite ridiculously low price in the neighbouring market. It was natural to one of her gay temperament to adorn her room with flowers, but her neatness sprang from another source; I think that she was by nature a rather untidy person in a house, from what I remember of Sunnyside Cottage when she had the ordering of it; but here she saw that Philip liked to find things in their proper places, and it ministered to his happiness to know that his wife was not careless of his comfort in anything.

Her dinners, too, were quite surprising, considering the space of the kitchen and her ignorance of cookery. With the aid of a cookery-book, she and Mrs. Jelks, the porter's wife, contrived such dishes as can only be met with by name in the first-class restaurants. To see the white and spotless table linen, the glass and cutlery sparkling, and a vase of flowers in the centre of the table, prepared one to enjoy the coming repast. She astonished me one morning, when I went with her to the market, by her shrewdness in discriminating between mushrooms fresh and mushrooms stale, and her ability at getting things at their proper value, and not at the exorbitant charges demanded by unprincipled saleswomen. Mrs. Jelks had taught her to make bargains, and I think she outshone her instructor. For my own part I should have felt more disposed to knock off twopence when it was suggested with such winning grace by that beautiful little housewife, than if it had been demanded by a plain and sour-faced woman like Mrs. Jelks.

I could always get complimentary tickets for concerts, and this enabled them to take some pleasure of that kind. When I saw Madge in her plain dress buttoned up to the throat, with no ornament but a little diamond brooch Philip had given her in the early days of their love, I thought I liked her better than in the low evening dress, displaying her arms and neck, glittering with jewels, in the brilliant days of their prosperity.

I believe she was quite proud to show herself in this simplicity to her old friends: to make them understand that her loss of fortune had not detracted one jot from her self-esteem. Her dignity, as she walked with her hand on the arm of her husband, was worthy of a princess. No one would have guessed by her demeanour that he had lost all his fortune, and been accused of meanness only short of dishonesty. On the contrary, I think no one could look at her on these occasions and believe the charge against him, for surely no woman could thus proudly hold up her head in the face of all the world, knowing her husband to be guilty.

It was the same when they went out in open places. She did not care to go on the Embankment or through streets where she was not likely to be recognised; she preferred to walk through Piccadilly or in the Park, and was just as proud to be seen walking as she had been in her carriage or on horseback.

Philip was not a fool. He saw the necessity of speedily finding some remunerative employment of his time. He advertised for a secretaryship. Every day he read through the advertisement sheet of *The Times*, marked those that seemed suitable, and made personal application for the situations. He received not one answer to his advertisements, and his applications were as fruitless. His manner and appearance were greatly in his favour, and obtained for him more consideration than was given to most applicants. But his antecedents were all against him. Those who were most kindly disposed towards him could do nothing to help him. What could be done with a gentleman by birth and education, who had been in receipt of an unlimited income? I can understand the feelings of employers who wanted useful servants at a salary of between eighty and a hundred pounds a year.

Philip found that they could manage to live, as they were living in Bedford Street, upon two hundred a year. It seemed to him that he ought to get as much as that. His ideas were still impracticable. He had never yet regarded the cloth where his coat was concerned; he had to learn that his coat must be cut according to his cloth. It came to that before long.

One day he asked me if I would lend him twenty pounds.

"With all my heart," I replied. "Fifty, if you will."

"No," said he; "I have made up my mind to limit my debt to twenty."

He spoke in a tone which showed me he was in earnest, and I lent him the money he asked for, hoping that before it was all gone he might have the good fortune to find such an engagement as was necessary to support his present position. He was not wanting in energy or perseverance. Day after day he went from one place of business to another offering his services

in vain, until at length he perceived that if he got what he needed it must be through the indulgence or oversight of the person employing him.

"There are hundreds of men more capable than I am, who would willingly accept for their services half what I ask for mine," he said.

He had kept his growing anxiety to himself while he thought that it was possible to overcome the difficulties in their path, but now, convinced that they must take another course, he unburdened his mind, and asked Madge what they should do.

Madge, whose heart was like a mirror which lets no light or shadow pass unreflected, was not unprepared for this. Her face had been growing a little thinner, her gaiety a little less spontaneous of late. She had, I fancy, denied herself the pleasure of making daily bargains with the fruit and flower-sellers of the market; and much as she detested needlework, had set herself to re-make an old dress, discarded as "too old for anything" the month before. I can imagine how she had conned the difficulty as she sat alone, while Philip was searching for employment: how she hoped he would reveal his troubles to her: and finally, how joyfully she hastened to lay out the designs she had been silently making for their mutual support in case of need. Philip himself told me how she made light of their misfortune.

"MRS. JELKS HAD TAUGHT HER TO MAKE BARGAINS" (*p.* 674).

"If people live upon a pound a week, and are light-hearted, we can do the same, dear," said she. "Have we not been as happy here as we were at Kensington?"

And then, with some inconsistency, she went on to find fault with the chambers—the noise in the early morning of market-carts passing; the unpleasant smell of vegetable refuse in close weather; the mud and dirt in the adjacent streets when it was wet; and the horrible language of costermongers on Saturday mornings.

"It would be so pleasant to live somewhere out of all this bustle and hubbub—not out of London, because that would be inconvenient when you succeed in getting an appointment. For my own part, I like Lambeth, where Mr. Holderness lives, with the Archbishop's Palace, and the river, and the Houses of Parliament, and the hospital, and the potteries. I think that would suit us very well." She had heard me say how low rent was there, and how cheap things were in the Westminster Bridge Road.

So one day they went with me to look for lodgings; and after a little search, we found a first floor to let furnished for no more than Philip paid for the top floor unfurnished in Bedford Street. I could not see what great advantage they were to get by the exchange until Philip told me that a friend of his wished to take the chamber and buy the furniture (which was certainly too good for Lambeth). It was an offer, he said, that he might not get again. So they came to live in the Lambeth Road, and the last of their furniture—the sole remaining vestige of their former splendour—was sold.

That was just after Philip had borrowed the twenty pounds from me. The money he realised by the sale he put away. He was beginning to think of the future. I said nothing, but I was greatly pleased with this act of prudence, though I was not at that time aware of the issue for which he was preparing.

It was more difficult to make their new rooms bright than had been the case with the Bedford Street chambers. The furniture was old and shabby, the wall-paper was dull and ugly, the bare and smoke-dried boughs of the trees in the forecourt and the miserable sooty evergreens were worse than nothing; the wind when in the bad quarter blew the smoke from the potteries down in an acrid cloud—especially unpleasant when they were "salting" on Thursdays and Fridays. But they made the best of it by keeping the windows closed, and lighting the gas early; and Madge kept in a prominent place two hyacinths which I had the pleasure of giving her.

Still, it was very depressing with so much bad weather and smoke; and I can understand that to people unused to Lambeth the cats in the empty gardens behind the houses, the street-organs in front, the screaming of hucksters and stall-keepers in Lambeth Walk, with the frequent odour of herrings and bacon wafting up from the kitchens on the right and left, conveyed a very unpleasant impression of squalor. Indeed, it surprised me sometimes to see how bravely my friends bore up under adversity.

"It is no good deceiving ourselves with false expectations," said Philip to me; "there are hard times before us: they will be more difficult to meet if we are unprepared. May we have no greater hardships than that of living in the Lambeth Road!"

Hitherto Philip had worn a fine moustache with a rather aristocratic twist in it. One morning, to

Madge's great regret, he came home with the ends cut off; then he ceased to shave; and his handsome chin and the fine line of his cheek were hidden under a beard. Madge declared that he looked handsomer than ever now. I did not think so, but it certainly gave him a more workman-like appearance, and that was the main thing.

"Now," said he, "employers will not be afraid to offer me work."

"What work are you going to seek?" I asked.

"Any work that requires physical strength and a moderate amount of intelligence."

Then, to my surprise, I learnt that he was ready to accept a common labourer's place. I remonstrated with him, for it seemed to me, with my perhaps narrow views, that this was an unnecessary degradation. He laughed at my notion.

"There are better chances for a labourer at fifteen shillings a week than for a clerk at thirty. I don't wish to be permanently perched on a stool, and that's the highest hope of the majority of clerks. Besides, they wouldn't have me in an office. That's a capital argument against trying for a clerkship."

"But a labourer——"

"Not genteel, eh?" and he laughed again. "I don't think I care for gentility. I'm sure I dislike sedentary employment. A good bit of hard physical exercise does a man good: he sits down after it with cheerful spirits, and that's a good thing." After a few minutes' reflection, he added: "I understand how you feel about it. To most people it would seem a drop-down for a man who has lived an idle life, so we won't talk about it, if you please, before Madge."

I promised I would not be indiscreet.

"You see, Holderness," he said, "I can't afford to wait any longer for a good thing to fall in my way. I must take what I can get, and look out for better at the same time."

The next morning he put on a coloured shirt and the oldest suit he had, and presented himself in the office of one of the large potteries. A clerk came forward obsequiously—for, despite his beard and dress, he looked every inch a gentleman, and not a bit like a labourer.

"I want employment——," Philip began.

"Oh, you will have to go to the art department—you are an artist?"

"No. I know nothing at all about art."

"Oh! you want something in the office?"

"No, I want employment for my arms."

Puzzled by this strange application, the clerk went into an inner office, with an amused expression in his face. Presently an elderly gentleman with white hair came out, and after looking steadily at Philip through his glasses for a moment or two, said—

"What is it you want, sir?"

Philip stated his case briefly. The gentleman listened with grave attention, and then in a kindly tone said—

"In a large factory like ours we can generally find place for a capable and willing hand, but I cannot see how to employ you. A certain amount of technical knowledge and skill is required in every department. A man cannot pack, cannot carry a board of ginger-beer bottles from the bench to the kiln, cannot brick up a fire-hole, cannot even carry clay from the barge to the works, without experience. The hands begin as apprentices. If I were to employ you in any capacity, I should do so to the prejudice of men who have bought their position. That would be unfair; besides which, I should subject you to the ill-treatment of jealous workmen, and certain humiliation. It is harder to refuse work than to give it; but in your own interest what would you have me do?"

Philip could only thank the old gentleman for his consideration and withdraw.

He tried a smaller pottery, where he thought the proprietor might be less considerate and conscientious.

"What kin ye do?" asked the master potter, a short man with a pock-marked face. "Kin ye drive a van and groom a horse?"

"I never have groomed a horse," Philip began.

"Kin ye turn a gallon jar?" the potter interrupted.

"No."

"Kin ye drive a engine?"

"No."

"Kin ye stoke a kil?"

"No."

"Then you ain't no good to me, not a bit."

Philip spent the rest of the week seeking labourer's work, and found it as difficult to get what he wanted in that direction as in higher occupation. His courage began to give way before these persistent reverses. He could not hide the despair that was preying on his mind from Madge; and her tenderness, her disguised solicitude, the furtive means she took to comfort him, could not lessen his sufferings.

On Monday he renewed his search. Passing down Kennington Road, he came upon a knot of idlers before a ladder-maker's and timber-yard. A workman—one of a small group—was tucking up one corner of his apron, and shouting down the yard at the same time.

"I'm a carpenter, not a hod job man," he called; "and I'm quite independent of you and your ladders. If you want your quartering shifted, you can shift it yourself, d'ye see? Good morning!" And with that he walked off, the idlers streaming after him.

Philip walked down the yard to where the master carpenter stood with his hands in his pockets.

"Do you want your timber moved?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," replied the carpenter; "but workmen's so precious independent nowadays, that they expect their governor to do the rough jobs."

"I want a rough job," said Phil, his heart craving for some physical fatigue.

"How much a hour?" asked the carpenter.

"You can pay me what my work is worth. Show me what is to be done."

He was so earnest that the carpenter gave him the job at once.

Philip set to work with a will, and succeeded in giving such satisfaction that at the end his employer said—

"Do you think you could do a bit of saw work?"

"I dare say I can if you lend me a saw, and show me what is to be done."

It was simple work, and Philip got through it satisfactorily.

At twelve he was told to take his dinner hour and come back. He worked from one till six. Altogether, he had done such a fair day's work, that the carpenter engaged him to come the next day.

Philip went home exultant, with blisters on his hands, sawdust in his beard and the creases of his clothes, and a couple of rents in his jacket: he looked something like a workman.

He told Madge he was going in for carpentering. It was a blow for Madge, and her heart was full of misgivings when she found the blisters on his hands.

"Why, a day's rowing would do as much at first," said Phil. "My hands will get hard after a bit."

"Dear hands!" murmured Madge, bending over them mournfully, and caressing them. I dare say she wondered if they would lose their whiteness and delicacy, and become in time like ordinary carpenters' hands.

"It's capital work, Madge; and if you could hear me whistling over it, you'd be jealous to think I could be so gay away from you."

She would not discourage him, and seeing him so pleased, she looked at the employment in its best light. She conjured up a picture of Adam Bede in her imagination, and saw Phil making elegant cabinets and such things as are never seen in a carpenter's shop, still less in a ladder builder's.

She quite glorified the trade to which he had devoted himself; and one afternoon she determined to go down the Kennington Road, with some idea that she should catch a glimpse of her dear husband in a picturesque workshop, looking nobly intelligent as he fitted mortices, or something of that kind.

She did catch sight of him: he was carrying a sack of sawdust on his back from the yard to a truck that stood in the road.

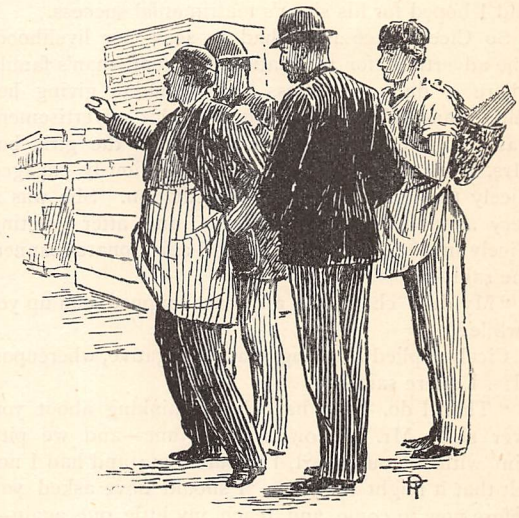
She turned quickly up a side street, that he might not see her, for her lips had been suddenly convulsed with pain, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

AND now sorrow sprang from a new source. Poor Cicely lost her sweetheart.

This innocent, simple little maid had not the solid parts, the forethought and prudence, of her sister Joan. Everything was sufficient for the day with her, and she never troubled herself to look beyond it. If there was enjoyment to be had, she took it, and her pleasure was never marred by anticipating results. A character of this kind is not one to be held up for admiration; on the other hand, I see no reason to feel harshly towards any who have such a character. Everything has its place in nature: the birds that have nothing but gay plumage and sweet song to recommend them, equally with those of sober colours that minister to the needs of mankind.

There was this at least to be said for Cicely: she was uncomplaining and patient when pleasures were not to be had, and when called upon to do her duties in the dull routine of life, she accepted her lot without thinking herself particularly hardly dealt with. And so when the crash came, putting an end to her scene of delight at Kensington, she took off her silk, put on her plain stuff, and went back to Highgate, with only one outburst of weeping, and that was rather for Madge's loss than her own. And what a change was that for



"'I'M A CARPENTER, NOT A HOD JOB MAN,' HE CALLED" (*p.* 676).

her! It was as if a butterfly had gone back into its chrysalis state.

When it became evident that Potter's peculiar style of art had gone out of fashion as suddenly as it had come in, and that no one could safely depend upon him for support, it seemed to Joan and me that now was the moment when Horace Clinton should make Cicely his wife, and this I ventured to hint to him, I being now regarded as an old friend of the family. Horace took me into his confidence at once, and showed me why it would be unadvisable for the marriage to take place at that time.

He was an excellent young man, and I am sure that if it had depended only on his own inclinations, he would long before have married Cicely. But he had an invalid mother and an idle sister, whom he had supported since his father's death, and these two ladies were particularly exacting and selfish. They spent all the young man made, and not content with keeping him poor, they wished to keep him single as well. They had taken a great dislike to Cicely, exaggerated her faults, and did all they possibly could to prejudice him against her, seeing that the cost of a wife would necessarily diminish the amount of money at their disposal. As he could not turn his mother and sister out of the house, and had not the means to establish a separate home for himself, he must, if he married, take his wife to live under the same roof with these envious and uncharitable ladies, which

would be anything but pleasant for Cicely. As he very truly said, "her life would be made extwemely misewable." There was, however, a hope that this state of things would not last many months, as a widower was paying attentions to Miss Clinton, and she had decided to be his wife as soon as he should ask her, in which happy event Mrs. Clinton would go to live with her son-in-law, as soon as he was properly broken in by his wife. But of this I was to say nothing, lest it should come round to the widower and frighten him off. I promised secrecy, and Horace and I hoped for his sister's matrimonial success.

So Cicely once more had to seek her livelihood. She advertised for a situation in a gentleman's family where a daily governess was required, giving her initials and address. On the day this advertisement was published, who should call upon the girls but Mrs. Leclerc, the lady who had previously engaged Cicely through Mr. Motley's mediation. She was a very amiable and lively person, and after greeting Cicely in the most friendly and affectionate manner, she said—

"My dear child, has any one snapped you up yet awhile?"

Cicely replied laughingly in the negative, whereupon Mrs. Leclerc said—

"Then I do. We have been thinking about you ever since Mr. Harlowe's misfortune—and we pity him with all our heart, I assure you; and had I not felt that it might hurt you, I should have asked you before now to come and teach my little one again—she will positively learn of no one else."

Then it was arranged that Cicely should go as before to teach Mrs. Leclerc's daughter. The impulsive lady would have had her reside in the house, but Cicely objected because of Horace, and Joan thought it quite as well that she should come home, as she needed advice and counsel, which she was not likely to get from such a flighty person as Mrs. Leclerc.

And now there was sunshine again for Cicely. Nothing could exceed the kindness and indulgence of Mrs. Leclerc and her husband. Cicely's *naïveté*, her winsome prettiness, drew hearts to her. She was treated rather as a member of the family than a paid servant. Mrs. Leclerc petted her like a child, giving her trinkets and finery, taking her about to concerts, inviting her to take part in home entertainments, sending her home in a brougham when the weather was rough—in short, as we feared, spoiling her for hard work. These impulsive, enthusiastic persons are never to be trusted, for the caprice of a moment may change them from friends to enemies.

All went well for a certain time; then Joan grew uneasy. Mrs. Leclerc had taken it into her head that Cicely must marry some one better than an obscure artist, and encouraged her in flirtations which were, to say the least of it, unnecessary; for the girl's simplicity and responsiveness led her sufficiently far that way. I am sure that she loved Horace with all her heart, and had none to spare for any one else; she entered into a flirtation without knowing that she flirted, with no serious thought at all about it.

"If people pay me attentions it pleases me, and I cannot pretend that it annoys," she said, "and if they are amiable I must be amiable too. No one is rude to me, and that being so, I don't think I ought to be rude to any one."

One Sunday I found a gentleman at Sunnyside whom I had not met before; he was introduced to me as Mr. Percival Leclerc, and I found he was Mrs. Leclerc's brother-in-law.

He was a handsome gentleman, about thirty-five, with a great deal of self-assurance, an endless flow of conversation, and an easy and graceful manner. When we were alone, Joan and I settled that we did not like him. His amiability was of that boundless kind that excites a suspicion of insincerity. He had something flattering to say to everybody—in a word, he was too pleasant by half.

Potter, who had not received any praise for a long time, was enchanted with him. He could not see that Mr. Leclerc's admiration of those wretched daubs was overdone; if he had been told that his painting was the finest that had ever been put upon canvas, he would have been fool enough to believe it.

"You are of the right school, Mr. Leclerc," said he; "you are one of us—the advanced lot—the coming lot; and the oftener you drop in to have a gossip about art the better pleased I shall be."

It was no fault of Mr. Leclerc's if Potter was not well pleased in this respect; he dropped in with increasing frequency, accommodating himself to Potter's free-and-easy ways. Sometimes he dropped in to talk painting, and sometimes to hear a little music—Joan playing Mendelssohn's *Lieder* with great feeling—and sometimes without any excuse at all. But it was noticeable that he never came when Cicely was absent. We could not find fault with him for that. A young man smitten with a young girl naturally seeks her society. Nor was he bound to keep away simply because Cicely was engaged to Horace. A lover naturally believes that he is a better man than his rival, and that justifies him in the endeavour to defeat his competitor and win the prize. But what Joan and I disliked was his pretence of goodwill towards Horace.

No one could accuse Horace of such deceit. He would not meet Mr. Leclerc's advances, he was reserved and cold in his company, and he took but slight pains to conceal what he himself called his "extwa'wdinawy dislike" to him.

It soon became obvious to us all—the real object of Mr. Leclerc's visits to Sunnyside; and when at length Potter discovered that he did not come for the sole purpose of listening to his conversation upon the coming school, he did not express that degree of contempt for him which might have been expected. On the contrary, he seemed even more anxious that the new friend should "drop in" frequently. At the same time, he began to abuse poor Horace, behind his back of course; he was not an artist; he could paint a "pretty face," and that was all. He was a man without character or purpose, or he would long ago have struck out of the commercial line of art, freed himself

from the bondage of those two women—his mother and sister—turned them out of the house, and married Cicely. He was an ass to bear that burden—and so on, and so on.

The fact is, Potter having tasted of the good things, was longing to sit down again beside the flesh-pots, and he was not above any meanness to gratify his desires. He thought that Cicely by marrying Mr. Leclerc might obtain a good position in society, and enable him once more to dawdle about a drawing-room in a dress-coat. The first thing was to make a rupture between Cicely and Horace, and with this purpose he said all that he could to make poor Horace ridiculous and contemptible in Cicely's opinion.

That was a trying time for Horace, and unfortunately he did not come out well in the trial. He was of a jealous disposition, and could not conceal his dislike for Mr. Leclerc, and the vexation he felt in seeing Cicely bright and amiable in receiving that gentleman's attentions. It made him silent, and he knew that he seemed morose. And the more dull and heavy he was, the livelier and more entertaining Mr. Leclerc appeared by contrast. Even Joan could not help smiling when he talked to her, and I admit that his conversation to me was always inspiriting and pleasant. Then the evil was aggravated by Potter, who concealing his bitter feelings under a mask of pleasantry, would banter Horace upon his "grumpiness."

"Liver out of order again, old man?" he would ask, or, "Anything extwa'wdinawy in the box twade?" or, "Has mamma been scolding her Horace?" and such-like ridiculous and subtly damaging questions.

The very best of men must suffer in general opinion by being constantly disparaged, and when, besides being thus disparaged, Horace became dull and uninteresting by reason of his jealousy, it was only natural that Cicely should love him less than formerly. We saw that, Joan and I, and we knew that before long one of the rivals must disappear from the scene. Which was it to be?

One evening Horace asked Cicely to go with him on the following night to a concert. Cicely hesitated a moment, with some confusion, it may have seemed to his jealous eye, then she said—

"Any other night, Horace, I shall be most happy, but to-morrow I shall not be home until late. I shall not leave Mrs. Leclerc's at all before ten o'clock."

"Oh, I suppose you are going out with the Leclercs, only you don't like to say so," said Horace.

"I am not afraid to acknowledge anything I do!" cried Cicely, with spirit. "I am not going out with the Leclercs."

There was to have been a musical evening at Mrs. Leclerc's on that eventful Friday, and Cicely had been asked to take part in it, but in the morning the family invited had sent begging for a postponement on account of the ill-health of one of its members. Then Mrs. Leclerc insisted that they should go to hear an oratorio at Albert Hall. Cicely, never dreaming of ill, readily agreed to be of the party, and to the Albert Hall they went.

After the performance they returned in the brougham, and at Sunnyside, Mr. Percival Leclerc took Cicely into the house, while Mr. and Mrs. Leclerc went on to their home.

Meanwhile Horace, having repented his ill manners of the previous day, went a little before ten o'clock to the Leclercs' to fetch Cicely, and make his peace with her. There he was informed that Miss Goddard had left early in the evening. Horace hung about the house for an hour, with the idea that Cicely might return there, then seized with another notion, he walked to Sunnyside.

There was light in the studio. He knocked. The girl who opened the door said Cicely was up-stairs. Up he went. With his hand on the door, he heard her laughter. He opened the door. Mr. Leclerc was in the middle of an entertaining story, and Cicely, with the smile still on her bright face, was listening with eager interest. Joan and Potter were smiling and attentive also, but Horace took no notice of them.

At the sight of his face, ghastly white with a jealousy that tortured him to the point of madness, Cicely rose with alarm, and the smile and colour left her cheek. Doubtless Horace attributed this change of expression to the sense of being discovered.

He bowed coldly, but shook hands with nobody. Mr. Percival finished his story, and then seeing that it would be best to go, he took his departure with as much ease as if Horace with his terrible looks had never come. Potter and Joan accompanied him to the door, leaving Horace and Cicely together and alone.

I heard afterwards what passed between them, but I wish to forget it. People under the influence of jealousy do and say things which they would never be guilty of in a sane condition of mind. They are to be pitied and pardoned. All I will say is that in this brief interview Horace behaved remarkably ill, and Cicely with a degree of forbearance and good sense hardly to be expected in one of such a thoughtless and light disposition.

When he left, Potter came from the sitting-room, opened the street door, and stepped outside with him.

"Look here, old man," said Potter, in his semi-friendly, semi-hostile tone, "I don't know what this row's been about, but I want to tell you this: if you are not in a position to marry Cicely, I don't think you ought to stand between her and a better match."

"I do not stand in her way," replied Horace; "our engagement is bwoken. We shall see each other no more."

"And a good job too," Potter said to me. "They have been engaged two years."

But I did not think that it was a good thing; for I knew they loved each other; and hearts are not like purses, to be emptied of their old treasure and re-filled with new.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AFTER the dissolution of partnership Mr. Motley compounded with his creditors, and continued business under the title of Motley and Motley. Three months later he paid up all that the creditors had lost by the composition. This act of liberality gave an immense

impetus to business. No one could any longer entertain a doubt as to his sterling merits. One heard his praises rung on every side. "Ah, what an honest man!" "What admirable principle, and what remarkable business ability!" "A man to be trusted, if any were!" and the like phrases, reached my ear. There were more customers on the bank books than ever there had been. And then the extension of the tallow

"'DEAR HANDS!' MURMURED MADGE, BENDING OVER THEM" (*p.* 677).

works gave fresh advantages for the development of business in that branch. The profit upon the heavy outlay began to roll in, and there was nothing more to pay out. All this was Motley's profit. He took all. There was no partner to divide the receipts. And thus, without paying a farthing for it, the whole business had fallen into Motley's hands—enriched even by Harlowe's sacrifice.

"I told you how it would be, Holderness," Motley said. "It has turned out just as I prognosticated. If Phil had only kept a cool head and trusted me, he would have been richer at this moment than ever he was—his scruples would all be satisfied, and he would have been more honoured than if he had never thrown away his wife's fortune. If I had my way, I would offer him a share in the concern now, or at any rate make him take back the money he paid into it. But I can't do that. I'm tied. It's Motley and Motley now, you know. Directly my wife heard of the dissolution she offered to put her money into the affair. That enabled me to begin again. But she was careful that her old enemy should be kept out of it, and got a legal agreement that she should have a voice in the management of the bank in consideration of the money handed over—in fact, made herself a partner. So you see how I am stuck. Now, all that might have been obviated but for poor Phil's hastiness and want of gumption. If he had only kept his wife's money where it was, we might have borrowed from that, and been perfectly independent of Mrs. Motley's help."

It was plausible enough, this explanation, but somehow I could not feel towards the man as I had felt; and I saw in his twinkling little grey eyes an expression of treachery and cunning which I had not before suspected. Philip must have shared my suspicion, for he avoided Motley, and was silent when we spoke of him. He would not speak ill or well of a man whom

he suspected, yet could not prove guilty of duplicity and fraud.

So while one partner sank the other rose in the scale of prosperity.

Is honesty the better policy? — does retribution wait upon evil-doers?—I was tempted to ask myself when, after seeing Mr. Motley, with his great jovial red face, riding in a luxurious carriage, I met Philip returning from his work, fatigued and careworn. Well, we shall see these questions answered before I lay down my pen.

* * * * * *

On the other side of the road, just facing the Harlowes' lodgings, there lived on the attic floor of a small house a widow and her child, in whom Madge and Philip took much interest. She was a pretty, pale, lady-like little body, the widow, not more than five-and-twenty I should say; her child was a sturdy little fellow, who could just walk if held by the hand. We thought she must be a widow, because of the child, and the mourning in which they were clothed. Every morning, except Sundays, she went out with her child at a little after eight, walking to the end of the road, where she took a Kennington tram, and returned in the evening about seven. We concluded that she went out to work—minding a shop, perhaps, where she could have her child with her. She always wore gloves and was neatly dressed; her collars and cuffs and her child's socks were exceptionally white for residents in the Lambeth Road; one would not have thought she was poor but for her living in the attic of that dingy house.

But even then one could see the character of the lodger by the window curtains edged with cheap lace, and the pots of mignonette and pansies on the sill. We did not know her name, nor anything about her, except from our own observation. She seemed to have no friends, and to avoid making acquaintance with her neighbours. It needed no one to tell us that she had gone through trouble, but though her face was marked with anxiety and care, it was not without a certain bright hopefulness. "She thinks about her boy, and the time when he will grow to be a fine man," said Madge. Indeed, she looked quite happy when Sunday happened to be fine, and she could go for a walk and give all her thought to the child.

Our interest in her grew as time went on. Almost my first question when I went to see Madge was, "Well, how is the little widow?" But Madge was so infatuated with her and the child, that Philip used to joke her in a kindly manner about it. We could see that she was longing to make friends with her neighbour and talk about the little one. Madge adored children.

But at this time her interest was heightened by another feeling. Madge was about to become a mother also. When I knew this, I understood why Philip sold his furniture and put the money aside for future needs. Madge tried to make acquaintance with the young widow. She watched at the open window until her neighbour appeared, and their eyes met, and then she bowed. The widow bowed in return, but left the window at once. Soon afterwards Madge artfully contrived to be near the end of the road when the widow stepped out of the tram. She stopped and spoke, and stooping down, drew the child to her and kissed him. But she saw that the mother was nervous, and reluctant to make friends, so she respected her feelings, and abstained from making further advances.

The summer came to an end; autumn was wet and wretched. There were days when the little widow did not leave her home, and others when she was forced to go out alone.

We saw that she was muffled up closely even when the days were mild, and kept a handkerchief to her mouth in going out and coming home; her shoulders, too, were bent as if her chest were contracted with pain. For a whole week we saw nothing of her.

One day in November I found Madge talking with the landlady of her house.

"Oh, Mr. Holderness!" she exclaimed, "our little friend is in trouble. I must go and see her. You will wait here, and tell Philip when he comes in?"

She put on a waterproof and crossed the road. The street-door of the dingy house was open; a truck stood by the kerb.

"The party is ill, sir," the landlady explained to me; "she can't pay her rent, and old Hobson—that's the landlord, sir: a mean, heartless wretch—he told her she must go, and he's sent for the broker."

I sat in the sitting-room and kept my eye on the house. Presently a dirty-looking fellow came out of the house; I saw him try a piece of money between his teeth. Then he nodded to the boy who was whistling by the truck, and they both went away. I believe Madge had discharged the little widow's debt out of her own slender means.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards Madge came in, and began to cry. Philip and I sat silent and let her cry without interruption.

"Poor little soul!" said she, with a sob, as she wiped her eyes; "I am afraid, Philip dear, we shall never see her—walking with her child again. I think she is dying."

"Has she a doctor?" asked Philip.

"No: she is an out-patient at the hospital. But she's too weak to go there."

Philip put on his hat and went out. We knew he had gone to find a doctor.

It being half-past twelve, and Philip's dinner-time, the servant brought up the beef-steak pudding which Madge made whenever I was coming to dine with them. She cut a portion, picking out some tender morsels, and put it between two hot plates at the bottom of a basket; then she went to her store cupboard, and added whatever she could find that might tempt a delicate person to eat; these she took across the road, after begging me not to wait for her, but to dine with Philip. Little enough we two men ate, though we both had a weakness for steak-pudding — especially such as Madge made.

The doctor confirmed Madge's forebodings. "She is in a rapid decline," he said to her, after leaving the room. "She cannot live through the winter: she may not be here when the new year comes."

"Is there *no* hope?" asked Madge.

"There is always the hope in these cases that the doctor may be in error. But it is necessary to tell you my opinion for the sake of the child, who must be provided for."

"Still you think that perhaps if these terrible fogs went away, and a little spell of warm sunshine came, and if all your orders were carried out carefully, and the patient had proper food and attention——"

"Ah!" said the doctor, smiling at her earnest pleading, "if the conditions for recovery are made more favourable——"

"They shall be favourable," said Madge, with emphasis. "And now tell me again what I am to do, that I may forget nothing."

The doctor repeated his instructions, and Madge, cheating herself with hopes of her own creating, returned to the patient's bedside with a face that carried comfort and gladness.

"It isn't half so bad as I feared, dear," she said cheerfully. "We have only to obey the doctor implicitly, and then, when the bright sunny days come—hey, Bobby!" she exclaimed, stopping before the table, "where is all mamma's pudding gone?"

"All dorn," replied Bobby, folding his hands in content upon his stomach.

That made Madge and the mother laugh, so that no one could have dreamed how sentence of death had been passed on the one, only Madge felt that down at the bottom of her heart there was a great weight.

Then Madge washed the little one's face, and brought things from a drawer for the mother to choose which he should wear, and arrayed him under her direction. After that Madge tidied up the room, and made the place as neat as a new pin. When there was nothing else to be done, she sat down by the bed, and talked about the child for a long while; then reminded of her duty by the load at her heart, she asked if she could write any letters or send any message to friends who might be glad to know how she was going on.

"I have no friends in England—none," replied the invalid; and then, after a moment or two, she said, "but I shall be glad if you will write a line or two to one who is in America. I have tried to do so, but my hand is just as if——" She began to cry at her weakness.

"Yes, dear, yes," replied Madge soothingly, as she bent over the bed, "but it will be strong again soon." She got paper and pen and ink, and sitting down, said, "Tell me what I shall say."

"Tell him what the doctor says——"

Madge trembled. Seeing her hesitate, the little lady said—

"Ah! I did not think of that. You do not know how to address him."

"That is just the difficulty," said Madge.

"Write 'My darling husband,' and then tell him that I have been ill, but shall soon be well—that is what the doctor said?"

There is a point where untruth is not justifiable even in the yielding conscience of a loving and tender woman. Madge could not say "Yes." She evaded the question by writing rapidly, and then looking up cheerfully, said—

"There, I have written—what next?"

"Tell him I have put by enough money for our passage, and that as soon as the doctor will let me leave my room we will come to him."

"HE TOOK HIS DEPARTURE WITH AS MUCH EASE AS IF HORACE WITH HIS TERRIBLE LOOKS HAD NEVER COME" (*p.* 679).

Madge tells me that the beating of her heart seemed to say "Never more—never more!"

Poor girl! I know not how, with that sympathetic heart, she wrote the letter at all. But it was written, and given to the little wife, who pressed the paper to her lips, and then with help wrote her name beneath—"Mary."

The letter was addressed to Mr. John Heath, Post-office, Brooklyn. Before posting it, Madge wrote a line on a sheet of paper and enclosed it with the letter. Her words were these:—

"You must not wait for your wife to come to you."

Madge let her friend want for nothing; the doctor's commands were obeyed to the letter, and, as if Providence were answering their prayers, the fog disappeared, and the sun shone warm and bright.

"Oh, I shall soon be able to go!" cried the little wife joyfully.

"Yes, darling, yes," said Madge; and her heart added, "but not to your husband."

She sank, and sank, yet in her eyes there came ever and anon that old look of trust and hope.

One evening Madge sat by the bedside, while Bobby on the floor examined a book of pictures she had bought for him. Mary had been lying with her eyes closed for some time. There were muffled voices and footsteps outside; but she did not wake. Then the door opened, and a man with a wan face walked straight to the bed and bent over the sleeper. She

opened her eyes almost instantly, and with a cry of joy threw her thin arms about his neck.

"My darling!" she cried. "I knew we should meet again—I knew it. I have only waited for that."

Down-stairs I had been settling with the landlord of the house for the rent of the poor woman's room just before this meeting. As I left the house a hansom stopped by the kerb, and a young man springing out, addressed me hurriedly.

"Which is thirty-five?" he asked.

"This is it," I replied, pointing to the house I had just left. "Are you Mrs. Heath's husband?"

"I am," he answered quickly.

"You will find her on the top floor," said I.

Without waiting to thank me, he ran into the house.

Now, where had I seen that tall, spare, eager-faced man before? I asked myself that question as I walked slowly on. Suddenly I stopped as it flashed upon my memory that I had seen him in Motley's private office. I felt sure it must be he—Mr. Burns, the clerk who had robbed the bank.

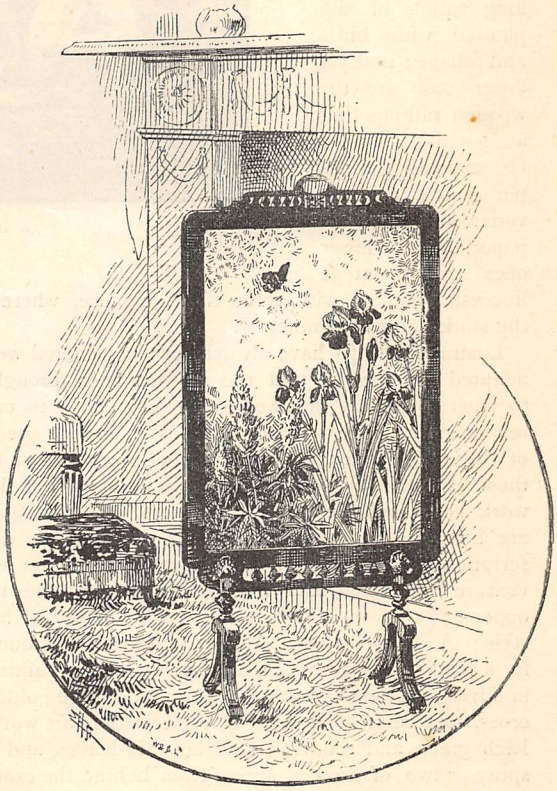
END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

SCREENS AND SCREEN-PAINTING.

SCREENS form as important an item in the furniture of a room in summer as in winter. No longer are they relegated to some up-stair apartment when the warm days come; though their places may be changed, they escape banishment. The screen that stood near the door, to keep out the draught in the time of east wind and snow, now finds a resting-place across a corner of the room.

Imagine some such cosy corner as this:—A three-fold screen is arranged so that both the outer flaps project. The frame is of ebonised wood, and the panels, which reach to within one foot of the top, are covered with terra-cotta silk, and each of these bears a design of flowers. Surmounting the panels runs a row of upright carved supports, which are part of the frame; in front of these, shelves are fitted, and here are displayed some rare bits of old Worcester, small, but rich in colour and unique in shape. A tall bronze tripod supporting a fine china bowl, in which is a spreading palm, stands before the centre panel, and against this back-ground of terra-cotta silk and fresh green foliage are placed a comfortable chair and a natty writing-table. A fitting nook this in which to compose a poem, or to write a thrilling tale of love.

We often now see a cottage piano turned so that its back is visible to the occupants of the room; but the back of a piano is not a pretty object, and so it is hidden with a screen that reaches to the same height. By this somewhat cunning device the owner of a handsome screen has an opportunity of showing it off to remarkable advantage. A strong light can be thrown on it, which brings out the paintings vividly, so that their merit can be duly appreciated, and the brilliancy of the colouring is not lost in the obscurity of some far recess, but adds to the general harmony produced by the decorations of the interior. Another use to which screens are put is to conceal the grate in summer-time, and for this purpose the single mirrors are excellent. But more to our fancy still are the new examples in crystaline which are likely to supersede their more showy rivals, for certainly they answer more truly to artistic requirements; the silvered back



A SCREEN IN CRYSTALINE.

of the mirror reflects the painting in a manner that is anything but desirable; but crystaline is free from this fault. Fire-place screens are made single, and also in two or three folds. The most suitable are the single ones set in a brass frame, for they correspond well with fender and fire-irons. They are invaluable articles in spring and autumn months, as the wood and coal can be laid in the grate ready for lighting on any day when the temperature is low, and yet it is rendered invisible by the pretty little screen which stands on the tiles in front. Others about three feet in height shield the glare of the fire from those seated before it. They are made so that the heat is kept off from the face by the panels in the upper part, but the lower portion is fitted with open-railed woodwork that the feet may be warmed whilst the head is kept cool. Some of the two and three-fold screens are divided in the following way: at the top are small panels filled with clear glass; beneath are long panels of silk painted with birds and foliage; and yet lower still are the wooden railings that are popular just now. Occasionally the upper panels are covered with Japanese paper, then the lower ones are of crêpe lincrusta, painted with some effective piece, wherein the stork figures prominently.

A COSY CORNER.

Lustra paintings have always been considered well adapted for screens, and the art has been brought to such perfection that we can recommend it to our readers more highly than ever. We do not speak of the rough, inartistic examples often seen, but of those executed by Mr. Elliott, who brought out the work here, and his clever coadjutors. His designs are both original and tasteful. A pen-and-ink description can give but a faint idea of them, but we venture on a trial, that those persons who have no opportunity of seeing them may gain an idea of his style. A dark-coloured velveteen forms the ground for a medallion on which a head in profile is painted in silver; this answers for the centre of a large golden cross, somewhat suggestive of ecclesiastical art work. Rich green and reddish-tinted begonia-leaves, and a spray or two of flowers, spring from behind the cross and medallion. The leaves are marvellously true to nature; the backs of some that are turned towards the spectator show all the raised red veins, so characteristic a feature of this handsome foliage. But although flowers, such as arums, poppies, and lilies, are freely copied in a naturalistic manner, the conventional designs are no less successful; indeed, in our opinion, they are more striking. The mediæval patterns of "honesty," of oak-leaves, and of dragons are eminently satisfactory.

But we must turn now to the consideration of the practical part of our subject, and in a few words give a slight insight into the various methods of screen-painting which are in vogue. Mirror-painting is done with oil-colours, but these should be of the purest description if the work is to remain uninjured by time and atmosphere. Linseed oil has a tendency to turn "horny," and this is more noticeable on glass than on other grounds, in consequence of the non-absorbent character of the polished surface; therefore, it must be used with caution. Turpentine, which may be used as a diluent, will not bind the colours sufficiently, and if it is employed too freely, opaque colours run the chance of being "rubbed up" when the glass is cleaned. Gullick's medium is to be highly commended for glass-painting, as it dries rapidly, binds the colours, and acts as a preservative. Painting on silk and satin can be done with oil or water-colours. Pearse's medium is useful for mixing with oils for this purpose, in place of turpentine and drying oil. Florentine tapestry medium is another claimant for public favour, and we hear that it is largely used, as it prevents the cracking of paints, which is so destructive of beauty.

Veloutine should be employed for painting on satin with water-colours instead of water, as no preparation of the fabric is then necessary. Lincrusta painting is executed precisely in the same manner as though the colours were being applied to canvas; the crêpe lincrusta will be found very absorbent.

Lustra painting is easy of accomplishment, but the best bronze colours should be procured, and care should be taken that the work does not look what is technically known as "dirty." Inferior examples often

have this objectionable fault. The colours are in powder, and are mixed with the preparation on a palette; they dry quickly, so that a good show of work may be produced in a short time.

It was not our intention to enter minutely here into details as to the methods of applying colours to the various fabrics; but a knowledge of the best mediums to use is often an assistance to amateurs, and therefore we mentioned them as some guide to those who are new to the work.

OUR DINNERS PROGRAMME COMPETITION.

THE result of this Competition has proved the subject to be of widespread interest, 165 papers having reached us; of these, three were ineligible, owing to non-compliance by the competitors with *General Rule* No. 3.

Many papers were necessarily discarded in consequence of departures from the clearly-stated *Dinner Programme;* in some cases the writers had allowed enough at dinner to provide little dishes for tea or breakfast, and exceeded the sum at their disposal, and in one instance the whole week's meals were provided at a cost of forty-seven shillings.

Equally unsuccessful were those who ignored the cost of vegetables and herbs because they were at hand in the garden, or of fruit and preserves from the store-closet.

Inaccuracy in the addition of the various items marred many papers, and in some *no* summary of expenses was given, and we were left to estimate the cost for ourselves; so, without being over-critical, we are compelled to own that the number of papers thrown out owing to inattention to details was not small.

After very careful consideration, the prize is awarded to S. M. ALLAN, who succeeds in carrying out the triple requirements — variety, wholesomeness, and economy—and has a sum of 2s. 11½d. left to "cover cost of vegetables and sundries;" thus, although bread and cheese are not specified for each day, there is enough to pay for them. E. MADDISON stands next in order of merit.

E. E. FENNELL is very practical, and omits nothing from her calculations; indeed, she ran S. M. ALLAN very closely for the prize; but we considered that the dinners of the latter were on the whole more enticing and varied.

A. M. BERRIDGE gives some useful hints, but under-estimates the prices of vegetables, and her puddings and sauces could not be made for the small sums charged for them.

L. H. VAISEY'S *Timely Help* is very pleasant reading, and MRS. H. J. HENRY sent a very fair *Scheme.*

PRIZE.

SOPHIA M. ALLAN, 5 Marguerite Terrace, Bally Nafeigh, Belfast.

Honourable Mention is accorded to the following (in order of merit):—

E. MADDISON, Howell's School, Denbigh, N. Wales.

E. E. FENNELL, Westgate, Wakefield.

A. M. BERRIDGE, Fotheringhay, Oundle, Northamptonshire.

LUCY H. VAISEY, Winslow, Bucks.

MRS. H. J. HENRY, Little Marley Rectory, Brentwood, Essex.

PRIZE SCHEME FOR SEVEN DINNERS FOR SIX PEOPLE AT A COST OF THIRTY SHILLINGS.

IN beginning this subject I may say that my dinner expenses average the sum mentioned in this scheme, and as my family also corresponds in number, I have been tempted to try my practical knowledge in this competition.

Our meals are uniformly comfortable and attractive to the eye as well as to the appetite. I have often been struck, in reading the programmes published in some magazines a few years ago, by their unsuitability to the wants of a family—sometimes consisting of kickshaws of very inferior quality.

My object will therefore be to show how good food can be obtained for the above-mentioned sum, and how the most can be made of it. The prices are what I pay, and as I have lived in several towns in England I know them to be a fair average. Ingenuity, care, and above all, forethought, are indispensable where economy is necessary.

A good housewife must do the marketing herself, and in this way many delicacies can be afforded, which it would otherwise be impossible to procure for the sum mentioned. Take, for instance, fish. Sometimes there is a glut in the market, and salmon, soles, and other usually expensive fish can be had cheap. Then again, butter, eggs, and poultry can be bought so much cheaper and fresher in the market than if ordered. I make my own preserves, purchasing the fruit in the market, and the sugar by the hundredweight.

All crusts and waste pieces of bread are kept in a linen bag in the pantry from week to week; they form the foundation of the German pudding mentioned in

my list. Dripping must be looked after carefully, whether from roast or boiled joints. Roast beef dripping makes good pastry. I now give a bill of fare, which, if the instructions are properly carried out, will not fail to give satisfaction.

SUNDAY.

4 lbs. Codfish. Sauce.
4 lbs. Roast Beef. Mashed Turnips. Potatoes.
Apple Tart. Custard.

MONDAY.

Codfish Cakes.
Boiled Fowl. Sauce. Ham Rashers. Cauliflower. Potatoes
Tapioca Pudding.

TUESDAY.

Clear Brown Soup.
Shoulder of Mutton. Currant Jelly. Mashed Turnips. Potatoes.
Marmalade Pudding.

WEDNESDAY.

Fried Whiting. Sauce.
Rolled Beef Steak. Cabbage. Mashed Potatoes.
Open Jam Tart.

THURSDAY.

Corned Beef and Carrots. Roast Duck. Potatoes.
Cheese Macaroni.

FRIDAY.

Vegetable Soup.
Mutton Cutlets and Sauce. Savoys. Potatoes.
German Pudding.

SATURDAY.

Baked Haddock.
Stewed Neck of Mutton. Potatoes.
Pancakes.

SUNDAY.

4 lbs. Codfish.—Tail end of large fish will be found economical; if possible choose with bronzy hue on the skin—it is then in good season.

Sauce.—1 pint milk, 2 table-spoonfuls flour, 2 oz. butter; just before serving, add the yolk of an egg beaten and a squeeze of lemon.

Roast Beef.—6½ lbs. sirloin. When purchasing see that all the suet is removed except what is absolutely necessary to cook it. Cut off about 2½ lbs. of the flap, rub it with a little sugar to mellow it, and then with salt and pepper; put it in a cool place. Roast the remaining 4 lbs.

Mashed Turnips.—One large turnip mashed with a little milk and 1 oz. butter.

Apple Tart.—1 lb. flour, 1 tea-spoonful baking powder, pinch of salt. Wet with as little water as will roll it out; ½ lb. suet chopped *very fine;* spread half on the paste. Double up and roll out smoothly. Repeat with remainder of suet; 2 lbs. apples, ½ lb. sugar, a little lemon-peel.

Custard.—Pint of milk, 2 eggs, table-spoonful of flour, sugar to taste.

MONDAY.

Codfish Cakes.—Remains of fish from the day before; 2 large dry potatoes, broken very finely with a fork; 2 oz. butter; 1 egg lightly beaten; season highly with pepper and salt; make into 6 cakes, egg and bread-crumb, the white of egg remaining from day before to be used; fry in plenty of dripping, serve hot, and garnish with parsley.

Boiled Fowl.—Boil very slowly in 3 quarts of water; serve with white sauce made of about ½ pint of stock in which fowl was boiled; a little cooked celery, flour, and 1 oz. butter.

Tapioca Pudding.—½ lb. tapioca, pint and a half of milk, 4 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, a little flavouring.

TUESDAY.

Clear Brown Soup.—This is made from the remains of Sunday's roast. Bones to be chopped and simmered in 3 quarts of water on Monday evening; when cool, fat to be removed; add to this the fowl stock, large onion cut in slices, and well browned in frying-pan, the parsley used in garnishing, and a little celery; egg-shells from to-day's pudding are to be used for clearing soup after straining.

Shoulder of Mutton.—In winter I purchase the whole fore-quarter; by doing so the best quality can be had for the price I quote. Shoulder roasted, served with red currant jelly.

Marmalade Pudding.—Cut some slices of bread very thin, cover with marmalade, and sprinkle with a little finely-chopped suet; fill in a buttered mould with these, add 2 beaten eggs to a pint of milk, and a little sugar; pour over the bread and boil for an hour.

WEDNESDAY.

Fried Whiting.—3 good-sized whiting, egged and bread-crumbed, fried in mutton dripping.

Sauce.—½ pint milk, 1 oz. butter, 1 table-spoonful flour, 1 tea-spoonful anchovy sauce.

Rolled Beef Steak.—3 lbs. rump steak, a stuffing made of 3 oz. bread-crumbs, any scraps of meat, 2 oz. suet, 1 onion, all chopped fine, pepper and salt; place in centre of steak, roll up and fasten with skewers, cook in quick oven for 40 minutes. Baste often.

Jam Tart.—Crust made same as for Apple Tart, but with 3 oz. butter and 5 oz. clarified beef dripping instead of suet; ½ lb. strawberry jam.

THURSDAY.

Corned Beef.—This is the flap end of the sirloin, and is to be boiled slowly in 3 quarts of water; 2 lbs. carrots to be cooked with it; sauce to accompany them to be made from ½ pint milk, 1 oz. butter, and a spoonful of flour.

Roast Duck.—Duck to be stuffed with sage and onions, and liberal allowance of pepper and salt.

Cheese Macaroni.—¼ lb. macaroni, steeped in water for four hours, then stewed till tender in milk and water; pinch of salt; drain dry. Add pepper and salt, 2 oz. grated cheese, 2 oz. butter, a few bread-crumbs, and brown before the fire.

FRIDAY.

Vegetable Soup.—Stock from the boiled beef of the day before, from which all fat has been removed, to which add the bones of Tuesday's mutton and any scraps of meat, 7 quarts of water; simmer for four hours, skim carefully, add 2 onions, piece of turnip, parsley, and celery; thicken with a little flour; strain and serve.

Mutton Cutlets.—4 lbs. These are cut from the best end of the neck of mutton, broiled over a clear fire, and are accompanied by the following:

Sauce.—½ pint water, 2 oz. butter, chopped parsley, pepper and salt, thickened with a little flour; a spoonful of vinegar to be added before serving.

German Pudding.—½ lb. crusts soaked all night in hot milk and water, beaten up with 6 oz. brown sugar, ¼ lb. chopped suet, 2 eggs, a little ground ginger. Boil for two hours.

SATURDAY.

Baked Haddock.—Stuffed with 3 oz. bread-crumbs, 2 oz. suet, some sweet herbs, pepper and salt. Bake in slow oven, with 2 oz. butter over it. When cooked thicken the gravy with a little flour and water, and serve with the fish.

Stewed Neck of Mutton.—3 lbs. Stew gently for two hours. Add 1 carrot, small turnip, parsley, celery, pepper and salt; thicken before serving.

Pancakes.—1 pint milk, 1 egg, ½ lb. flour, a little nutmeg, sugar, and pinch of salt; make into thin batter, and fry in dripping. Serve with sifted sugar and lemon.

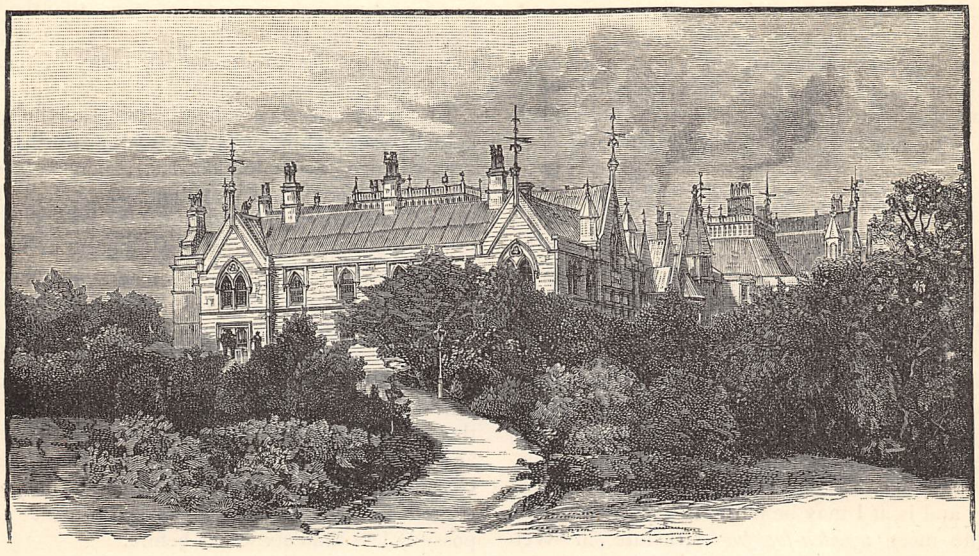
Annexed is the cost of supplies:—

	s.	d.
4 lbs. Codfish, at 3d.	1	0
6½ lbs. Beef for roasting, at 9d. ...	4	10½
Fowl for boiling	2	0
1 lb. American Ham, at 7d.	0	7
11½ lbs. fore-quarter Mutton, at 8d. ...	7	8
3 Whitings, at 2d. each	0	6
3 lbs. Rump Steak, at 9d.	2	3
Duck	2	3
Haddock	0	9
4 quarts Milk, at 3d.	1	0
1 lb. Butter, at 1s.	1	0
2 lbs. Apples, at 1d.	0	2
1 dozen Eggs, at 1s.	1	0
1¼ lbs. Suet, at 6d.	0	7½
2 lbs. Sugar, at 2½d.	0	5
½ lb. Tapioca, at 4d.	0	2
¼ lb. Macaroni, at 8d.	0	2
2 oz. Cheese, at 8d.	0	1
½ lb. Jam, at 4d.	0	2
3 lbs. Flour	0	4½
Vegetables and Sundries	2	11½
	£1	10	0

The remaining sum of 2s. 11½d. will amply cover all vegetables and sundries.*

SOPHIA M. ALLAN.

* The Editor begs to state that he cannot enter into any correspondence respecting unsuccessful efforts.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WELLINGTON.

A WOODEN CITY.

BY ONE OF ITS INHABITANTS.

I CAN'T say I had never seen a wooden house before—although I was a "new chum," and it was not three months since I had left the shores of old England. For instance, I had noticed, in travelling along some of the railways at home, a trim little hut of painted deal, in which a pointsman or signalman lived, moved, and had his being. I had been to Yarmouth, and had seen still remaining some of the houses made out of up-turned boats, like that immortalised by Dickens as the home of Peggotty.

It was a new sensation, however, to me to see a whole city of wooden houses, all looking like a box of toy dwellings just fresh from Nuremberg.

It is possible that in times gone by (after a good supper) I might have "dreamt" that I dwelt in "marble halls," although I could not recall it at that moment, but it had certainly never entered into my wildest flights of imagination that I should one day live in a wooden city. Consequently, to find myself in such an exceedingly ligneous locality—if I may use the expression—was a little bewildering. Possibly I should not have been so very much surprised if there had been wooden hams and wooden nutmegs in the shops, nor even if the inhabitants themselves had been of wood, like the lady and gentleman who dwell in those ingenious little weather-houses, and alternately appear at the door according as the weather is likely to be fine or wet. I was spared this additional source of perplexity, however, although I noticed that even the footpaths were bordered with wooden kerbing, and that there were wooden crossings in the streets.

I don't like keeping indulgent readers in suspense longer than necessary, and therefore I may as well at once tell them that the place herein described is not a figment of the imagination, but is to be found in a British possession which is becoming better known every day. I refer to Wellington, the capital of New Zealand. Its inhabitants, naturally very proud of their town, are fond of calling it "The Empire City," but among its envious detractors it goes by the name of "The City of Packing-cases"; or when they are inclined to be more malicious than usual, "The City of Match-boxes."

Both these epithets are a little unjust, however, since it is amply demonstrated in Wellington that buildings constructed entirely of wood may be ornamental and even imposing in the highest degree.

Take the Government buildings, for example, said to be "the largest wooden structure in the world." This block is four storeys high, and occupies an area of nearly two acres. One cannot help thinking, on looking at it, what a fine blaze it would make if it ever caught fire, and it is not a matter for surprise to learn that watchmen patrol the building the whole night to guard as much as possible against such a catastrophe.

The Houses of Parliament are of a mediæval style of architecture, and exhibit a good deal more of ornamentation than the Government buildings, which are square and solid-looking, and evidently intended for work. There is, however, one thing to be said about the New Zealand shrine of that all-powerful deity—that it is very prettily situated, standing as it does on a knoll, and surrounded by willows, pines, and other graceful-looking English trees. When seen by moonlight, its

turrets peeping out of the dark green foliage, and standing in solemn relief against the sky, it is not difficult to fancy oneself back in England, gazing on some of the fine old ancestral homes which are the pride and glory of our fatherland. And then, *such* moonlight nights as Wellington rejoices in! I do not believe they are to be surpassed in any part of the world.

> "No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain;
> In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
> Rolls through the dark blue depths."

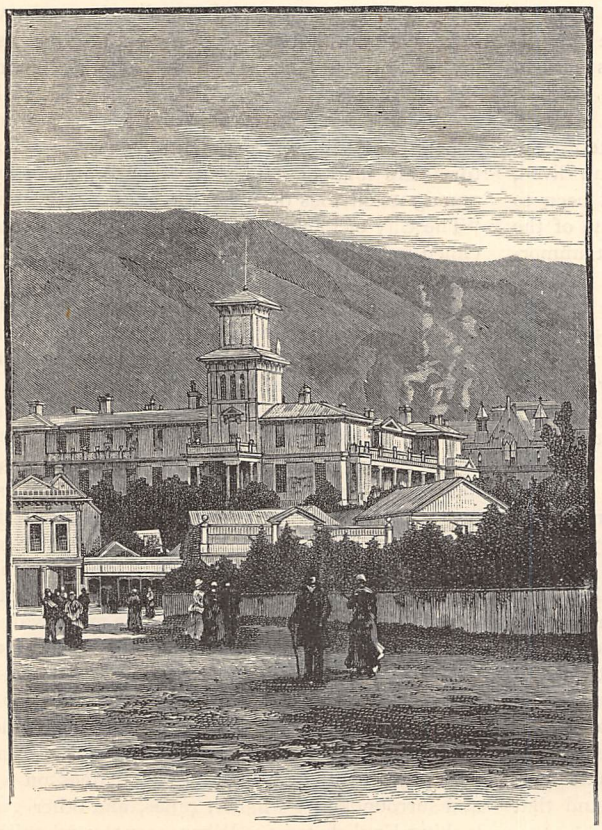
What Sir Walter Scott wrote of Melrose may be said with great appropriateness of Wellington. Such glorious sheen transforms the meanest building into a magician's palace, and all nature into fairyland. In spite of this, I have to confess that even the most silvery moonbeams would have a difficulty in making anything picturesque out of the Governor's residence, which is situated within a stone's-throw of the Parliamentary buildings. It is a very square, uninteresting building, and is, if I may be pardoned the expression, about the most *wooden-looking* structure in Wellington.

Now, most of the other buildings of importance seem ashamed of the fact that they are constructed in such humble and unsubstantial material, and endeavour to hide it as much as possible. So cleverly are they decorated with Corinthian columns, entablatures, and so forth, and so artfully covered with a kind of cement powder to make them represent stone, that the closest inspection fails to reveal their real character. This especially applies to the banks, many of them very handsome buildings.

I have seen new arrivals, when told of the material actually used, smile incredulously, and forthwith proceed to give the building a succession of taps, as if they were percussing a patient suspected of lung-disease, or gauging the quantity of liquid in a barrel. This little peculiarity of strangers, in fact, gives Wellingtonians an infallible means of detecting a "new chum," in addition to the clues afforded by the fashion of his hat and boots, and his general habit of gazing at the shop-windows as if he were surprised, first, that there were any shops in an out-of-the-way place like New Zealand; secondly, that they possessed such luxuries as plate-glass windows; and thirdly, that he should see precisely the same class of goods displayed in them that he had seen offered for sale in the English town he had left possibly less than six weeks before.

A strict regard for accuracy, however, compels me to add that Wellington is rapidly losing its distinguishing characteristics.

The wooden buildings are a legacy left by the panic following on the earthquake shocks, which caused so much alarm to the early settlers, and the most severe of which was attended by some slight loss of life. Of late years, however, the earth disturbances have been so trifling (with the exception of the recent appalling catastrophe) that the rising generation are getting to despise the early settlers as a lot of timid old fogies, and are beginning boldly to go in for bricks and mortar. Bye-laws have been passed by the city council compelling the use of these or kindred materials in the construction of all new buildings in the central part of the city. One large warehouse which has been constructed in brick in the principal thoroughfare (Lambton Quay) is five storeys in height, and would do no discredit either to Melbourne or Sydney. Even to the Parliamentary buildings a considerable addition in brick has lately been made, and when the representatives of the people are found to venture even their valuable lives in this manner, it may readily be imagined that the peril is not generally believed to be *very* imminent. The boldest experiment in this way has been made in the erection of the new post and telegraph offices, just opposite the Queen's Wharf, where the traveller first lands. This building, which has recently been completed at a cost of about £24,000, is undoubtedly one of the finest edifices in the colony, and its imposing front



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

GENERAL VIEW OF WELLINGTON.

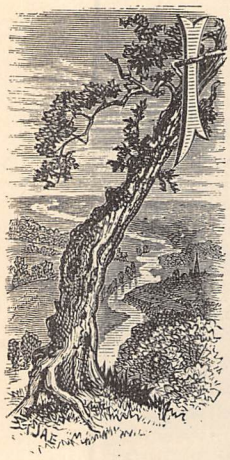
is seen to full advantage from the sea. As in the case of other brick buildings in the town, it is strengthened by interweaving thin bands of iron between the courses of bricks, and other measures are adopted to make it "earthquake-proof." One or two sharp shocks have been experienced since its completion—sufficient to set the bells in the clock-tower ringing—but no damage was done beyond dislodging a little plaster from the ceiling in one of the rooms. Needless to say, the "old inhabitants" buy their stamps in fear and trembling, and hasten out of the building again as soon as possible. Such a tempting of Providence they regard as absolutely impious, and they look forward with cheerful resignation to the time when the splendid pile shall be laid in ruins, as a striking exemplification of the truth of their Cassandra-like prophecies.

"Earthquakes don't send no warning when they're a-coming," said one worthy old settler to me the other day, "and because we haven't had a big shake lately, it's no reason why we shan't have one some of these days, when we're not expecting of it." In saying this, my friend expressed what is unquestionably the feeling of many of those who came to Port Nicholson in 1841 to found the settlement, when what is now a busy little city, with tramway, telephones, electric light, and all the luxuries of civilisation, was a straggling Maori village, situate at the foot of wooded hills, on the shores of a harbour lake-like in its beauty. Younger and more venturesome spirits—venturesome now, though hardly more so than these same timid old folks were when they came with their lives in their hands, to make a prosperous English town in a place then peopled only by rude savages—of course, laugh at these fears, and have even begun in a small way to construct their dwelling-houses in brick. At present, however, this has only been done to a very slight extent, and a brick cottage is still an architectural phenomenon of great rarity.

However, I must not allow myself to gossip too long upon earthquakes. I will only add that unless some very severe shock occurs in Wellington, the invasion of wood and galvanised iron by bricks and cement, followed by the triumphal advance of the latter, is likely to continue, and in the course of another generation the title at the head of this article may become quite a misnomer, as applied to the city in which, and on which, I am now writing.

MR. PILBEAM'S LOVE-STORY.

A FOOLISH EPISODE NARRATED BY HIMSELF.



IT is all very well to talk of the impressions of a man in love, but how can he analyse them? When a great wave of happiness sweeps over him, how can he think of the details? As I am the "he," I suppose that I ought to know more about it than anybody else, but I do not.

For about a month past I have been living on shadows—dreaming dreams—vainly hoping for an introduction, and furtively sneaking into the same railway carriage with a would-be unconscious air. Of course, I wanted to meet *her*. It is more than six months since I began to want to meet her, and the desire has become stronger every day. By accident, I heard her name. Then Flo—Flo is my sister—said that two of her friends had identified me by the family likeness, and I thought that it must be Minnie Milburn and her sister. A ghost of a smile flickered over her features one night when I entered the train, and it suddenly dawned on me that there was a chance of my knowing her. Of course, I was not satisfied with its being only a chance; I wanted to make it a reality. My daily journey to town became a pleasure and a torment. I nearly broke a blood-vessel in my frantic exertions to catch the train by which Miss Milburn went home. If I did not catch it I was miserable. At the last moment, even when I did catch it, I had not the courage to enter the same carriage, but watched her get out of it at Pilbury Station, and was miserable that I had not been nearer to her.

It would seem as if I had something the matter with me. A very common something, I suppose: the old, old story. How could I go on day after day without knowing what it was that made me either happy or miserable? If I did not see her, I wanted to emigrate; if I saw her, I thought that there was no country in the world so beautiful as England. I lost weight—that did not matter much—and was restless, unhappy, took to dreaming, and always dreamed the same impossible dream—that we were being introduced. Flo promised to introduce me, but she never would catch the same train as Miss Milburn, and I was becoming as savage as a wild animal.

During the whole of this week I have not seen her once. Her friend, "the prophet"—a melancholy individual with a cloak and a perpetual cold—would blandly get into my carriage every evening, and I derived a mild—a very mild—sort of comfort from thinking that he lived near the rose. I had once heard him say that she was a very charming girl. I could hug him for making such a discovery. Last night, the 15th of May, I wrote to Flo, telling her that I had seen no one but the "prophet" all the week, and that, though I liked the "prophet," I did not care so much to see him as I did some one else. I felt fairly heart-broken about not meeting Miss Milburn, and tried to persuade myself that I did not want to meet her. This attempt at persuasion was not a success. I thought that Flo would see from my letters how much I was in earnest. I met Flo in the train this morning, and had a long talk with her. I was on the point of telling her how miserable I was, but feared that she might take the matter too seriously. However, the walk relieved me a little, and I went on to the office, utterly miserable to think that I should not have a chance of seeing Miss Milburn for two days. It was Saturday, and she could not go to the National Gallery to copy on a Sunday.

I forgot to explain that Flo is a copyist, and has successfully copied "The Maid and the Magpie" for the last three years. Like the man who never complained, she "found it monotonous," but there was no demand for original pictures, and so she copied.

I thought of my misery all the morning until the pressure of work drove it away. My letters were finished at about one o'clock, and then a desperate resolve took possession of me. Perhaps I might catch a glimpse of Miss Milburn if I went to King's Cross Station. I knew that she left Trafalgar Square about half-past two, and so I rushed to the station. Of course I was about three trains too soon. The only person who entered the train at King's Cross was a snuffy old man. I got out at Finsbury Park and carefully watched two trains pass me, but Miss Milburn was not in either of them. Then I went and sat down in the waiting-room. I do not know how long I stopped there. At last, thinking what a donkey I was, I left the room as a train came in. I did not know where it was going, and I did not care; all I wanted to do was to get away from myself. Suddenly I saw Flo with Miss Milburn and her sister. People were wildly rushing about; Flo introduced me; my hat went up and down spasmodically, and the train started without us. I say "us" because we had been formally introduced.

The next moment I found myself walking up and down the platform with Miss Milburn, not caring a straw about trains. It was the most delightful moment of my life, and seemed so perfectly natural. I knew instinctively that Miss Milburn was all that I had imagined her to be, and that I should never love any one else.

Of course this is very absurd, but then people in love are absurd. Another train came; we did not take it. At last we started. Flo left us at Turnham-Twopenny, and we went on together in the most natural manner. It all seemed a dream to me, but we talked and talked,

and at last the Pilbury Station came in view, and Miss Milburn and her sister got out.

I have been trying to think what she is like, but I cannot very well describe her. I know that her eyes are blue, and that her hair is brown; that the rest of her features are very pretty; that she is of medium height. Her voice is her greatest charm. It is so pleasant, clear, and sympathetic. She has a hot little impulsive temper, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. She says that she does not like torpid people. *She* is not torpid.

I am longing for Monday. The "good Byfield" (my landlady), as a Frenchman would say, has brought in my dinner, but I am in too ecstatic a state for mortal food. I believe that it has been on the table for the last hour. What is to become of me? I cannot believe in the possibility of having my love returned, and I shall see so little of Miss Milburn that somebody else will be sure to get what our American cousins call "the inside track." Of course, I want to know what she thought of me. I scarcely know what I said to her. But I cannot plod away at this type-writer any longer. I must have my thoughts all to myself, and not share them with this machine.

After Dinner.—I am sitting musing by the fire. It is useless; I cannot understand it all. It is too strange, too new. If I think of it I shall work myself into a fever.

Monday, 18th May.—Nothing but disappointment. Thought that I should meet Miss Milburn to-day; didn't. Just as I was leaving the office I was called back, and had to do some more letters. Flo came down to dine with me, and it appeared that Miss Milburn—I suppose that I may call her Minnie to my *confidant*, the type-writer—had to go somewhere to meet some people.

I feel dull, sad, miserable—as if there were no hope. True, I have only spoken to Miss Milburn once, and yet I feel already that life would be a perfect blank without her.

Tuesday, 19th May.—I went to bed late, and missed one train this morning. Then it occurred to me that I would purposely miss another. When the train reached Pilbury I did a stupid thing: I entered the same carriage as Miss Milburn. Of course, there was a bow, and that was all. A grinning idiot sat between us, and Miss Milburn's sister talked to a black-looking brigand on the other seat. The idiot left at the next station, and then two ladies got in and produced a skit on one of the statesmen of the day. Miss Milburn read it, and said that it passed the bounds of good taste. In the conversation which ensued, Miss Milburn said that she was going to spend her holidays at Hastings, and that she went at the end of the month. Then we reached King's Cross, and I bolted off as quickly as I could, in order to appear as if I had an appointment. I am afraid that my getting into the same carriage was indiscreet, but then I was hungering to see her, and I had the felicity of studying her features when we passed through the tunnels. Thank goodness, it was nearly all tunnels in the neighbourhood of King's Cross. At luncheon-time, instead of lunching, I walked through St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, and up to the National Gallery, so that I might go round by the fountains, and pass it on my return. I did so, but there is small comfort in passing a great hideous place when you cannot see into it. However, I passed it, and got away by an earlier train in the evening.

Nearly choked at dinner, and am becoming small by degrees, and unbeautifully less. I wonder if I could break my leg, and thus get an introduction to the father, who is a doctor. Then, if I liked him, I could say that I profoundly admired his daughter, and he might ask me to the house. It may happen. Last week I did not know her until Saturday, and now she is to me what Fanny Brawne was to Keats: "For myself, I know not how to express my devotion to so fair a form. I want a brighter word than 'bright,' a fairer word than 'fair.' I almost wish we were butterflies, and lived but three summer days—three such days with you I could fill with more delight than fifty common years could ever contain."

Wednesday, 20th May.—A day of miserable disappointment; I did not see her once. It is unendurable. I met Flo, and had a long talk with her. It relieved my feelings a little, but I do not think that she realises how much in earnest I am. It would be such a blessed thing if I could count upon going as far as Pilbury with Miss Milburn every evening, but I never seem to get the chance. I am afraid that she avoids me. How can she know what passes in my mind? I cannot propose to her all at once; such precipitancy would be brutal. When was the misery of love ever made easy for mortal man—from Dante downwards?

22nd May.—Last night I raged and fumed because there was no possibility of catching the usual train. Work had to be done, and so I did it. Then I came home, utterly tired out. To-day—Friday—I worked like a slave in order to catch the usual train, and performed prodigies, but in vain—at least, I thought so. Suddenly the rush of work ceased, and off I went. Before my train entered the station I knew that she was there. They were both there. Miss Milburn was reading a book, and said "Good evening." She did not once take her eyes off the book until she reached Pilbury. I talked ceaselessly with the sister, who was very pleasant. How I inwardly raved at the book and wished that printing had never been invented! But, all to no purpose. When Miss Milburn got out of the train, she again said "Good night," and that was enough to send the blood dancing through my veins with delight; in fact, I am thoroughly happy. It seems so little to be happy about after a week of misery. I shall not see her to-morrow, and then there will be Sunday, and that wretched Bank Holiday on the Monday.

Tuesday, 26th May.—I have not continued this miserable record for some time. I did my utmost to get away by the right train on Saturday, but could not leave the office until four o'clock. Consequently I had all Sunday and Monday to endure without a chance of seeing Miss Milburn. This morning I looked out for

Flo, but could not see her. Miss Milburn's train was late to-night, and I met her sister and had a long talk with her. The sister is an exceedingly unaffected, charming girl. Miss Milburn was in the train; I felt sure of it, and caught a glimpse of her back as she got out. It is a very pretty back, but there is not much pleasure in gazing at a back when one has been all day longing to catch a glimpse of a face. However, it is better than nothing. I have seen her twice to-day, and am delighted. They are dining out to-night, and the sister said that for her part she always found dinners stupid. She certainly is very frank and nice. I like her very much. Am reading Keats' letters again, but the misery crops up so much more than the happiness.

Saturday, 30th May.—I rose at five this morning, and gathered an enormous bunch of lilies of the valley for Miss Milburn, and was going to make Flo give them to her. Miss Milburn was in the same train as myself, and though Flo had promised to meet me by that train, she did not appear. I carried the flowers to the office, obtained leave to go early, and went to King's Cross in the hope that I might see Miss Milburn. I waited in an evil-smelling crowd until three o'clock, and waited in vain. Of course, I came home feeling that life was a failure, and half-crazed with disappointment. The lilies withered, but I have kept them. I may be more fortunate to-morrow. I simply worship the ground Miss Milburn walks on, and I live but for the pleasure of seeing her. Love is a very strange thing. My heart is full of it.

Monday, 1st June.—This morning I saw Miss Mil-

"I SAT LONGING TO SNUB THE MAN OPPOSITE."

burn get out of the train at King's Cross, but, of course, she did not see me; still, it made me happy for the day. I began to think that the week was opening well. With much trepidation I looked for Miss Milburn to-night, and found her. Unfortunately, there was a rather good-looking man talking to her, and so I only received a bow. This fiend to whom Miss Milburn was talking had a keen sense of humour, and they were laughing and joking, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. I sat longing to snub the man opposite. I dare say he was a very nice fellow, but still, what business had he to be talking with Miss Milburn when I wanted to do so? The other evening it was a long-legged man; this evening it was rather a medium-sized man; but, tall or medium, they all ap-

preciate her. She is going out somewhere this evening; perhaps to a dance. I thought of Uncle Bunker in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," when he calls Harry "a sniggering peacock." The man in the railway carriage with Miss Milburn to-night was "a sniggering peacock," because—because I was not in his place.

Wednesday, 3rd June.—I saw Miss Milburn on Monday morning, although she did not see me. In the evening I got into the same carriage with her, as I said before, and went to see Flo later on. Flo told me that she had seen Miss Milburn, and said to her that she was getting sick of her—Miss Milburn's—name, as I was always talking about her. Miss Milburn smiled. She will be going away for her holiday on Friday. I saw her on Tuesday morning, but she did not see me. I did not see her in the evening. I walked to the National Gallery with Flo this morning, and saw Miss Milburn just as I was jumping on an omnibus. A sudden fit of shyness seized me, and though I would have given worlds to have spoken to her, I simply made a rush at the omnibus, burst into it covered with mud, and then longed to knock my head against a wall. Of course, Miss Milburn was not in the train to-night.

I had a letter from Flo yesterday saying that she was not going to give flowers to Miss Milburn for me, as I was quite old enough to do that sort of thing myself. Why cannot Flo feel that I naturally hesitate about doing such a thing? However, to-day I became desperate, and as I knew that Miss Milburn goes for her holiday on Friday, I got some roses and sent them to her anonymously; I did not dare to put anything inside. She will not get them till to-morrow morning, and I am in a great state of trepidation as to what will happen. I shall look out for Miss Milburn in the evening, and if she is wearing them, well and good; if not, I shall slink away to some other part of the train, and make the best of it. Perhaps by the time she comes back she will have forgotten all about it.

Thursday, 4th June.—I learnt from Flo this morning that Miss Milburn and her sister are going away to Hastings in a few days. Curiously enough, I made arrangements two months ago to visit Hastings on the thirteenth of this month, but whether I shall see them I do not know.

And now about the flowers: of all the idiots that have ever escaped an asylum I am the worst. I confessed to Flo about sending the flowers, and spent the day in an agony of trepidation. I caught the right train in the evening and saw Miss Milburn, but could not observe whether she had my flowers. I saw her smile as she caught sight of me, and instinctively became aware that she knew the secret of the flowers. I hid behind the curtain, and at Pilbury thought that I would see for myself whether Miss Milburn was wearing my flowers; when she got out of the train she was wearing some flowers. Miss Milburn would not have worn those flowers unless—unless—but I am not coxcomb enough to write any more. I wonder if she did wear them. There is a dignity about her which makes her very unapproachable—the dignity of good breeding and refinement. I am over head and ears in love with her, and must be looked upon with the compassion suitable to the circumstances.

Friday, 5th June.— A most eventful day. Miss Milburn went to Flo this morning and asked her if she knew the hand-writing on the box of flowers. She looked disappointed when Flo said that she scorned to recognise such a scrawl. Flo's conscience smote her at midday, and she left the "Maid and the Magpie" to go and confess; Miss Milburn looked pleased. I could put all the flowers in the world at her feet if she would accept them. I am so unreservedly in love that I am sure Flo must know it. The old beggar-woman at the corner hails me as her benefactor because I cannot bear to pass her without a daily contribution to ease her legendary misery.

Sunday, 21st June.—Went down to Hastings on the 12th, and saw Miss Milburn on the pier next day. She looked the other way. Went the next evening and gave her every opportunity of seeing me. *She did not know me.* Met her five times on Sunday, and left Hastings the next day. I have asked Flo for some explanation. Thus, I expect, ends my little romance. I am proud; Miss Milburn is proud. Perhaps she thought that I ought not to have gone to Hastings.

1st August.—Flo wrote to Miss Milburn, asking for an explanation; this was the reply:—

"DEAR MISS PILBEAM,—Thank you for your letter of this morning. I think, however, that my acquaintance with your brother should not continue.—Yours truly,

"MINNIE MILBURN."

Of course, nothing else can be done. Miss Milburn thought that I had followed her to Hastings; I hadn't. I cannot say more. If she be not fair to me, what ca——but the world seems very dark and dreary.

Gone! Heaven bless her, although she frowned on me. Perchance I may be a worthier man for the pain which she has caused me; better in all that pertains to true manhood. As I write these lingering words and the shadows fall around me, I lay my face in my hands to shut out a figure coming slowly through the gloom. I clasp the angel Sorrow to my heart; her wings fold softly around me; her lips are pressed to mine; her tears mingle with mine; and I fare forth among my fellows, feeling that my brief dream of happiness must be hidden away in this poor, silly, human heart of mine until life itself shall cease to be. But perhaps I may learn better things by-and-by.

GEORGE B. BURGIN.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TILL within a very recent period the Royal Academy of Music was the only institution existing in the country where a course of first-rate instruction could be obtained by those who desired to become musical proficients. To-day, in the midst of much friendly competition, it still holds the premier place amongst our schools of music, and pupils flock to it from all parts of the kingdom, and even from distant colonies and foreign countries, eager to avail themselves of its course of study.

The Royal Academy of Music was founded in 1822, and opened its doors in 1823 to ten boys and ten girls who had shown a talent for music. Dr. Crotch was the first Principal, and so useful did the institution prove under his fostering care, that in 1830 it attained the dignity of incorporation, and was granted a royal charter. The earlier years of the Academy were marked by a severe struggle against financial difficulties; several times the funds fell so low that extinction seemed inevitable, and only by some new effort being made to secure subscriptions was the end averted. The year 1868 witnessed the nearest approach to a dissolution that the history of the Royal Academy records. At that time the fortunes of the institution had sunk so low that the managers offered to return the charter to the Queen, who, by reason of its provisions, was unable to accept it, and they gave a six months' notice to the professors and officials. Then occurred what is perhaps the most heroic event in the history of any educational establishment: the professors met and resolved that, in order to keep the Academy open, they would sacrifice, so far as need be, their own fees. This noble resolve on the part of the teaching staff had the desired effect. For the first time the public began to make strong demonstrations of confidence in the institution, and thenceforward the number of pupils constantly increased. The roll of twenty with which the Academy started, has now reached an average of five hundred, and there is scarcely a musician of eminence in the kingdom who has not passed through its course of training. The Government provides the institution with a grant of £500 a year—a sum which is certainly not munificent for the wealthiest nation in the world to give on behalf of musical instruction. The Queen gives an annual donation of a hundred guineas, and the rest of the Royal Family are also liberal in their contributions.

The educational system of the Academy is of the most complete kind, and is the outcome of many years' experience. The management rightly maintain that whatever branch of the profession a student may wish to devote himself more particularly to, he should have a good general musical education. Thus, the singer, they consider, should play the pianoforte and know something of harmony; the player will specially benefit by a study of harmony and will be all the better for learning to sing. On this principle the studies are arranged, some being compulsory, and the pupil always receiving most attention and instruction in that which he has selected as his principal study. For their leading studies pupils are placed under one of the best professors in the Academy; in their second studies they are allotted to one of the younger or less celebrated teachers.

The Academy is full of small rooms, each of which contains a pianoforte, and in these the lessons are given. All subjects which admit of instruction being imparted to several pupils at a time are taught in classes, but the system adopted is not the ordinary school one. In the harmony, composition, and other theoretical branches, each student receives his half-hour of individual teaching just as in the other subjects, but all pupils are asked to remain and listen to the remarks of the teacher on their fellow-students' work. A great deal of extra knowledge is thus acquired by the pupil, the teacher being led to say many things which he would not have thought of mentioning to a solitary student. Some of the singing and pianoforte professors also allow students to overhear their lessons, and this proves of the greatest benefit to those who themselves desire to become teachers. Many former students of the Academy have had their talents so fostered in this way that they are now allowed to fill the post of professor. Indeed a large proportion of the present staff of teachers were themselves Academy pupils. This is useful as showing the good work done by the institution; whilst it helps also to engender a feeling of unity between teachers and pupils.

Instrumental and vocal students alike derive much benefit from the weekly rehearsals with the orchestra. The programmes on these occasions are always exceedingly varied, being compiled so as to afford singers and players of solo instruments opportunities for practice with the band. Frequently at these practisings original compositions by the students are tried over, and the writers have thus the best means afforded them of judging their work. Ample proof of the pupils' progress is shown by the concerts, nine of which are given yearly by the students in St. James's Hall. The choir and vocal and instrumental pupils take part in these concerts, and a pleasing *tout ensemble* is gained by the lady students wearing the Academy costume, which consists of a white muslin dress close to the throat and wrists, white kid gloves, and a red silk ribbon sash fastened on the right shoulder, and crossing to the left side under the waist. Male students wear evening dress, and pupils who have gained medals are required to wear these at all public concerts.

The Royal Academy stands almost alone in having a complete orchestra composed exclusively of the students and their teachers. The advantages of such an orchestra are so apparent that they do not need to be enlarged on. Mr. Joseph Barnby has recently been appointed to the post of conductor in the institution, and, under the care of so able and experienced a musician, the choral and orchestral practices and concerts are likely to become more valuable and interesting than ever.

SIR GEORGE A. MACFARREN, MUS.D.
Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

The cost of instruction at the Royal Academy is frequently compared unfavourably with that of foreign conservatories, Leipzig being specially signalled out for its cheapness. Now, it is true that the fees for the session at Leipzig are much less than those of the Royal Academy—the former being fifteen guineas and the latter thirty-three—but when the travelling and other expenses of a pupil going abroad for study are taken into account it will be found that the pecuniary advantages are not so great as at first sight they appear, and beyond the simultaneous acquirement of a language there is certainly no mental gain by leaving home. The Royal Academy possesses besides several valuable scholarships and prizes open to all, while the few which Leipzig has in its gift are open to natives of Saxony only. Several scholarships providing from one to three years' free tuition are annually offered by the Academy to male and female students for the highest proficiency displayed in almost every branch of musical study. A recent and most valuable bequest is the Sir Michael Costa scholarship of £120 a year, tenable for five years; and there have lately been endowed a scholarship in memory of Mme. Sainton Dolby, and another in honour of the late Dr. Franz Liszt, both of which will soon be open for competition. Besides these scholarships there are many prizes—in the shape of money, musical instruments, books, and medals—by which diligent pupils are greatly assisted and encouraged. Several names now well known in the musical world have held the best of the Academy scholarships and been awarded its prizes. Sir Arthur Sullivan was Mendelssohn scholar in 1856; Mme. Valleria was the Westmoreland scholar in 1867, while Miss Mary Davies, Miss Bolingbroke, and several other equally popular artists seem to have resigned one good prize merely to win a better.

No sketch of the Royal Academy of Music could be complete without reference to Sir George Macfarren, the Principal of the institution. His devotion to the work of the Academy is perfect, and no one within the walls labours harder for the students or shows more interest in their progress. In a recent address Sir George spoke of himself as fortunate in obtaining the regard of the teachers and students in an institution in which he had been their forerunner, and in which he was still working to the same end as they. This is exactly the spirit which animates him, and its effect on a large number of pupils may be imagined. His annual addresses to the students are eagerly looked forward to, and are greatly valued for the sound advice and kindly exhortation they contain for those about to enter on a musical career. The Principal's sympathies are entirely in favour of English art, and against the fashion of unduly exalting everything foreign, and this alone is a worthy qualification for one holding so high a position in an institution which may truly be called national.

A glance at the list of members and honorary members shows that the Academy has the support and confidence of the majority of the English musical profession. With a reputation so well established, its progress is secure; and it may look to the future with every confidence, assured that substantial tokens of the national regard will be as freely bestowed as they have been in the past.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THIS is, of all months in the year, the one in which woollen dresses are most in demand, and are by far the most comfortable wear. But besides the usual preparations for this season, both during autumn and winter more woollen dresses will be worn than any other kind.

They are suited to many full-dress occasions. Some of the new fabrics are works of art, and do the weaver and designer infinite credit, but they are in no way allied in ordinary seeming to the serges, cashmeres, and plain habit cloths with which we have hitherto been contented. On the principle of putting the best wares to the front, I am going to begin by telling you of the most notable novelties, though I am bound to say they are costly.

Imagine the finest and softest serge interwoven with a perpendicular stripe of shaded velvet, about a quarter of a yard wide. By shaded I mean that some of it is dark, and some of quite a light tone. Up these stripes as though trailed round a pillar, are violets, with leaves, in the frisé weaving, and natural colouring. Irrespective of its merits as part of a dress, this is a beautiful fabric, and like all these costly stuffs, is to be used as skirts and panels with lighter stuffs draped above. A dark violet had paler velvet intermixed, and another had crêpe de Chine.

A very large range of woollen stuffs has a collection of stripes in two or three colours, standing up boldly in relief from the groundwork in plush or velvet, sometimes intermixed with a plaited cord, sometimes with beads.

In all cases these stripes are wide and important-looking, most of them sufficiently so to form a side panel of one stripe only, though two would look better in most cases.

Another novelty in autumn goods is the Phantom Stripe, in which close beside the dominant stripes of the material are, as their name implies, shadows.

But where one Englishwoman will buy these more costly and startling fabrics, hundreds will invest in the ordinary stuffs which bear no date and so last a season or two. I will therefore proceed to tell you what improvements and new notions there are in our old favourites.

Vigognes remain in favour, and in all the plain goods navy and petunia will be the favourite tones, veritable navy blue, dark and durable, being in the ascendant. A plaited weaving has been introduced into many of the plain-coloured stuffs, such as Toile Kansas, and Foulé croisé.

The Chuddah cloths are woven with more upstanding hairs visible than heretofore. Serge has been brought out coarser and rougher, more like the kind worn in some of the convents; its wear when made of all wool is pretty well everlasting.

The good-looking habit cloths, or lady's cloths, as they are sometimes called, have a new variety, Poile Montflon, which has no bright shiny face, and consequently is less likely to spot; the Cheviot Vicunas have a herringbone stripe interwoven—and if you do not have a plain fabric, I advise a stripe as the most fashionable. There are plenty of striped stuffs to choose from. Poile Chamois has a double stripe interwoven about half an inch apart; the cheap Astrakhan cloth, like the fur of that name, has a bouclé stripe; and Drap Amélie has a cable bouclé stripe. You have your choice, and as there is no very distinctive novelty in colouring—nothing in fact really new—you will not err much, choose what tone you may. But the newest stuffs show many bright touches of colour in their stripes.

AN APPOINTMENT.

Some of the Chevron cloths have rough diagonal lines of red, yellow, and blue on one neutral tone. Cheviots, tweeds, and serges, all show line-stripes in white, about half an inch apart, and these the best dressmakers and tailors are making up; but the same cloths are also to be had with coloured stripes instead of white, and are largely sold. Though they are not so striking, it is the million who buy them as against the select ten thousand, and in our times the majority carries the day.

Cashmere is always worn, and so is velveteen; there is nothing new in either so far as I have gathered yet, but some of our best dressmakers use a double cashmere, which is very durable, and while draping well has much more substance than the common kind.

Petticoats are to be made of tweed, with wider and brighter stripes than heretofore—some of the more neutral-tinted stripes being edged with a narrow thread of gold silk, plain and herringboned.

Children's jackets and dolmans are made of diagonal cloths, and of a soft fluffy kind called Peau de Mouton, to be had in white, grey, and blue. Grown-up people have a large choice of good-looking woollen mantle stuffs, flecked and bouclé and with frisé and silk plaited stripes. Some of these have Arabesque designs eight or ten inches wide.

A demi-saison wrap is always wanted at this time of year before an investment is made in a warm winter mantle. The promenader in our first illustration wears a costume suitable for chill October; the colours are a pleasing combination of red and brown. The skirt is red double cashmere, the lining to the mantle is red satin, and the loops of ribbon in front of the waist are red moiré; but care should be taken that the different materials are of exactly the same shade of red.

There is a kilted panel on the right side of the skirt, crossed at intervals to the waist with a fancy galon in brown and red velvet, and this galon also forms two perpendicular lines at each side of the quille or panel. The bodice (which is invisible) is a Garibaldi in striped flannel, for there is quite a furore for this style of bodice now. The reason is that it is convenient. Ready-made skirts are bought to an almost incredible extent, and dressmakers refuse resolutely to make a bodice only, because there is no profit on it, as the hands that fashion it are paid three times more than those that sew the skirts. They are made by skilled workwomen who have learnt their business. Hence, manufacturers have come to the aid of the public who buy ready-made skirts. They have resuscitated Garibaldis, and smartened them with tucks and silk collars and cuffs; they have made jerseys of elastic cloth, so that they cling to almost every figure, and furthermore, they have made them attractive with braid and beads. The result is that a vast number of women, and especially those with moderate purses, adopt for morning wear either a jersey or a Garibaldi with a ready-made skirt, and thus avoid a dressmaker's bill, with its dreaded items.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

But to return to the illustration. The mantle is of light brown, or rather beige, Chuddah cloth, and has collar, cuffs, and bordering of dark brown fur. It should be longer than shown; but our artist desired to render the skirt so that it would be easy to copy; the mantle really reaches to within a few inches of the ground. The hat is brown felt, trimmed with red velvet and a brown bird. The brim is lined with velvet.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The woollen materials prepared in Paris are nearly all checks and plaids—the latter mostly of the fancy kind, allied to no clan. They are interwoven with the material in smooth lines, and also appear as upstanding velvet and plush checks. The colouring is often extremely loud. The V-shaped bodices are fashionably worn in Paris, and the silk, or any material of

which the dress is made, is so arranged that it can be invisibly fastened in, and thus make the dress high and closed at will.

Many of the check and plaid dresses are trimmed with a plain material, which fills in the V-shape. For several, white crape is used for the purpose, or coarse-grained crape of any tone that blends with the toilette. All gowns worn by young ladies would seem to be made not only with sashes, but with shoulder-knots to match; and this is a dressy style, and much enlivens a dark tone of material.

Heliotrope and white in checks form one of the most fashionable combinations of the moment. For evening and also for full-dress morning wear, muslin and lace fichus, square and doubled across, are tied about the chest.

Panier trimmings are finding more and more favour. I note that many of the evening gowns have them, when they are called *bouffants*. They are, in fact, a positive puff, fastened with bows, and these generally are of moiré ribbon.

Redingotes and casaques—survivors of the old polonaise—are a style which the leading French dressmakers favour; and antique jewellery being so much worn, old buttons of all kinds have been hunted up, and you cannot do wrong in using any kind, always supposing they are old.

Some of the old and some of the new buttons are larger than our crown-piece. Those of the lightest tone of mother-of-pearl in this size are placed on the woollen redingotes for autumn wear.

Toques have held their own more in France than in England; but the newest differ in the crowns and brims from those worn heretofore—the latter are straw or velvet, the former either silk, with pin-point spots, or made of the same stuff as the dress. The most wonderful novelties in hats are made in bright-coloured straws, in form like a shell, embroidered all over, and with a sort of wing at the side.

Bodices fitting like stays and made in beads are worn alike for evening and morning, but the shapes differ according to the occasion. For evening they are low or V-shaped; for the morning they come up quite high to the throat.

The Garibaldi bodices that used to be worn twenty years ago have been resuscitated, and just now the Paris shops are flooded with pretty striped bodices, red and white, blue and white, black and blue, and a great variety of other colours, made with high silk collars, a graduated strip of the same silk in the centre of the front, and silk cuffs; they are most trim-looking and dressy. They call this class of goods jerseys in England, but they are not made exclusively of elastic cloth, are lined, have side pieces, and are veritable bodices.

Under the head of velvet and silk there is much that is new. Velours du Nord, having a short, thick pile, exhibits tufts at the intersections of the many-coloured lines which form the check. There are two shades of blue, and heliotrope, and a coppery red that appears in this, and the red is often blended with myrtle, having a frisé cross-bar of gold colour through the pattern. A new grey faille has a cameo ground with frisé bars forming stripes, and satin and velvet lines interblended.

There are many chintz and plaid patterns in the new Siciliennes. Some of these, intended to be used for panels, have medallions in plush and frisé. I was looking through a long list of colourings in plaids and stripes, and the admixtures most in vogue would seem to be blue and terra-cotta, navy and brown, grey and flesh-coloured, brown and mousse-green, red and serpent-green, myrtle and Havanna.

Dresses of the more costly kind are richly embroidered in gold bullion thread; an admixture of deep amber velvet would seem to be indispensable, especially where the groundwork is cream.

Pompadour brocades upon the thickest silk and satins of a stone-coloured tone are made up with light pink and light blue silks and satins that form the bodices and panels. If intended for evening full dress, they have some softening lace down the panels.

I will describe a useful gown, which was recently despatched to an English Princess. The skirt was of black and white striped silk veiled in black lace, the bodice of black silk, with plaited vest of the stripes, and over it folds of black lace opening just sufficiently to let the stripe be uncovered. The bonnet was black lace, without strings, cut up in a scallop in the centre back and front, but very high and pointed over the face—far higher than, and totally different from, anything generally worn in England. English milliners come to Paris for models, but as a rule they adapt them to English faces.

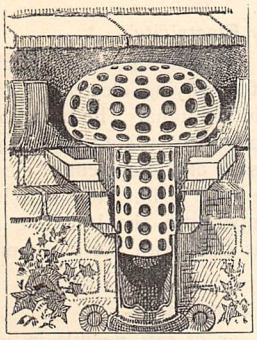
An illustration will be found in our second engraving of the way in which Parisiennes use the fancy plaids alluded to above. The more prominent figure wears a grey woollen dress with a checked velvet waistcoat; the tunic is turned back, with a revers of the same, and the cuffs and upright collars are of similar velvet, which also reappears in the trimming of the velvet hat. The colouring is dark green and orange, and rows of velvet ribbon combining the same shades trim the kilted skirt. The short jacket buttons slantwise over the chest, and opens below to display the plaid waistcoat.

The second figure illustrates a comfortable yet stylish dress of golden-brown diagonal woollen, dark crimson velvet, and black fur. The velvet appears in wide stripes down the skirt, as deep cuffs, crossed waistband, and demi-bretelles. The tunic is bordered with fur. Notice should be taken of the sleeves, as French sleeves show a distinct departure from the coat-shaped ones so long worn. The lining is still cut of that shape, but the outside is much larger than the lining, and is either gathered or plaited at both ends. These sleeves are a great improvement on the puffed ones affected by artists' wives and æsthetic dressers generally in England about three years ago.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Spout Protector.



Household spouts often get stopped up with leaves and sediment, hence the device which we illustrate herewith. It can be fitted to any spout or gutter, and, as shown, simply consists of a short perforated tube having a closed perforated head, inserted in the top of the spout to act as a strainer for the water. Projecting as it does above the top of the spout opening, the protector operates even when the gutter contains a layer of sediment.

Tanning with Soap.

A method of tanning with soap, oil, and carbolic acid, is stated to have been brought out by an Australian inventor. The skins after being limed in the ordinary way are placed in a tin bath, consisting of a mixture of ten gallons of water in which 200 lbs. of soap are dissolved, and containing 1 gallon of carbolic acid. The skins are left in this until converted into leather. The process is said to be accelerated by adding a fresh pint of carbolic acid to the liquor from time to time. The above course is applicable to sole leather; but for a softer leather, limed and haired skins are kept for one or two days in a mixture of four parts of carbon bisulphide and one of carbolic acid, then washed.

"Botanists'" Parasols.

A new invention has recently been introduced in France for the benefit of lady botanists. It consists of an ordinary parasol, with a small but strong pair of scissors concealed in the top of the stick. By touching a knob in the handle the scissors spring out, and by their means the owner can cut flowers, leaves, &c., growing far out of reach on high banks, thorny hedges, or overhanging boughs.

A Large Electric Locomotive.

A full-sized electric locomotive has been built at Rhode Island It is designed for traction on a railway of the ordinary gauge, and to draw a regular passenger train behind it. It has six wheels, each 5 feet 8 inches in diameter, and these are coupled direct to the armatures of two powerful electric motors. These armatures are no less than 3 feet in diameter, and they are capable of giving out a power of 500,000 watts, or about 670 horse-power. Electric head-lights are fitted to the locomotive as well as electric bells, and brakes. The train is also to be lighted by incandescent lamps fed from the current, which is to be supplied to the motors from a generating station by a central conductor. In view of the proposed electric under-ground railway for New York this locomotive is a step in advance.

A Nickel Lightning-Rod.

Copper is not a very good material for lightning-rods apart from its high conductivity for the electric discharge. It is, for example, comparatively dear, and it is also somewhat soft and easily cut. Iron, again, is liable to rust, although it is much cheaper than copper. It is interesting, therefore, to find that a nickel rod is being tried on a building in Dresden. Nickel does not rust in moist air, it conducts fairly well, and is tolerably strong.

Out-door Bagatelle.

A match at bagatelle was recently played in Small Heath Park, Birmingham, under novel conditions. In place of the usual table an asphalte or concrete surface formed the field, and instead of cues, mallets were employed, or the balls simply bowled by hand. Lawn bagatelle may come to be a rival of lawn tennis if it meet with general favour.

Photographing Sound.

Professor Graham Bell has, in conjunction with other inventors, brought out a means of registering sounds, including the human voice, by means of photographic plates. This is the apparatus called the "graphophone," to which we alluded in a recent GATHERER as having been patented in this country. Mr. Edison has found in the "phonograph" a purely mechanical means of recording and reproducing sound: Professor Bell has now devised a chemical, or photo-chemical, means. His method will be understood from Figs. 1 and 2; but we may preface the description of these figures with the remark that the essence of the plan consists in causing the vibrations of the voice to vary the *intensity* of a ray of light which falls on a moving sheet of sensitised photographic paper. The intensity of the ray, varying with the vibrations of the voice, decomposes the photographic film in proportion to its intensity: that is to say, the depth of its photo-chemical action on the plate corresponds to the intensity and to the vibrations of the voice. This is done by causing the ray to pass through a sheet of absorbent solution which varies in thickness according to the vibrations of the voice. The ray thus filtered varies in strength with the thickness of the solution, and thus with the vibrations of

the voice. In Fig. 1, R is the ray, concentrated by a lens, L, and passing through a pane of glass, P (Figs. 1 and 2), then along a tube to a camera, C, or dark chamber, containing the photographic plate, which is endowed with movement by means of an automatic mechanism. In passing through the pane, however,

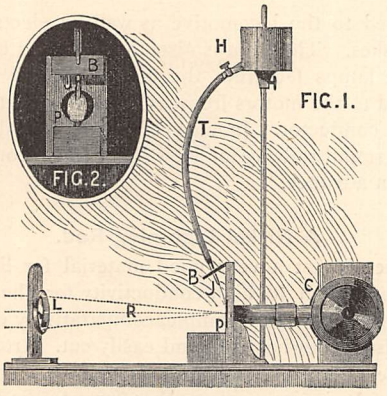


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

the ray experiences a sifting because of a sheet of solution of bichromate of potash flowing on it from the jet J, the pipe T, and the holder H above. This sheet of orange liquid reduces the intensity of the ray in proportion to its thickness, and this thickness is regulated by the vibrations of the inclined speaking-board, B (Fig. 2), against which the operator speaks. Consequently the intensity of the ray is regulated by the voice, and hence the depth of the photographic impression in the camera. This impression is developed like an ordinary photograph, and the depth of the sound-trace is the phonographic record, just as the depth of the furrow in the tinfoil of Edison's phonograph is the register of the sounds. Professor Bell reproduces the sound by means of a microphone, battery, and telephone. The sound-trace is caused to agitate the loose contacts of a microphone, and thus to vary the current of the battery in accordance with its depth. The telephone responds to the varying current and reproduces the sounds.

A New Mode of Flame-Heating.

Mr. T. Fletcher, F.C.S., has been making experiments on the heating of water in kettles and boilers by means of flames, and we understand that his opinion is against the present plan of flat-bottomed kettles. He prefers a ribbed or flanged bottom to a boiler, as giving greater efficiency. A kettle of his device, which he shows to be more economical than the ordinary sort, has metal projections in the bottom which take up the heat from the flame and convey it to the water.

A Wax Phonograph.

A modification of Mr. Edison's well-known phonograph has recently been devised, in which a thin layer of wax takes the place of the tinfoil of Mr. Edison's instrument, and a knife-edge the stylus by which the wax is indented. The instrument is said to give good results. It will be understood that the knife-edge is fixed to the back of a diaphragm, which is caused to vibrate by the voice, and the edge cuts into the wax. As the waxed surface is caused to move under the knife-edge the vibrations are imprinted into it in a track, which can be made to reproduce the speech by passing it once again under the knife-edge, and thus setting the diaphragm into vibration.

Branding by Electricity.

At Boston (U.S.) there is being made a voltaic battery for the purpose of supplying electricity for branding sheep at a ranch in Montana. The branding is to be done by a platinum wire rendered white-hot, or incandescent, by the passage of the current of electricity through it. As the wire is fine and can be raised to any desirable temperature, the branding is performed quickly and, it is said, with the minimum of pain.

India-rubber Ear Drums.

An artificial drum for the ear, of soft, flexible india-rubber, has been devised by an American inventor. The rubber membrane is stretched on a spring loop, which expands and holds it in position within the ear. A concealed cord is attached to the drum, whereby it can be removed at will by the person using it. A small hook also serves the same purpose. The invention thus appears to be a remarkably convenient one, since if the user desires to be hard of hearing in any particular case, it is only necessary for him to undo his drum!

A Chiming Dinner-Bell.

The figure illustrates an octave of bells which may be called a "parlour chime," and which can be used as a dinner call, or for amusement in bell-ringing. The

bells are fixed on a board as shown, and two drum-sticks or beaters are provided for the player. A card of printed tunes is supplied with the bells, so arranged numerically that tunes can be played by a person ignorant of music.

Telemaregraphs.

Fifteen stations have been fitted up along the Scheldt and its tributaries, between Ghent and Lille, for tidal observations. They are connected by telegraph to a central station, and the flow of the tide is there recorded every five or ten minutes by automatic means, on zinc plates. Copies of the record are printed from the plates for distribution and storage. While upon this subject we may mention that the old idea of fitting the Europe-American route for vessels across the Atlantic with floating stations anchored to the bottom has again cropped up in America. These stations would be light-ships and telegraph offices combined, as well as refuges in case of wrecks.

Dust Fuel.

An immense quantity of coal is reduced to dust, and any attempt to utilise the valuable waste deserves encouragement. A specially constructed furnace for burning coal-dust has recently been tried with success in London. This furnace is simple; the dust fuel being laid on deep narrow bars, which dip at their lower sides into water. The fuel is burned by air forced by a fan or blower into a closed ash-pit. These furnaces are adapted for bakers' ovens and laundries, as well as steam-engines. The cost of fuel for 1,000 gallons of water evaporated came out at from 4d. to 6d. in the experiments.

Electric Police Signals.

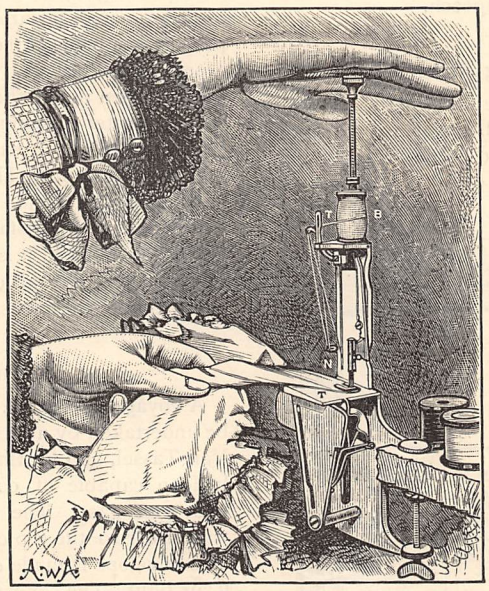
A police signal or tell-tale has been fitted up in Boston. Its object is to enable policemen on duty to signify at the central station where they are upon their beat, and thus record their attention to duty. This device is, however, combined with a telegraph, by which the policeman can telegraph news or call for a fire-alarm, patrol waggon, or ambulance provided with medical appliances and men. Thus the event of an emergency is also provided for, as well as the concentration of police to the place from which the call has come. Such an arrangement must contribute to the peace and safety of a large city.

Oil from Wood.

A new industry—namely, the extraction of oil from wood—has lately sprung up in Sweden. The oil is used for illuminating purposes in ordinary lamps, and it is made from the stumps and roots of trees left in the forests after the timber has been cut. The trees which furnish most oil are the pine and the fir. Turpentine creosote, acetic acid, wood charcoal, tar oils, and so on, are also made from the stumps. The oil burns best when mixed with a proportion of benzine, as otherwise it is apt to be smoky from the large amount of carbon it contains.

A Pocket Sewing Machine.

A little lockstitch sewing machine has been invented by a German, which, from its size—namely, eight inches long by two inches wide—and its weight of eight ounces, may be considered a pocket machine. The apparatus resembles a hand stamping appliance, and can be fixed to the edge of an ordinary table by a clamp. The invention is very ingenious, and all that is necessary to work it is to press the head of a sliding bar at regular intervals. Ladies for the future will perhaps make it an accompaniment of their friendly visits to each other. The figure represents the machine in its entirety, and will be sufficiently understood by those who are accustomed to such machines, without any detailed description of ours. The bobbin, B, is seen above with the thread, T, leaving it and proceeding to the needle, N, which works through the small table, T. All the other parts are accessory to the working of the tool and the fixing of it in position. The construction is simple, and it is said that a mere child—or, at all events, a very young person—can learn its use in a few minutes.



A POCKET SEWING MACHINE.

Numbness from Lightning.

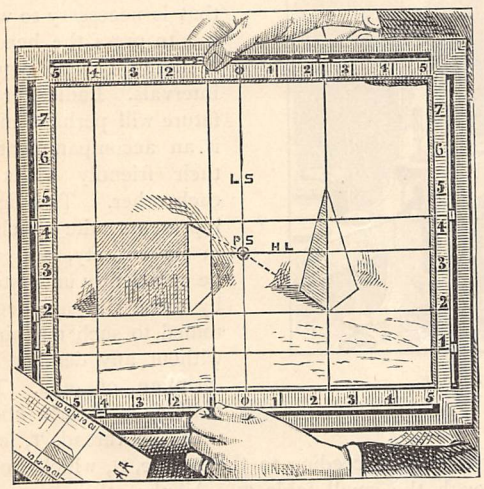
A curious case has been reported recently by a Scotch physician, of a lady who was struck, or rather stunned, by lightning forty-two years ago, and has retained a numbness from it ever since. The lightning knocked her over, and on regaining consciousness she felt a numb sensation in the right side and arm, but no other ill effects, and no external marks were visible. Ever since she has felt this numbness increase on the approach of a thunderstorm, and she can tell by it when the air is heavily charged with electricity. Otherwise she is hale and hearty, and has a considerable family, all of whom are well and strong.

The Krotophone.

The "krotophone" is a new telephone receiver which has no magnetism or wires in it, but which appears to be a modification of the Hughes carbon microphone. The microphone is known to have the property of giving out sound when traversed by a current, as well as acting as a transmitter of sound; but the inventor of the "krotophone" appears to have improved the receiving microphone. His apparatus consists simply of a carbon pencil pointed to a round carbon disc, which acts as a diaphragm. The pencil touches the disc, and when the telephone currents pass through the pencil to the disc, and thus to the edges of the latter, it gives out the sounds, or, in other words, it reproduces the speech.

A New Drawing-Frame.

A correspondent sends us the following sketch of an ingenious drawing-frame, which enables a learner or amateur to draw from natural objects with more accuracy than with the unaided eye. It consists of a



rectangular frame, as shown in the figure, each side having a slit cut in it. Spring holdfasts are inserted in the slits and can be moved to and fro by the finger and thumb, each holdfast remaining where it is left when the force is removed. Threads crossing the frame between the holdfasts are thus moved so as to give the perspective height or breadth of any distant object in the field of view. Thus, by moving two or more threads at right angles the perspective position of a square block or other similar figure can be marked as shown. The frame is graduated for the purpose of transferring the intersections to the drawing-paper, which should have its edges divided in the same proportion as the frame.

The King-Fish.

An opah, or king-fish (*Zeus luna*), was recently captured off the Shetland Islands and brought to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The specimen is about five feet long and weighs 160 lbs. This fish is exceedingly rare, and of great beauty. The colours of the sides and back are dark green intermingled with gold and purple, while the irides are red. The opah appears to be a roaming fish, and is found in most places of the world from time to time. Its habits are little known, and its fare is believed to vary with the locality it finds itself in. When visiting the British Islands it is believed to feed chiefly on herrings and cuttlefish.

Preserving Fish.

A Hamburg inventor has brought out a process for preserving fresh fish. It consists in putting the fish as soon as caught into steel barrels filled with a solution of boracic acid, tartaric acid, and salt and water; the proportions being three per cent. of the antiseptics, and ninety-seven per cent. of the salt water. An air-tight cover is then put on the barrel, and by means of a valve in it the water is pumped into the barrel, whilst at the same time the air is expelled. This done, the barrel is ready for transport. The process has been tried in this country on the salmon caught in Scotland and brought to London, with satisfactory results. The casks hold about 300 lbs., and it is stated that the fish keeps fresh in them for several days. The process is equally applicable to the preservation of jointed meat.

A Great Balloon.

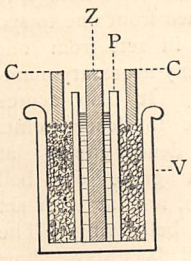
A voyage across the American continent is about to be undertaken by a San Francisco aëronaut, Mr. A. P. Van Tassel, and for that purpose he has constructed a balloon capable of containing 150,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas. The height from the floor of the wicker car to the top of the gas reservoir is 119 feet. The envelope is made of fine cloth, varnished to make it air-tight. The car can contain fifteen persons, and is 21 feet round, while its sides are 34 inches high. Mr. Van Tassel has had considerable experience in aërial travelling, he having crossed the Wichita Mountains, which rise 15,000 feet above the sea-level. The winds blowing eastward from the Pacific towards the Atlantic are the agents on which he relies for the success of his experiment.

Two Curious Pens.

A pen, heated either by gas or an electric current, is now used to trace designs on waxed glass, with a view to engraving the glass. The hot point causes the wax to flow off the glass, leaving it bare to the fluoric acid used in etching the glass. While upon this subject, we may also mention that an ingenious Frenchman has designed a double-nibbed pen, by which a duplicate copy of a letter or other writing is obtained. The two pen-points—or, rather, separate nibs—are placed one over the other on the butt end of the holder, the distance separating them being the width of the two lines—namely, the original and duplicate—of the writing; and the two sheets of paper are so arranged on the desk provided, that it is easy after writing a line to shift the papers so as to make ready for writing another line.

A Chlorine Gas Battery.

A new battery for electric lighting in houses has recently been devised, which does not require to have its solutions replaced when exhausted, inasmuch as the action of the battery is kept up by a continual circulation of chlorine gas. Each cell consists of an outer vessel, V, which may be of earthenware, and this contains a pot or chamber of porous clay, P. A zinc plate, Z, is placed in a dilute solution of chloride of zinc in the porous compartment, the zinc being well amalgamated with mercury first. The outer space between the porous pot and the external vessel is filled with pieces of carbon and sulphur, in contact with which is a carbon plate, C C. Chlorine gas is allowed to circulate through the loose packing of carbon from the bottom of the cell upward. Tubes convey the gas from a reservoir or holder to the bottom of each cell, and it passes from that cell to the next through a pipe leading from the closed cover of the cell. In this way the gas traverses the outer compartments of the entire battery of cells. Any of the solution round the zinc which percolates through the porous pot into the carbon compartment is drawn off from time to time by a stop-cock, and it is necessary to add a little water from time to time to supply the loss of liquid. Twenty of these cells joined up like an ordinary battery maintain a small installation of electric incandescent lamps so long as the zinc lasts and the gas and water are supplied.



A Large Kettle.

A St. Louis firm is building a copper steam-kettle for a firm of brewers, which will require from 7,000 to 8,000 pounds of copper for its construction.

Glass Bearings.

Bearings of glass for machinery, and intended to have very little friction, are now made in this country. They are grooved so as to keep the lubricating oil in circulation, and a current of air is also allowed to pass through them to cool them. They are said to wear longer than metal bearings, and to require much less lubricator.

Recent Photography.

Flames are now used to measure the pitch of sounds by photography. It is well known that when what are called "sensitive flames" are influenced by a musical note the flame responds by bobbing up and down, a rise to every vibration. By means of revolving mirrors the image of the flame at successive moments can be seen, and the responsive vibrations of the flame spread out as it were. On counting the number of these in a given time the pitch can be determined. For mirrors there are now substituted moving photographic plates, and the vibrations of the flame are thus permanently fixed, for future reference. The method is said to be very accurate, and likely to supplant the older method with mirrors. Instantaneous photography has also been applied recently to the production of photographs of ships in motion at different speeds, so that naval architects can study the movements of the vessel, the throw of the water, and the positions of the waves. Some very perfect balloon photographs have also been obtained recently by a well-known Parisian photographer. Some of the views were obtained at a height of over 1,000 mètres, and on being developed were found to reveal the details of buildings on the surface below with remarkable fidelity.

Laying Dust in Mines.

A well-known mining engineer has brought into notice the successful use of watering the floors of deep mines to allay the dust, and thus prevent explosions. A slight dampness, such as prevails in shallow mines at all times, is, in his words, sufficient to lay the dust effectively; and the systematic watering of deep mines has been introduced at the Llwynfria Colliery and at the Standard Colliery. The water can either be brought into the galleries by tanks or by pipes from a reservoir above ground. A pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch is considered sufficient at the Standard Colliery. The water not only purifies the air, but robs it of the inflammable coal-dust which is so dangerous a factor in great explosions. While upon this subject we may refer to a recent suggestion as to the cause of fires in flour-mills. It is known that the fine meal floating in the air of the mill, like the coal-dust in a mine, tends to enhance the explosion; but M. Boher, the Inspector of Lighting in Dresden, finds that the belts of machinery sometimes give off electric sparks sufficiently strong to illuminate Geissler tubes, and he thinks that they may also account for the explosions in some mills.

A Pocket Drinking-Cup.

The figures illustrate a drinking-cup for tourists and travellers, which packs up into a watch-case as shown.

The cup itself is made of loose rings, which slide into shape and out of shape by an easy pressure. The material is harmless, being aluminium-gold or nickel, and it has a pretty appearance. The outside of the case is finished like a watch, and resembles one.

Electricity and Ensilage.

At Hatfield, the seat of Lord Salisbury, electric power was employed during the summer to cut green fodder before storing it into "silos," and also to lift it in the process. The power was derived from a water-wheel on the river Lea about a mile distant from the scene of the operations. Here a "16-light" dynamo, turned by the water-wheel, generated a current of electricity which was conveyed by wire to a second dynamo specially wound to act as a motor when traversed by the currents in question. This motor worked the elevator and the chaff-cutter which were used. Electric power has also been employed at Hatfield in other farming jobs.

A Smoke-Burning Furnace.

A new smoke-consuming furnace has recently been brought out, and successfully tried on the Thames tug *Alexandra* before members of the National Smoke Abatement Institution. The device can be applied to any furnace, and consists of a series of hollow bars so fixed as to allow of an intimate mixture of air with the smoke. As applied to the *Alexandra* the bars are said to have been remarkably successful, the funnel of the tug showing no smoke. The saving of coal is also expected to be considerable, as the heat given out by the burnt smoke goes to help that of the burning coal. The invention is a simple one, and we trust it will prove of service.

Spiral Lightning.

A French *savant*, M. Ch. Mousette, in his laboratory at Auteuil, Paris, on the evening of May 12th last, about 9.45 p.m., succeeded in photographing flashes of lightning, which, on inspection, proved to be spiral flashes: that is to say, the lightning in its passage between the cloud and earth described a more or less irregular spiral path. In the case of two flashes separated by an interval of some minutes, and photographed on the same plate, the direction or lay of the spirals was opposite, one being left and the other right-handed. The distance between the spirals or turns was sometimes less than a diameter of the spiral and sometimes several diameters — an irregularity which M. Mousette attributes to differences in the conductivity of the air for electricity. After the experiments of M. Planté on globular lightning, M. Mousette thinks that these spiral flashes may be due to this phenomenon moving in a gyratory course.

A Tennis Indicator.

The engraving shows a new tennis scorer and signaller, which is worked by turning a small handle, and scores for either or both sides in points from fifteen to advantage, in games from one to six, and in sets from one to any necessary number. It also scores back to deuce points and deuce games; at each game one bell rings, and at each set two bells ring. The small flags above show the colours of the players. The size is such that the state of the game can be seen from any corner of the lawn. It is fixed on a portable iron stand in any convenient part of the lawn.

A TENNIS INDICATOR.

A New Hand-Grenade.

A new hand-grenade for extinguishing fires has been introduced into this country from America. The novelty in the grenade is in the vent applied to the bottle containing the extinguishing liquid, and this vent allows of the escape of the gases in the liquid, so as to prevent explosion in a dwelling, and to allow of a thinner glass being used for the containing bottle. The use of thin glass insures that the grenade will burst when thrown at a fire. Trials were recently made with the new grenade on the Thames Embankment, and the results were satisfactory.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Editor hopes to announce in an early Number the Award in Competition No. 4 (Dress Allowance). Intending Competitors in Competition No. 2 (Thirty-five Pound Prize Story Competition) are reminded that November 1st is the latest date for receiving MSS. Full particulars of these and other Competitions, open to all readers of the Magazine, will be found in the June (1886) *Number.*

A WILFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

By the Author of "Who is Sylvia?" "A Rustic Maid," "My Namesake Marjorie," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

CONTAINS SURPRISES.

ONLY those who, strength and spirit spent after many a fight, have dragged themselves for a little respite, a little tender healing, to the one human source that never yet has failed them, and found that source cut off once and for all, only such can tell what Nancy's announcement signified to Sydney. A great billow of despair seemed to close over her: an unconsciousness of everything save that another hard blow had come upon her when her forces were at their lowest ebb, and none of her once full fund of buoyancy left to meet it.

Nancy's frightened cry to her mistress; Miss Ambler's scared appearance down-stairs; these were a blank, emerging from which she found herself upon a slippery chintz-covered sofa, the black-robed landlady copiously besprinkling her with cold water, while the excited domestic fanned the air about into a temporary gale with the *Stillcote-Upton Weekly Express*.

"There, there," said Miss Ambler soothingly as Sydney's great sad eyes opened once more with sense and questioning. "You are coming-to as nice as can be. Don't try to talk yet, miss. Nancy didn't ought to have told you all of a sudden. Shocks are bad; I have had them, and know. Here comes your luggage. You lay quiet, miss, while I take it in. We're ready for you, so to speak, for"—with a sudden collapse into lachrymose condition—"him that's gone, poor dear, had been counting of your coming, and the room at the back's been ready for you for weeks."

The injunction to lie quiet Sydney obeyed involuntarily; for every vestige of rallying power seemed to have left her. All the battles she had gone through from last year till now revenged themselves on her vitality at once. As white as marble, and as still, she lay an hour and more without a word, till a glimpse of Miss Ambler creaking away a-tip-toe with a countenance of profound anxiety supplied a spur to exertion which rarely found Sydney irresponsive.

"I am better," she said turning, with a most wistful attempt at a smile, to the mellow, late afternoon light. "Please don't be frightened for me. And—will you tell me—about it—now?"

Miss Ambler, more exercised than Sydney divined, had to cough and sniff a great deal before she was equal to meet this request; but presently, perched bolt upright on the edge of a chair, since the young lady made her sit, she managed to give account of as happy an exit from this troublous sphere as the best heart could desire its best friend.

"He talked a many times this month past of when Miss Grey—he called you Miss Grey"—Sydney made a movement of confirmation, the slightest colour rising, not unobserved—"of when you were coming for a holiday to him, and seemed as pleased about it as a prince. He'd not been well this winter, but he was always cheery the days he got your letters. He was looking for one this very time last week, and spoke put-out-like, for him, when I carried him up another instead. 'But,' said he to me when I fetched his breakfast things down (for I waited on him myself, Miss—Grey, and marked his appetite, and got him many a spring brocolow or new-laid egg my own self since I could afford it, for mean by nature I'm not, though close by habit I've had to be!)—'Miss Amelia,' he says, 'I'd no right to grumble at that letter. It's brought me great news. I shall tell you of it some day.' And almost every time I came to his room he seemed to have been reading it, and I can't picture how he looked, miss, but more glad and young-like than I'd seen him these long whiles. He played a deal of music that day—long pieces such as he learnt forty years ago with his rich master, as was then. And at night when I went to put his sitting-room lamp out he'd just finished 'Auld Lang Syne,' the tune the clock at Stuarts used to play last thing before he left, he's often told me. He was so fond of it. He said 'Good night,' and went off sort of singing it. And he might have been listening to it when he was—sent for—Miss Grey. For in the morning, when Nancy couldn't wake him, I went and found him with a tear on his cheek and a smile on his mouth, as easy looking as a baby asleep. That was the morning your letter came, miss, which," said Miss Ambler after a gallant struggle with an obstinate sob, "which you'll find in poor Mr. Cheene's rack up-stairs, for, of course, you'll like his room to yourself while you stop here. Nothing would have pleased him more than for you to use it. And till the gentleman comes who knows what's to be done with the things, it's freely yours."

Miss Ambler ended with a good hearty cry behind her handkerchief. Sydney had not yet reached that merciful easement. But stupified as she still felt, the instinct born with her name did not desert her. This good landlady of Jacob's must not be encroached upon.

From her purse she took out three sovereigns.

"If I may stay here while these last," she said, "I cannot tell you how thankful I shall be. For," moving

her tired face into shadow again, "I did so want this for a home, a little while."

With a curious look Miss Ambler pocketed the gold, but if dissatisfied at the loose bargain, showed no signs of being so, for when the new lodger was fairly ensconced among the old lodger's household gods she was sedulous in her care, and made no trouble of anything except Sydney's poor patronage of the provision she offered.

But for days the oppression of mingled pains kept Sydney in the bondage of an inertia which, to her bright ready activity, was as the thraldom of some heavy illness.

Jacob gone: no one to speak to: her every mental effort introspective: not a line from her mother, to whom she had written some ten days before leaving Wynstone: sharply assailed by mistrustful dread of her own doings—had her wilfulness been wickedness all through, and so had she thrust herself into her present punishment?—and above, beneath all emotions else, like the dirge of sea-waves dominating every other sound upon the shore, one passion beat, beat, beating at her heart, restless as hopeless; small wonder was it that unuttered mourning darkened the dreary length of that fair midsummer, threatening the very foundations of her much-taxed courage.

Not until July's first week had glided by did the tense strain of morbid suffering show signs of giving way. Then said Miss Ambler one morning—

"Miss Grey, if you go on getting paler and thinner, and eating no more than my tortoiseshell cat downstairs, it won't be long before you are laid up on my hands, and then I should like to know what's to be done!"

This sent a wholesome thrill of alarm through the girl. In such case, what indeed would be done? She was growing strangely selfish—taking Miss Ambler's zealous services by far too easily. Unless she meant to throw her burden most unfairly on a stranger, she must rouse now at once.

The day was delicious. Martins chirped busily about the roof. The fresh air seemed to say, "Come out and taste me," and Sydney's sense accepted the pure medicine. She must make a beginning of whatever her new course was to be. It should date from her old friend's grave. In the quiet little churchyard, which he had taken greatly to when he had "Taffy's" tombstone placed there, Jacob Cheene was laid. "How can I get to Lutterthorpe?" Sydney now asked. "For I will try not to be ill, Miss Ambler. I ought to go out, I know; and I would rather go there than anywhere."

It was not exactly the excursion Miss Ambler would have selected for her invalid; but seeing it was almost the first wish Miss Grey had expressed, she wisely furthered it. Brief journeys by rail took Sydney to and fro between noon and evening. Between the lettered record of her earliest friend, the late-turfed covering of her last, she was granted the great relief of not altogether regretful tears. Here rested, after many cares, two faithful uncomplaining natures. Wherein was she more privileged than they, that she should waste her gift of life in vain repining? Nay, rather should she be up and doing, holding closer to that Presence of which the solemn age-worn walls uprising near seemed fitting sanctuary.

Tired completely, but more healthily, she spent that day's twilight among memory's less dangerous depths—sitting in her father's chair, turning poor Jacob's cherished music pages over; registering those marked by her father's hand; and about her sleep that night hovered notes and chords of some long strain, unknown, but strangely sweet, such as aforetime had sounded often enough at "Stuarts," unfinished when next morning she awoke.

Waking, work lay before her. She kept that fact written as it were in space, spurred to it by a new ambition. What she might earn need not be all her own. Though parted from Gilbert Hurst, her debt to him was not paid yet. However distant, she might gather together and send him, herself unsuspected, the means to preserve him from entire dependence on Mr. Montague Carle, or any other paymaster. That hope stirred animation once again. She would wait only a little longer, till the effort to breathe, to eat and drink were something less, then she would go straight to the trading-wharf of all nations, London, and backed by such credentials as Major Villiers could give her, would hunt for the hardest labour she could take at the highest pay.

One week more she would allow herself at Stillcote-Upton, if Miss Ambler would have her, and when her landlady was retiring with her early dinner tray, she asked if she might be harboured so long.

"And welcome!" was the emphatic answer. "And I'd say for a month, miss, if I could make sure this furniture would stand as it is so long. But an empty room you couldn't dwell in; and as for asking you to take share of mine——"

"Oh, I would not, indeed," cried Sydney, shrinking from intrusion. "If you think this will not be wanted for ten days more, I will be gone before it is dismantled."

With that last word her voice quivered. It was difficult calmly to discuss these last relics of her father, dear old Jacob's treasures, being dispersed.

"Ah, I'll answer now," said Miss Ambler, "you'd like a little something out of here as a keepsake like of poor Mr. Cheene, wouldn't you, miss? Now, if you'd choose anything, I'd see it was bought for you if the things are sold."

She had no storing-place for aught. Her very capital she would not count her own. "It must be something small indeed," she said, looking round. "This, if I could have it," taking up a well-used leather writing-case—one from the office at "Stuarts," Jacob had told her.

"Then that I'll get for you, miss," promised the landlady, shaking the dust off the cover. "Ah, deary me! he always wrote upon it. I saw him that very day——"

Sydney turned the much-blotted pages over. A sheet with some three written lines slipped out. The words were to herself:—

"My own Dear Miss Sydney,—I told you once pleasure never killed; but when I think I shall see you here so soon for your holiday, and then——"

That was all. Sydney folded the uncompleted message with reverent affection, thankfulness in her breast that no knowledge of her new troubles had dimmed the gladness of his last hours. "Yes, the old case I shall like best," she said; and Miss Ambler, delighted at securing her pale lodger's interest for anything, talked freely on of Jacob and his great kindliness, "which nobody, Miss Grey, knew the value of better than myself, for many's the time hunger and me would have shook hands if it hadn't been for him, and that's a fact I'm not above confessing, and that's what I felt when I got a new black gown for him. I've paid the last respects to more than one friend, ah, and relation too, in my black alpaca, but 'no,' said I, 'for Mr. Cheene I'll have merino, and new. I'm not going to walk behind him in a half-worn skirt at tenpence a yard, especially considering there's no one else to follow,' for I didn't know, miss, where you was, nor who—h'm—whether I ought to try and find you out."

"Who will attend to everything here then?" Sydney asked. "Had Jacob no relative, no one who understood such business?"

"Relative—no, miss. There were a many Cheenes once in Stillcote, but he has told me he was the last. As for business, I don't suppose he's left much to attend to; but a stranger, I think, will manage that little."

"A stranger? He never told me of any one."

"No, miss. But there was one who came to him first last year—later on than this. He was in and out, and they did a deal of consulting like for a day or two, what about Mr. Cheene never said. Then he came again since this Easter. And Mr. Cheene must have expected him then, for he'd got a neighbour to step in, and by-and-by he called to me, 'Miss Amelia,' and I stepped up, and he had that very letter-case open and a paper on, and he said, 'I'm lawyer enough to have made my own will, and I want you to witness it.' Which of course we both did, and Mr. Cheene locked it up in the cedar box that stands beside his bed, and said to me, 'There now, it's ready for you to find,' and to the strange gentleman, 'and for you to act on,' he said. So of course that gentleman will be his executor."

"But should you not send this person word?" questioned Sydney, and was answered truly enough—

"When things come so sudden, miss, we are never ready for them! I had never so much as heard his name! But I've a notion the letter that brought good news that morning came from him, for Mr. Cheene locked it up in the box with his will, and said to me—high-spirity like—'We're going to be gay with company soon, Miss Ambler!' So I thought I'd wait the month out, and then if I'd seen nothing of any one I'd just go down with the box and ask our clergyman if he'd open it; and find the gentleman's——Why, goodness gracious sakes alive!" Miss Ambler broke off abruptly, startling Sydney, whose attention had been wandering—"Here he does come up the street, and no mistake, and some one along with him! And"—peering out the window—"they're stopping at this door! Don't you mind, nor flurry yourself, miss. I'll tell him about you, and say Mr. Cheene wouldn't have had you disturbed for the world. Perhaps"—hastily setting chairs at right angles—"you'd like to go to your own room if they wish to come up here? I'll run and stop that stupid Nancy bringing them."

But Miss Ambler was not quick enough. As she opened the door two people entered from the narrow landing. In an instant three were gazing at each other, all doubting the evidence of their own senses.

"Miss Alwyn!" exclaimed the male intruder; it was Richard Drayton.

"Sydney! Oh, my poor Sydney!" cried the lady beside him, running to catch the wonder-struck girl in her embrace. And the rest of that minute was chaos to them all.

The first to find voice was Miss Ambler. Her wiry little curls were bobbing about, her eyelids ominously red, and her sniffs were frequent; but sentiment must wait its turn, now she must out with a long-stifled say:—

"Miss Alwyn!" she repeated, fronting Sydney—still on Mary's shoulder. "Yes, and Miss Alwyn I knew you to be these months past, though I wouldn't vex him that was here, by letting out what he didn't see fit to tell me! But when Bridget Lewis, that lived once at Stuarts, stillroom-maid, and I taught hemstitching to when she was six years old, and has been to see me every time she set foot in Stillcote-Upton since, no matter what service she's been in, and knew all about my family's misfortunes with poor Mr. Alwyn, as well as I knew hers—when Bridget came two years back and told me she'd been with her mistress, Mr. Massey's lady wife, and seen where Mrs. Alwyn had hid herself, and heard all about Mrs. Alwyn's daughter, that couldn't be made too much of, and Mr. Alwyn's that couldn't be made too little; and when she come again a-visiting last Michaelmas to Lady Wynne's, and brought word through a housekeeping friend in that Suffolk place, that the talk was Miss Alwyn had got in disgrace for something with her ma, and had gone away that summer; and when I measured that against a young lady I'd never seen before, coming here and crying in Mr. Cheene's room, and then all of us getting paid what Mr. Alwyn *owe* directly after, why, you don't suppose I was going to be deceived any longer! Miss Alwyn, my dear, I've recollected you morning and night, from then till now, and if the prayer of a retired haberdashery old maid like me can fetch you prosperity, you'll surely get it! While," ended the grateful old soul, suddenly clapping three golden coins on the table, "as for that money there! I'm proud to have found you in the birds' beaks-full you've taken, and if I touch a penny-piece for payment my name's not Amelia Ambler!"

With which she seized her neglected dinner-tray, and whipped out of the room, leaving the long-separated friends to an afternoon of strange far-reaching

explanations, starting with Mary's marriage, ending with something still more wonderful.

For Sydney, finding this fortnight-wed pair possessed the secret of her leaving St. Clair's, was now forced to tell where and with whom her past twelve months had been spent, and what had cast her loose from Wyntone, sending her to meet at Stillcote-Upon a loss she was so ill-prepared for.

"Jacob had made me feel his home was almost mine," she said, faltering. "When he went from me——"

"He had taken care it should be quite yours," put in Mr. Drayton. "While he lived I was bound to give no hint of it to any one—not even Mary; but now, as you will hear when I read you his will, he has left you everything he had in the world."

"All my father's things!" cried Sydney. "Oh, dear old Jacob! If you could hear me thank you!"

"Yes, Miss Alwyn; these, and other things that were your father's too."

"He told me he bought nothing else but what—how did he put it?—what would have just gone to light a fire!"

"Ah, so they might then, but not now," returned Richard Drayton drily. "You have never asked me yet, Miss Alwyn, how I came to be acquainted with your old clerk, nor what first brought me to Stillcote-Upton."

"I have heard so much: I am so glad to have you here," answered Sydney, laying her head with a long-drawn sigh on Mary's knee, "I think I scarcely want to know any more yet."

"Just five minutes," pressed Mr. Drayton, his wife giving him leave by a nod. "Best clear all up at once, and get it over. So to go to first facts. I had a glimmering when I first met you of having heard your name, 'Alwyn.' After a bit I remembered when. It was on some visit of mine to a relative at Stillcote-Upton, who spent a night each week violin-playing with some one so called——"

"My father!"

"As it turns out, yes. You and I never seemed strangers, did we, Miss Alwyn? That old network of intimacy must have had something to do with it. Well, now for the next thing. You remember when I came to England it was to take up a little estate in the South. On that bit of property was a mine. The lease of it had been purchased of my uncle for fifty years. It had been closed sixteen—was worthless, most folks said. I'd had some training in other mines, examined all I could of this, and thought differently. To see if I was right, I worked with all my money and all my time for fourteen months, for on the mine's value depended my chance of getting through with a scheme I think you understood." Sydney smiled up at Mary. "I found out that mine had been wrecked partly by incapable, partly by rascally management. Not the first time that sort of thing has happened. I saw my way clear as daylight to reconstructing a paying concern. I laid my plans accordingly—went to St. Clair's to find you——"

"Me!"

"Yes, for it was the same Granfylde mine your father had got ruined in. His name headed the old list of shareholders. If you, as his representative, had held the original shares, your leave as largest proprietor was required to re-forming the business. Well, you were gone; no one knew where, nor could tell why. I was on my way to hunt up Mrs. Alwyn abroad, when I fell in with Major Villiers in town, and told him what I was after. He saved me a fruitless journey, by telling me those same shares had been offered at your father's sale, and amid shouts of laughter had been purchased by a clerk named Cheene. Him I foraged up forthwith; showed him every single detail I had worked out and—to cut short a long business, which would only puzzle you at present—got his consent, and that of the other remaining shareholders, to start the company afresh on a safe footing, myself holding a certain amount of stock, and acting as manager. Success has followed so fast, that the shares have gone up without one check, and are still rising. I was able to tell Mr. Cheene, when I saw him last May, that his few shillings'-worth of scrip, which he almost saved from the flames, represented then a very respectable fortune. It would bring in, if realised, five-and-twenty thousand pounds, to-morrow, Miss Alwyn."

"So no more companions' places for you, foolish reckless child that you were," said Mary, stooping fondly over Sydney's dark head, and to his wife's gentle care and caresses Mr. Drayton wisely left this new-made heiress awhile, almost mute in her great astonishment.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

SYDNEY DRIVES A BARGAIN.

IT was all true enough, incredible as the change seemed at first.

There were questions innumerable to ask that evening through; loose strands of the story to knit together; the homely words of Jacob's legacy to his dear master's child, to read—the Draytons marvelling much over that grateful fidelity, whereof the source was and will always be known to Sydney alone. There was Mr. Vaughan's satisfaction to anticipate; and that retributive quest which tracked the unscrupulous pillager of the mine's funds to his last bold stroke in Paris to be recounted; but one and all tended to the same issue.

Sydney was found; free, rich, and—happy?

About this Mary Drayton soon began to feel perplexed, not altogether satisfied. With wits quickened by her own new happiness, she was not slow at detecting a flaw in her friend's.

The Sydney regained was as dear and as trustful as the Sydney lost last year, and in twenty new ways more beautiful, but she was not the same. Something was hidden under those smiles which vanished as soon as they flashed out; under that anxious attention which now and again forgot what was being talked of; and what that something was Mistress Mary set herself to discover, making before they parted for the night these notes:—

First—that Sydney lost not one syllable of what Richard Drayton had to say concerning Mr. Hurst, from schoolboy tales to the record of his manful bearing when the doom of darkness was newly passed upon him.

curved with uncertainty, closed with determination; and her eyes darkened and brightened with concealed excitement. From all of which observant Mrs. Drayton deduced certain ideas, and watched next day to have them confuted or confirmed.

"THE STUDY WINDOW STOOD WIDE OPEN" (*p.* 711).

Next—that she held her breath, distressed and pale, when he deplored the mischances which made such a man as Gilbert Hurst penniless, and vainly wished the old rector father had not in angry disgust let his luckless shares go to some speculator who now crowed over his bargain.

Then—that when he spoke of getting to Wynstone soon, Sydney's bosom rose and fell more quickly. She looked at neither of them, but her lips parted,

They were with Sydney then by noon. Miss Ambler had tyrannised over her, and not allowed her up much earlier. She met Mr. Drayton almost reproachfully.

"I thought you were going to Wynstone!"

"But not to-day. We have recollected ever so many more things to talk about, Miss Alwyn."

"Before which, as you are not gone," she said with nervous gravity, "I have one I want you both to

listen to. For"—taking refuge in her father's chair, Mary beside her, Richard Drayton opposite—"after all, you see, this money you call mine is not actually so."

"Then whose is it?" exclaimed Mr. Cheene's executor.

"I mean," she went on, "some of it is due to some one else. It was my father's advice which made Mr. Hurst lose his four thousand pounds, was it not? So before I use any at all that must be given back, and if you please, Mr. Drayton, you must give it directly."

"I won't promise I would if I could," was that gentleman's reply; "fortunately I have not to decide. It can't be done. For, Miss Alwyn, your insatiable desire to give away all you have appears to have been understood by Mr. Cheene. You were too much in a maze yesterday to notice the wording of his will. Your shares in the Granfylde mine are not to be sold out till they touch a certain figure. I told him they would unquestionably reach it, and he showed his confidence in me by phrasing his legacy to that effect. Then the sum, about what your father, if prosperous, would have left you, is to be funded for your life. Anything beyond that amount you do what you choose with. But you could not possibly lay your hands on four thousand pounds yet to repay the Hursts. If you could, trusted as I have been by Mr. Cheene to guard you and your property, it would be my duty to try and dissuade you."

"Which you might try," Sydney blazed forth vehemenently, "and you should not do it, Mr. Drayton! Oh," dropping swiftly from this high flight into downright coaxing, "Jacob meant it for the best, but he never would wish his money to make me sorrowful. Do, dear Mr. Drayton—Mary, ask him for me, he won't say 'no' to *you*—do show me some way to give those thousands back to the Hursts. They were—very good to me!"

This petitioning, coupled with a glance at his wife, took effect.

"Perhaps it might be managed by degrees," replied Mr. Drayton cautiously, "if done at all. If Miss Hurst is willing——"

"She won't refuse it," Sydney said eagerly.

"And her brother can be persuaded to accept it" (no confirmation forthcoming on that point), "so much might be returned them year by year—if you are bent on doing it."

"I am. When can they have the first?"

"When you like—if Gilbert Hurst agrees."

"Make him!" cried Sydney. "You can do it. But one thing please don't tell them—that Miss Grey and Miss Alwyn are the same. I need be Miss Grey no longer: even my mother"—pointing to a letter arrived that morning—"gives me leave to be myself. She has been ill, and so forgot, she says, to send your last note to me, Mary. She writes so sadly, calling us all so poor now that she cares nothing any longer for what name I work under! But to the Hursts let me be only Miss Grey still. Let them think if they take this back they take it from a stranger. It will save—me—pain to have it so."

Mary was distinctly shaking her head behind the speaker.

"I couldn't undertake that, I don't think it practicable," her husband answered. "It would surely get to them who you were. Best be above-board at once, Miss Alwyn."

She looked at him with distress not to be explained.

"But you will make—them take the money? Bind them to do it somehow?"

Mary's mouth formed a visible "No."

"I fear my urging would be of no use," responded Richard Drayton, a model of marital obedience—"Hurst will treat the matter as I should, unless he is singularly changed. He will prefer any species of work to mulcting a generous woman in this way."

"But, oh, if he knew how refusal would hurt me!" she cried, leaning forward with hands clasped.

Mary made expressive signs at the supple entreating figure.

"If you told him that yourself he might be induced to take your view of it," conceded Mary's spouse, "but *I* couldn't tie myself to persuade him."

"Go with Richard and me to Wynstone," suggested Mary, bending over the girl, "then, you know, dear, you can put it in a business way, and settle it all perhaps in a few minutes."

"The best way possible, unless you prefer writing to Miss Hurst—Mrs. Babbington—whatever she is," coincided Mr. Drayton.

Sydney changed colour. That arch-blunderer Miss Jean might so convey her offer that Mr. Hurst would infallibly reject it. The best, perhaps only, chance of extorting his acceptance of it might lie in her urging it herself on some such pretext as had lured him into book-making. Drooping—for this pang she was courting, to meet, to leave him again, pierced her before-time—

"Then I think I will go," she said; and having chosen this course, a feverish haste possessed her to start forth upon it. "Shall you—shall we start to-day?" she asked.

"To-day! Why, Sydney, child, you need a week's nursing before you set out on that expedition!"

"I want no nursing. I am exceedingly well, Mary;" this in hot haste: then sinking back wearily—"And I can come here afterwards, you know. Miss Ambler will take care of me then."

"Mary is wise. We should put Wynstone off for a few days, I think," said Mr. Drayton.

"And let Mr. Babbington oust Miss Hurst's brother, and fling him into the pleasant toils of Mr. Montague Carle! And you call that being his friend!" cried Sydney, brimming over with indignation.

"Then suppose we say to-morrow," yielded the gentleman—his commander-in-chief having telegraphed to that effect. And "to-morrow," soon after mid-day, they went.

From efforts at most charming cheerfulness—reward for their concession—Sydney subsided, as they neared Capel Moor, into speechlessness, and, as they traversed the lane to Wynstone, now paced in front of her companions, now lagged behind in a mood decipherable

only by one of her own sex. Mrs. Drayton's own pulse went a trifle faster from certain conjurings up of her usually placid imagination; but her fancies she loyally kept to herself—bride though she was.

"I am afraid Miss Alwyn won't accomplish what she is come for," said Mr. Drayton, as they passed the church: Sydney lingering by the gate.

"We shall see," returned his oracle, and just then a trim West-country lass met them; looked at the unknown pair inquisitively, at Sydney with broad saluting smile and a curtsey.

"Miss Grey back, I do declare now! But they're not expecting of you, are they, miss? 'cause mistress gave me half a day to go to mother's. But if you please I'll run back again, and be ready to open the door before you get there; yes indeed!"

"And so lose your holiday, Fanny!" said Sydney. "No, you shall not do that. We are only—making a call."

"But, miss," expostulated the maid, "Rebecca's in the garden-piece picking strawberries. She'll never hear the bell, and for sure, she's that slow she'll take five minutes answering it. And strangers, too," with a side curtsey at Miss Grey's friends. "Let me run back, miss."

"They mind waiting no more than I do." (Truly, Sydney was grateful for the respite. Like a coward, she was wishing herself a thousand miles away.) "Shall we find all—both—at home?" That much she must know.

"Yes, miss, as yet. But come Monday, and they're a-going off. Mr. Hurst into Welsh Wales, and," smothering a chuckle, "and mistress somewheres to Mr. Babbington's sister's to get married yon! The road's dusty a bit up, Miss Grey: won't you go in by the orchard?" volunteered Fanny, departing with another curtsey.

"Yes, that we will," said Mary Drayton, covering Sydney's silence adroitly with complaints of the heat, and taking the shadier way, they just contrived to escape seeing or being seen by Miss Hurst, who, with many assurances to her brother that she should not be half an hour absent, started at that precise minute from her own porch off to the Manor House.

"Oh, the river, the river, and the hill!" cried Mary enthusiastically, as the new un-Suffolk-like scenes opened out. "Sydney, you never made half enough of what you had to leave. It is a picture I could look at alone for hours."

"Suppose you look at it for ten minutes with me instead," laughed her husband, drawing her nearer (that couple have not discarded honeymoon habits to this day). "I believe Miss Alwyn would find it easier to say what she intends to Hurst and his sister without us two sitting by listening. Then we would put in an appearance presently, and do our share of persuasion if necessary."

For the fluttering as of some caged bird in her breast—a tightening uncontrollable in her throat—Sydney could only agree by a gesture, and passing—since it had to be done—quickly from the orchard by the garden front, so meant to reach the entrance of the house. But the study-window stood wide open, bunches of yellow roses—indistinguishable buds when she left—now wreathing it in a golden frame; and within her dear, deserted laboratory—she held her hands tight over that crazy beating—within was Gilbert Hurst, alone.

So lightly she had trodden the soft-turfed lawn, he had not heard a single step fall.

The room disordered, littered with books piled anyhow in careless heaps (shame!)—he half knelt, half leant by the chair that had been always Sydney's. With sad brown eyes turned all unseeing upon some object in his grasp, pale as the girl who, in the throes of hopeless love, gazed on him, he was speaking, ignorant of any human watch, deeming the walls of the empty house his only confidant.

Had she torn herself away she must have betrayed her presence by a sob. To hear his very own thoughts just once more was an offence the bitterness of a new intenser regret must expiate. Bound to the spot, she looked; listened; and this is what she heard:—

"Dearest! sweetest! But never mine! Darling, lost darling, why did you leave me? How could I let you go?" (She was blanched now as the tall lilies near). Then with a hard, hard groan, "Oh, man! Oh, madman that you are, be still and bear it! Think of her as your treasure; that won't hurt her. Keep her one gift"—he opened his hand; took out—she leant forward, more forward, to make sure, with lips full reddening again, a blush like morning's dawn upon her face—a little withered bunch of wild flowers she well knew, bound with a thread of silk, touching it with a caress as tender as mothers spend upon a sleeping babe; "keep it, and let it teach you to thank God above, He took her from you—gave her to—some good fate. So may it be, but— oh, it's torture!"

The strong frame was racked, bowed. Suffering not well to be written of forced scalding drops from eyes denied the world's delights.

And how about that listener now? Throbbing, trembling, yearning: the etiquette of ceremonious entrance went to the winds. Her face all glorified with longing devotion, she drew back, crying to a lark that, springing from the meadow, went carolling up to the clear sky, "Ah then, little noisy one! You have not forgotten to sing since I went away, though all the other birds have turned so idle!" Then she waited ten seconds: took a great breath, and went to the study-window.

Gilbert Hurst had reached it with a stride, doubting his own ears. They stood now close together.

"Mr. Hurst, I have come back."

"It *is* true."

He thrust one hand within his waistcoat, the other he put to his forehead, wrestling with a deadly weakness; then said, "I thought it could be only you speaking. I am sorry my sister is not in; she will be home soon. Glad, of course, to see you. Has anything happened to make you return? Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Yes," Sydney answered him, "a great deal has happened. May I tell you? May I sit down?"

She was shaking too much to stand. He reached her own chair to her, but took his own old place by the littered bookshelves. "I forgot to offer that," he said, "I beg your pardon."

"Don't," Sydney said, "for I have come to do

"Yes, Sydney Alwyn. Child of him who Miss Jean says ruined your life. But you said you forgave him. How I have thanked you for it! I knew nothing of owing you anything when I came here. I could not pay you when I found it out, for all I had

"'I KNOW THAT, LITTLE ONE, WITHOUT ANY SEEING'" (*p.* 715).

that of you, Mr. Hurst, and of Miss Jean. For I have been—deceiving you."

"What!" he cried, "you—deceiving us?"

"Only in one thing. I am Miss Grey, but that's not all my name. I am some one you saw—ah, many years ago: a child then: and you promised not to hate me."

"Why," he exclaimed, "you cannot mean that you are——"

was gone. So I worked to do it till Miss Jean and you sent me away. But I never paid a tithe enough. Still I was trying, and—you do forgive me?"

He was profoundly moved, even to seeming forgetfulness of the pleader.

"Jean, Jean!" he said, "to drive her to that slavery for me!"

"You will forgive me?" she begged on.

"Forgive? Why, what, Miss—Alwyn?"

"My being who I am—stopping in this shelter as I did."

"Yes, I forgive both counts," he said slowly, "if you must have the very words." (Fondly she let her full glance rest on his worn, patient features. She knew now what her being there had cost him.) "But surely you are not come back to say this only."

"No. I want you to show that you pardon me. I came this time to say that I am rich now. Such strange things have been happening. I have a friend who is yours too—Mr. Drayton. He will tell you how my father's money is returning to me. But I cannot use it till you say I may pay you—somehow—you and Miss Hurst, all that my father made you lose."

He brought himself to his full height. "That can never be, Miss Alwyn. Such debt is the creation of poor Jean's sentiment. Don't tempt her, don't ask me to stoop so low as to load ourselves with your bounty under the poor pretence of justice."

She knew he would refuse, though the alternative to his proffered liberation had to be Mr. Montague Carle! She triumphed in his words: proud of his pride. But she said—

"Then all my money is to be valueless. I am to enjoy none of it, because you will not have this little."

He felt her merciless, this rich young woman. It was getting more than he could endure.

"Our taking it," he answered huskily, "could make no real difference to your happiness, Miss Alwyn. It would destroy all chance of mine. Will you let that have some small weight with you? Spend your wealth with—him who will soon claim you. Forget, though I shall not, that you ever made this generous offer."

She hung her head. "No one will claim me," she said, with a wondrous soft distinctness, "I—suppose. It—that was all a mistake of Miss Jean's."

At this an ungovernable exclamation escaped him. He started violently. Out from their hiding-place dropped the withered flowers.

Sydney had them in an instant.

"You have only let fall some worthless rosebuds, Mr. Hurst. I will fling them away."

"They are mine, Miss Alwyn. Give them to me!" —with hand extended in desperate earnest for his treasure.

"Let me gather you fresh ones."

"No, no; those if you please. I must have them."

"You shall not," she said, "till you promise to take that money."

"Then rob me if you choose," he cried, worked into all but frenzy by passionate pain, "but I will NOT rob you."

"You need not rob me at all," she said, just loudly enough for him to hear, "take—me—too."

There was a long minute's pause. Gilbert Hurst shrank back, then stood at bay. Sydney stole to him as only a true woman would have dared. He felt her following—put his hand out as to repel her. She took it—clasped it softly in her own.

"I did something else, the most wicked of all," she whispered, "but I am not sorry for that. I was by the window a little while before I spoke. I saw you—I heard you."

He gave a sigh that was grievous.

"And would marry me—God forbid—for pity!"

"No, Gilbert," she said, with a splendid boldness that bade his soul be comforted, "for love! Only for love!"

And when his arms were about her, his heart to hers, her sweet kiss answering his, he believed at last, with such a deep rejoicing as made the hour sacred to both for ever.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

"SHAKE HANDS ALL ROUND, GOOD FRIENDS."

THE whole business was a very bitter pill to Mrs. Alwyn, restoring as it did her younger daughter to the precise position she herself had abdicated with such ill grace and in such singularly ill odour.

But that last lamentable *fiasco* with Leonora had thrown her into very real illness. Sydney, hurrying to Paris, had nursed her mother with self-denial scarcely appreciated—for did she not know some one the other side the Channel counted every day and week till she was by him?—and common recognition of the tender zeal she might have died for lack of, left to poor Leonora only, tied Mrs. Alwyn's tongue on subjects impossible to be agreed upon by her and her attendant.

"I presume any attempt on my part to dissuade you from throwing yourself away as you propose doing would be useless, Sydney?" was her nearest approach to argument on this topic.

"Perfectly useless, mamma," Sydney answered gently, and Mrs. Alwyn, weak and disarmed at this stage of her convalescence, bowed to the inevitable, though in after-time and better health she was not sparing of hints among her acquaintances that her life had been greatly hampered, her income (by some mysterious reckoning of her own) much narrowed by the doings of a daughter who, "with some admirable points, never knew what it was to submit to a mother, never could bear to be guided!" and on that score she secured a good deal of sympathy from a new circle of intimates.

Her one parent being unequal to the exertion of superintending a wedding, Sydney was married in early autumn from the Draytons', the Dacies coming down to Granfylde for the double pleasure of the event and a delighted inspection of their daughter's new domain. And there, self-elected groomsmen, came Sydney's old fellow-scholars, charmed with all brought about by these late changes, especially their new watches (not silver!), and there came the rector of St. Clair's, sharing keenly the joy of these two people to whom he had been ever drawn as kinsfolk in spirit though not in blood, and from whose union he went back to his parish acknowledging, as he does at every parting from them since, that He who directs men's lives planned well their separate sorrows, which now are merged in mutual happiness so full and true.

The Babbingtons being in full possession of Wyn-

stone—where, however, "ample room, Horatius says," was at the disposal of Mrs. Babbington's brother till September—Gilbert Hurst and his wife, unfettered by house or establishment, went farther and farther south till they wintered on another continent, and there saw the seasons round before returning to England.

During their absence Mrs. Alwyn took up residence in a tiny London house on the skirts of a fashionable square, and with perseverance worthy of a better cause began sweeping the matrimonial seas once more for Leonora's behoof.

The labour was shortened unexpectedly. Mr. Rupert Villiers came dutifully to pay his respects to his aunt, his compliments to his cousin. About Leonora's broken engagement the major had withheld all particulars. He was not the man to gossip even with his son over a woman's disappointment. The ladies soon found to their relief that nothing of the pseudo Mr. Morecoombe-Wood's history was known to any one likely to retail it.

"The man was unworthy of my Leonora! Never name him to me. Only help her to forget him!" Mrs. Alwyn begged, and Mr. Rupert obeyed very literally.

He found the cultivation of cynicism slow for a rather lengthened period. Mrs. Alwyn's "straitened means" (she kept Sydney's supplementing hundreds strictly to herself) were not contemptible, taken in conjunction with a stock of valuable furniture. What was hers was Leonora's. Leonora was handsome still, especially by candle-light. Presently the young lady took to wearing a certain sapphire ring given her on a very memorable occasion. Upon that hint Mr. Villiers spake, with the result that before another season began he was inducted as ostensible master of "Number twenty-three, Gladys Crescent."

They suit in their new positions excellently. After his and her own self each admires the other to the pitch of conceit's demands. But they never trouble each other with too much of confidences: so when one day Mr. Villiers read aloud from his paper the tragic end, in a San Francisco gambling saloon, of a swindler of European reputation, whose description he well recognised, he felt under no necessity to confess that he had had many dealings with this questionable character, nor did he dream that the rascal put an end to by a Californian knife was at one time near standing in the marital shoes he now wore so easily.

Major Villiers took his son's settlement with moderate satisfaction.

"It wasn't the one I wanted, more's the pity for you, Rupert," he said, and though fairly reconciled to life and his lot, Mr. Rupert once allowed himself to echo that regret.

It was at a big gathering the year after he had married, to which after much toadying of a society magnate he had got himself and Leonora invited, and where among a throng of name and rank they had found themselves nobodies. A good-tempered fellow seeing him forlorn (it was Tufter, by the way) spent five minutes in pointing out to him the notabilities of the evening, among them—

"That tall fellow with the brown beard. He's blind, though you'd never guess it. He's written a book on Upper Egypt that's all the rage among the Blues just now. Some society got him up to lecture this afternoon, and my lord president nabbed him for to-night. That dark-eyed woman every one is looking at against him is his wife. Eh? do you see her, Villiers?"

Villiers did see her as she stood, one hand on the arm of her companion, who talked to a group of celebrities. Soon he was elbowing his way towards her.

"Mrs. Hurst," he said, accosting her with an air of delicate melancholy "this is an unexpected tri—pleasure. How little I guessed I was to meet you to-night!"

"We stayed unexpectedly," she answered, a momentary shyness, for she remembered their last interview, enhancing all her charms.

"Is it too late?" he said in lowered key, "or may I dare to ask if you hold me excused for—two years ago?"

Now she was self-possessed again: looked through him, down upon him, from the royalty of her beautiful young matronhood:—

"I hold you fully excused," she said, "and am myself immeasurably grateful to you."

She turned to her husband with the perfection of contentment. Mr. Villiers, very sorry indeed for himself, went and found Leonora in a remote corner, told her morosely she had powdered too freely, and took her off home without vouchsafing the information that her step-sister was one of the brightest stars in the brilliant throng they were leaving.

But the Hursts are rarely in London, though preferment of society and science is ready enough for them there if they cared to take it. "Stuarts" was in the market when they came back to England, and now, cleared to the last payable farthing of the debt poor John Alwyn died under, "Stuarts" is their home.

There old friends and new come about them, Major Villiers often, the Comynghams once, Miss Ambler when she wills. Thence go forth other works by Gilbert Hurst and that co-labourer whom only few know of, which earn him wide publicity and praise, and bring in revenue which now he little needs.

For under Richard Drayton's prudent management Granfylde sends a steady stream of riches on them, and Sydney declares if she had not Gilbert to tell her what channels to turn it into she should be perplexed out of all enjoyment of this troublesome, ever-expanding wealth.

Troublesome indeed! Why, what is it Mrs. Gilbert Hurst likes better?

This. She came silently the other day upon her husband and their five-year-old daughter in deep conclave under one of the bee-haunted blossoming limes in their garden. The sun shone through the leaves. The sky above was intensely blue. To life's beginner the world looked very fair. Said the little one, finishing a thought aloud—

"But it doesn't matter for that."

"And what does not matter for what, sweetheart?" her father asked.

"Your being blind, father, for just the things that

are pretty. But, oh, I do wish you were not blind for something else!"

"What is it?"

"To see mother. She is such a beautiful mother."

Gilbert stretched his arm over the grass and gathered the child to him.

"I know that, little one, without any seeing. And shall I tell you something more wonderful? That dear mother of yours grows more and more beautiful to me every single day of our lives!"

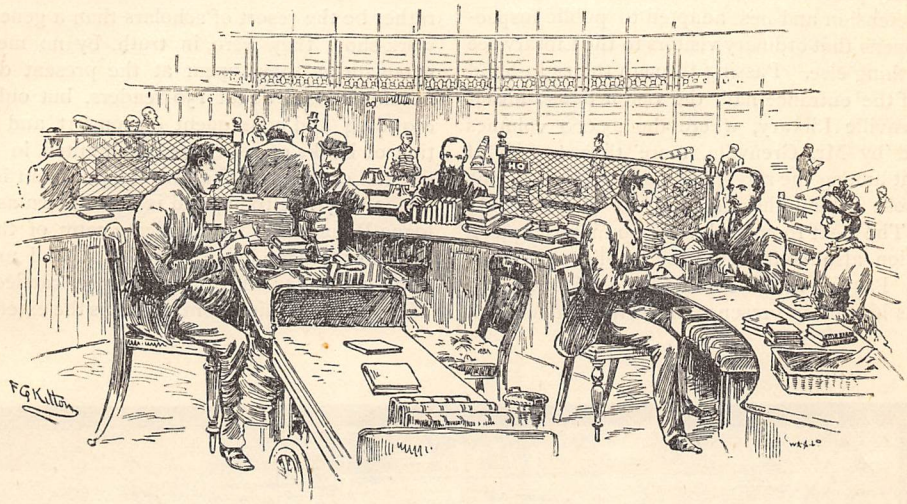
"Flatterers!" she said, happy tears in her eyes, her hand on her child's brown hair, her head on her husband's shoulder.

And there was Sydney Hurst's best-cherished wealth!

THE END.

THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D., ASSISTANT KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS.



THE READING ROOM.—READERS RETURNING BOOKS.

THE State in England has frequently been a good nurse to successful popular institutions — seldom a parent. Private munificence formed the nucleus of the National Gallery and the Victoria University; the University of London was developed out of a college created by a joint-stock company; the Royal Society existed as a club before it was recognised as a corporation; Bodley, Bessemer, Whitworth, Mason, Bampton, were all individual benefactors; even the magnificent foundations of Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, were established by Henry VI. and Henry VIII. in their private capacity. That the same should be the case with the British Museum explains at once the comparative insignificance of the Library at its commencement, and its association to this day with other departments of human knowledge not usually found in connection with similar institutions.

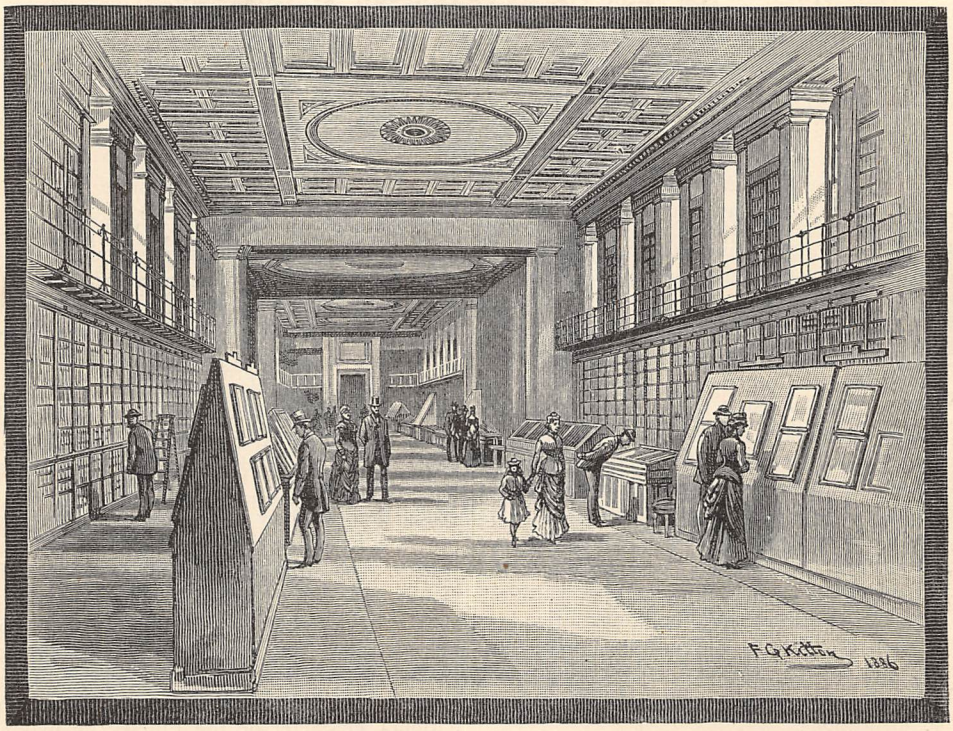
Sir Hans Sloane, by whose bequest the Museum came into existence, in 1753, was a physician and naturalist, learned and cultivated indeed, but of necessity mainly intent upon his own professional pursuits. His library was an appendix to his museum, and for many years remained chiefly connected in the public mind with the study of natural history.

Hardly was Sir Hans Sloane's munificent bequest made than the Government, partly at the solicitation of the Speaker, Arthur Onslow, gave it a national character by the addition of the Harleian and Cottonian manuscripts. George II. is said to have grudged the money required for this purpose, but, at any rate, he added the Royal Library, collected by his predecessors from Henry VII. to Charles II., sufficiently rich in well-selected volumes, and handsome substantial bindings, to prove that these sovereigns regarded the acquisition and preservation of books as befitting the character of a king. A few years later George III. still more pointedly recognised the national character of the Library by making it the depository of the invaluable Civil War Tracts, col-

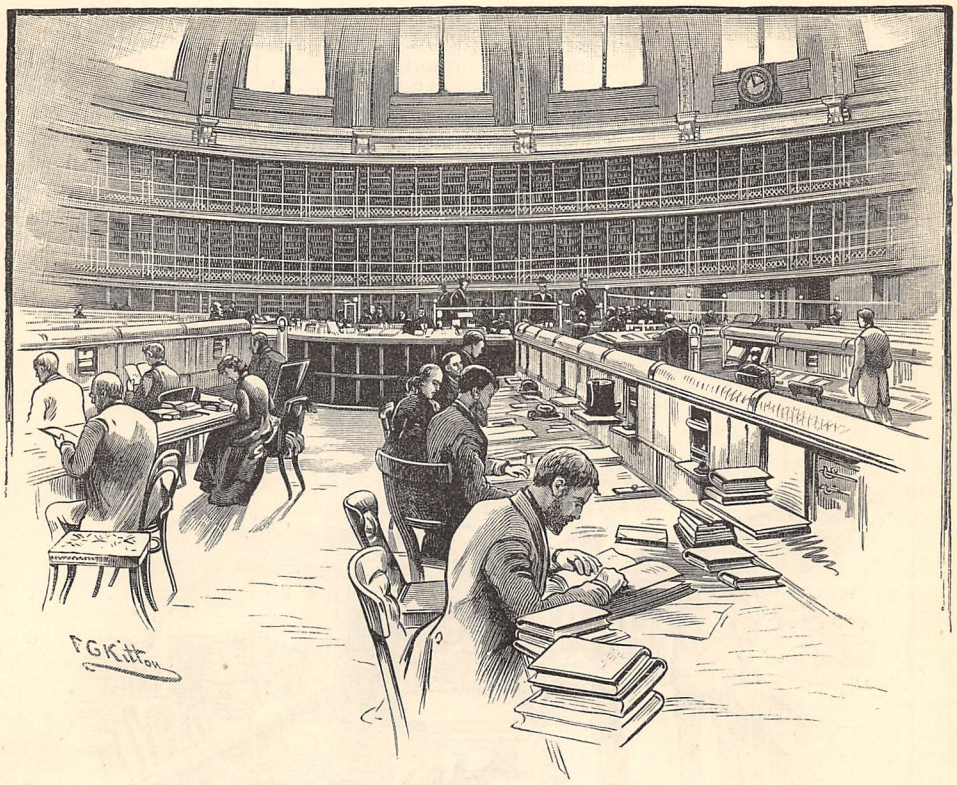
lected under Charles I. and the Commonwealth by the bookseller, Thomason—an act the more remarkable as he was himself commencing the formation of the magnificent library which, sixty years later, was itself added to the Museum. The Copyright Act gave legislative sanction to the idea; and the most recent important gift to the literary departments of the Museum is also a recognition of its national significance, for the Grenville Library, bequeathed in 1846, was left in acknowledgment of the income derived by the testator from a sinecure, the proceeds of which —an instance scarcely to be paralleled—were thus returned to the State with ample interest.

The economy of a great Library necessarily forbids the indiscriminate admission of visitors; and as donations, when kept together, are less subjected to disarrangement than the mass of books, and are, moreover, properly placed in the apartments of most architectural pretension and best adapted to public inspection, it happens that ordinary visitors to the Library see hardly anything else. Passing through the right-hand door out of the entrance hall, the visitor finds himself in the Grenville Library, where the 25,000 volumes bequeathed by Mr. Grenville, more than a fifth of which count among the rarest and most precious in the world, repose behind the glazed doors of the book-presses. The next room is devoted to manuscripts, a large portion also contributed by public or private liberality. Passing into the noble King's Library, the visitor finds himself in presence of the most munificent gift of books yet made to this nation, or perhaps to any. Including pamphlets—themselves a collection of the highest value—the number of volumes amounts to 84,000. In the show-cases disseminated throughout the whole length of the hall the visitor will find specimens of every variety of printing, from Gutenberg to the modern Japanese press; nor will he be less attracted by its grand and harmonious architectural proportions.

If instead of ascending the staircase on his right, which conducts to the territories of the Antiquities Department, the visitor who has traversed the King's Library were at liberty to pass through the lofty doorway immediately confronting him, he would find himself in the Old Reading Rooms, which served, if they did not satisfy, the needs of students from 1838 to 1857. Considered in the light of the theory which prevailed at the time of their erection, that a library should rather be the resort of scholars than a general literary work-shop, they were, in truth, by no means so inadequate as they appear at the present day. They accommodated about 150 readers, but only by close crowding and consequent discomfort, and the collection of books of reference was limited in extent and difficult of access. The first compartment is, nevertheless, a very fine room, and is now known as the Catalogue Room, from the duplicate copy of the Reading Room Catalogue being placed in it, and many operations connected with the catalogue carried on there. The next, or Music Room, contains the extensive collec-



THE KING'S LIBRARY.



THE READING ROOM.

tion of printed music : while the gallery is devoted to the unequalled assemblage of tracts on the French Revolution, brought together by Mr. Wilson Croker, the counterpart of the Thomason tracts on the English Civil War. Next follows the Great Room, a spacious chamber, well known to readers who wish to consult books deemed too precious for the Reading Room. Two supplementary rooms succeed, and the suite is terminated by the Arch Room, a remarkable instance of the constructive ingenuity of the subsequent designer of the Reading Room. Its great height is spanned at intervals by arches sustaining transverse galleries fitted with book-shelves, so that no particle of space is left unused, and the short and narrow, though lofty, structure is capable of holding nearly as many volumes as the stately King's Library.

Space does not permit us to describe the Cracherode Room, repository of noble bequests, and donations, and choice acquisitions, nor the long low galleries parallel with the King's Library, which, having served as makeshifts for accessions to the General Library, now accommodate the Oriental books. Nor is it necessary to say much of so well-known an apartment as Panizzi's Reading Room, the aspect of which, moreover, is partly shown in the illustration on this page. Our space will be more usefully devoted to an explanation of the chief improvements introduced into the Reading Room under the administration of Mr. Bond, the present Principal Librarian.

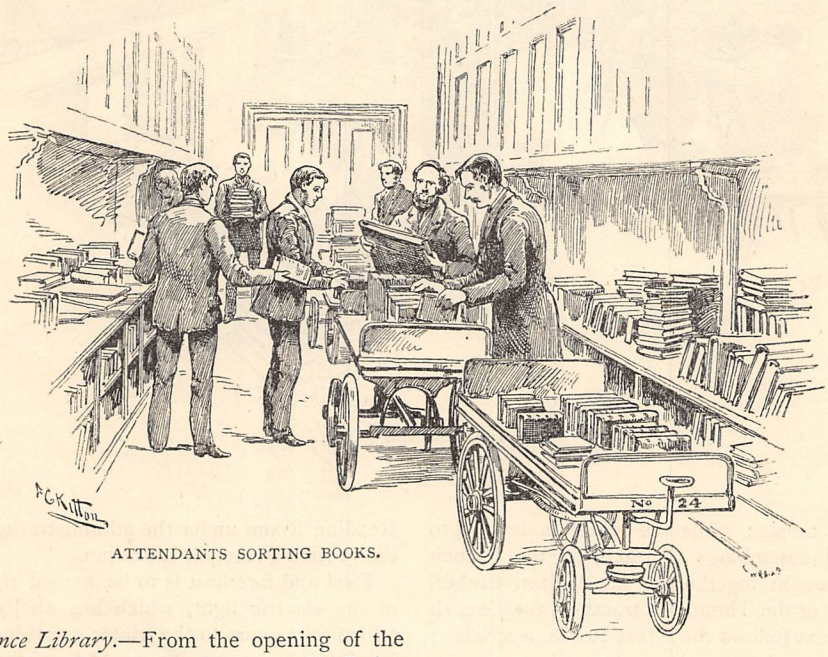
First and foremost is to be named the introduction of the electric light, which has abolished fogs, and added four hours to the winter's working-day. If taken in winter, our engraving would have shown four lamps depending from the roof, by which alone an area equal to the dome of St. Peter's has hitherto been efficiently lighted, though the contemplated addition of a fifth will no doubt be a further improvement.

Next to the electric light must be mentioned the various literary additions to the comfort and utility of the Reading Room. Foremost of all comes the printing of the catalogue. The necessity for this colossal undertaking will appear from the statement that a few years ago the manuscript catalogue of printed books alone filled nearly 3,000 volumes, and the catalogues of maps and music nearly 1,000 more. At least a third of these volumes would soon have required to be broken up and divided, and of this process there would have been no end. Print was accordingly introduced in 1880, and while the additions continually being made were thus greatly reduced in bulk, the whole of the three million titles already existing in manuscript were ordered to be printed. By the present time the three first letters of the alphabet have been almost entirely printed and published, and the latter volumes

from Virgil to the end of Z. The annual expenditure upon the undertaking is £3,000, and the work proceeds steadily at the rate of about thirty printed volumes annually, doing away every year with some 120 volumes of MS. At this rate the printing may be completed early in the twentieth century. So great is the economy obtained by the use of print, that it has been computed that sufficient space has been provided for eighteen millions of titles, or for the probable accumulations of three centuries. The whole of the Map Catalogue has also been printed, and the Catalogue of Music will follow.

Three other important improvements of recent date remain to be mentioned.

Subject-index of Books for the last Five Years.—It is only within the last few weeks that the Museum has possessed a classed catalogue of its own, and this great improvement is a development from the recent resort to printing. By cutting up the lists of additions published since the introduction of print, and re-arranging the titles under their subjects, Mr. Fortescue, Superintendent of the Reading Room, has with well-applied industry produced a work which has not only removed from the Museum the reproach of being without a classed catalogue, but has shown how this want may be supplied for the future. The reader now has all the acquisitions during five years of any utility for purposes of research—novels, plays, and the like



ATTENDANTS SORTING BOOKS.

New Reference Library.—From the opening of the Reading Room there has always been a noble Reference Library on the ground floor, consisting of 20,000 standard volumes, within reach of the readers. Mr. Bond has effected the extension of this library to the lower gallery, thus adding nearly 20,000 more volumes, of which a special catalogue has been made by Mr. Porter, one of the assistant keepers of printed books. Readers cannot, of course, have personal access to the gallery, but the books are thus brought very near them, and they have the use of them during evening hours by the electric light.

Special Bibliographies.—Until the publication of the index of subjects to be mentioned in the next place, it has been the misfortune of the Museum to possess no subject-catalogue. Mr. Bond met the want to a certain extent by placing in the Reading Room an extensive collection of special bibliographies, containing indexes to books in every department of literature. A catalogue of these was prepared, also by Mr. Porter, and by consulting it the reader may ascertain where he can find lists of books containing the particular information he requires.

are excluded—digested under their appropriate headings, and can discover at one view what literature bearing upon his inquiries has within that period come into the Museum. The utility of such a work is inestimable, and must insure its continuance.

These examples of improvement may serve to prove that the Museum is by no means an unprogressive institution—a proposition which might be yet more copiously established if our subject were not restricted to the Library of Printed Books. There is, perhaps, no department of the public service into which more novel features have been introduced of late years. That these innovations partake rather of the nature of developments than of changes is one reason why they have been so uniformly successful. The steady—in some instances, the sudden—increase of the collections must keep the administration continually on the alert, and more and more will probably be done to meet public needs by recourse to scientific agencies—mechanical, electrical, and photographic.

A GIRL'S STORY.

(See page 719.)

We must not linger more upon the Reading Room, although of all departments of the Library it is the most important and interesting to the public. A word, nevertheless, is needed in explanation of the last of the illustrations accompanying this article. The supply of the Reading Room requires a double labour: the books brought by one set of attendants must be replaced by another. The latter operation is commenced first thing every morning, when the books that have been consulted the preceding day, if not reserved by the student, are sorted, to be returned to their places. Our sketch gives a representation of this lively scene. The average daily attendance at the Reading Room exceeding five hundred, the number of volumes to be thus returned is generally very large.

Our survey has as yet embraced but a portion of the Library, the Reading Room being merely the centre of a still more extensive structure, serving as a repository for the great majority of the volumes acquired since 1845, which are not less than three-quarters of a million.

The arrangement will be readily comprehended if the reader bears in mind that the Reading Room is a circle inscribed in a quadrangle, and occupying the centre only of the inner court of the Museum. After taking out a circular space equal to the dome of St. Peter's, and providing a passage thirty feet wide between the new building and the inner wall of the Museum quadrangle, nearly 50,000 square feet still remained, which have been occupied (we quote from Mr. Fagan's "Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi"):—

(1) By a circular gallery in four tiers, including the basement storey, carried entirely round the Reading Room.

(2) By four corridors in three tiers, each forming a quadrangle parallel with the interior walls of the original Museum structure.

(3) By five apartments of triangular shape, filling up the spaces left vacant between the circle and the quadrangle in which it was inscribed.

The roof is glass, and the flooring of the galleries is formed of open iron gratings, to allow the transmission of light to the basement. We must refer to Mr. Fagan's volumes for further details, both technical and historical, merely remarking that the absence of partitions throughout the building, except those made by the books themselves, allows an economy of space of which there was no previous example, although since frequently imitated, and perhaps destined to be surpassed in the new National Library at Washington, which is to provide room for 3,500,000 volumes.

A few words must be added on the most recent accession of space to the Library. So long ago as 1823, Mr. White bequeathed £50,000 to the Museum, reserving a life interest to his widow, whose remarkable vitality kept the bequest in abeyance for fifty-seven years. On its eventually becoming available, the sum was employed in the construction of the White Wing, the substantial structure fronting Montague Street, on the eastern side of the Museum. In it are located the whole Department of Prints and Drawings, new reading rooms and studies for the Manuscript Department, exhibition rooms for prints and glass, and a large portion of the collection of newspapers, with a reading room where they may be consulted. This has already proved of great service in relieving the pressure upon the principal Reading Room. The building is fitted with the Swan electric light throughout. Access to the Newspaper Reading Room is obtained from the Manuscript Room, and the visitor, as he proceeds between the files of London newspapers, has a good opportunity of studying the system of book-press construction adopted at the Museum.

A GIRL'S STORY.

THE quaint, grey, picturesque old grange
Has seen three hundred years of change
With all their varying seasons pass,
And hours like sands, that through the glass
Of time keep dropping, one by one;
We live, and lo! our lives are gone;
And death and change, and hopes and fears,
Fill up the measure of the years.

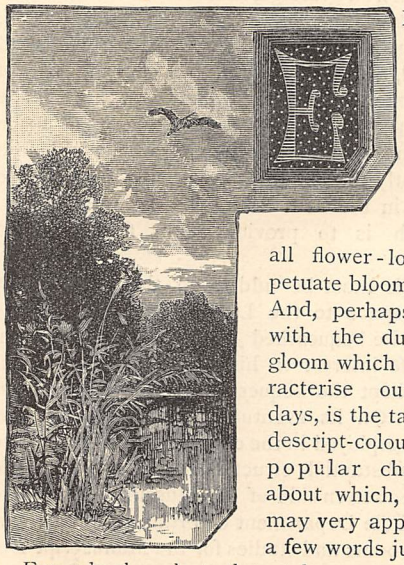
Here, in the pleasant gallery,
With carved oak panelled round, I see
A girl's brown eyes, and shining hair
Coiled on the shapely head, and fair,
Sad, musing face, whose charms engage
The heart like some enchanting page,
Where grief and love and tears prevail,
In sweet Clarissa's moving tale!

A wistful, lovely face, and one
It moves the heart to look upon;
Poor child! whose eyes through tears of woe
Looked down a century ago,
And saw, one morning bright with May,
Her brave young lover ride away,
When by the casement on the stair
The light of life grew dark for her!

His letter told her, "thine till death!"
He fell in fight, the legend saith,
Covered with glory, and his ears
Were thrilled in death with conquering cheers!
And she strove ever to endure
Her grief, and helped the suffering poor;
And lived unwedded till she died,
And now in heaven is satisfied.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.



ENTERING as we do now on the first of our winter months, there is still the wish, strong as ever among all flower-lovers, to perpetuate bloom of some sort. And, perhaps in keeping with the dusky fog and gloom which too often characterise our November days, is the tawny and nondescript-coloured, but yet popular chrysanthemum, about which, therefore, we may very appropriately say a few words just now.

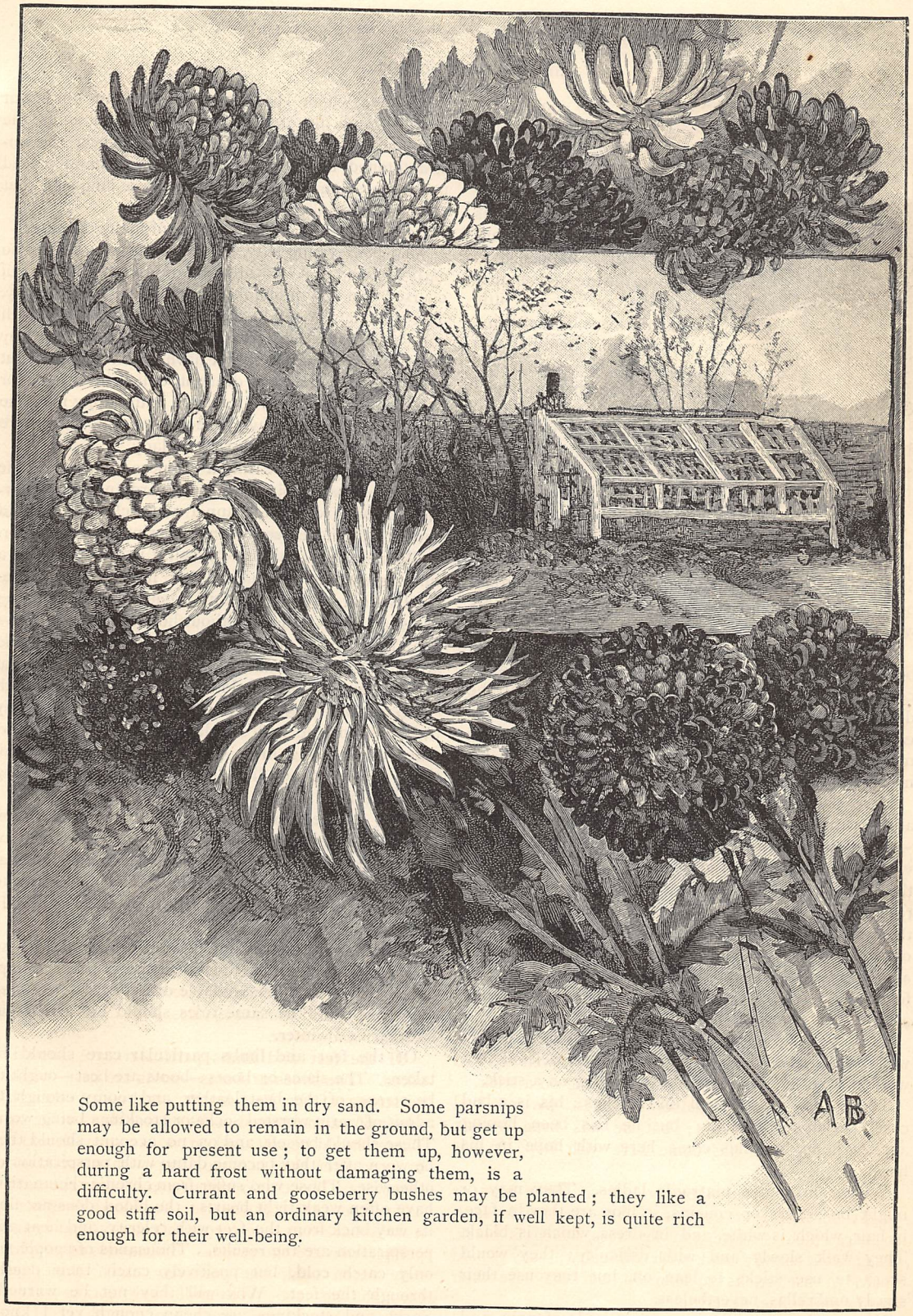
For a bushy plant, then, take your struck cutting, or a good strong and healthy sucker, early in the spring of the year—by the end of February, indeed, in a forward season—and remove the top within some two or three eyes of the ground. Should your pot be well filled with roots, shift the plant into a couple of sizes larger, placing it in a cold frame, and take care for awhile that there be some protection from the sun. Very soon it will begin to start some shoots, in which case take off the tops of any that push further than the rest. By about the middle of May, or perhaps a little earlier, your young chrysanthemum plants can be stood out of doors, but take care to have them fairly in the shade, or, at all events, not exposed to the full power of the sun at mid-day, though a little of it early and late will not hurt them. Some further supervision and occasional watering just now is all that is necessary for them; your plants, however, had better stand along a plank, so as to prevent them striking their roots by any accident through the bottom of the pot. As the shoots continue pushing they will still require an occasional shortening, but when finally you have decided upon the shape and size of your plant and the number, we might almost say, of the little branches upon your plant, let it quietly grow on until September in the open, when, in the wane of the year, remove it to your greenhouse for protection from frost or too rough weather. Before, however, you remove it to your greenhouse or exhibition room, see that it has not become pot-bound. As your buds afterwards begin to open, and expand more, give your plant a little liquid manure; this may be done some two or three times; the next watering should be with simple and ordinary water of the same temperature as the house. This method, then, of growing chrysanthemums gives you a fine shrubby plant with plenty of bloom; but, of course, the flowers are not nearly so large as the others that we are about to name.

The second method of growth that we hinted at is as follows:—Strike the top cutting of a chrysanthemum in July, pot in a small pot, and place in the open garden. In order, however, to show the largest-sized blooms, grow the early suckers, or cuttings, as luxuriantly as you can, and do not care how high they grow. Of course, they will require well supporting by means of a stake; let them have rich soil and liquid manure as before.

Enough, then, as to the chrysanthemum; for the general garden, even in November, must not be passed over. This is the month in which we have often advocated the endeavour to enliven our flower-beds with a few bright evergreens, which could easily be plunged in pots to relieve the otherwise desolate appearance of some part of the garden. No time, too, should be lost in getting the spring bulb show in. Indeed, this ought to have been done last month, but if not yet complete, this is an operation that will admit of no further delay, unless there be frost about. Then, again, all shrubbery work, the shifting of larger evergreens, and even of young trees—anything, in fact, in the way of garden changes, about which we spoke last September, may go on even still more vigorously this month. A grand month, too, is November for laying new turf, taking up and re-levelling a lawn.

For the greenhouse generally, let us say, avoid as far as possible any undue artificial heat. Much, of course, in this respect, must depend upon the kind of season that we have between now and February next, but it is highly imprudent to pile on the fire merely because it *is* November. Take care, also, to have plenty of air daily in your house. Then again, everywhere at this time are the leaves falling in abundance, and no more beautiful sight is there of its kind, though perhaps a somewhat sad one, than the variegated tint of the decaying foliage. Store up these dead leaves in preference to burning them; they make a fine protection for your rhubarb and sea-kale; your pigs, also, rejoice in the dry leaves, which in a short time they will tread into fine manure. All these are simple, but economical considerations, worthy the attention of a careful gardener who is not, perhaps, overburdened with the means of too many horticultural appliances.

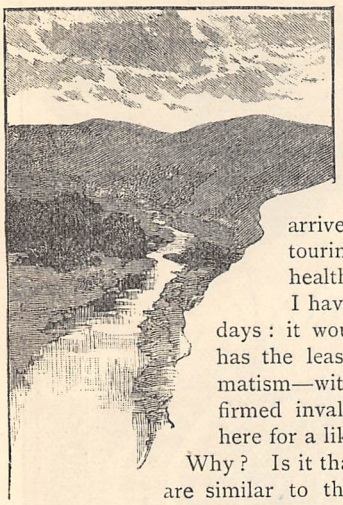
In the kitchen garden, the experiment may be tried, if you will, of getting in a row of peas. Of course, a very severe winter, or a return of winter after an unforeseen and early spring, may kill them; if, however, you put them in, a little ridge of earth on the north-east side is well as a sort of protection. Potatoes should all be up by this time and housed, nor should this operation be postponed a single day longer. Your beet-root, too, should be all stored away.



Some like putting them in dry sand. Some parsnips may be allowed to remain in the ground, but get up enough for present use; to get them up, however, during a hard frost without damaging them, is a difficulty. Currant and gooseberry bushes may be planted; they like a good stiff soil, but an ordinary kitchen garden, if well kept, is quite rich enough for their well-being.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED AT A YORKSHIRE SPA.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



I DO not think that I ever fully realised what a fearful affliction rheumatism or rheumatic gout is to individuals, until I happened to arrive, during my summer touring, at a pretty little health-resort in Yorkshire. I have been here but two days: it would do any one who has the least tendency to rheumatism—without being a confirmed invalid—good to sojourn here for a like period.

Why? Is it that the waters—which are similar to those of Harrogate—and the baths would in that brief period act like a charm, and restore the visitor to health? No, I do not mean to say they would, beneficial and all though they may be. The effect would be a moral one, and the good would accrue in this way:—

The visitor—bearing in mind what I have said before: that rheumatism is a blood disease, intimately connected with, if not depending on, disorders of the digestive organs—would see such sights as would cause him to regulate his system of living, and give more attention to what he ate and drank, and to his manner of eating and drinking, for the future.

Here, passing my gate—for I am writing these lines at the watering-place I mention—are dozens of invalids—*not* scores, for the season has not yet sufficiently advanced. Last evening the rain came down in torrents; the sky was as dark as clouds could make it; a mist rose up off the troubled lake with the force with which the rain fell on it; and invalids could only gaze gloomily out at the scene from the windows of their hotels or apartments; but to-day the sky is bright and beautiful, and a gentle breeze is blowing: hence our invalids are crawling abroad.

Yonder goes a poor lassie one feels pity for. She is well-dressed and comely; perhaps she is well off in a worldly way, but she is painfully limping on a stick.

There goes a poor soul on crutches: his is a bad case, perhaps incurable; but he has been hoping against hope, and has come here with hope in his heart.

Yonder are three matronly ladies. They may or might be sisters or cousins, so like are they in face, in hair, which is white, and in dress, which is black. They walk slowly and with difficulty; they would scorn to use sticks to lean on, but they use their sturdy umbrellas, nevertheless.

You see here people in every attitude of pain and weariness, which speaks volumes to an observant medical mind like my own. The stiffened joints, the slow and laboured gait, the half-bent neck, the unstraightened back, with one supporting hand placed upon the spine: all speak to me in a language that cannot be mistaken.

I could guess at the life-history of many of these.

That poor young lady, for example—why is she so early afflicted? Not through any excess of living, of course; she very probably inherited the idiosyncrasy. The rheumatism might have been kept at bay with care until, out of her teens, her heart strengthened by years, her constitution might have defied the foe; but exposure to wet and a draught, either in driving or in a boat, brought on an attack, and happy may she consider herself if, having recovered, she has future immunity from the distressing malady.

To some extent we might suppose that either the girl herself was to blame, or her guardians; for, knowing she was delicate, flannel underclothing should undoubtedly have been worn both winter and summer.

Flannel underclothing—or call it woollen—is not a cure for chronic rheumatism, but it is so sure a preventive that I am justified in urgently recommending its use. Nay, further: without holding extreme views like the German doctor, I would advise patients who are subject to rheumatism or rheumatic gout to adopt the woollen system of clothing almost entirely, both *by night and by day*. There is no reason at all why the sheets of the bed should not be of wool, pillow-cases alone being linen. If this plan were adopted, there would be but little chance indeed of catching a chill in bed.

Once adopted, so great would be the comfort obtained and the safety insured, that the old linen or cotton sheets would be very soon discarded. I must here warn the invalid, however, against neglecting to have these woollen sheets or thin blankets regularly washed.

I would carry my scheme of woollen day clothing so far as to permit neither linen next the skin nor, except on particular and unavoidable dress occasions, linen anywhere; and the same rules should be carried out summer and winter.

Of the feet and limbs particular care should be taken. The shoes or boots—boots are best—ought to be strong, of the best leather, and roomy enough to admit of warm worsted socks or stockings being worn. These should be soft, and on no account should they be worn after they become damp with perspiration or otherwise. Those who suffer from chronic rheumatism have often weak right hearts; the blood does not find its way back from the feet with celerity, and heat and perspiration are the results. Thousands of people not only catch cold, but positively catch their deaths through the feet. Why will they not be warned? Socks and stockings are cheap enough, yet I know

many who spend pounds on their backs and begrudge pence on their feet. Two pairs of stockings or socks a week! This is not enough, reader. If you are subject to rheumatism, or have an idiosyncrasy that points that way, or if you are ever troubled with acidity or heartburn, change the socks once a day, and if damp, twice or thrice a day. If you do, you will live to bless the "Family Doctor" for giving you this hint.

Persons of the rheumatic diathesis who do not wear woollen clothing are very liable to chills from damps and draughts, but even those who do dress as I advise should not expose themselves rashly.

If I were now to guess at the life-histories of those matronly ladies who lean as gracefully as they can on their silken umbrellas, I should say that their trouble, if not hereditary, arose from dietary errors and want of sufficient exercise. They have been busy people, perhaps—busy at some kind of business which took up all their time; they did not require exercise, they thought, being always on the move, one way or another—with only the walk to and from church on Sunday to count for relaxation of mind. They forgot, or they did not know, that moving around at the duties of business is not exercise in its proper sense; that exercise must be pleasurable to be of any avail; that mind and body must both have a change. Probably the digestion began to fail before a twinge of rheumatism took place; they had little appetite for breakfast, except for that cup of tea and toast. They often felt weary before the day was half over—*tired.* I emphasise the word "tired" because this feeling is universal at the onset of chronic rheumatism. Sometimes their backs ached in so weary a way that even appetite was interfered with, and depression of spirits caused them to take very gloomy views of life indeed. Cordials would be suggested. Ah! these cordials, what a deal of misery they have to account for. Giving but temporary relief, requiring to be taken oftener, and still more often, as the taking of them becomes a habit, injuring the digestion, producing irritability of temper and restless nights, they never fail to increase the troubles they are meant to quell, and shorten life itself.

Behold those three old men yonder. They are really not old in years, but no ancient Chelsea pensioner ever walked more stiffly. They are only chance acquaintances, but a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind. They talk not of politics, nor of the general news of the day, but of hot baths and sulphurous waters, and they compare notes, and each takes some small degree of comfort in thinking that he is not alone in his rheumatic misery, and that there are others quite as ill as he.

Now, one mistake that many such as these make when at watering-places like this, is that of taking stimulants to banish their pain and weariness. The temptation is great, but medical men will tell them that this plan only makes matters worse, because it weakens nerves and digestion.

I may tell you at once, reader, if you are rheumatically inclined, or actually a sufferer, that a residence and course of treatment at places of the Harrogate type will do good if the diet is judiciously regulated at the same time. If you have not the will and the power of mind to do this you may save yourself the expense of coming to any spa whatever.

It is truly a matter of the greatest regret that so many people are ignorant of the true nature of rheumatism and of its intimate association with the economy of digestion. They come to spas, they drink the waters, they use the baths, they live regular lives, and avoid excess; they enjoy quiet and freedom from business, and lo! their pains and stiffnesses and wearinesses leave them; they are young again, and almost forget they ever were ill.

But away they go back to business, and perhaps to pleasure, perhaps to unbridled licence in the luxuries of the table; and, alas! back comes the foe with a rush, and in mind and body they are worse than they were before.

The same holds good as regards a course of treatment taken without going to a spa.

You take any of the hundred and one medicines vaunted as complete cures of rheumatism; you take also a course of Turkish baths; and one way or another you manage to drive the acid on which your trouble depends out of your system. And all would be well and good if stricter attention were paid to the rules of correct living, and errors of diet most carefully avoided.

The worst of rheumatism is that every attack leaves the sufferer more liable to another: that changes take place in the sheaths of tendons: that deposits occur around joints: that the smaller arteries—the minute, hair-like ramifications that supply the sinews and joints—become ossified: that capillaries may lose their elasticity and become ossified, and liable to burst even in vital parts; and that hope, which is often a cure in itself in other diseases, is the worst friend a rheumatic person can have if it flatters him, and blinds him to all sense of danger.

Leaving spas out of count, therefore—leaving medicinal treatment on one side—this paper will not have been written in vain if I can only get those of my readers whom it concerns to remember that this heart-breaking disease, rheumatism, depends upon an acid condition of blood and system, which, though it may be palliated by medicine and a course of waters, baths, &c., can only be held in check by most careful attention to diet and clothing.

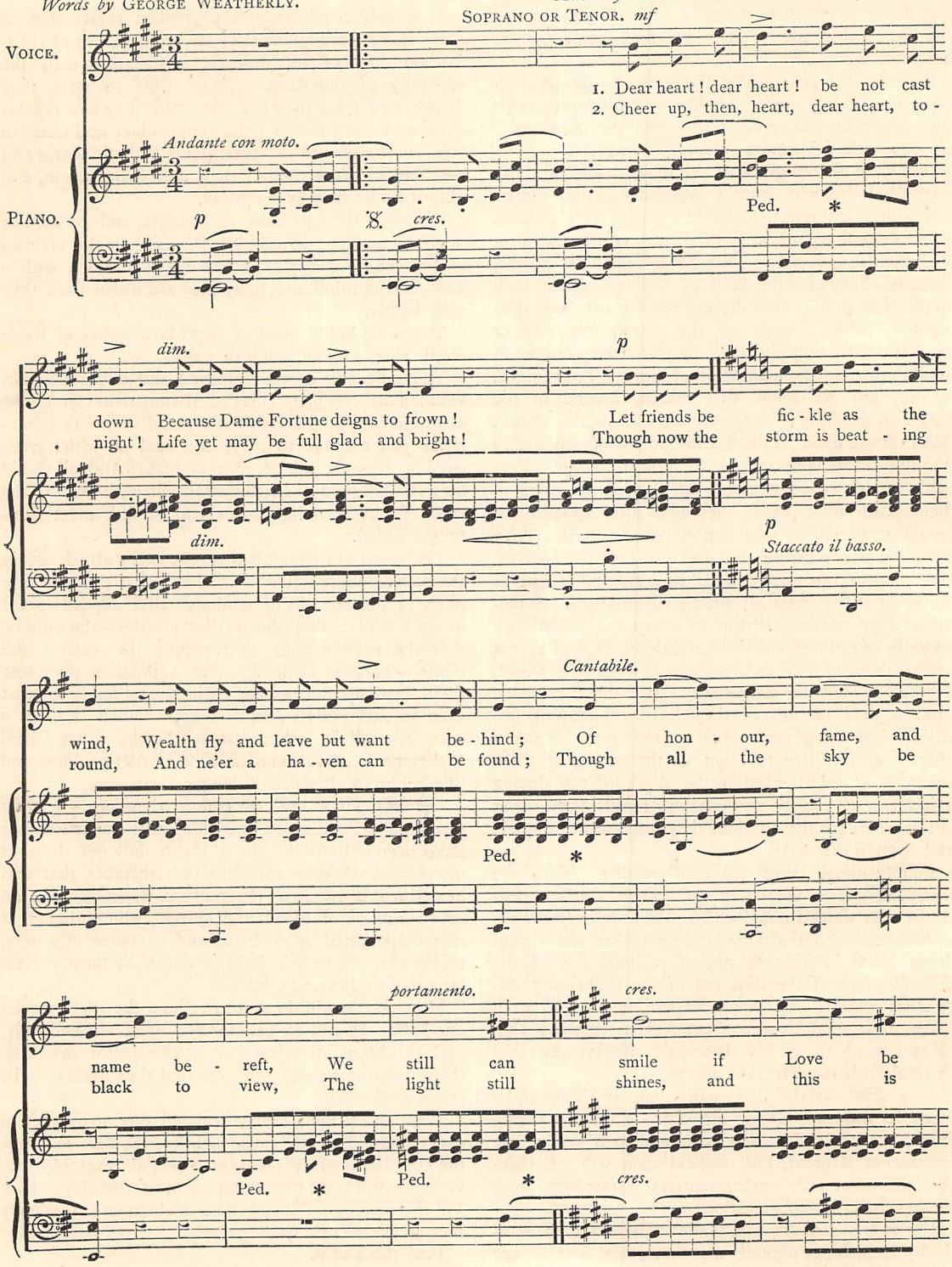
Most people will do well to reduce the diet by even one-half. All will do well to live most abstemiously, and to abjure stimulants, or let the doctor prescribe them, because he will tell you that they must only be taken *with* food.

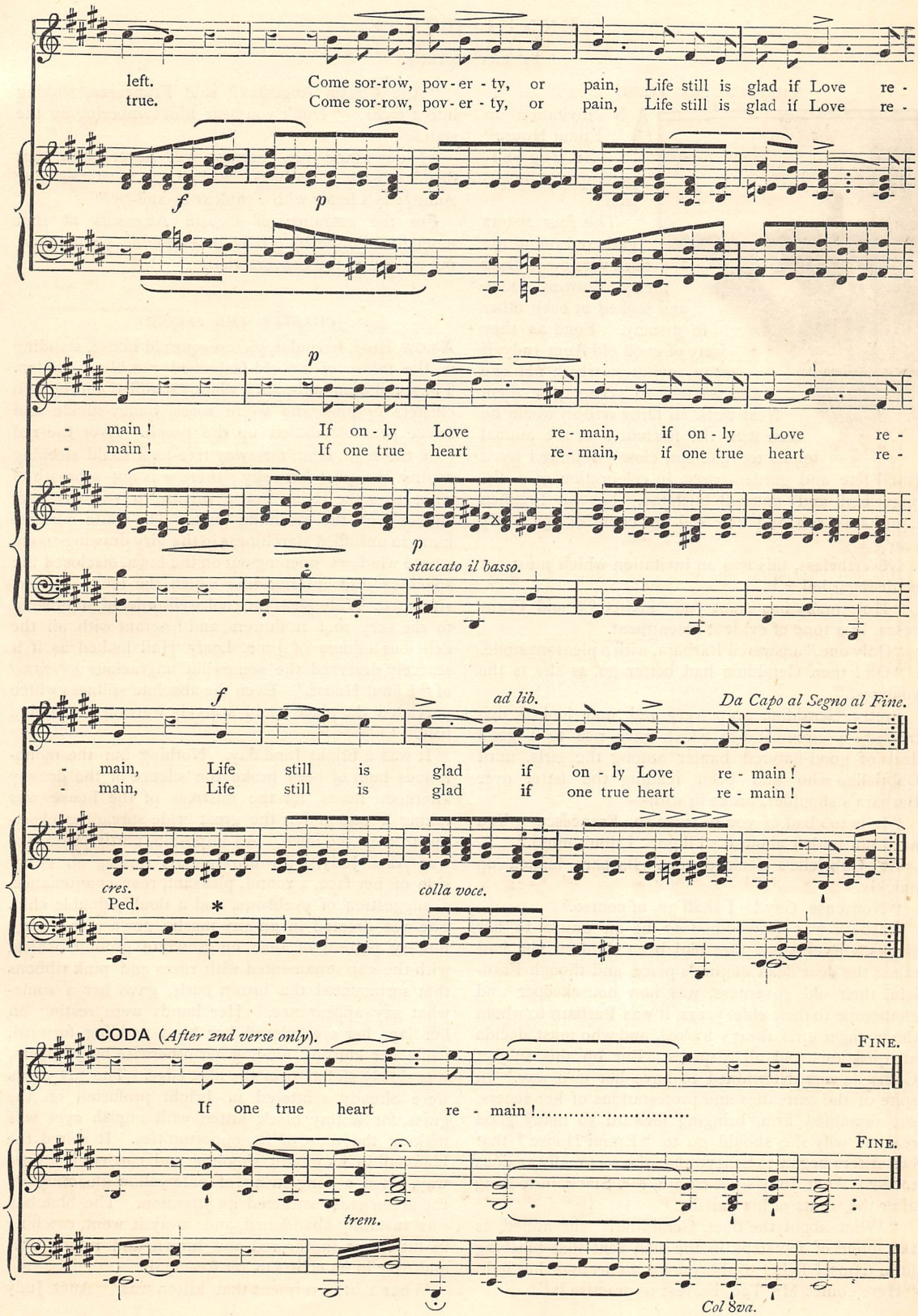
Woollen clothing, then, regulated diet, avoidance of everything likely to cause acidity, regular exercise, the cold bath before breakfast, open-air exercise—not violent—and an annual and complete holiday: these will do more good in quelling a rheumatic tendency than medicine or anything else.

Pray think of it.

"If Love Remain."

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* CHARLES WILLIAM PEARCE, Mus.D.




left.
true.
Come sor-row, pov-er - ty, or pain, Life still is glad if Love re -
Come sor-row, pov-er - ty, or pain, Life still is glad if Love re -
f
p
- main !
- main !
If on - ly Love re - main, if on - ly Love re -
If one true heart re - main, if one true heart re -
p
staccato il basso.
f
ad lib.
Da Capo al Segno al Fine.
- main, Life still is glad if on - ly Love re - main!
- main, Life still is glad if one true heart re - main!
cres.
Ped.
*
colla voce.
CODA (After 2nd verse only).
FINE.
If one true heart re - main!.....
FINE.
trem.
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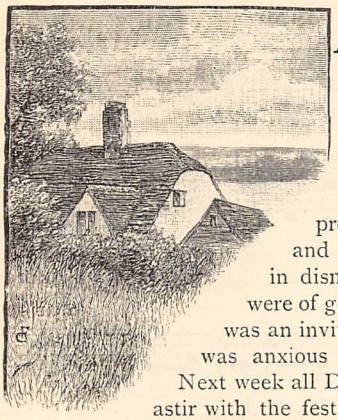
"ENNUI HOUSE."

BY FAY AXTENS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



AN invitation to "Ennui House"—an urgent, peremptory invitation!

The four sisters gathered round the open window in their pretty drawing-room, and looked at each other in dismay. Fond as they were of good old Aunt Judy, it was an invitation which not one was anxious to accept just then. Next week all Drowsytown would be astir with the festivities of the annual tennis tournament, closely followed by a grand fête and garden-party, in celebration of a distinguished and unusual birthday. For Sir Stephen Langham's son and heir did not come of age every year.

Nevertheless, this was an invitation which must not be disregarded.

"How many has Aunt Judy invited?" said Francesca, in a tone of evident resentment.

"Only one," answered Barbara, with a pleasant smile.

"Oh! then Geraldine had better go, as she is the youngest."

Pretty Geraldine grew very red, and looked distressed—a circumstance which gave rise to a good deal of good-natured banter among the girls, until Gabrielle, who had been reading the letter over Barbara's shoulder, broke in with—

"It is too bad of you to tease so, Francesca. You need not bother about it; I'll go. I don't mind."

At Gabrielle's decided tone Barbara looked up quickly.

"Nonsense, Gay! I shall go, of course."

Barbara was accustomed to be an oracle to her sisters. Ever since they had been children she had taken the dear dead mother's place, and though Fräulein, their old governess, was now housekeeper and chaperone to their elder years, it was Barbara to whom the younger girls always looked, and who must decide all questions and all disputes. But on this subject Gabrielle was determined to have her own way. In spite of the entreaties and protestations of her sisters, she remained firm, bringing forward so many good reasons why she should go to "Ennui House" that her sisters began to believe that she was really anxious to assist Aunt Judy's pet curate, Mr. Slack, in looking after the wants of his parish.

"What about the duet, Geraldine?" she added, as the sound of footsteps in the hall sent that blushing little damsel flying to the mirror to arrange her hair. "Here comes Mr. Ted Forrest to practise it."

"And Cousin Augustus," said Francesca, sinking into a chair. "Don't you hear him lumbering up the stairs?"

"I am afraid Mr. Forrest will never know that duet," remarked Barbara. "Well, we must talk over Aunt Judy's letter with Fräulein by-and-by."

For the entrance of Cousin Augustus at that moment followed by a tall, good-looking young man, put an end to the conversation.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A LOW, large, irregular, picturesque old house, standing in the midst of an old-fashioned rambling garden. The small diamond-paned windows smiled out through clusters of pink and white roses, honey-suckle and sweet peas clambered up the porch. Over the red roof the high, faint, far-away tree-tops stood sleeping against the quiet blue sky; there was not a breath of wind to wake them, not a breath to stir the cool shadows on the gleaming lawn. The white curtains hung in unruffled starchiness in the airy drawing-room, whose windows, opening out on the lawn, disclosed the spacious dim interior into which the long shadows stretched. Wide, pleasant, cool, well-ordered, smothered to the very roof in flowers, and fragrant with all the delicious odours of June, Leafy Hall looked as if it scarcely deserved the somewhat ungracious *sobriquet* of "Ennui House." Even the absolute stillness which pervaded the place could scarcely warrant so harsh a title.

It was a bright June day. Nothing but the monotonous hum of bees broke the silence of the drowsy afternoon hours, for the mistress of the house was taking a nap under the great wide-spreading chestnut-tree on the lawn. An imposing, portly personage was Aunt Judy, with brown curls waving on either side of her face, a round, pleasant, rosy countenance, a suggestion of eyebrows, and a doubly-double chin. She was dressed in an airy muslin gown with a large flowery pattern of lilac on a white ground, which, with the cap ornamented with roses and pink ribbons that surmounted the brown curls, gave her a somewhat gay appearance. Her hands were resting on her lap, her eyes closed, her head nodding forward, while her knitting, eluding her otherwise busy fingers, was slowly sliding over the lilac edge. The gay wools were already scattered in bright profusion on the grass, for a tiny black kitten with impish eyes was making the most of its opportunities. It seized the blue ball in its mouth, shook it, and carried it a little way, when a long string of pale yellow gleaming on the green grass attracted its attention. The blue ball was instantly abandoned, and away it went, catching its little feet in the red and brown, and rolling over and over in its efforts to get free again.

What a little torment that kitten was! Aunt Judy

could keep nothing tidy. It was everlastingly in her work-basket upsetting everything; and only yesterday, when the rector was drinking tea with her, that unlucky kitten, seized with an inquisitive fit, clambered up the back of the old lady's chair, and came tumbling down into the very middle of her cup.

When Gabrielle, her dear long-lost niece's daughter, came down a week ago to stay with her, Aunt Judy had said—

"Now, Gay, my dear, I shall expect you to keep your eye upon that kitten, for *I* never can tell what it's going to do next."

And from that time Gay had kept her eye upon the kitten, anticipating every contemplated raid on Aunt Judy's property, except upon that one occasion of the rector's visit. But to-day Gay had altogether forgotten her duty. There she was, high up in the fern walk, sitting on a large stone, her head in her hands, a letter on her knee.

It was a letter from Barbara—a long, affectionate, gossipy letter, such as girls love. After a lengthy account of the tournament and the dance that followed, Barbara went on to say—

"By the way, do you remember Theodore Marston—Ted Marston, you know—who went away to Australia suddenly, ever so long ago? Well, he is come back, and we met him last night. He sang with Francesca, and after awhile he said—

"'Your sister—Gay—is not here, is she? I suppose she is married?'

"'Oh! no,' said Francesca, in that ingenuous way of hers, 'she isn't married; we none of us are. She is down in the country, staying with Aunt Judy. You would hardly know her, I expect. She is quite altered—not at all the sort of girl she was when you were here, when we first called her Gay, you know. What made you think she was married?'

"'I don't know,' said Mr. Ted hesitatingly. 'I heard—that is, I thought——'

"And when Francesca, who was determined to get to the rights of it, asked what he heard, it turned out that he hadn't heard anything. He only imagined it. Wasn't it funny of him?"

Gay read the words over and over again. When Aunt Judy's letter arrived, she had determined at once to give up the ensuing week's festivities, and having made the sacrifice with a full desire to do her duty, she had come with a cheerful smile and willing hands to amuse and entertain her somewhat exacting relative. As day after day she had set herself resolutely to her task, the remembrance of the gaieties her sisters were enjoying filled her less with a desire to participate in them. She felt that, after all, such pleasures had but a very fleeting charm for her—that there was a void in her life which amusement could never fill. When, four years ago, Theodore Marston went away, after weeks of coldness and misunderstanding, followed by a painful and stormy interview, Gabrielle knew that his going would leave an everlasting blank in her life. The pride which had prevented any attempt at conciliation prevented also any betrayal of feeling to the outside world. There had never been any engagement, and no one—not even her sisters—thought of attributing Theodore's departure to Gabrielle's apparent indifference, or the gradual change in Gabrielle's whole nature to Theodore's absence.

Gay herself scarcely knew that she was changed; the old, buoyant, youthful spirit was indeed still uppermost; but the innocent, thoughtless gaiety was gone for ever. The inherent pride of her nature stood her in good stead. Thoroughly at a loss to understand Theodore's sudden coldness at a time when the friendship between them had been very warm and close, she resolved to shut her heart upon him, and she endeavoured to keep her resolve, although the experience of the long years that followed taught her that it was but a vain endeavour.

Now, at last, he had come back, and had seen her sisters. The thought of a meeting which chance circumstances had seemingly prevented awoke all the old passionate, tumultuous feelings. The impulse to rush away from "Ennui House"—so aptly nick-named—from Aunt Judy and her work-basket, from the importunate kitten and the more importunate curate, was very strong. It would be so easy, for Barbara was quite ready to take her place if she would only consent to return, and she knew that Aunt Judy would be willing to accept Barbara's companionship. But pride was stronger than passion. Does happiness ever come for the seeking? Is it not rather in the faithful fulfilment of the duty that lies nearest that happiness, uninvited, comes? Gabrielle thought that it must be so. After all the pain and misery so bravely overcome, should she be weak enough now to confess that regret for the past had power to darken the future?

She dashed the tears from her eyes, crumpled up the letter in her hand, and was about to jump down the steep bank, when a quick, shrill voice broke the silence.

"Oh, dear me! Oh, dear, dear me! To think that you should wake me up like that, you naughty little kitten! and such a beautiful sleep, too! And there's all my pretty work on the ground, after the trouble I've had to match those wools. Gay! Gay! Bless the child, where is she? Gay!" in a louder, shriller treble—"where have you been to, child, to let this creature wake me up?"

Gay stooped down and picked up the wools, carefully sorting one from the other, and placed them on the garden seat.

Then she took up the kitten, who was attentively following her every movement with its paw, and perching it on her shoulder, stood looking down on the perturbed old lady.

"It's a great shame, and I'm very sorry, aunt. I ought to have taken him with me, but I forgot."

"There, child, it's always the same excuse. There never was such a mooning girl, I declare. Never mind; go and get some silver paper and wrap up all these wools separately, and fetch me my smelling-salts and the knitting-needles—the bone ones in the right-hand drawer, on the left side; and tell Mary to look and

see if there are any strawberries ready. No, never mind; I'll go myself. Come along, and give me your arm."

Gay, with a sudden remembrance of a hardly-won triumph, made a mental resolve that from henceforth her young arm should always be devoted to Aunt Judy's service.

cushion, and then all these things can be put away. I must go and see him, I suppose, but he must wait while I get myself tidy. Be quick, Mary; go and get out my sprigged gown, and find me a pretty cap—I'm coming directly. Gay, my dear, I'll show you how to do that pin-cushion when I come down," and so saying, Aunt Judy bustled off.

"'WELL, TO BE SURE!' SAID GOOD AUNT JUDY" (*p.* 730).

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A FEW days later, the ladies of Leafy Hall were sitting in the morning-room, when the maid brought in a card, and said a gentleman had called to see her mistress. Now, Aunt Judy had been very busy all the morning, working for a bazaar, and she was at present engaged, with Gay's help, upon a beaded pin-cushion.

"Bless me!" cried the old lady, rolling over a box of delicate pearl beads in her confusion. "Here's my nephew, young Marston, come to see me, without so much as a day's notice. Very inconsiderate of him; and I dare say he's been in England a month or more. I shall scold him for it. And to come when I'm so busy, too, and not fit to be seen, although 'tis afternoon. Here, Mary, come and dress me; and you, Gay, pick up all those beads, there's a dear, and finish the pin-

Gay was on her hands and knees in a moment, anxious to hide the quick flame that leaped into her cheeks. She gathered up all the beads in a fever of excitement, and then sat down on the sofa, waiting breathlessly. After a long, long time she heard Aunt Judy toiling down-stairs. The drawing-room door opened; she sprang forward in time to see Aunt Judy's lilac skirts sweep across the threshold—in time to hear, "How do you do, Aunt Judy?" in a strong, sweet voice, that thrilled through every fibre of her being. Yes, it was Theodore—her Theodore. After all, they would meet again. Was it by chance, she wondered, or had he come knowingly, to prove to her how completely and inexorably he had changed? For if he had not changed, would he not have come before?

The sound of the drawing-room bell ringing violently

about ten minutes after, made her start and become hot all over. In a few minutes she heard steps advancing. She seized the pin-cushion, and turned it vaguely over and over in her fingers. But it was only the maid with a message from Aunt Judy: "Would Miss Gay please go to the drawing-room?"

The time had come.

As soon as the maid had disappeared, Gabrielle fled to her room, and looked at herself critically in the mirror. She had on a white gown. It was clean and soft-looking, so she would not change it; but quickly arranging her bright curly hair, and fastening a cluster of red roses in her dress, she gave one parting look at her pretty, erect figure, and ran down-stairs.

With a heart beating to suffocation she opened the door, closed it behind her, and walked slowly into the middle of the room.

Theodore rose as she entered, and the two stood looking at each other, half the length of the room between them: he tall, slight, strong, his fair face flushed and eager, his keen blue eyes looking questioningly into hers; she erect and firm, with flushed cheeks, and clear, proud, steady eyes answering his.

"Come, come!" said Aunt Judy, who did not comprehend matters at all, "you know my nephew, Gay? What were you saying, Ted?—that you knew Gay very well, wasn't it? Why don't you shake hands, and make friends with each other? you're not waiting to be introduced, are you?"

Mr. Marston turned crimson to the brow. He advanced a few steps, and held out his hand. Gay also came forward, and laid her fingers icily in his.

"How do you do?" they said stiffly, and then Gay retired to the window-seat, and Theodore, sitting down again by Aunt Judy, continued the conversation with her.

It was all over in a moment. They had met again, but oh! how different was this from the long-hoped-for meeting. Gabrielle felt that she must accept her fate. Once friends, they were now little more than strangers. It was true—they had both changed.

The afternoon passed like a dream. To sit in the same room with him, to be within sound of that thrilling voice, was happiness enough, even with that dark great gulf that lay between them—a gulf which Gay vaguely believed would never be bridged over.

Theodore's absolute self-possession gave the girl courage. Insensibly the conscious hauteur of her manner changed into a quiet indifference. She answered without embarrassment, looking straight at him as she spoke, until at last she gained confidence enough even to address him first. When tea was brought in, Gay served it, and when, as he took the cup from her hand, their fingers touched, the grave eyes looking into his did not swerve for a moment, though the tell-tale colour flamed instantly into her cheeks.

The conversation, which otherwise might have been somewhat constrained, was carried on briskly enough, for Aunt Judy was never at a loss, and her delightful unconsciousness of the situation soon put the others at their ease. Her interest in and affection for her nephew increased every moment, for Theodore's ingenuous manner, his modesty and manliness, were very winning.

Although he had much to tell, he spoke but little of himself. He had been working hard abroad, and needed rest, as his health was suffering. Finding his native town busily engaged in holiday-making, he had come down to visit an old college friend of his at Leafy End, a village two or three miles distant from Leafy Lane, where he hoped to enjoy the quietude that he needed.

Aunt Judy was all sympathy: "What was the matter with him, then? She had never heard that he was delicate." And then she begged to know the symptoms, as she had certain cures for everything in her medicine chest.

But Theodore laughed, and waived the question, saying that the country air had done him good already, and that he hoped to stay until he was really quite well.

Theodore Marston did stay. For a whole week he came and went, flashing through the dreariness of "Ennui House" like a sun-ray or a snatch of song. Many a walk they had—he and Gabrielle—round that old-fashioned garden, but Aunt Judy was always between them; and when, in the moonlight, Gabrielle sat singing at the piano, the songs were always Aunt Judy's favourites, while the good old lady herself sat wide-awake in the big arm-chair, beating time with her knitting-needle. So the barrier remained, while they seemed content to accept its existence, looking calmly at each other across it, as if they would not have it otherwise.

But at last there came a day when Gabrielle having escorted her aunt to a sewing meeting at a friend's house about half a mile away, and having kissed her little gloved hands through the great gates, turned—and found herself face to face and alone with Theodore Marston.

They shook hands in silence.

"Aunt Judy's gone to a sewing meeting. She didn't take me because I don't sew well enough," said Gay, in hurried explanation.

"I am going your way; may I walk with you?" said Theodore, in answer.

"Oh, certainly, if you like;" and she slackened her pace a little.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" said he grimly.

"Yes; the summer has begun well enough. We shall have the dog-roses out soon," said she.

"Yes, I see," looking on the ground as he spoke.

Then they walked for some minutes in silence.

"How much longer is this to go on?" he broke out at last. "Have we not dissembled long enough?—Forgive me, Gay," seeing her startled look, "but I cannot attain to your unimpassioned philosophy."

The quick colour came and went in Gabrielle's cheeks. She looked down, but made no reply.

"You may despise me; I know you do. For four whole years I have striven with my passion, for four whole years it has been my life's endeavour to efface the memory of you, and the end of it is that I come

back again, meek, submissive, humbled, fawning at your feet. Think what you will of me—you never thought too well—but don't send me away again. Although you have wronged me, I love you still——"

"Wronged you?" cried Gay, looking up at him, with a sudden blaze in her eyes. "I do not understand you."

"You do not understand me?" he repeated slowly; "then I will explain. Four years ago, if you remember, you were graciously pleased to treat me as your friend. I loved you from the first, and took no pains to conceal my thoughts. I believed that you loved me. I came one day to tell you everything. I found you in ardent conversation with a—a gentleman. He was bending over you, and holding your hand. I saw you lay your other hand on his arm, and, at the same time, you turned and saw me. I did not wish to intrude upon you; I did not hear your conversation; I only saw for myself, and I knew that you saw me. No explanation was needed, and none was forthcoming. I was proud; so were you. We parted—I went away."

"You were right in going away," cried Gay passionately, "if you could think this of me. You were only wrong in coming back. I wonder how you dare to speak to me like this."

"I am sorry to have offended you. I am rude, perhaps, but I can't help it. I ought to have conquered my resentment by this time, and I thought that I had done so, but the recollection of it comes back all the more vividly for being so long buried, and it stirs me to say things that otherwise I would not have said. We will dismiss the subject, if you choose, for ever."

"No, Theodore, I do not choose. Having recalled the past, let us give it a fair hearing. You say that I gave you no explanation of that interview with Arthur Lindon. Had you given me any right or any reason to do so?"

"You must have known I loved you."

"You had never said so. For my own part, in my absolutely childish ignorance, I never thought any explanation necessary. I trusted implicitly in your friendship. I did not think you could not trust mine. It was Barbara whom Arthur Lindon cared for. It was Barbara of whom we were talking then, for we were good friends enough, and he knew I always took his part with Barbara. There is no harm in speaking of it now, perhaps. He is dead."

Theodore gazed at her in shocked silence. To a refined and sensitive nature, such as his really was, there was something very touching and terrible in the thought that an innocently-minded fellow creature, whom his own pride and folly had created into an enemy, had passed for ever beyond the power of human resentment and human injustice.

For some moments both were too agitated to speak.

"Gay, my darling," said Theodore at last, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "will you forgive me? I have been very wrong, but I have suffered for my folly."

The blaze in Gay's earnest eyes had melted into tears. She turned and looked at him reproachfully.

"Have I not suffered too? Oh, Theodore!"

No more words were needed. The next moment she was in Theodore's arms, and Theodore's kisses banished all her tears.

* * * * * *

"Well, to be sure!" said good Aunt Judy, when, toiling slowly homewards an hour afterwards, she came suddenly upon the lovers arm-in-arm in the lane. "Well, to be sure! And I suppose I may walk home alone, eh? This is the meaning of your devotion to your aunt, young man. *Your* complaint was heartache, I suppose. Well, well! she's a good girl, is Gay, and I shan't forget you on your wedding-day, my dear."

STIRRING SCENES IN STIRRING LIVES.

III.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE whole life of Livingstone was a succession of chivalrous ventures undertaken deliberately in the fair service of humanity. Some men are venturesome and chivalrous with their eyes shut, but Livingstone's eyes were always wide open. That is to say, some men plunge into danger with little thought of the danger; their chivalry is the dash and dance of sprightly natures delighting in adventure, and hardly ever letting their minds rest on its dangerous side. But Livingstone's mind was always alive to the danger; he calmly took its measure, pondered its seriousness, and often saw very clearly that the odds were tremendously on its side. What was so singular about him was, that with what you might call almost a stolid nature, the nature of a very canny Scot, his career was a succession of ventures so extraordinary that they had much of the look of a madman's freaks. No man can say of Livingstone that he had no sense of danger; he had the most vivid sense of it of any great man of modern times; but once he had taken its measure, in the light of duty, he treated it with something like contempt, and never bestowed a thought on it any more.

Look at him planning that first great journey into the heart of Africa, and then across the continent from sea to sea, that, when successfully accomplished, placed him in the first rank of explorers.

He does it all as silently as a prisoner plans his escape from his cell. If he were to take any one's advice, he knows full well what the advice would be.

All the difficulties are marshalled and pondered quietly and firmly in his own silent brain. First, there are the personal risks:—of being murdered, perhaps eaten, by savages; starved with hunger; killed by fever; to say nothing of endless tramping, many a bodily ache, and worries without number from troublesome followers. Weight to be attached to this class of considerations, *nil.* Next, the difficulty of making way. Rich travellers, who could afford sops to Cerberus to any amount, had been baffled in much less serious journeys; how is he, a penniless missionary, to satisfy the greed of swarming chiefs and tribes, to allay their suspicions, to get a passage through their borders, to keep them from seizing his men as slaves?

Well, these are difficulties; but he has got on wonderfully well with the natives hitherto; he has contrived to get on their right side, and turned many a grinning chief into a friendly ally; and the God who has befriended him in lesser enterprises will not fail him in this great effort for the good of Africa.

But then comes the thought of the directors of the Missionary Society. He is their missionary, and they expect from him the work of a missionary. It is his firm purpose wherever he goes to tell the natives of the love of God in Christ, and invite them to trust in His infinite mercy. But will the directors be satisfied with his spending perhaps a couple of years in what they may fancy a wild-goose chase? Very likely not. The consequences of their disapproval may be very serious to him. Well, he will do his best to explain his enterprise, and if he fail, he will just take the consequences. That is, he will sacrifice his only possible method of living in Africa, and throw himself and his family on the world.

Lastly, there is the thought of his family. Oh, that difficulty is hard, hard to be got over! Years of separation from wife and children! The children growing up not to know their father!—to be sent home to England and brought up in poverty, neglect, and it may be scorn! It almost overcomes him. But again there rises before him the vision of an emancipated continent, traversed on all sides by the Christian missionary and the lawful trader, worshipping God in many a lowly temple, and singing the songs of redeeming grace; and again there falls on his ear a voice, "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." His resolution is taken; every adverse consideration is brushed aside: "I will open up Africa, or PERISH!"

Another scene. With his seven-and-twenty Makololo followers, he has reached St. Paul de Loanda, on the western coast, but he has found the hardships of the journey much worse than he had expected. Thirty-one attacks of fever is a long list for one journey. The sense of loneliness, especially spiritual loneliness, continued for so long a time, had been very overwhelming. The sensation of lying on a bed was charming, but a severe attack of fever and dysentery, making him as helpless as a child, was not encouraging. From Loanda he may sail for England and recruit his shattered frame. He has earned a good rest; he needs it; he will see wife and children, and the public will listen eagerly to his wonderful tale. Every consideration is in favour of this course, save one. When he induced the twenty-seven Makololo to come with him from Linyanti, he promised that he would return with them and see them safely home. But does he need to mind that now? Why not just give them plenty of beads and calico, rig them out in gay costumes, and send them pleased and laughing back on their way? Why not? Because a promise is a promise, a sacred thing whether made to white man or to black. Because you can't acquire moral influence in this African continent but by good principles, by patient continuance in well-doing. Because, if he should break that promise, the mischief done would never be compensated, even by years of preaching and praying. Because the very levity with which other men practise deceit on these poor savages, lays all the greater obligation on the Christian missionary to deal uprightly with them.

Never was there a clearer case of duty. Farewell, for many a long day, furnished houses, comfortable beds, civilised tables! Farewell, perhaps for ever, father, wife, and children, all the dear faces it would be such a joy to see. Come fever, dysentery, greedy chiefs, warlike tribes, days of dreary trudging, nights of cheerless solitude! It is the right course; and, by God's help, he will not flinch from the dreary way.

The journey from Loanda to Quilimane took him from 24th September, 1854, to 20th May, 1856. It was arduous enough work all the way, but there were times when the danger rose to a climax. His worst day was the 14th of January, 1856. He had fulfilled his promise to the Makololo, and had set out from Linyanti with a new set of followers, furnished by the good chief Sekeletu, who had supplied him also with three of his best riding-oxen and other travelling equipments. So long as he is among tribes to which Sekeletu's influence extends, all goes well; but beyond that friendly circle, trouble begins to brew. The chiefs are generally hostile, very warlike and very greedy. He has chosen the route along the bank of the Zambesi, although it is the most dangerous and trying for himself, because it is the most likely to furnish what he is in search of—a highway to the sea. Many a toilsome circuit does he execute in order to steer clear of greedy chiefs whom he cannot afford to conciliate by gifts; but encounters cannot always be avoided in this way. At the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, canoes are needed to carry him across, and the natives, instead of becoming his ferrymen, look much more likely to consign him and his followers to Charon and the Styx, and help themselves to their stock of goods and chattels. It is a most serious time.

Livingstone has just made a great geographical discovery. He has hit upon the true structure of central Africa. It is a depressed table-land or basin, once covered by immense lakes, some of which have escaped by fissures in the containing rocks, and like the Zambesi rushing through the fissures at the Victoria Falls, found their way to the ocean. Down in these lower regions the climate is fearfully unhealthy. But on each

side of the basin there rises a longitudinal ridge of high land, which he believes to be as healthy as the lower ground is pestiferous. These "healthy regions" are the very joy of his heart. They solve the great problem of African missions, African commerce, African civilisation. His imagination revels in visions of mission

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

stations, commercial depôts, and even Scotch colonies, smiling on these breezy heights. The glorious harvest seems in sight, and all the toils and sufferings of the past are lost in the anticipations of the future.

But as yet nobody, save himself, knows anything of this. Any letters that he has written about it may never reach their destination. Any papers in his repositories would be sure to be destroyed if he and his people should be put to death. And at the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, it seems quite certain they are to die. The natives are evidently bent on mischief. If they choose, they can make very short work of Livingstone and his followers. And all appearances seem to show that they will. How does the lonely stranger feel in such a prospect? Undoubtedly he is agitated. He is not a Stoic, and, in the prospect of speedy death, he cannot but think of his own sins and shortcomings, of his family too, his cause, his discoveries, and the prospects of Africa. His whole life-work seems on the verge of destruction, and all who are dear to him passing from his grasp. It is a day of much agitation of spirit. But evening brings him into calm water again, and here is his account of how it came :—

"*Evening.*—Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and the teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations. And lo, *I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. I will not cross furtively by night as I intended; it would appear as flight, and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily. I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God."

"*15th January*, 1856.—Left bank of Loangwa. The natives of the surrounding country collected round us this morning, all armed. Children and women were sent away and Mburuma's wife who lives here was not allowed to approach, though she came some way from her village in order to pay me a visit. Only one canoe was lent, though we saw two tied to the bank. And the part of the river we crossed at, about a mile from the confluence, is a good mile broad. We passed all our goods first to an island in the middle, then the cattle and men, I occupying the post of honour, being the last to enter the canoe. We had by this means an opportunity of helping each other in case of attack. They stood armed at my back for some time. I then showed them my watch, burning glass, &c. &c., and kept them amused till all were over except those who could go into the canoe with me. I thanked them all for their kindness and wished them peace."

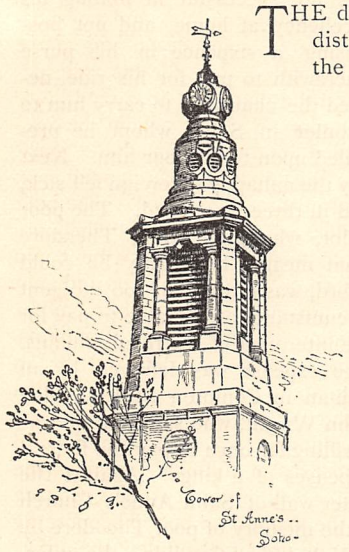
Was there ever, since the days of the Psalmist, a more striking instance of serene trust in God, and of trust splendidly rewarded? What a power it showed of resting on the unseen, disregarding appearances, walking by faith! What a conviction of the reality of God's presence, and what a proof that that conviction did not rest on sand!

There are other three stirring scenes in Livingstone's stirring life on which we should have liked to touch, but space forbids. There was his memorable resolution in 1863 to continue the exploration of the head of Lake Nyassa, after Lord Russell had recalled his expedition, after death and desolation had fallen on the Universities mission, after nearly all his countrymen had left him, and when there was no way of accomplishing his object but by a weary trudge over a region haunted by fever and dysentery, where he was constantly exposed to starvation and death.

Then there was his memorable refusal to return to England with Stanley, notwithstanding the woeful plight in which he found him at Ujiji. And last of all there was the undaunted spirit in which he held on his way amid the gathering agonies of death, as if resolved that not even the great enemy should shorten by a single step the course of his journey towards the consummation which he so eagerly desired. One could not but have wished for the moment that so noble a life had been spared till its end was fulfilled; but one sees how in his case, as in so many other cases, that great law of the moral world had to be fulfilled: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

W. G. BLAIKIE.

A TOUR THROUGH LITTLE FRANCE.

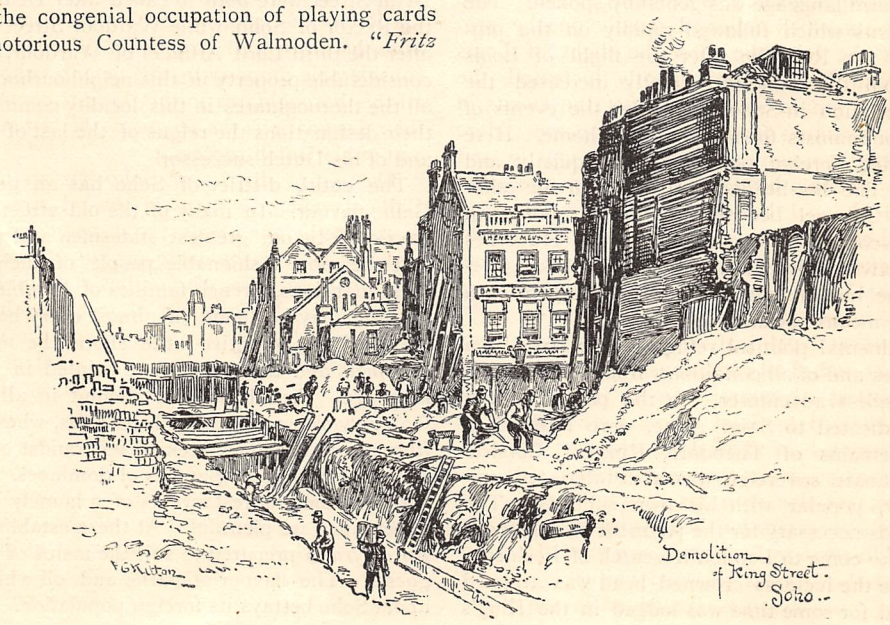

Tower of St Anne's, Soho.

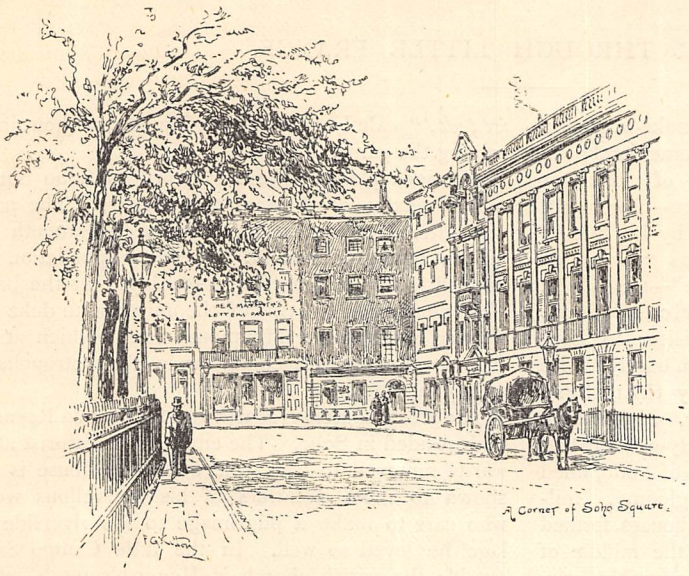
THE dingy, smoke-begrimed district immediately to the north of Leicester Square—lovingly called by its foreign denizens "*La Petite France*"—teems with historical interest. The visitor to London can barely realise to-day that these narrow, ill-favoured, densely-populated streets of Soho, lined with gloomy, mildewed houses, formed up to the middle of last century the aristocratic quarter of the capital. Indeed, up to the early part of the reign of George III., Soho Square was the centre of the most fashionable part of the metropolis. At one time no fewer than four foreign ambassadors lived here, and many of the nobility had their town mansions overlooking the Square. In the early days of the House of Brunswick several members of the Royal Family resided in Leicester House, which stood just on the confines of Soho. William, Duke of Cumberland—by some called the "Victor," by others the "Butcher" of Culloden, was born in this house in 1721. Here, too, died, very suddenly in 1751, Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. When the royal father was informed of the death, he was engaged in the congenial occupation of playing cards with the notorious Countess of Walmoden. "*Fritz ist todt!*" calmly observed his Majesty, without interrupting the game.

The open place at present known as Soho Square was originally called Monmouth Square. The name was altered after the unsuccessful Monmouth rebellion against James II. The new appellation was derived from the countersign employed at the battle of Sedgemoor. The title of the unfortunate duke was allowed to survive in Monmouth Street, which at one time was the greatest emporium in the metropolis for cast-off apparel.

The great painters Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds both resided in Soho. The eminent caricaturist afterwards removed to Chiswick, where his house is still shown to those admirers of his marvellous works who care to make a pilgrimage to the riverside village he loved so well. In the little Campo Santo outside the parish church is Hogarth's tomb, which recently has been restored at the cost of the family. In Gerrard Street—not far from Wardour Street, so well known for its old furniture shops—lived the ill-fated Lord Mohun, and hither his body was carried home, when he was killed in the fatal duel in Leicester Fields by the Duke of Hamilton. The tragic event is graphically described by Thackeray in "Henry Esmond." Dryden lodged in this street towards the latter part of the seventeenth century, and here also Edmund Burke occupied a house for some time.

Soho has always been a favourite quarter for the location of French people. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—just two hundred years ago—the Huguenots settled here in great numbers. With heart-


Demolition of King Street, Soho.



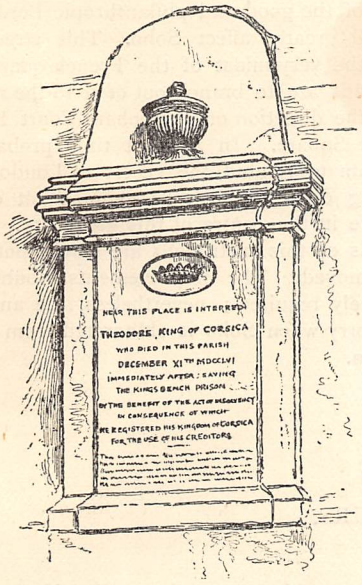
felt gratitude—after years of religious oppression in their own country—they thankfully appreciated the blessing of being permitted freely to celebrate divine service according to the rites of their Protestant faith. On the south of what was then termed Leicester Fields—to the left of St. Martin's Court—a place of worship called Orange Street Chapel was erected in 1684 for the use of the French refugees who had been fortunate enough to find safety in England from the sufferings which clerical intolerance had compelled them to endure so long in their native land. After the Reign of Terror in 1789, during the great French Revolution, vast numbers of French nobles and priests fled to England. Very many of them settled in Soho, where their own language was generally spoken. The political events which followed rapidly on the proclaiming of the Republic after the flight of Louis Philippe from the Tuileries, greatly increased the French population in Soho; and after the events of 1871, the Communists found here a new home. Here the disaffected foreign politician lives quietly and peaceably. The hot-headed partisan from the other side of the Channel becomes in his new home an orderly, well-conducted member of society. He settles down to active, industrious habits, and seeks generally in some humble but honourable calling to earn honestly the means of existence.

The Continental political refugees here have been of all degrees and of all conditions, from the monarch to the penniless adventurer. In the parish church of Soho, dedicated to Saint Anne, were interred in 1756 the remains of Theodore, King of Corsica. This unfortunate sovereign was a disinterested, unselfish ruler, popular with his own subjects. The want of funds necessary for the payment of his troops caused him to come to London in search of fresh supplies. Here the luckless crowned head was arrested for debt, and for some time was lodged in the King's Bench Prison. Horace Walpole tells that as soon as Theodore was set at liberty, he took a chair to the Portuguese Minister. The king was not successful in finding his excellency at home, and not possessing a sixpence in his purse wherewith to pay for his ride, desired the chairmen to carry him to a tailor in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him. Next day the unhappy sovereign fell sick, and in three more died. The poor tailor, who gave King Theodore what meagre hospitality he could afford, was himself in too indigent circumstances to be able to pay for the interment of the royal remains. The expense was defrayed by an oilman in Compton Street, called John Wright, who said that he was "willing for once to pay the funeral expenses of a king." Against the outer wall of Saint Anne's Church is a tablet erected to the memory of poor Theodore by Horace Walpole. In Voltaire's "Candide" the unfortunate monarch thus tells of his ill-luck:—"I am Theodore, King by election of the island of Corsica. I have been commonly addressed as 'your Majesty:' to-day people scarcely deign to call me sir. I have had money coined at my royal mint: at this hour, unhappily, I do not own the smallest circulating medium. I have employed two Secretaries of State: at the present time I can barely obtain the services of a menial to attend upon me. I have sat upon a gilded throne, yet misfortunes have overtaken me in London, where in a loathsome debtor's prison I have for many a weary day lain on straw." Compton Street and the adjacent Dean Street were both so called after Dean Compton, the Rector of Soho, while Wardour Street was named after the third Lord Arundel of Wardour, who owned considerable property in this neighbourhood. Nearly all the thoroughfares in this locality commemorate by their designations the reigns of the last of the Stuarts and of his Dutch successor.

The entire district of Soho has an unmistakable Gallic flavour. In many of the old streets, where in days gone by our greatest statesmen and poets lived, and the most fashionable people of their time had their mansions, French families of humble and lowly position may be found in almost every house. Over many of the primitive little shops, the names of the occupiers and their trades are printed in the French language. French schools abound in all directions. On every side are modest little cafés, where the exiles from a sunny country seek solace amidst our fogs and mists in never-ending games of dominoes.

Clean, cheerful restaurants of a homely but inviting appearance are plentiful. At these establishments the *pot au feu* is prepared to suit the tastes of the French guests. The flavour of garlic and oil which prevails about Soho betrays its foreign population. The entire

neighbourhood represents faithfully a bit of Paris ; not indeed of the *Boulevard des Italiens*, nor of the *Champs Elysées*, but rather of the *Rue de Cherche Midi*, or of the *Avenue de Clichy*. Every trade in which the French are believed to excel is actively carried on in



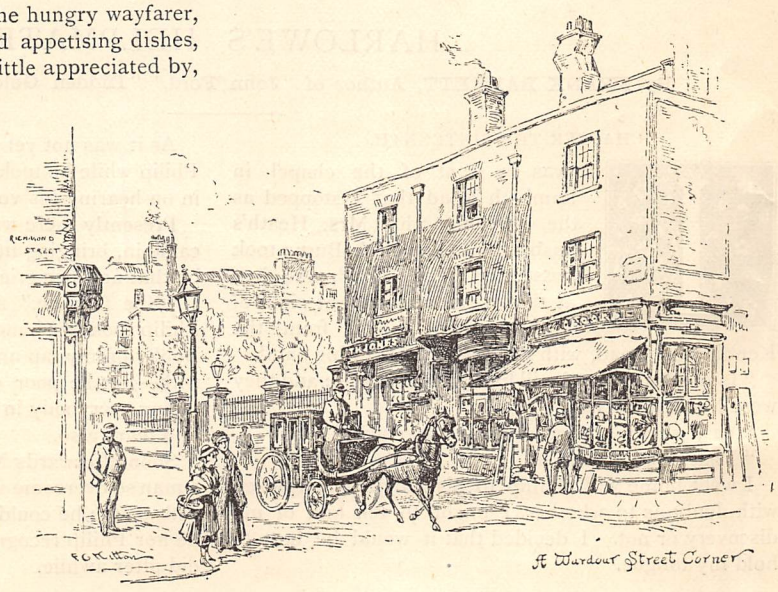
MONUMENT TO KING THEODORE OF CORSICA.

Soho. On every side are the shops of laundresses, bootmakers, pork-butchers, hairdressers, and booksellers. The French language is heard in every direction.

The sales of the London newspapers must in this district be indeed limited. The demand is rather for the *Reveil* or the *Petit Journal*. In the windows of the little restaurants the bills of fare, which are temptingly exposed to catch the attention of the hungry wayfarer, contain mention of toothsome and appetising dishes, little known to, and perhaps but little appreciated by, English palates. In the cafés, absinthe and vermuth appear to be the beverages most in demand, but these are consumed by the frequenters in moderation, for the French people, as a rule, are temperate and abstemious. Some of the unpretending restaurants in Soho cater most successfully for their patrons. In many of them the cookery is equal to what would be found in eating-houses of similar rank and description in Paris on the south side of the Seine, in the vicinity of the *Rue Dauphine* or the *Rue du Bac*.

In Frith Street, Soho, was a tavern of remarkable excellence, known familiarly for many years as the restaurant of old Père Félix. It was much frequented in the lifetime of its proprietor, who deservedly enjoyed a high reputation among the many customers who were wont to congregate in the little dining-room. The worthy proprietor himself carefully superintended everything in the kitchen, and nothing pleased the good old man more than to have to prepare a succulent dish for a judiciously arranged party of favoured guests, who were able to fully appreciate the gastronomic labours of the Frith Street Cordon Bleu. While M. Félix was busily engaged with his culinary triumphs down-stairs, his buxom spouse anxiously overlooked the arrangements in the cosy *salle à manger*, ever most solicitous to promote the comfort of every patron. The bill of fare was—as a rule—perhaps not very varied, but everything that was served was excellent in its way, and was cooked with the greatest care and neatness.

Near to the restaurant of Père Félix was a hairdresser's shop of modest dimensions — in its time a great institution amongst the French population in Soho. The tonsorial artist—who was well advanced in years — had not succeeded during a lengthened residence in this country in acquiring even a moderate knowledge of the English tongue ; French only was spoken here. The old hairdresser, notwithstanding his long absence from his native country, necessitated perhaps by some slight difference of opinion on political questions with the judicial authorities of France, possessed an intimate knowledge of all that was going on in the world of Paris that was perfectly marvellous. It was indeed a mystery however the white-haired old Frenchman obtained his information about histrionic affairs, which certainly had the merit of being generally accurate. The shop was the daily rendezvous of the numerous French Bohemians who flock together in this part of London.



On Sundays and on high festivals, Soho is visited by Frenchmen with their families from all parts of London. It is the general place of meeting for the entire Gallic population. The French restaurants and cafés on these holidays are thronged with merry, cheerful people, who enjoy themselves in an amicable manner, with that moderation so characteristic of the nation. The frequenters of these French taverns are quiet, sober, and well-behaved. In many of these establishments scarcely a word of English is ever spoken, the language of Voltaire and Rousseau alone prevails. Many of these Frenchmen—frugal and industrious—who possess a knowledge of music, will, after a hard day's work at their ordinary avocations, gladly earn a trifling increase to their scanty incomes by playing on some instrument during the evening in the orchestra of one or other of the London theatres. Others, again, employ their leisure hours in giving lessons in their native language.

In Moor Street is the Swiss Chapel, in which are preserved the colours presented by George II. to the Swiss residents in London who volunteered to form a battalion of five hundred soldiers to aid in the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745.

The spacious new thoroughfare between Piccadilly Circus and Bloomsbury, recently formed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and which is destined in future generations to perpetuate the revered memory of the good and philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, will greatly affect Soho. This street passes through the very midst of the French quarter, while broad roads are to branch out of it to the north and south in the direction of Tottenham Court Road and Trafalgar Square. In a short time probably little will remain to remind the visitor to London of this interesting district. It is a genuine bit of Continental life in the centre of this great city. The old landmarks of this metropolis are slowly but steadily being removed. The improvements, doubtless, are imperatively required; nevertheless, the antiquarian will be sorry when Soho is obliterated from the map of London.

H. R.

THE PASSING HOURS.

'IN my soul's temple, sacredly enshrined,'
'Mid airs the most benign, oh! still may I
Conserve whate'er of best, to beautify
The passing hours, synthetic search may find:
The truth of science, seen by sense and mind;
The singing pictures of sweet poetry;
Ideas turned to use, all forms of art;
High sympathies to symphony all strife;
A healthy hatred of the lies of life;
And in the holy of holies of the heart,
Love for those loving us with purest faith,
Volitioned in the future as the past,
To guard; or seek them through the terrorless vast,
When the earth melts beneath the touch of death.

HARLOWE'S HELPMATE.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "John Ford," "Hidden Gold," "Honest Davie," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

IT was in front of the chapel in Lambeth Road that I stopped as the conviction that Mrs. Heath's husband was the clerk Burns took possession of my mind, and just at that moment I caught sight of Philip coming down from the Kennington Road, with his bag of tools in his hand.

"Is our little friend still living?" he asked; and they were his first words.

"Yes," said I; "her husband has come."

"That is well," said he.

I went home with Philip to his lodgings, perplexed with doubt as to whether I ought to tell him of my discovery or not. I decided that it would be best to hold my tongue.

As it was not yet time to go to the hall, I sat with Philip while he took his tea, which the servant brought in on hearing his voice.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and Madge came in, bringing little Bobby with her, and we knew by that and her grief that it was all over.

"She is gone," said Madge, smothering her sobs. Philip took her hand and comforted her, while I took Bobby on my lap and gave him my tuning-fork to play with—for the poor child, comprehending nothing but seeing everybody in grief, was on the verge of bursting into tears also.

Soon afterwards Mr. Burns came in. I never saw a man so overcome with sorrow. His eyes were blinded with tears; he could not speak for some time. Neither he nor Philip recognised each other at first; but they did after awhile.

Of us four, Madge was the only one who had any self-possession in these moments. She took little Bobby on her lap, and sitting down beside Mr. Burns, began to talk to the child, who for once took little notice of her, but kept his eyes fixed in wonder upon his father.

"He has mamma's eyes," said Madge tenderly; and then: "Will you go to papa, Bobby?" she asked.

The little one stretched out his tiny arms, and the father took him, and as he felt the tiny soft hands clinging to his neck, the tears rolled down his cheeks afresh. But they relieved him, and he grew calmer. Then Madge said—

"We cannot offer you a room, but Bobby shall stay with us till you can take him with you. I will send over for his cot."

"God bless you for all you have done for me and mine!" said Mr. Burns. Then he rose to go, and it being now time for me to cross the water, I rose also, and we went away together. Madge gave him her hand, and he pressed it warmly; but he did not offer his hand to Philip, nor did Philip offer his. Then I perceived that Philip knew he was a thief, and Mr. Burns felt his position. It was strange to reflect that those who had most befriended his wife were the most injured by his wrong-doing.

He walked beside me in silence for some minutes, then he said—

"I think we have met before; your name is Holderness, I believe?"

"Yes," I replied; "we met in Mr. Motley's office."

There was a pause, and he spoke again:

"The lodger on the first floor told me that my poor wife would have been turned into the street but for Mrs. Harlowe's kindness."

"Yes, that is quite true," I answered. "She must have been turned out and her little bit of furniture sold unless she had broken into the sum she had saved to join you in America. And I think she would have suffered anything rather than abandon that one hope."

He bowed his head, and could say nothing.

"Yes," I resumed. "Mrs. Harlowe is the best woman in the world: there are no bounds to her loving sympathy. And Mr. Harlowe has a generous disposition, too. He is a brave-hearted man—a true gentleman."

He did not reply to this, and my thoughts taking another turn, I presently said—

"Were you not aware that your wife was in ill health before you received Mrs. Harlowe's message?"

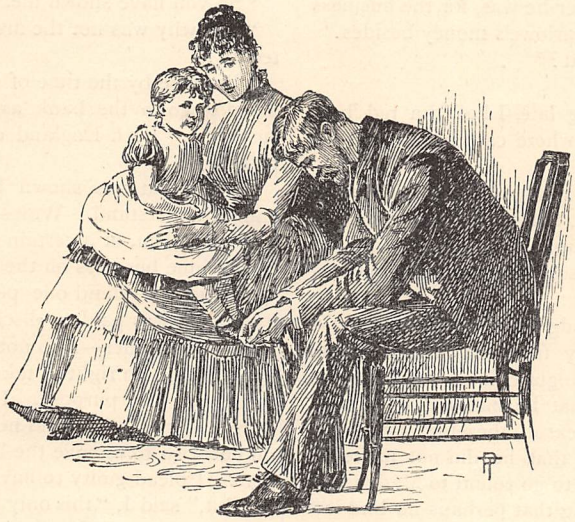
"No, no. Would that I had been! She would not add to my anxiety. Always she wrote hopefully. She told me she had saved money, and would come to me. And when I received no letter for ten days I believed she had started. My hopeful, loving Mary!"

Striving to forget his loss, he changed that subject.

"How is it," he asked, "that Mr. and Mrs. Harlowe are living in Lambeth?"

"You have not heard what happened after your departure?"

"No: I have heard nothing. I do not know what followed my departure. Mr. Motley promised he would keep my offence secret for twenty-four hours: that enabled me to escape, and before news could reach me I had left Bremen for New York."



"'HE HAS MAMMA'S EYES.'"

"Mr. Motley knew of your offence twenty-four hours before he made it known!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; he let me escape in mercy to my wife. He is a sharp man of business, but he has a good heart."

I did not respond, for I was astounded by this piece of unexpected news.

"And what did happen, sir?" asked Mr. Burns.

"Well, Mr. Burns," I replied, somewhat sharply,

"that happened which I think you might have foreseen. When cheques were presented, and there was nothing in the till to pay them with, Mr. Motley had to announce that the bank had stopped payment."

He drew up abruptly, and regarding me with incredulity, said, "Nothing in the safe! why, there was over ninety thousand pounds!"

"Yes," said I, "before you took it."

"What do you mean?" he asked, standing still in the same place aghast.

"I mean," I replied, and not without irritation, "that there was nothing in the safe after Mr. Motley had allowed you to abscond with all that was in it."

"Have patience with me," he said; "I cannot clear my head quite. But I begin to understand." Then he repeated my words slowly and mechanically—"There was nothing in the safe after Mr. Motley had allowed me to abscond with all that was in it. And so payment was suspended. That is so?"

"Yes," said I; "that is Mr. Motley's explanation." And suddenly divining the truth, I added, "Was that a falsehood? Did you not take the money?"

"I did take money," he answered; "but never mind about that. Leave me out of the question. Tell me what followed."

I told him all: how Philip and his wife had given up all they had to satisfy conscientious scruples, and how Mr. Motley had overcome the difficulty.

"And Motley is going on the same as before?" he asked.

"He is better off than ever he was, for the business is all in his hands, and all Harlowe's money besides."

"He has not refunded that?"

"Not one farthing."

And now, as it was getting late, I hailed a red 'bus.

"One word," he said: "where can I find you to-morrow?"

I gave him my address, and we parted. I went through my duties as usual, but it may be imagined that my mind was more occupied with what had passed between Mr. Burns and myself than with the music I conducted.

I did not stir out of my lodgings the next morning—not even to run round to my friends in the Lambeth Road—for fear Mr. Burns might call and go away in my absence. I felt sure that he had not demanded my address without grave reason, therefore I was surprised, as the time wore on, that he did not make his appearance. I was minded to go round to Madge, and see if he were there, thinking that perhaps he had lost my address, but then I reflected that if he wished to see me he could have found out where I lived at once by asking the Harlowes. I fidgeted about, not knowing what to think or to do, until five o'clock, when my bell was rung: I ran down to the door, and there I found Mr. Burns. His eyes were sunken, and the orbits were dark; he looked terribly ill and old.

"You have seen your child to-day?" I said when we were seated in my room.

"Yes; I was with Mr. and Mrs. Harlowe early this morning," he replied. "We have arranged to bury my wife to-morrow."

I made some reply, I know not what, and then there was a pause, after which he spoke.

"May I ask you," he said, "to tell me again as literally as possible all that you know concerning the stopping of Motley and Harlowe's bank?"

I got out my diary, which I never omit to write up before going to bed, and from this I gave him all the particulars as they came to my knowledge, and as I had set them down there, with the days of the week and the date of the month, all agreeing with the calendar at the end of the book. It is a good thing to keep a diary: one never knows how useful details, even the most insignificant, may be.

After hearing all I had to read, and noting some of the particulars, he fixed his eyes on me, and said—

"Well, Mr. Holderness, what do you think of this affair?"

"There is one thing that puzzles me altogether," said I. "You say that Mr. Motley, after discovering your—your——"

"My theft," said he, supplying the word my tongue hesitated to pronounce.

"After that, you say he promised, out of consideration for your wife, to keep the fact secret for twenty-four hours."

"Yes," he replied.

"When did he make the discovery?"

"At ten o'clock on the night of the thirteenth."

"But the bank safe was not discovered to be empty until the morning of the fifteenth."

"So you have shown me."

"But why was not the discovery made on the fourteenth?"

"Because by the time of grace given me I was enabled to go to the bank as usual that day, and avert suspicion. I left England on the evening of the fourteenth."

"Yes—that was shown by the police. But still, I cannot understand. Wait—did you refund the money you had taken, or a certain amount, to enable the bank to continue business on the fourteenth?"

"I did not refund one penny. I could not. All I had taken was paid to discharge a debt incurred by my wife's brother—I do not say this to exculpate myself. I had no right to take money that did not belong to me for any purpose. I was a thief. If my wife were living now I should not make this admission. I do not wish to remove the blame from my own shoulders. I plead guilty to having robbed the bank safe."

"But," said I, "this only increases the mystery. For if the bank stopped payment on the fifteenth because there was no money in the safe, how could it make payment on the fourteenth when the money you tell me was taken on the thirteenth?"

He sat in thoughtful silence for fully two minutes, then I said—

"I do not see how to reconcile Mr. Motley's statement with yours."

"No," he responded. "One of us clearly has made a false statement."

"Can you prove the truth of your statement?" I asked.

"I can produce enough proof to show that Motley has suppressed the truth. I have been engaged about that this afternoon. I can bring witnesses to show that he was at my apartments in Dalston at ten o'clock on the thirteenth, and the books of the Charing Cross Hotel show that he slept there on the fourteenth."

"And he did all this to enable you to escape out of consideration for your wife?" I asked incredulously.

"So he made me believe."

"If you had taken a trifle," I said, "a generous man might go out of his way to screen you from the terrible consequences of capture. But for a sum of ninety or a hundred thousand pounds—I cannot understand it."

"I do not want you to understand it, Mr. Holderness," he said with emphasis. "I have not come here to excite your sympathy for myself; it is a greater kindness that I have to ask of you—if I am sent to prison, will you take care of my child until I have served my time?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "are you in danger of being taken?"

"No," he replied, "but I may have to give myself up, and for that reason it behoves me to find some one who will guard my child. I know no one in London to whom I can appeal—not a soul. Do not think of it as a service rendered to a thief, but as a mercy to an unfortunate child, a service to the memory of the poor soul you befriended——"

I stopped him, promising that the child should be cared for. I knew full well that Madge would not part with little Bobby, and I saw that Burns dared not ask this service of those who had suffered by him.

He rose, thanking me, and went away abruptly, as if to avoid further explanations.

* * * * *

When I came down from the orchestra between the parts that night, a messenger brought me a card, and said the sender was waiting at the artists' entrance. On the card I read—

"*John Motley,*
Eaton Square."

And John Motley I found by the private door—nearly filling up the narrow passage with his great body.

"Shan't keep you a moment, Holderness," he said, grasping my hand. "I want to have a talk with you on a matter of business to-morrow. Can you make it convenient to be at home about three o'clock?"

"Yes," I will be at home about three o'clock," I replied.

"Thanks—thank you very much. I know where you live. To-morrow afternoon—three o'clock—don't forget," he said, giving my hand a shake at each break in the sentence as if to impress the words upon me. "I won't forget," said I. Then he gave my hand a final shake, and left me with another astonishing subject for consideration.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MRS. BURNS was buried the next morning at Brompton Cemetery. Philip, Madge, and I, with Mr. Burns and his child, were there, with what sorrow in our hearts can be imagined. When it was all over we returned to the Harlowes' lodgings.

Burns did not stay there, though Madge pressed him to take dinner with us.

He had business to do, and added—

"If all is well I shall go to Liverpool to-night with my child." Then he left.

After dinner Madge, with mournful resignation, began to get Bobby's clothes together and pack them up, with certain things that had belonged to poor Mrs. Burns which she thought the husband might like to keep as souvenirs—a bunch of flowers that had stood by her bedside and gladdened her the last morning of her life, the neatly-mended gloves she had worn, and trifles like that.

I went to my lodgings to await the visit of Mr Motley.

I was sitting near the window as the clock struck three, and just as the door-bell rang I caught sight of Mr. Burns on the opposite side of the road. That seemed to me odd.

At the door I found Mr. Motley, in his shiny hat and spic-and-span black suit; looking out as I closed the door, I perceived Mr. Burns a little way up the street on the other side, standing with his eyes fixed on the house.

Mr. Motley carried a packet in his hand. He laid it on the table, and throwing himself in my arm-chair, took off his hat and blew a long breath, as if coming up the stairs had exhausted him.

"If there's a bottle of soda in the house, let's have it, there's a good fellow," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his big silk handkerchief.

I went into the next room to fetch what he wanted; when I returned he was lighting a cigar. He offered me one. I filled his glass, and when he had emptied it he seemed greatly revived.

"Well," said he, leaning back in the chair, with his little grey eyes on the ceiling, the cigar in one corner of his mouth, and his hands spread out on the leather-covered arms of the chair—"Well, how's Phil?"

"He's in very good health," I replied.

"And Madge?"

"She is also in excellent health."

"And you are just as fond of 'em as ever?"

"Yes," I replied.

"So am I," said he drily, with his eyes still on the ceiling.

"The more you know them the more you must admire them," said I.

"Yes—except when they do foolish things," said he, in the same dry tone. "If Phil had only behaved with common sense, a lot of trouble might have been avoided. They're horribly poor, I hear—I saw that donkey Potter the other day."

"They are very poor indeed," I said.

He was silent a moment, then suddenly drawing himself up in the chair, said—

"Well, it's no good crying over spilt milk. What we've got to do, Holderness, is to set 'em up again."

I looked at him in amazement. He met my eyes

steadily, with a queer expression on his great broad face, and a little raising of the eyebrows, as if he were saying to himself, "You are a queer old fellow, *you* are."

"Yes," he pursued, "I've had this affair on my mind long enough, and I must get it off my mind. I can't sleep o' nights for thinking of Phil and his wife, and for a man of my temperament that's no joke. It don't seem just that one partner should profit by the misfortunes of the other, does it?"

that Mrs. Motley has put in her money and taken a share in the business."

He looked at me again with that half-amused, half-contemptuous expression on his face.

"That's very true, Holderness. You've got a long head."

I did not know whether to take this compliment as serious or not.

"To come to the point," he pursued: "I am determined to do the right thing by Phil. I won't let him

"'I HAVE ALL ALONG WISHED TO BE GENEROUS.'"

"No, it does not," I replied stoutly.

"No: it don't seem right that we should have the money which he had a perfect legal right to keep."

"That is exactly what I have thought."

"It's what any man of good feeling would think. If his money had not gone to the creditors, mine would. But for all that, I doubt if ninety-nine out of a hundred men of business placed in my position would give up a farthing of the money sacrificed, without his asking, by a hot-headed and impulsive partner."

"That is very likely," said I; "you are quite within your legal right in keeping the money."

"Yes; nevertheless, I have all along wished to be generous."

"So you told me, sir, but as you pointed out, you are not free to dispose as you like of the firm's money now lose by his principles. He shall have every penny-piece he handed over to the creditors"—dropping his voice, he added, in a less generous key, as he knocked the ash off his cigar—"and something more!" After a pause, he continued—"The difficulty is to make him accept payment from me. I know his character: so do you. If I went to him and said, 'Phil, I want to repay you the money you lost,' the probability is he would refuse to take it. He would say he had no right to money made by my exertions and the speculation of my wife, who risked her money in starting the business again, and he would refuse to take anything that was not his by right—especially as I see he no longer looks upon me as a friend. D'ye follow me, Holderness?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, do you think my notion is about right?"

"Yes," said I. "I am very doubtful if Phil would take the money from you."

"He must take it from somebody," said he, with more earnestness than he had yet shown. "And if he won't take it from me, he must take it from you."

"From me!" cried I, in amazement.

"Yes, from you," said he firmly. "You recognise that this restitution ought to be made, don't you?"

"Yes," said I.

"Very well, then; you must act as a trustee. I shall pay the money to you on your written promise to employ it on behalf of Philip Harlowe and his wife. If they refuse to accept it, they simply burden you with money that you cannot use for yourself. Whatever happens, I shall feel that I have done all that is possible to make them receive it."

I was struck with the ingenuity of this arrangement.

"Now, Holderness," he said, puffing quickly at his cigar, "will you act as trustee for your friends?"

"Yes," said I, without hesitation.

"Thank you," said he, in a tone of real satisfaction.

Drawing his chair up to the table, he slipped off the india-rubber bands and opened the packet.

I never saw such a sight in my life! The packet was composed of nothing but bank-notes. They were done up in bundles, according to their denomination, five-pound notes by themselves, the tens by themselves, and so on, and each bundle was held together by an elastic band.

"Now then, you must count them," said Mr. Motley.

"Why, I shall never finish," said I.

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, and taking a bundle under his hand, he counted them off—two, four, six, and so on, multiplying the number by the value of each note.

I set to work at once counting, and found there were a thousand pounds in each bundle. As I got accustomed to this novel exercise I grew quicker at it; but it took me a long while, all the same. When I had gone through every one of the bundles I set them in batches of ten all over the table. It was bewildering to look at that enormous amount of money. Then I counted up the batches, and finding ten of them, I perceived that there lay on my table just one hundred thousand pounds!

"Well, what do you make it?" asked Mr. Motley.

"A hundred thousand pounds," I replied.

"That's it," said he, opening a letter-case, and turning his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"But surely," said I, "this is more than the Harlowes paid."

"You forget that Phil has to be paid for his share in the business which he lost by handing over his wife's fortune."

It was not for me to argue against my friends' interests.

"Now," he said, laying a paper taken from his letter-case on the table, "sign this receipt, and that job will be finished."

I read the carefully written receipt, which was an acknowledgment by me of the receipt of one hundred thousand pounds from John Motley, the said sum to be applied to the uses of Philip Harlowe and his wife Margaret, and wrote my name and the date across the stamp at the bottom.

Mr. Motley rose, putting on his hat, looked at my signature, slipped the paper in his letter-case and shook hands with me, but with a dull heavy look in his face which was unusual.

"Never mind about coming down to the door. I can let myself out," said he. "You stop and look after the money. It's not a trifling sum."

I did not need that reminder. He went down-stairs and let himself out, while I stood gazing at the enormous wealth on the table in bewilderment. The door slammed; a moment after I had the curiosity to go to the window. Looking up the street where I had seen Mr. Burns standing, I perceived Mr. Motley crossing the roadway. He was met by Mr. Burns, and I saw him open the letter-case and show the receipt I had signed.

Then I saw the true explanation as I believe of this strange piece of business. Two men had robbed the bank. Motley had taken the main portion, Burns had stolen but a slight amount. And now Burns, to repay the people who had been good to his wife, had compelled Motley to restore the money he had taken to Philip under the threat of giving himself up to the police for the small theft, and causing an exposure which would have ruined Motley.

Whether he had done wrongly I did not trouble myself to consider. On the face of it, I fancied he had done the best thing for himself and my friends, and that was enough for me. My mind was more concerned about the disposal of the money. I could not have gone to my duties leaving that in the house, nor could I have slept with it in my possession. After some reflection, I got my fiddle-case, stuffed the notes into it, and walked off to the London and County Bank in the Westminster Bridge Road.

It was curious to see the look of astonishment on the face of the clerk as I opened my fiddle-case on the counter, and told him I wished to deposit the contents in that bank! It needed a good many formalities before I could get them taken. But at last the affair was concluded, and with my empty case and a lighter heart I left the bank. I fancy, by my springy step as I walked towards the Lambeth Road, people must have taken me to be a dancing-master.

When I entered the Harlowes' sitting-room, I found poor Madge sitting with her hands folded in her lap, and the most desolate and forlorn expression on her face.

"He is gone!" she said. "And little Bobby is taken away, and there is nothing left of those we have loved. When I think of the 'little widow,' as we used to call her, with her hopeful sweet face, walking with her boy and full of pride—Oh!" and then she burst into a flood of tears.

At another time I should have shed a tear myself at this recollection; but now I was distraught, as it were, and could think of nothing but the happiness to come. I could hardly wait for her grief to pass away before I broke the news.

"My dear," said I, "do you think you can hear good news without giving way?"

"Good news!" she exclaimed. "What, has Philip got out of that horrid ladder-maker's?"

"If he hasn't, he soon will," I replied, "for your fortune has come back to you doubled and trebled, and more than that."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

I TOLD the Harlowes nothing about my conversation with Mr. Burns, nor of my speculations as to the influence he had brought to bear upon Mr. Motley. It was quite difficult enough without that to reconcile Philip to his good fortune. I told them what had passed between Mr. Motley and myself as I have written it here; and when it was obvious that there was no getting out of it, Philip said, "Well, there's an end to ladder-building," but not with a good grace. Madge was far more sensible, and she made no secret of her delight.

For my own part, I was like one intoxicated: I could not go on in my ordinary methodical way. I felt I must go and tell my friends at Highgate, and instead of taking a 'bus, I hailed a hansom cab—and that did not go quickly enough to keep pace with my wishes. I left a message at the hall, saying that Mr. Cootes (my first fiddle) was to take my place that night, and then I bade the driver get on as fast as he could to Highgate.

I have noticed with my orchestra that when one man gets a little out of tune, or drops half a note, all the rest go wrong, and *vice versâ*; and so it is with the events of life—it is all discord at one time and all harmony at another.

Just as the cab turned the corner of Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road, whom should I see sitting on the top of a 'bus, with his face to the gas-lamp and as melancholy as an owl, but Mr. Horace Clinton.

I had not seen him since his engagement with Cicely had been broken off—and that was about six weeks back. I longed to have a talk with the young man, because I had a strong liking for him, and because I felt that he had been more hardly dealt with than he deserved. He was essentially a good young man, with a kindly disposition and no unpleasant ways.

I stopped the cab, got out, and hailed Horace from the pavement. His face brightened up the moment he saw me. He knew I liked him.

"Are you going to Highgate?" I asked.

"The conductor says so, but we have been staying here a very long while," he replied, with some humour.

I told him I was going that way, and when I asked him to come with me in the hansom, he accepted at once. While he was getting down, I ran into a tobacconist's and bought a couple of good cigars (I was too excited to consider the cost): one I gave to him; the other I kept for myself.

We lit up, and leaning back side by side, soon fell into conversation.

"And how are you, Horace?" I began.

"I'm pretty miserable, thank you," he answered.

"How's that?—you ought to be busy at this time of the year."

"So I am. I've never had such a prosperous season. I've had more commissions than I can execute. I earned twenty pounds last week."

I whistled. "Why, with so much work on hand you have no time to think of anything else," said I.

He heaved a sigh, and said sadly, "Too much, too much!"

"You have some anxiety on your mind," said I, anxious to sound him. "Your mamma is not so well, or your sister, perhaps——"

"No," he replied; "they could not be better. My sister was married the week before last, and my mother has gone to see her in her new home. She has taken all her belongings with her, down to the parrot and her cat. She does not intend to return. She will stay there."

"Ah! Naturally you miss their society."

"Not painfully," he replied. "It is a good thing for them, and for me."

"But you feel dull alone."

"Yes, it's very miserable to be alone; and when I think how different it would have been had my sister married only two months before——"

"What, do you still think of Cicely?"

"Yes," said he, with another sigh. "I behaved badly to her, and that is what makes me so wretched. I behaved like a brute, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"We all do ill at some time or another," said I; "none of us is perfect if he have his ordinary share of weakness, and it is no good torturing ourselves with recollections of our fault after we have done our best to atone for it."

"That's it," said he. "But I have not atoned for my fault. Cicely—Miss Goddard—must still think I harbour those mad suspicions of duplicity; she does not know how bitterly I refute the senseless charges I made against her, for I have not spoken to her or any one about them since that night."

"Then why on earth don't you?" said I. "Cicely is as forgiving now, I warrant, as ever she was. She is a good girl. Her heart is in the right place, and full of warmth and tenderness."

"No," he replied. "I promised Goddard I would not stand in her way. If Mr. Leclerc is a better man than I am, I will not do anything to prevent her becoming his wife. And she may think just as ill of me as she likes."

"That's all sentimental nonsense," said I. "I have seen plays and read books in which such fine-drawn sentiments are allowed to separate lovers, and very bad plays and very bad books they are. That lovers should be jealous is quite natural, and that they should have senseless quarrels—that is natural also; but it is not natural, and it is altogether wrong, that you should force the girl to marry some one else, whether she likes him or not, simply because of some vague notion taken into your head that he may be a better man than you. That's rubbish, and not wholesome rubbish. No young fellow really in love with a girl can think that another young fellow loves her better."

"But, Mr. Holderness—you must admit that Mr. Leclerc's position is better than mine!"

"I'll admit that he may have a thousand pounds for every sovereign you can show. But what of that? Do you dare to hint that Cicely is sordid, and values money more than love?" I spoke indignantly, for I had lost patience with him, knowing how uncalculating she was, and how good her disposition.

"Sordid—good gracious, no!" cried Horace.

"Then don't talk to me about Mr. Leclerc being a better husband than you."

We did not speak for some minutes. At length he said, speaking with agitation—

"Mr. Holderness, do you think that she still cares for me?"

"That I don't know," said I; "but I will find out."

"And you will let me know?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This evening. I am going to see my friends now. You can stay outside if you like, and look up at the studio window. If I lift the blind, you will know she still loves you: if I make no signal, you will understand that she has fallen into your way of thinking, and looks upon Mr. Leclerc as a better sort of man for a husband."

He needed no pressing, you may be sure. We got out of the cab; he stationed himself in the shadow opposite Sunnyside Cottage, while I crossed over and knocked at the door.

Potter opened the door; he had his hat on.

"Halloh, Old Punctuality, that you?" said he. "How is it you're not at your work to-night?"

"There's some one else in my place."

"You'll find the girls up-stairs. I'm going out to pick up ideas."

I saw he was in an unamiable frame of mind, so, to punish him, I let him go without telling him of the good fortune that had befallen Madge.

I found the girls stitching in the studio. They were very pleased to see me, but it was obvious from their pale faces that there had been trouble amongst them recently. They were surprised to see me at this time, and asked the cause with some anxiety, fearing that all was not well in Lambeth—a fear that had never crossed the mind of their selfish father.

"I have good news to tell you: that's why I am here," said I.

"It couldn't have come at a better time, for we are in trouble again," said Cicely.

"Why, how's that?" I asked.

"Cicely has lost her engagement at Mrs. Leclerc's," said Joan.

And then they told me, first one speaking and then the other, how Mrs. Leclerc had suddenly grown cold and formal, and without any cause that Cicely could divine until this afternoon, when Mr. Percival Leclerc called, and made a formal offer of marriage to Cicely, telling her that he had announced his intention of doing so to his sister-in-law on Monday, which was the day before the change in her demeanour.

"Ah, ah!" said I; "she encouraged the flirtation for her own amusement, but she did not wish it to go any further."

"Yes, that is how it is," said Joan.

"It doesn't greatly matter whether she likes it or not. The thing is whether you and Mr. Leclerc will be happy together," said I, my heart failing as I thought of the poor wretch on the other side of the way, watching the window for a signal which was to decide his happiness.

"SHE SLIPPED FROM THE ROOM AND RAN DOWN-STAIRS" (*p.* 744).

"But I am not going to marry him. I have refused him distinctly," said Cicely.

Now I understood why Potter had gone out to pick up ideas in an ill temper.

"Have you refused him because you thought it would be objectionable to his friends?" I asked.

"No," said Cicely; "I didn't think a bit about them."

"He is a very amiable and well-to-do gentleman," said I, "and evidently loves you very much to make this offer in opposition to his friends' wishes: why have you refused him?"

"Because," said Cicely, faltering, "because I do not love him;" and then, of course, she began to whimper. But I was overjoyed, and it was a hard matter to conceal my satisfaction. I had seated myself close to the window, and now, as if not knowing what to do with my hand, I caught hold of the green baize, and jogged it up and down. We all sat silent—there was no sound but the "tick" of Joan's needle, and now and then a little sob from Cicely.

Suddenly we heard a faint knock at the street-door.

Cicely started to her feet as if the knock had threatened to burst in the panels. After all these weeks she recognised her lover's knock.

"*You* had better go and open the door, Cicely," I said.

With a slight cry of joy, she slipped from the room and ran down-stairs. Then I told Joan who it was, and what had passed between Horace and me.

"Oh, this is good news indeed!" she said.

"Aye, but it isn't all," I answered; and then I told her about the restitution Mr. Motley had made.

She listened with surprise and delight; the colour came into her face; she was as excited as I. I had never seen her look so nice; but then, happiness and good honest feelings make the humblest face beautiful.

"You are a herald of gladness!" she said, putting her hand into mine, and she looked nicer than ever as she spoke.

"Aye," said I; "but I want my reward."

"Why, how can we repay you?" she asked in all innocence.

"Nothing less than this hand to keep for ever will satisfy me," said I.

And with that I pressed her hand, and slipping the other round her trim, natty little waist, I drew her to me. I own that I was surprised by my own declaration; but it must not be thought that I was carried away by the excitement of the moment. No, my exultation was of a better kind: it raised me above those selfish ideas which had grown out of solitude, and an existence which had no higher object than the saving of money as a provision against poverty in old age. And as a proof of that, I have never for a single instant regretted this act, but, on the contrary, have congratulated myself again and again.

Joan did not raise many objections. She certainly asked what her poor father would do with no one to take care of him, but I pointed out that no one was better able to take care of himself than he was, and that when Madge and Philip were once more living in good style he wouldn't trouble any one but them with his needs.

* * * * *

So in due course Horace married Cicely, and I married Joan.

* * * * *

I have but little more to add.

Madge has two sons and a daughter now; maternity, I think, has only added to her beauty. Philip declares that every one of his sons shall learn a trade; he himself occupies some of his time at a lathe. They live in good style: well, but not extravagantly. Hard times did them both good. They are well beloved.

We have never seen or heard anything of Mr. Burns and his boy since the day they parted with Madge and Philip to return to America.

Last September Mr. Motley gave his friends and admirers a great surprise. He bolted, where no one knows, taking with him every shilling that could be scraped together. It was found that the works and bank were mortgaged; the debts were enormous. For more than a year previous to this final crash he had lived on bad terms with his wife: he left her absolutely destitute.

I am happy to say that *The Whip* has fallen into better hands. Mr. Thornton's money was deposited in his friend's bank: he was ruined by the man he had raised.

THE END.

THE GIANT'S BONES.

"There springs no grass-blade in Mázandarán, but a hundred spear-points spring out of it."—NIZAMI.

MAZANDARAN, in the North of Persia, is the land of old enchantment, the abode of the White Demon, celebrated in the Sháhnámah, that epic chronicle of Irán's kings. Out of it have come lions and dragons to harry the more southern and milder regions; its dark forests long harboured the outlaws who defied the rulers of Ispahán and Tihrán, and its difficult passes baffled for ages the conqueror and the tyrant. It is depicted by Firdausí as dotted with frowning castles and bristling with enchanted towers.

Now it is not so very improbable that there was a reason for these stories—a reason belonging to the domain of fact originally, though polished and improved by fiction, and the brief narrative I offer here seems to bear out that idea. I was acquainted while in India with an individual named Masíh. He was, in fact, the first instructor I possessed in the common colloquial Arabic of the Perso-Arab border, which I was anxious to acquire. But his native province was Mázandarán. He was by no means of an imaginative temperament, and was very illiterate, knowing merely how to read and write a little. But he had witnessed curious chances, and seen something of several Eastern countries. In the course of conversation he happened to touch upon the subject of hidden treasure.

"Did you ever," he asked, "see a Khazánah-námah?"

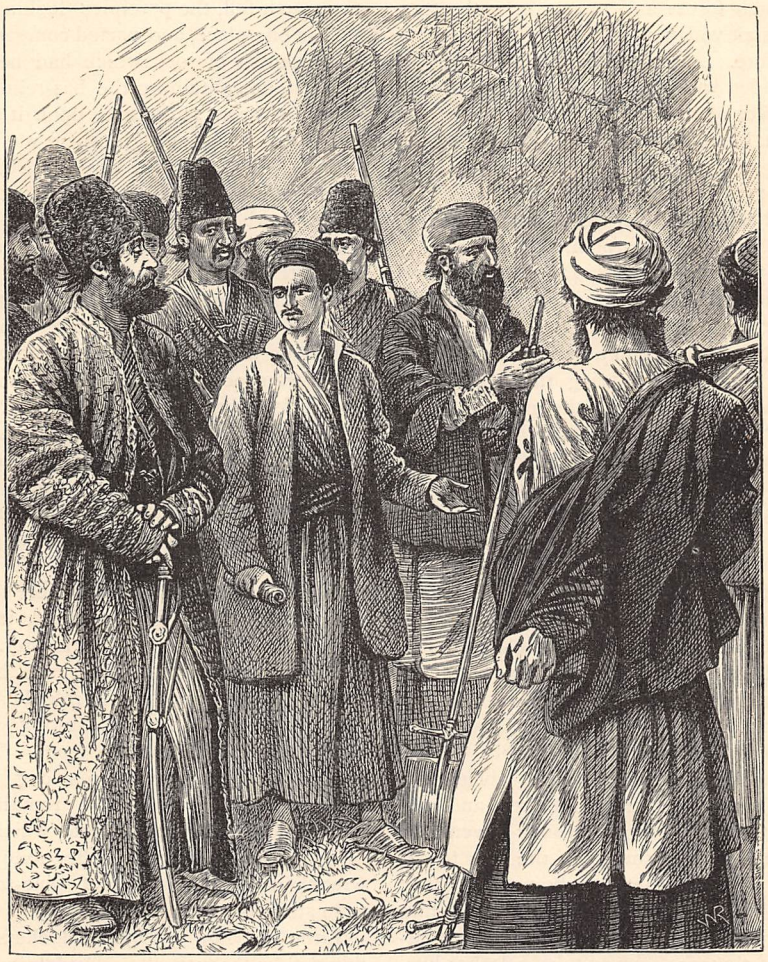
"Never," I replied; "what is it?"

"It is a book," he answered, "containing directions as to how hidden treasures are to be detected, and giving lists of places where they are hidden, with a description of the exact spot in which the searcher must dig. There are many Khazánah-námahs, and in them are statements which were once true; but, alas! we live too late in this age, and all these treasures,

or nearly all, have long ago been found and removed."

"Why do you think such nonsense was ever true?" I inquired.

"Because I have seen with my own eyes what makes me sure of it," said Masíh.



"'HE BADE THE WORKMEN DIG WHERE HE STOOD'" (*p.* 746).

And after some further questioning, he related the following story, which I will tell in my way, as his was rather too diffuse :—

Some twenty years ago, when Násir-ad-dín, Shah of Persia, was a young ruler, he held one day his Salám-i-ämm, or "general reception." Among the crowd of people who came with requests and petitions appeared a boy, who declared in a loud voice that he had something special for the private ear of the Shah of Shahs. After some difficulty, he obtained a private audience, and informed Násir-ad-dín that a treasure of enormous value was lying buried in a hill-side of Mázandarán. Being asked how he knew this, he replied that he had become possessed of a Khazánah-námah of vast antiquity, which he had with difficulty been able to decipher, and that he had found in it the information which he was anxious to lay at once before the throne of the successor of Jamshíd. The instructions given in the book entailed the employment of much labour in order to reach the seat of the hoard, and no single person could carry them out in a lifetime. All the boy asked was the gracious consideration of the "King of Kings," and the issue of the imperial mandate to the governor of Mázandarán, in order that a sufficient number of labourers might be collected and supervised. The results of the search would, of course, be his Majesty's only, and any crumb of reward which he might vouchsafe to his slave would be received with boundless gratitude.

Now if there be one thing more than another which upsets the mental equilibrium of Oriental princes, it is the prospect of a find of gold or jewels. Accordingly, the Shah issued a farmán to the local authorities of Mázandarán, to the effect that a certain work, to be

indicated by the boy aforesaid, was to be commenced at once, and carried on as long as should be necessary.

It chanced that the scene of these excavations lay in the bulúk, or district, of which Masíh was a native and inhabitant. He was amongst those who were told off for labour under the aforesaid boy's directions, which were to follow him to the place which his book indicated. Through forest and mountain paths they proceeded, to a spot which few or none of the party had ever seen before. A great cliff rose high above a roaring torrent, laden with the fragments of primæval trees; upon the face of the precipice were carved the forms of many a bird and beast, and the figures of giants armed and struggling; there were demons, too, with wings and great teeth, and dragons breathing smoke; and all this far above or below any spot where human foot could find standing-room.

Here the boy produced his Khazánah-námah and turned its mysterious pages for some time. At last he closed it, and placing himself at the foot of the precipice, paced a certain distance in an easterly direction, halted, and bade the workmen bring their tools, and dig where he stood. He said to the gumáshtah, or superintendent, "They ought to reach brick-clay first, then coal, and after that they will come to a subterranean chamber." All that day the workmen laboured, and hard work it was, for the soil was mixed with rock. The next morning saw the labourers at work early, slowly penetrating the stubborn soil. The rock and earth they threw out soon grew into a rampart; it became necessary to tell off some of them to carry it further away, otherwise it would soon have fallen in and crushed the workers. Now a shout is raised; the blue brick-clay is reached.

After this, it was amazing to see the rate at which the workmen proceeded, hot on the scent of the hoards of bygone ages; the boy walked about with a much more confident air than hitherto and was treated with vast respect by everybody—even the governor, who came in the course of the day to inspect the work. All felt that this boy might have the power of making them rich, and honoured him accordingly. Several days were occupied in excavating before the blue clay was seen to take a darker hue. Gradually it blackened and blackened, until a veritable coal-bed was exposed to view, opposing a still more solid resistance to the efforts of the now doubly-excited peasants. Everything seemed to be turning out exactly as prognosticated. Would not the boy soon be the possessor of his beloved, and perhaps the richest man in Irán? For, of course, the Shah would give him half the treasure when reached. Reached it would be, that was certain, if only the heads and the hafts of the wretched tools would hold together (blasting powder was a thing unknown among them). What strange stuff this fahm was! (Fahm = coal, *Persicé*.) There were marks of leaves in it, and sometimes tree-trunks. What could it have been? The París (fairies) had doubtless bewitched the woods and blackened them, and squeezed them up into this strange stuff, in the old times of Mázandarán.

Several weeks passed, and but slow progress was made through the coal. Some of the sceptical began to ask, "How can anything have been buried by men below these hills of rock and clay?" But to them it was answered that the mass of rock through which they were digging might have slipped from the cliff, and covered the spot where the treasure had been originally placed. And indeed there were signs of some such fall, the precipice looking as though it had split in one place, and parted company with a considerable quantity of rock which had before faced the interior stone containing the bas-reliefs, and these had therefore been sculptured upon it since that period. However, except at night, there was not much time for surmise, for during the day the Shah's mandate was acted upon with sufficient energy, and the back of any labourer who presumed to hesitate about digging on was soon made to exhibit as many unnatural features as did the cliff above him.

By dint of efforts thus well directed, the bottom of the coal-seam was at length reached; a kind of hard limestone was discovered, mingled with what was probably trap-rock, the *débris* of the precipice. Suddenly the work of digging grew more easy. The soil became soft; it seemed to have been turned, though perhaps long ago. At length, a broad flat stone was disclosed.

The enthusiasm of every one present was now raised to the highest pitch; the greater part of the workmen were withdrawn, and a guard of soldiers brought down to the bottom of the shaft, for such it now was. The governor was there too, firmly resolved to have his share of the booty, in spite of all the mandates of his respected master, the Shah. The boy stood on the great stone, pale, but confident. All things had happened aright; could anything fail now? The remaining labourers, among whom was Masíh, were directed to raise the stone. This was no easy task, for it was several yards long, and as many feet broad. Upon it were the remains of a Pahlaví (ancient Persian) inscription, which of course was Greek to those present. After many attempts, it was wrenched up by the use of pine-trees as levers. A rude staircase appeared below.

Little was now felt by the lookers-on save cupidity mingled with curiosity. Disdaining all prohibitions, threats, or entreaties, they rushed as fast as they could down the rugged stairs, and found themselves in a chamber some twenty-five feet long by eighteen wide. The sides were of stone, the floor also, but both were overlaid with the damp deposits of ages. Of everything, save these, the subterranean chamber appeared absolutely empty; but it was difficult to be sure of this in a light which was little better than darkness visible. At length torches were procured, and a more thorough search made. Though nothing of value or interest could even then be found in the room first discovered, an arched passage was at once disclosed, which led the searchers to another chamber of about equal dimensions with the first. But it had, for some reason, been less penetrated by damp, and had suffered less from decay. The floor had once been an inlaid pavement, on which the colours were still visible. On the

walls were Pahlaví inscriptions, and others of a still older character. But no treasure of any kind was perceptible, unless that which occupied the centre of the room could be called one.

A gigantic skeleton lay at full length in that dark sepulchre. It seemed to be still in the very position which it would have naturally occupied when deposited there, a corpse, scores of centuries before. In the massive skull there was a great breach, cleft by some primæval weapon, otherwise every part was perfect. The arms were disposed close to the sides. The great shoulders had sunk partially into the floor. The strong thigh-bones were like clubs ; the shin-bones were more than five spans (or four feet) in length.

This grisly treasure, which they had so strangely exhumed, had little attraction for the trembling discoverers. These briefly-stated particulars, indeed, were noted among them, and then they fled from the unhallowed tomb with much greater celerity than they had entered it. There was no doubt that the gold or jewels, or other valuables, which had been deposited in the duhmah (tomb) had vanished long before. Nothing was to be done now but to cover in the perhaps enchanted remains before any evil should arise. They might be the relics of the "White Demon" himself. Who could say what visitation might fall upon the sacrilegious disturbers of such a dreadful repose ! Accursed be he who had brought them hither on such a worse than fool's errand !

So the great hole, the only result of several weeks' labour, was filled in, the labourers dispersed to their homes, the governor retired, reviling the Shah's folly in listening to every idiot's story about treasure, and the quiet glen and lofty precipice returned to their pristine tranquillity, seldom disturbed by aught save the fox and the panther. The Shah heard of this impotent conclusion with comparative equanimity, for he had just squeezed 100,000 tumáns out of a governor of Khurasán, who had squeezed about double that amount out of the inhabitants of his province.

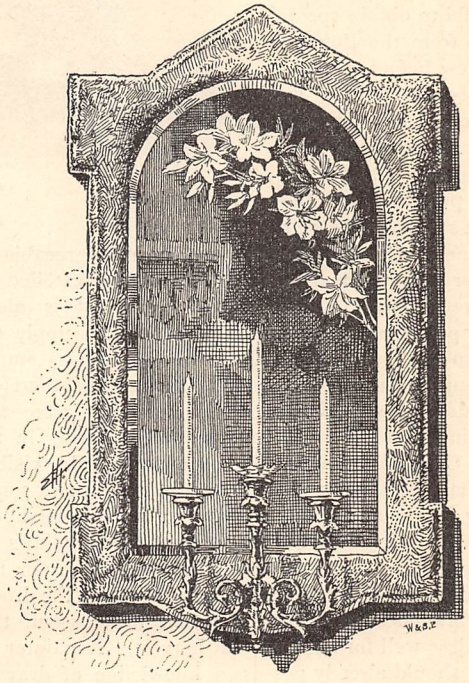
* * * * *

"And the boy," I asked ; "what became of him?"

"I don't know for certain," answered Masíh, "but I heard that he died in a few days of a broken heart."

MIRROR AND CRYSTALINE PAINTING.

WHETHER or not glass is a suitable ground for painting on is a matter of controversy. Some artists disapprove of any but opaque grounds being employed, others consider that the silvered back of the mirror in reflecting the painting produces an objectionable effect ; but there will always be varieties of opinion on art-matters, and one artist of note is known to have painted over a crack in a mirror, thereby hiding the blemish and creating a decoration at the same time. Certain it is that glass decorations are much admired by a large proportion of the public, or we should not see so many examples year after year. The bright showy appearance of the work is probably one of its charms in the eyes of those who like their houses to look cheery. It is no new idea to panel a room with painted glass. T. J. Gullick, in his book on the art, says that in the Colonna and Borghese palaces there are whole rooms lined with painted mirrors, the paintings in the former being traditionally attributed to Mario Nuzzi, known as Mario di Fiori through his skill in representing flowers, and in the Pitti palace there are specimens by Carlo Maratti. At Versailles a bath-room was thus embellished for Napoleon I. with fanciful arabesques, and in our own Kensington palace there is a notable example, executed, however, by a Frenchman—Jean Baptiste Monnoyer. The art originated in Italy, but there are instances of it to be found in France, Holland, and Belgium. As is usual in all decorations, flowers play an important part in the subjects chosen by the mirror painter, Cupids hold the second place, and imaginative designs are not forgotten. To animal subjects and to landscapes executed on this ground we are decidedly averse, and flowers again answer better than Cupids unless a clever artist



GIRANDOLE MIRROR—AZALEA DECORATION.

is at work. The introduction of birds and insects is often an improvement. Scarcely any flowers of which mention can be made will be taken objection to by the painter, unless indeed they are of such small dimensions that they make no show.

English wild-flowers afford admirable subjects, and equally beautiful are groups of their foreign sisters that we can rear only in hot-houses with the greatest care. Rare orchids are exquisite for decorations; and the handsome glowing red cactus is effective, but it will not be a general favourite; its colour being so intense, all surroundings that are not chosen with a view to being placed in proximity with it will suffer. Lilac of various shades, white, mauve, and red-mauve, compose a charming piece; and the golden tassels of laburnum are not eclipsed even by delicate azalea blossoms, or sprays of silver-grey and purple clematis. But to enumerate all the flowers that are eligible would be to write a catalogue, so we desist, with the remark that it is not needful to obtain specimens from the Botanic or Kew before a satisfactory design can be conceived, for some of the commonest flowers are as well adapted for the purpose as the rarest that ever bloomed. Conventional subjects are not agreeable for mirror painting, much as they are usually extolled for decorative work. Naturalistic treatment is alone appropriate, and a moment's thought will supply the reason for such being the case. The glass stands for empty space, there can be no background, therefore the flowers should look as though they were still growing, and birds and insects as if hovering in the air. On no account should a pot or vase be visible, for that necessitates a background at once, and something for the article to stand upon; the flowers should be as realistic as our power over our pencil allows us to make them, just as if we had copied a spray or two of a climbing plant, or caught our idea from the drooping branches of a fruit-tree rich in blossom, that promises well for an abundant harvest. A painter on glass should already possess a knowledge of drawing and the application of colours. To go over and over the work as beginners invariably do, is to spoil it, for its great beauty consists in broad and spirited execution. Decisive strokes are telling, and free handling is imperative. Rubbing up the colours after they are laid, by trying to make alterations and correct errors, is simply ruinous, and the same thing may be said of paintings on canvas or silk. The only right plan for learners is first to be sure that the outlines of their drawings are correct, then to mix the requisite tints and lay them on fearlessly. Half the battle has been won if amateur decorators have overcome their nervousness. That there are difficulties attending painting on glass cannot be denied, but there are also redeeming points that make up for some of the disadvantages of the work. It is not easy to lay colours on the highly-polished surface until practice has given the worker power to surmount the technical obstacles that rise in the path to perfection; on the other hand, the colours appear peculiarly brilliant when applied to silvered glass, and delicate half-tints on which so much of the luminosity and purity of all paintings are dependent can easily be rendered. The colours used should be of the best quality. Ordinary oil colours are sometimes recommended, but Mr. T. J. Gullick, who is the best-known authority on the art in England, prepares them specially for the work, and he also has introduced a medium which he considers binds the colours perfectly and preserves those that are liable to fade. There can be no doubt that it is wise to ascertain which materials are the most likely to resist the effects of the atmosphere and which will bear cleaning without injury; fugitive colours and unsuitable mediums are sorry vehicles in which to convey our conceptions of beauty to posterity. Much of the foregoing is as applicable to crystaline painting as to mirror painting; in fact the difference is only in the ground. Crystaline is a name given to glass which can best be described as frosted; but it is by no means that which is commonly known as such. It looks as if encrusted over with ten thousand frozen fern-leaves of fantastic shape such as never grew in shady wood carpeted

A LANDING.

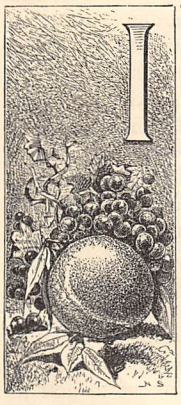
with the fallen leaves of past summers. Shadows of the ghosts of fern-leaves are they rather than realistic representations of living varieties; nevertheless the result attained is admirable. A reader "far from the madding crowd" *of shops* may picture to herself a screen made of this semi-transparent, semi-opaque glass. The three panels are framed in ebonised wood; on the first stand some tall fox-gloves, proudly assertive in their strength and vigour; on the second chrysanthemums bow their heads, by reason of the weight of their rich blooms; and on the third the lily, the flower of France, yet loved and admired by all, rears itself—stately, majestic, and chastely elegant. The whole decoration is carried out in a terra-cotta tint.

Glass paintings can be adapted to many purposes, and this alone renders it unlikely that they will cease to be popular. Take a landing on a staircase in a West-end house for example; how dull and dreary these places often look, when they might be made into fairy bowers at a small outlay comparatively. We all know that a continuous supply of growing plants and ferns is not the most economical decoration in which we can indulge, though undoubtedly the most delightful and pleasing; but if glass decorations are employed the expense once defrayed need be thought of no more. Sprays of exotic plants, the fluttering wings of humming-birds that dart in and out amongst luxuriant foliage, birds of paradise in full plumage, the ivory-white blossoms of the *Cymbidium Eburneum*, or the drooping roseate bell-flowers of the *Bomarea Carderi*, will transport us in fancy to sunny climes where east winds never blow as they do on our shores, where snow is a stranger, and fogs are unknown. Panels can be inserted in over-mantels and in the architraves of doors; oblong panels in window-shutters and in doors. A recess may be charmingly arranged with a large glass bearing a design of rosy-purple clematis; across the top a breadth of golden-brown plush should be carelessly draped and allowed to fall down one side, on the other a handsome Madras curtain should be looped up and caught back as taste dictates. Sometimes panels are let into piano-fronts, though we cannot say they are well placed in that position. Crystaline is principally employed for photo-frames and screens.

COOKING AT SEA.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE," ETC.

IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.



IT will be found, as a rule, that there is a great similarity between life on board ship and life in a small country village, where there are, comparatively speaking, no shops worthy of the name. In both it is essential to look well ahead in what we may call the housekeeping department. There are, perhaps, few housekeepers in England who would know what to do were they so placed that there was no laundress to whom they could send weekly, and also if the home arrangements were such that no washing could be done at home, yet such is the fate of all those who are compelled by business or pleasure to travel by sea. In the case of a voyage to Australia in a sailing ship, very considerable forethought is necessary on this point, as the average length of the voyage may be roughly put down as three months. On the shorter and quicker voyages made by steamers, a good deal of inconvenience is experienced by passengers on this head, and it is not an uncommon thing for the chief steward or stewardess to have to explain matters to some indignant travellers, who are terribly upset by being informed for the first time that they cannot send their things to the wash in the usual manner.

So far as men's dress is concerned, I can give a few hints that may possibly be useful. It is needless to say that paper cuffs and paper collars will be found very handy. With regard to linen, old travellers generally contrive to have by them a good quantity, in that state which may be described as on its last legs, which at the end of the voyage is handed over to one of the stewards; and, as naturally there is a considerable difference of opinion among travellers as to what constitutes "last legs," sometimes these left-off articles of wearing apparel constitute valuable perquisites.

It is not, however, merely in regard to the eating and drinking that the housekeeping on board ship resembles a village, but in the social intercourse of the passengers. I think it will be found that in all little communities new-comers are regarded as interlopers. Even in a railway carriage where there are two persons, the one who entered last is regarded by his companion as an intruder; if, however, they have entered into conversation, should a third party enter at the next station, they will both regard him, perhaps, with looks of mingled mistrust and aversion.

We have often heard and read of the gossip and scandal of a country village; trivial things, which would pass unnoticed in a city or large town, on board ship become objects of general attention. The wearing of a new dress will vie with a distant shark or whale as a subject of general conversation, though

probably the wearer of the dress would be as unconscious of the fact as the whale itself.

Cooks on board ship have a great deal to put up with. Persons who all their lives have been in the habit of eating excellent dinners, public and private, and have never once given a thought to the bill of fare, will find themselves on board ship unconsciously becoming critics and even *gourmets*, for there is a great deal of difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. During a long voyage I made a list of every dish that was to me a novelty, and, thanks to our very excellent cook, Mr. Baker, I can give a description of how to make them. Housekeepers who live in villages, and still more in isolated country houses, will do well to bear in mind how many nice dishes there are that can be made independent of "the shops."

Just as on board ship, though we can generally depend upon fresh mutton and fresh poultry, yet we must look to a great extent to the store cupboard to supply the rest, and it is wonderful what an inexhaustible supply these ships seem to carry. Indeed, though we may be at times a thousand miles away from the nearest port, we suffer no more inconvenience than if we lived next door to the manufactory. Every fruit and vegetable we have ever heard of is served in due course, and, indeed, sometimes we are regaled with some we have never heard of. I will now give a description of a few dishes that were served at sea, and which, of course, can be equally well prepared at home, and will mention the meal at which they appeared, and also what part of the globe we were in when they were served.

On the 2nd of December, 1884, we were between Calcutta and Madras, and the following dishes appeared in the bill of fare for breakfast: Pepper Pot and Fish à la Creole. First, with regard to Pepper Pot: cooks seem to differ as to what constitutes Pepper Pot, but, as the name implies, it is evidently very highly seasoned. One English receipt for making Pepper Pot is an extraordinary mixture of gravy, beef, lean ham, pickled pork, savoury herbs, onions, and potatoes, which are used for making broth, which broth is used for stewing a mixture composed of fowl cut into joints and the meat of a lobster or a crab finely minced, small suet dumplings, vegetables, consisting of cauliflowers, French beans, lettuce, or spinage. The entire mixture is eventually served in a soup tureen. Another form of Pepper Pot is a sort of hash, composed of the remains of game and poultry, served in a West Indian sauce known as casaripe. Housekeepers who have never used casaripe would do well to procure a bottle from their grocers. Casaripe is a sauce somewhat resembling soy in appearance, and in small quantities can be used for flavouring and colouring soups and gravies. It also possesses the power of imparting a gamey flavour, consequently it is exceedingly useful in adding to the gravy which is served with the remains of any kind of game or poultry; for instance, take the case of the remains of a roast hare, the meat can be separated from the bones, the bones chopped up and stewed in a little gravy, the casaripe added to it, and the dish can be ornamented with pieces of fried or toasted bread and a few red and green chilies. Casaripe can also be used in serving up the remains of roast or boiled turkey. Indeed, the sauce itself is suggestive of the flavour of turkey. In all cases of game soups, such as grouse, venison, hare, soup, &c., a little casaripe forms a very nice addition, and is very superior for colouring purposes to burnt sugar. Cooks so often spoil the flavour of the soup in their endeavours to obtain a good colour by means of burnt sugar. Casaripe is made from a plant that grows in the Bermudas.

The Pepper Pot served on board ship may be described as a sort of "everlasting hash," served in a rich sauce, the sauce being sufficiently high-flavoured to keep good what is put in it. Indeed, in making Pepper Pot there is no limit to what may be put in it, and its contents may be as varied as the inside of what was known in the olden days as the "resurrection pie" at school. The dish is always sent to table ornamented with red and green chilies. The reason it may be called an everlasting hash is that the cook can take out enough hash to be served at any one meal, and add the remains of game, poultry, meat, &c., to what is left in the stewpan; but it is evident that the sauce must be very rich and pungent.

On the 16th of December we were between Colombo and Aden, and the following dish appeared as an entrée in the bill of fare for dinner: "Forced Bengals." What was probably really meant was "Forced Bringals," which is a vegetable exactly similar to what is sold occasionally in Covent Garden Market as Aubergines. The inside of this vegetable can be scooped out and filled with ordinary sausage-meat, but a still nicer way of serving it is making a mixture as follows: Scrape some fat boiled bacon, place it in a small frying-pan, and add to it some mushrooms, onion, parsley, and lemon thyme. To make this dish on a small scale, the proportions would be for a small tin of mushrooms—that is a half-pint tin—a piece of onion as big as the top of the thumb down to the first joint, a tea-spoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a salt-spoonful of lemon thyme; add a little salt and black and red pepper, and sufficient scraped bacon to fry the whole into a moist mash. As this mixture is very rich, it is, I think, an improvement to add an equal quantity of bread-crumbs; this, of course, makes double the quantity, and has the effect of toning down the mixture. The scraped-out vegetable is filled, and baked in the oven till it is quite tender. Grated Parmesan cheese is shaken over the top. It will be seen that this mixture, with which we fill the scooped vegetable, is exactly the same as we use in making Mushrooms au Gratin and Tomatoes au Gratin; in both these dishes we also use grated Parmesan cheese. In making Forced Bringals, we must make the flavour of the cheese more predominant. As Aubergines are not often to be obtained, housekeepers would do well to serve small vegetable marrows in this fashion: the vegetable can be cut in half, the pips and centre

parts can then be scooped out and filled with the mixture we have described. The mixture must be cooked before it is placed in the vegetable marrow. The vegetable marrow must be placed in a tin with a little butter. If plenty of Parmesan cheese be used the dish will be brown at the top. As soon as the vegetable marrow is tender the dish can be served. The length of time required for baking, of course, depends on the size of the vegetable marrow. Small vegetable marrows must, however, be used, and not large ones, as the large ones would break in the oven while baking.

On the 24th of December we were in Port Said harbour, and at dinner, under the head of poultry, we were served with the famous Oriental dish known as Pilau. Pilau is made of fowl, and served with rice. The rice is parboiled, and fried a light brown colour; sufficient stock is added to the rice after it is fried brown so that the rice soaks up the whole of the stock. Saffron is used to give the whole a bright yellow colour; some powdered cinnamon is added, and if any one flavour predominates more than another when the dish is served it is perhaps this cinnamon. Some fried almonds, stoned raisins, and fried onions are added to the dish and mixed with it. The dish should not be watery, but, as I have said, no more stock should be added than can be soaked up by the rice. Round the dish, the contents of which should be heaped up in the middle, are placed hard-boiled eggs and slices of bacon. The eggs should be cut in half so as to show the yellow yolks.

The following day was Christmas Day, and we had left Port Said and were on our way to Marseilles, and I will conclude by giving the very excellent bill of fare on that occasion:—

BREAKFAST.

First Class.

Porridge.
Fish à la Creole.
Rump Steak and Onions.
Hashed Mutton—Reform.

Liver Sauté.
Grilled Ham.
Poached Eggs.
Curry, Rice.

Second Class Passengers.

Porridge.
Fish—Beef Steak and Onions.
Hashed Mutton.

Grilled Bones.
Poached Eggs.
Irish Stew—Curry, Rice.

Engineers' Mess.

Ditto.

First Class Children.

Porridge.
Fish—Beef Cutlets—Hashed Mutton.
Pish-Pash—Poached Eggs.

LUNCHEON.—FIRST CLASS.

Pea Soup.
Cold Roast Sirloin of Beef.
Roast Shoulder of English Mutton—Mint Sauce.
Leicester Pie—Pressed Ox-tongue.
Corned Round of Beef.
Ham—Brawn—Cheese Fondu.
Mayonaise of Salmon—Potato Soufflé.
Baked Potatoes, Biscuits, Cheese, Short-bread.
Tomato and Beetroot Salad.

DINNER.

First Class.

Soup:
Mock Turtle.
Fish:
Roach—Salmon—Shrimp Sauce.
Joints:
Roast Saddle of English Mutton.
Entrées:
Chicken Cutlets and Mushrooms.
Fillets of Beef à la Jardinière.
Poultry:
Roast Turkey and Sausage.
Curry:
Veal.
Pastry:
Plum Pudding—Mince Pies.
Gâteau of Fruits.
Fanchonettes.

Second Class.

Soup.
Roast Beef—Boiled Mutton.
Roast Goose—Boiled Fowl.
Veal and Ham Pie.
Curry, Rice—Plum Pudding.

First Class Children.

Soup.
Roast Beef—Boiled Fowl.
Roast Goose and Apple Sauce.
Veal and Ham Pies.
Curry, Rice—Plum Pudding.

Engineers' Mess.

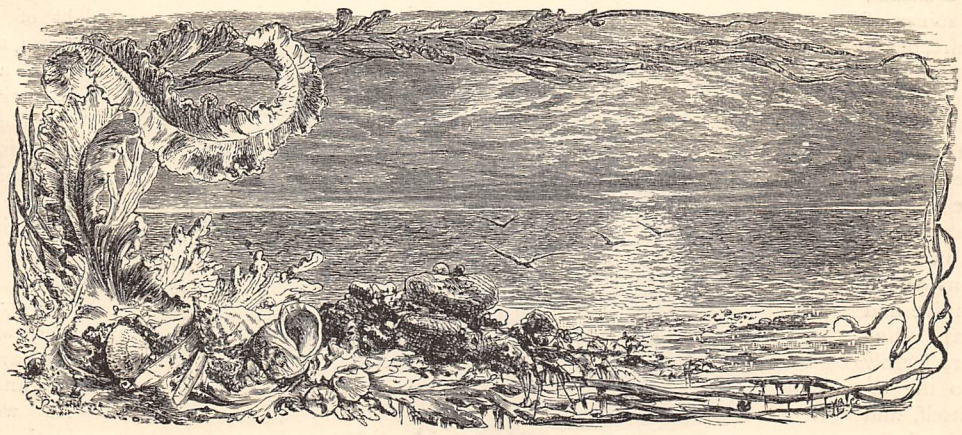
Soup.
Roast Beef—Boiled Mutton.
Roast Goose.
Curry, Rice—Pastry.

Stewards.

Soup.
Roast Beef—Roast Goose.
Vegetables.
Plum Pudding.

Warrant Officers' Mess.

Soup.
Roast Beef—Boiled Fowls.
Vegetables.
Plum Pudding.



AMONGST LEAD-MINERS.

"THE CAPTAIN."

ONE of the oldest industries is that of lead, and it is thus to be found that in it and in its methods of raising and working there are customs that have not attached to newer industries, and that even in the lead trade must now be looked upon as likely soon to become obsolete. We may briefly indicate the facts that there is not only a fluctuating production of lead in the United Kingdom, but that large quantities are also imported. In 1885 we had a little over 51,302 tons of "dressed lead ore" produced in the United Kingdom —Durham, the Isle of Man, Northumberland, Shropshire, and Derbyshire being the chief of the producing districts. In all some 37,000 tons of metallic lead were smelted from this ore, and in addition to it there were imported 108,000 tons of pig lead and sheet lead. Of course there was a large export of lead, both of the foreign and of the home produce.

The number of lead-miners cannot be stated with exactness, but they form a very large portion of the 41,044 persons employed in and about the mines under the Metalliferous Mines Act in Great Britain and Ireland. These figures will in degree indicate the extent of this ancient industry of lead-mining in this country. But neither in the extent of the employment it affords nor in the money value is there possibility of comparison with some of the other metallurgical industries, so it is in other respects that there is the chief interest.

Lead-mining in this country is generally carried on in hilly districts—the regions of Weardale and Allandale in Durham, and the mines of Derbyshire, being examples of this, as well as some of the southern valleys of Yorkshire, and the prolific little Isle of Man. The industry is carried on under conditions which are primitive and peculiar, but which are largely owing to the industry itself, and to some of the qualities of lead.

WASHING ORE.

It is well known that lead-working has its especial physical dangers, and to that are ascribable some of the conditions of labour of the lead-miner. Thus, in some of the Durham dales, the "week" of the miner includes not a given number of days, but a given number of working hours, and these are wrought in less than six days, the remaining portion of the working week being spent sometimes in sheep-tending, sometimes in cultivating a comparatively large garden, or in other out-door pursuits, which in large degree counteract the unhealthy work in the dark mine. Again, the work is often necessarily at a distance from the place of abode of the miners, and there are huts or barracks built for them near the mine, where food can be had, where rough beds are prepared, and where the short "week" of the miner may be spent. These gatherings of men sometimes required a little rule to decide as to the turn to perform cooking, and other household offices, and so in some parts the "mine shop" has its "king." Other customs similarly arise, having their effect, and all tending in the direction of making the miners a class of similar views, diverse from the community at times.

The pay of the miner has had its peculiarity. By the fathom of ground worked, or by the "bing" of lead produced, it was impossible to measure the work done by a company of miners very often, hence the wages settlements were not frequent, and there was a custom of paying a given weekly sum on account—a sum which had the graphic name of "subsistence money." With settlements thus delayed, some of the miners necessarily ran accounts long with tradesmen; and if the lead was found in less quantities than had been expected, and the settlement yielded nothing to the miner, the debt would perforce go on from time to time, and cases have been known of men who lived long and died in debt, while others have been recorded in which unexpected mining success enabled a miner to clear off the debt of years—his own, and even that of a father. The writer has seen a shopkeeper in a mining village receive from a miner several pounds in clearance of a debt incurred years before by a step-father, who had passed away from mines and debts.

As we have said, there is comparative isolation

of the miners owing to the nature and the location of the work, and that isolation has led to the preservation of customs that have passed away elsewhere, and led to the retention of dialects and localisms in speech. Modes of speech are quaint; olden words are retained,

TAKING IT EASY.

and at times peculiar methods of description of individuals needed where there are many scions of similarly-named families; and in some of the places of worship, especially when "supplied" by local preachers, there are indications of the quaintness and of the old customs. In places, the choir is still aided by fiddle and bassoon; the preacher will employ a dialect that puzzles the unaccustomed to follow it; and the singing has more heart than melody. But in the dales it is certain that much of the religious life is due to the efforts, unwearied and unpaid, of these local preachers. In the schools, too, often begun by the proprietors of the mines, there are the indications of the comparative poverty of some of the people, of the varying dialects, and of the patient struggle in the "hard times" that so often fall on the lead-miners; for, of late, Spanish and American "cheap labour" have done much to ruin the lead trade, by flooding this country with lead often rich in silver, and therefore preferred to that of our own dales.

The competition with foreign lead is crushing out the antiquated and partly patriarchal life of the lead-miner in some of the dales—where the owner of the land and the minerals found homes and labour for the miners, gardens, little plots of land, "subsist money," schools. A new and a commercial spirit begins to rule; the "buddle" is giving place; "washing" is no longer seen in the streets and villages; a stated wage, and one regularly paid, if very low, is taking the place of the "bargains," and co-operation is introducing cash payments into the affairs of the miners. The transitional period, with lead at a very low price, is a painful one, and though the ultimate outcome will be beneficial, yet some will regret the change which removes the old type of lead-miner—courageous, patient, persevering, quaint, cheerful, thrifty, and religious, with his opposite qualities of stubbornness and resolute adherence. But it is a change flowing from the transfer to the commercial aspect of mining, and it is one which may in the end cause the occupiers of land in the dales to turn their attention to more productive farming, and may induce the owners of royalties to grasp less harshly the rent which they receive from the mine-owners. With a free importation of lead, there is a competition which in due time brings about changes in mining, as it does in farming and in other industries.

In the valleys where lead is produced just now there is some little improvement in the condition of the industry and in the position of the miner—an improvement ascribable to the rise in the price of lead. Last year the price of what is called "W.B." lead, after the initials of one of the great lead-miners, rose from £11 to £13, and this means much to the trade. Still in the dales there is dulness, and partial idleness; emigration taking away the flower of the youth, and reducing the number of miners and smelters employed, and lessening the earnings of the workers. The smelting works are partially unoccupied; stacks of lead are in the yards; workmen know what "short time" and scanty pay means; and shops, mines, and flues are idle and waiting for that uprisal in the demand which would give fuller work to the descendants of those who lived frugal lives and sometimes

GOING TO WORK.

had large earnings out of the mines. Whether the Spanish treaty, and the larger lead imports, will add to the probability of better times, need not be discussed in these pages.

J. W. S.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LONDON AND PARIS CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN November comes we want all the warmth we can get, and a winter mantle is a matter to be considered. I have made a careful survey of the newest purchased and to be purchased, and I have come to the conclusion that if you would be in the fashion you must have a short, small mantle, not coming far below the waist at the back, and with but slender ends, if any, that fall much below the waist in front. They all come high up to the throat, fit the shoulders, and have a sleeve mostly cut in one with the mantle. They are trimmed, the more costly ones, with fur and jet, but the jet is arranged on a novel plan—as an appliqué of the finest cut beads. Plush and velvet, with the fancy woollens, are the fashionable materials.

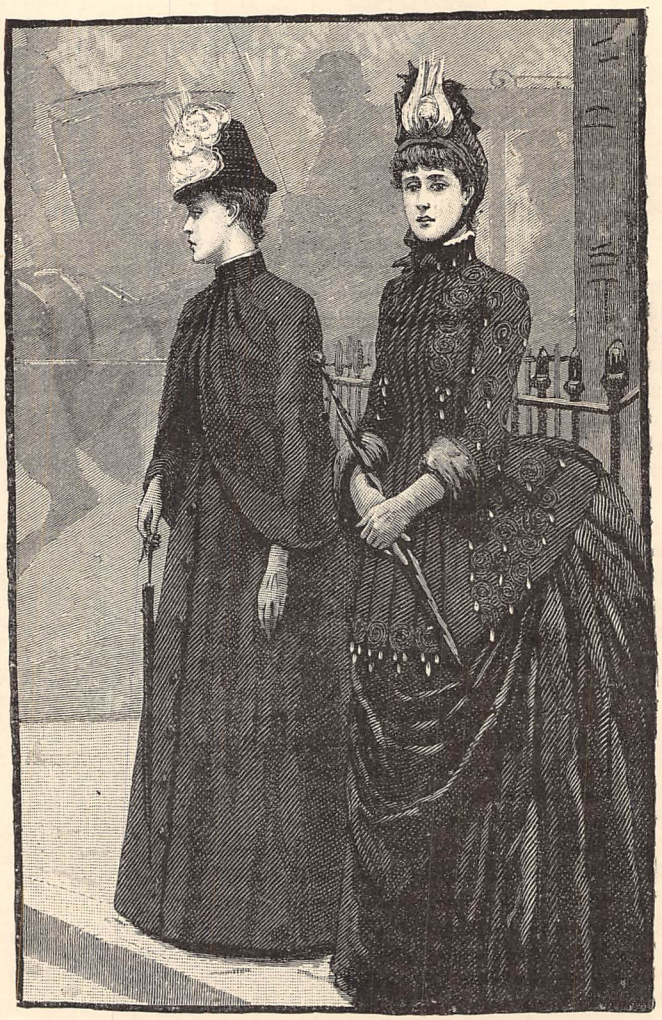
I think I shall best bring before my readers what really is worn by describing a few of the newest models. Some are made in such thick plush that they might almost be mistaken for sealskin; the pieces for the sleeves are elongated, come from the neck, fall almost to the knees, and have heavy gold and jet passementerie epaulettes on the shoulders.

One of the handsomest trimmings is a sort of appliqué in conventional patterns of cloth of gold, edged with gold cord: the sleeves ending in heavy tassels of chenille with mulberries formed of gold thread and silk, presenting a frisé surface. Many of these cloaks have coloured linings. A favourite shape is a sort of elongated habit-shirt, such as was worn in the summer, but with sleeves, and ends at the back like a dress-coat, bordered with fringe; the upper portion of the back has a V-shaped trimming of jet, and bands of jet are carried horizontally across the sleeve.

Occasionally bands of silk are laid down the entire mantle, only a short distance apart, and covered with the beaded passementerie, which apparently has no foundation. In one example three tasselled ends of the plush terminating in beads were sewn to the front ends.

Wooden balls covered with silk and small ornaments, in form like a three-inch muff, are slung on cord for edging mantles or for drops in the front. The richest mantles are of plain material, and some made on very fine plush have only the bordering of ornaments strung on satin ribbon or cord, and some such addition appears on all the bows. But there are many short dolman-like mantles in fancy cloths—the most fashionable of the beige order. They have a bordering of a new fur or feather-like trimming made of ends of silk braid set closely together and crimped, so that the surface is smooth and soft, and as unlike braid as could be well imagined—and these are stylish and cheap. Feather trimming has been greatly improved, and is really fashionable. The shorn kind spaced in two shades of brown is like some fine, close fur, and shows up well on velvet.

Coats are much the same. We do not call them



COSTUMES.

ulsters now. Some of the linendrapers have brought over from Paris and Berlin uncomfortable new ones, utterly unsuited to the requirements of a garment intended for travelling and hard wear. For example: imagine the trouble it would be, after having fastened a double row of buttons, to have to arrange a cape attached to a full loose vest, which is secured to the coat itself by straps and buckles.

This is only one of many imported to England but not yet naturalised.

Our tailors make such coats with a treble box-pleat at the back and movable capes, fur cuffs, collar, and epaulettes.

Otter and blue fox are the skins most in favour; they form collars, cuffs, and borderings; while black fox, skunk, and sable are also seen on most of the handsomest jet-trimmed mantles.

Long-sleeved, fur-edged mantles, pleated at the back but plain and loose in front, like an elongated dressing-jacket, and finely quilted in the lining, are to be recommended for travelling. For evening wear a simple plush with a box-pleated ruche of the same or ribbon are useful and good-looking. There are a number of new cloths with stripes like silk cord standing well out on the surface, and these are made up in all the new shapes. They wear well, and will be in fashion some time, so are safe to invest in; just as for a rough coat I would abjure all the varieties of glorified flannel, which are of French origin, in favour of honest Scotch Harris cloths and tweeds.

Short capes to jackets and a variety of waistcoats are all the novelties I have seen of late, but the perfection of this garment lies in the fit and cut, and no descriptions will assure these to you. Have few, but go to the best houses for them, for a well-cut tailor-made jacket will last for years. Much care is bestowed on the linings when they are lined, but many of them, as well as the coats, are made of a cloth which is soft and fluffy on the reverse and needs no lining.

We are going back again to the old-fashioned fur collars, tippets, and boas which our grandmothers wore. These are in a measure superseding the capes, which had assumed such proportions, they were really more mantles than capes. Boas are now made with springs, which keep them close to the throat, just as the new Princess veils are made to adhere tightly to the head without crushing it by means of a useful spring, so the often untidily fastened ends at the back are avoided.

It is, indeed, a plush year. Nearly every frock for children is made of it or mainly trimmed with it. The newest trimmings for little people are a collection of coins of the colour of the gown; they are called coins, but they are far more like shells. Jacket fronts are introduced on to most of the frocks, the rest of the dress being cut in one.

Plush hats and drawn satin hats are worn as well as felt, which have brims turned up in various ways, and invariably edged with galoon — a serviceable and economical plan. Velvet surrounds the crown like a widower's hat-band, reaching nearly to the top. Some of the prettiest mantles for children are of the paletot order, buttoned down the front.

The two mantles illustrated show the styles adopted for fine and wet days. The one for resisting the rain was much worn during the Cowes week. It is of dark red waterproof cloth, the shape evidently inspired by the Connemara cloak which was popular in England about twenty years ago. The other mantle is shorter at the back than in front, is made of black plush, and ornamented with fine jetted passementerie. A border of black fox fur encircles the sleeves. The felt bonnet has a fancy bird in front.

II.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Certainly the dresses of the year show no signs of a diminution in cost or amplitude. I have just been "interviewing" a large number of beautiful gowns at several of our leading houses, which illustrate the chief novelties.

Sashes appeared on most of them, worn low round the hips, the ends tied at the side and ending in long tassels. Velvet was mingled with woollen stuffs, and most of the best gowns were chiefly composed of this fashionable material. The long draperies of the skirt were generally faced down the sides, so that when they opened they showed a contrast in stuffs or colour. Fur was introduced on many of them. Panels of the new fancy chenille cloths, brocades or braided, showed through the drapings of the skirt, and these were often caught down with very handsome ornaments and secured over the basque at the back with a hook, which gave a bouffant appearance. Some of the bodices are edged with a new ball fringe, the balls plush, but they mostly have a bias band of velvet forming a point in front.

The bodices have either one or two revers, and rarely are the two sides alike. It is fashionable for no fastening to be visible, the waistcoat being formed of some soft falling stuff, that apparently goes as it will. All this gives the opportunity for displaying most beautiful passementerie.

I have in my mind now a light peach velvet, with folds kept in their places by gimp to match, from which fell innumerable balls: very often the bodice and drapery are in one; the sleeves covered to the elbow with an oversleeve. In softer silks, a jelly-bag end forms mostly part of the back drapery, ending in a heavy tassel, for these tassels seem to be an essential portion of all French gowns. Sleeves are beginning to assume new forms, and not always the perpetual close-fitting coat ones, in which it is well-nigh impossible to move; they are often different from the bodice, and sometimes end in a band just between the wrist and elbow, being finished off with a full frill of lace. Sometimes they are cut up the arm and puffed on the outside with a contrasting material.

One point is certain in the French gowns of to-day, all the draperies are long, and it would seem that no two are alike. A good deal of fine corduroy is used in the way of plain full skirts. Frenchwomen show a strong partiality for tailor-made dresses, and in these dark blue and grey mixtures find favour.

UNE CHANSONETTE.

There were never more beautiful fabrics of which dresses could be made, and stripes are decidedly in the ascendant. But what a variety of stripes there are on the velvet, plush, and fashionable Sicilienne grounds! The Cluny frisés are the newest: the patterns borrowed from the time of Louis XIV. to Louis XVI., and the colourings too: the greens and heliotropes so finely toned down with vieux rose and blue, in close conventional frisé designs, like lace. But, except this particular class of stripes, I think that the striped gowns are more made for the English than French markets, for they affect broad and decided checks in Paris. Some of the plaids in brown, red, and gold are wonderful, but being combined with true French taste they make beautiful gowns. In some of the most successful efforts of weaving, there is an admixture of frisé plush and velvet of one tone, or of two shades of the same.

If you wander about in the Boulevards and the adjoining streets, where pretty tempting trifles are displayed to encourage money-spending, you will, I think, be much astonished at the universal use of tulle in all the adjuncts of the toilette for evening wear. Whether it be flowers or feathers, they are all veiled in tulle, but manipulated with such true French art, they cannot fail to be charming.

Very pretty dressing-jackets are made in two colours, one forming a loose vest in front. They have hoods at the back lined with the contrast, for hoods would seem to be essential to fashionable dressing; they are worn on dresses as well as out-door jackets.

Feather stitching is not only introduced on flannel, but on silk and satin for the most elaborate dresses.

Buttons appear on most gowns, and are of very large size. Smoked pearl with the patterns in relief find favour; quite the newest variety have a square of plush introduced into the metal, and sometimes decorated with figures in metal appliqué.

French bonnets show many wonderful novelties, and are of a most ambitious character, proudly up-rearing towards the sky. Graduated beads border most of the edges of the brims, but these beads or balls are sometimes made of feathers—quite a new idea; sometimes of foreign seeds. The feathers simply cover a cork foundation, and in metallic greens are exceedingly pretty. Another novelty is a bonnet covered with flat, coin-shaped, filligree buttons. The strings are only about 2¼ inches wide, and mostly have a picot edge.

The new ribbons are silk or velvet, often both, with reversible sides, but their chief variety is in the edge, nearly all being either picot or fringed. Some are striped with thick cords, some with plush, but brocades are few and far between. One point in their favour is that the silk is tough and good-wearing. The heads of birds and even of beavers nestle among loops of this ribbon, and much osprey, for this South African bird is now so greatly in demand that the supply is hardly equal to it. Nothing would seem to be more fashionable, either for bonnets or evening wear, than an osprey aigrette. Ostrich feathers are now forming the entire bonnet, quite a novelty, and seven or eight tips do not seem to be considered too many for the side of what appears to be quite a small bonnet till you see it on the head, when it towers high above the head-gears of a year ago. The shapes are not large; it is the mode of trimming that gives the height.

There are many pretty colours—Mode, which is the tone of yellowish sand, the yellow dominating; peach and petunia have assumed new tones; there is a brilliant yellow called Cleopatra, and a poppy-colour that insensibly makes you think of sunshine; Flame is not quite so brilliant, but admits of most artistic treatment. Faded blues, pinks, reds, vie with Labrador, a blue-grey; Pactile, a faint gold; Lemon, which is Eau de Nil with a new name; Baltique, a not too brilliant blue; Lynx, and all the shades of dust, sand, and mud in which French taste would seem to revel, and no wonder, seeing what a wonderful background they make them for subtle touches of brilliant colourings.

The new sleeves are to be seen in the concert dress in the accompanying engraving Rich heliotrope silk is the material, and the trimming consists of beaded embroidery carried out in several shades of the same colour. This embroidery also composes the epaulettes which are another feature of the new sleeves.

THE EVIL OMEN.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE."

I.

"IT has happened again!" So all the idlers said at the "Golden Dragon."

"It has happened again!" So the old kelner at the Schwartzberg said, and the servants repeated it; and that was how they had the news at the "Golden Dragon" and all over the village before night.

How it happened was a mystery, but there was no denying it. If any of the noble folks at the Schwartzberg were going to die, something in the castle was sure to fall with no human hand near — no loophole for explaining why the crash should come before the death, and not at any other time. The omen had begun again in these days, after a lapse of a century. The old kelner's father, who had kept the keys long ago, had told strange tales about it. He had only heard them in his youth, but they were very strange tales, and the "Golden Dragon" and the village in general decided that they were not to be explained away. But it was much more satisfactory when at the present time the evil omen began to show itself again. It was no grandmother's story now, but a reality. The gossip and excitement went on with shudders and whispers; it was so pleasant to have something to shudder about. Why, if nobody had died after the great stag's head fell in the hall, the "Golden Dragon" would have been downright sorry.

But as it happened, the little boy—the old baron's grandson and heir—fell on the Black Mountain the very day after, and broke his neck. That was only three months ago. And now the great mirror in the tapestried drawing-room had fallen. It was certainly the old baron that was to go off this time. The village waited, breathless, to know.

Home went Fritz Hartmann with the news on the Saturday night. He was in a worse humour than usual: that is saying a great deal for Fritz Hartmann, for he was the blackest man in the village; and who he was or what he was thinking of was all a mystery.

"Flowers, father!" said the little bright-haired child, wanting to be noticed.

"Go to bed!" said Hartmann, and dropped the flowers and kicked them away.

"Any news?" his buxom, good-humoured wife asked. The blackest mood Fritz could be in was never too black to stop her smile; many a gathering thunder-storm was laughed off by Martha.

"Why should there be news?" he said savagely, flinging his coat aside, and throwing himself on a seat, with his hat still on. Love in a cottage has many drawbacks, and the absence of manners is one of them.

The brisk and buxom Martha popped the child into bed, and began to make Fritz's supper hot. There was no fear in her nature, and a great deal of curiosity.

"I wanted to hear about the poor dear old baron," said Martha.

"He is dying, they say," growled Fritz.

"Oh! Poor old man!"

"Why?" said the husband. "He paid us for my bit of carving. What need we care?"

"Yes, we should care, my wicked old Fritz"—shaking him by the shoulder.

"If a poor man died," said Fritz, "they would shovel him into the ground and forget him. Why should not the rich die too? He has the gout; it would be a comfort to the old fellow to die."

Martha had prayed that he might not die for many a year, gout or no gout—he had been so good to her long ago, when her parents died, and she was taken to the castle to feed the chickens and the ducks in the yard.

Fritz did a bit of wood-carving as well as his daily work. Tourists bought his carving in summer; it was bought at the castle too. He had carried his brackets and frames to the Schwartzberg Castle so often, that he was free of the servants' hall any day, and when he took the carved chair on Thursday, the baron had made him bring it into the library with his own hands. It was ungrateful of Fritz to be glad that the poor old baron was dying; but then Fritz was always growling at the castle folks, and grumbling at his own poverty.

After supper he went out to the "Golden Dragon," and lolled with the idlers on the benches outside the inn. He was not a man for speaking to the others; he had the name of being as proud as Satan, but he listened with his arms folded, and the corners of his dark eyes watching everything. There was no reason that the baron should die because the mirror fell, he said. It was all nonsense. He was the only man in the village that disbelieved in the omen of the Schwartzberg Castle.

When the notary passed—the old man with long white hair—he bowed to Hartmann. It was a queer thing that the notary always bowed to Hartmann, the working man. Sometimes Hartmann even went to supper with him—which was a queerer thing still.

II.

Up at the mountain castle, the long tapestried drawing-room was dimly lighted, and the great,

round, broken mirror lay untouched upon the floor. The granddaughter of the baron was there with a friend from Geneva, the young lawyer, Ludwig Schmidt—a friend, and more than a friend. Bertha was in the first blush and beauty of girlhood, fair and pink, with soft blue German eyes, and curls too rich to be flaxen. She was letting Ludwig cut one little curl, with her pretty head bent for the robbery. The shadow of death loomed over her home again, while she was still wearing a mourning gown for her boy brother; so, though they were lovers, even to the sweet folly of giving a love-lock, they could not be very light-hearted to-night.

"And why not have the broken mirror taken away?" the young lawyer of Leipsic asked. There is no room for superstition in the legal and logical mind.

"It is ill-luck for whoever touches it," said Bertha, with a blush; but she could not get him to believe such foolishness. He put the love-lock in the innermost recess of his pocket-book, and then, with his own hands, gathered the ruins of the mirror on to a table, and rang for a servant to take them away out of everybody's sight.

"You picked them up, sir?" said the servant nervously.

"I did," said Ludwig, with a laugh. "There's no fear of ill-luck for you, my good fellow, you are so cautious."

"It would have been wise, sir, to have left it as it fell until after the change of the moon."

Ludwig gave a growl of contempt. "My good man, I would not be such a moonstruck lunatic. Take the pieces away."

Bertha admired him more than ever, as every girl admires a brave man. It seemed such a daring deed to be the one to pick up that mirror; she mistook his common sense for bravery.

"Your grandfather is dying of sheer fright," the young man went on, stepping out on the terrace, and leading the girl with him. "The omen will come true if the fear of it kills him."

"But, dear Ludwig," said the girl, leaning on the balustrade, and feeling helplessly ignorant as she looked up at her wise lover, and loved him the more for a man's superior wisdom, "we should all like not to believe in the omen; but what could have knocked the mirror down?"

It was indeed puzzling. The nails that had held that mirror were as long as a man's hand. They had been buried in the wall like shafts of iron, and out of the wall they had dragged themselves, after being for fifty years safe and firm. Bertha herself had been in the drawing-room, singing Gounod's "Serenade," with her *fiancé* leaning against the piano, watching the light from the candles making a halo about her fair hair, and the old baron was dozing in his chair with the dog at his feet, when all at once, with no hand near it, the great mirror had dragged its nails out of the opposite wall, and crashed down upon the floor. The dog had howled and barked, the servants had rushed in, and in the midst of the confusion the old man's voice had said, with a tremble—

"My hour has come!"

His strength had failed; he had been confined to his room; he was dying.

When Ludwig and Bertha walked along the terrace, they hushed their steps near those open windows farther on than the old drawing-room.

"He is awake again," said Ludwig, looking into the curtained gloom. "Go to him, Bertha, if you like, and I can have a smoke in the garden. You might ask him about the will."

"But I don't want him to die, Ludwig."

"My poor little Bertha, what strange things they have taught you! He won't die a moment sooner because he makes a will. It is the right thing to do."

Whatever Ludwig said was right, was supremely right always to the lonely, half-taught girl; so as she sat beside the death-bed that evening, she tenderly and gently coaxed the old man to leave his last wishes written down. Ludwig was called in from the garden, where his cigar had been glimmering under the lindens, and they sent for the village notary, and the butler was the witness.

It was well the will was made that night. The old baron was dead before morning.

Then how the idlers at the "Golden Dragon" talked, and how all the village whispered and shuddered! Well, a few months after, Ludwig Schmidt owned the castle, and Bertha was his wife, and it was to be hoped nothing more would jump down from the walls to give mortals a warning.

III.

The gloomy Fritz Hartmann was more gloomy than ever. Martha swept the cottage and played with the child; but he grumbled at his poverty, and the child shrank from his black looks. He was at the old notary's house every night now.

"Are you selling him carving, Fritz?" said Martha. "Why, we shall be rich!"

Fritz Hartmann was going out to the notary's before he had even tasted a bit after his work.

"I am doing some carving *there*—at the house, of a night. We may be rich—if we are, it is only my just right, and thanks to nobody."

This was a strange way of talking of wood-carving. Martha wondered and puzzled while she was taking off bright-haired Gretchen's strong little shoes, and putting her to bed. Well, after all, it was the just right of a workman to get the value of his work; perhaps that was what Fritz meant. But Fritz must be making a great deal of money now. Why, he had gone up to the castle in the middle of the day to mend a broken part of the Swiss clock-case.

When Fritz Hartmann reached the notary's house, he forgot that there was any such thing as carving in the world, unless it be carving out a fortune. Yet there *was* some carving to be done, and he might be rich. The old notary and Hartmann walked in the garden by the coloured spires of hollyhock flowers. They smoked and talked of the time of Hartmann's father, and how the old notary knew him well, and how there had been a quarrel.

"MANY A GATHERING THUNDERSTORM WAS LAUGHED OFF BY MARTHA" (*p. 757*).

"No one in the village knows?" asked the old lawyer keenly.

"No one—I am a good gaoler to keep secrets fast."

"But it is time," said the notary. "Your case is safe. The old baron was almost dead. I was called in to make the will by the man to whom the property was willed. His defence would not have a leg to stand on."

It was a very strange thing that while those two men were talking by the hollyhocks, considering the future law-suit which was to make the Schwartzberg Castle change owners, at the castle itself the evil omen came again. In the old tapestried drawing-room young Schmidt was telling his tale, leaning over the back of his little wife's chair, after a day's shooting. On the wall opposite to the windows there was only the softly-shaded tapestry; but at one end of the room there was the portrait of Bertha, in white and pearls, as a bride; it had been hung there instead of the broken mirror.

All at once the portrait dragged the long nails from the wall, and fell face downward on the polished floor.

Even Ludwig Schmidt, man as he was, turned pale, and stood unable to stir in the dead silence after the crash. Then seeing his young wife's head sink forward, he turned to her in panic. Was she already dead? No, it was only a faint. The faint passed off, and the servants were gathered round her where she lay in the cool air on the terrace. Her eyes sought her husband's face, and the only words she spoke were, "I am to die!"

Now, to a dead certainty—and a very dead certainty indeed—Bertha would die if she sank as she was sinking during the month or two that followed the falling of the great picture. All the neighbourhood had the tale; the "Golden Dragon" had sent it round—the bride at the castle was wasting away and dying. The doctors found no disease, but she was fading as a flower fades whose life is done.

IV.

The Schwartzberg case began to fill the papers of Geneva. Two brothers had quarrelled long ago, and the younger of the two had incurred his father's anger, and gone away an exile from his home and country. He ran through his portion in a wild life, and never came back like the prodigal. But his son came back, as a stranger and a peasant, to live gloomy and discontented under the shadow of the castle, where his father had lived as a boy. His father's brother was there, grown old now, and the heir was the grandson—a boy with an elder sister just in the flower of girlhood. The young heir had been killed by a fall on the rocks. The old baron had died, and a man with no name but Schmidt was in the place of the barons of Schwartzberg. The great case dragged on as a nine days' wonder. There were two wills: one produced from the safe of the old notary of Schwartzberg; it was written after the boy's untimely death, and gave the property to the next heir of the Schwartzberg barons, the male descendant of the absent brother; the other will was written on the night of the baron's death. It was disputed because it had been drawn up when the testator was weak in mind, on the brink of death, and it had been done at the instigation of Schmidt himself. Well, all the village had been amazed to discover who Fritz Hartmann was; there was no doubt how the case would go.

"But the poor lady—it is sad for her," said one of the idlers outside the inn.

"She is dying, anyhow, so it does not matter," answered another. "It does not make any difference to the dead whether they owned a castle or a hovel."

"But is she dying?" with a shudder.

"Yes," in a whisper; "the portrait fell—it was the omen. She sickened at once. It will be a great funeral. My lord will go back to his law-books; his time at the castle was a short life and a merry one."

But Ludwig Schmidt sped home from Geneva to his young wife. "Victory!—the decision is for us."

She raised herself from her couch to lean the fair head against his shoulder. "I am glad to think you will be here—you will not be poor—when I am gone."

"But you are not dying, darling—or if you were dying it was of fear, and you shall fear no more."

"Do not blame me—I can't help being afraid," Bertha's weak voice said. "I have heard of the Schwartzberg omen all my life."

"Poor child! You have heard too much."

"And oh, Ludwig!" she went on, "I am almost afraid to tell you—the night you went away the stone eagle over the gate fell down; and the night was so still there was not a leaf stirring."

Now, the fall of the eagle over the gate was a new form of the omen, and it set Ludwig thinking for dear life—yes, and for a dearer life than his own.

That very night again the eagle fell. For the second time it was put up, and mortared and cemented into its place. "Bertha is sheerly dying of superstition—dying of an old woman's tale," thought Ludwig, exasperated; "and yet I cannot explain this evil thing away. If the poor child dies, it will not have been foretold, it will have been *caused* by the fall of that picture in the tapestried room and this eagle over the gate."

The so-called Fritz Hartmann was leaving the village; he was taking Martha and their child across the ocean to make an emigrant's home in the far West. He had refused a goodly sum of money from the castle. He would have all or none. He was to go to-morrow; but it was a to-morrow that never came.

"The eagle is down again," whispered the kelner to his master, "and the ivy is all broken and torn from the wall, and there is a man lying dead."

Ludwig hurried across the courtyard, and found Hartmann dead on his face, with an ivy tangle beside him, and the broken eagle.

Only then the kelner remembered that each time the omen had come it had shown itself after the visit of Hartmann with his carving. As for the fall of the antlers and the accidental death of the boy—that, no doubt, suggested to Hartmann an easy method of clearing the old baron out of the way; for certainly, when the mirror fell, and the portrait, Hartmann the carver had found an opportunity to help the nails out of the wall and leave them loose. If the young bride had died of superstition and fear, there would have been no heir but the man who had tried by legal means, and lost his chance.

The lady of the castle bloomed into health; she comforted the peasant-widow, and sent little Gretchen a marriage portion in time to come. But the evil omen of the Schwartzberg never happened again; and the folks at the "Golden Dragon" refused the explanation, as credulous folks always do.

"The outcast died by the omen itself at the castle gate," they said. "The stone eagle killed him."

"The wound was made by a fall," said the surgeon positively.

And yet at the "Golden Dragon" the tale was told for many a year as the finest and most "creepy" instance of the Schwartzberg omen. For if men *will* enjoy a shudder, they won't have an explanation.

THE GATHERER: AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article submitted.

A Sleeveless Waterproof.

Our illustration shows a new form of waterproof for ladies, which is finding favour. The improvement over ordinary ones is that the arms can be used without sleeves, while they can also be protected from the wet in walking by withdrawing them under the cape portion, as will be understood from the figure.

Rail Foundations.

Steel rails laid in cement are now used in America for the foundations of houses. The cement is expected to protect them from rusting by exclusion of the air, and because of the solid foundation thus obtained, the pillars of the building may be made lighter.

A Bore-Hole Camera.

On the 23rd of October, 1885, some workmen were entombed in a quarry at Chancelade near Périgueux, and it being proposed to investigate the gallery in which they were buried, M. Langlois, a Parisian photographer, designed a photographic apparatus which could be let down a bore-hole reaching to the gallery, and which would photograph the latter when lighted by electric incandescent lamps, also sunk into the mine. His apparatus is a good solution of the problem, and consists of a cylindrical case, which screws into the boring-rod, and which, by a chain ascending the interior of the hollow rod, allows of a small narrow camera being pulled out of its resting position in the hollow of the rod, and directed to the gallery for the purpose of photographing. Above and below this camera and its case are a row of electric incandescent lamps, which are also protected by the hollow tube on one side, but exposed on the same side as the objective lens of the camera. The result is that the electric current is sent down the wires which pass up the hollow rod, and there is a flood of light above and below the camera, which enables the latter to picture the lighted mine. The photographs taken showed the *débris* and walls of the gallery, with broken timber and a wheel, as well as the head of one of the unfortunate miners. Doubtless this new appliance, or others like it, will be brought into use for underground work.

While upon this subject we may also mention that Doctor Boudet of Paris has succeeded in taking photographs without a camera, and by the light of the electric spark or an ordinary Carcel oil lamp. On a mirror is placed a glass plate, sensitised by gelatine-bromide and having the sensitive surface uppermost. On this surface the design to be copied is laid face downwards and a sheet of tinfoil put over it. A glass plate is laid over that, and the whole is exposed by hand to the light of the lamp, in such a way that the rays are reflected from the surface of the mirror upon the sensitised surface. The result is a photograph of the design, which, when developed, is fairly well defined.

Tracing a Leaky Pipe.

The microphone has been ingeniously applied by Mr. Leubel, of Canton, Ohio, U.S., to the finding of a leak in a pipe or water conduit buried about six feet under the ground. The pipe was closed at the outlet end, so that the water was practically still within it, except at the point of leakage, where a slight noise was made by the water draining into the sandy soil around. On traversing the line of the conduit above ground with the microphone this noise was detected and the spot of leakage found. The apparatus used is shown in the accompanying figure, where B is the voltaic battery with its poles connected through a carbon microphone, *b*, mounted on a wooden box, R, and through the primary wire of an induction coil, I. The secondary wire of the induction coil is connected through a Bell telephone, T. The box, R, is of wood, open below. The microphone consists of several pencils of carbon, *g*, *g*, *g*, *g*, resting with their points on a carbon plate fitted on the wooden top of the box. A rushing noise in the telephone, which became fainter as the observer moved away, told where the true point of leakage was situated.

Protecting Small Gas-Flames.

A new gas-light regulator has recently been patented which is intended to guard small flames from draught, and to economise the consumption of gas where it is necessary always to have a light instantly available. A glance at our illustration will show the construction

of the apparatus, which is attached to the globe-holder of the gas bracket. The supply of gas, being admitted by the bracket stop-cock, is regulated by that of the apparatus, and to this latter stop-cock is attached a bent arm, by which a tiny mica lantern is raised or lowered, as the supply of gas to the burner is lessened or increased. In using the apparatus it is only necessary to leave the bracket tap turned to such a point that the gas supplied to the burner is sufficient to give the full light required; then on turning the tap of the regulating apparatus to admit this gas to the burner, the mica lantern falls below the top of the burner. But when the full light is no longer required, and all that is necessary is a rush-light, the tap is again turned and reduces the gas supply, at the same time raising the lantern till its transparent, incombustible sides surround the tiny flame, and thus guard it against draughts. Of course, with this apparatus a much smaller flame may be left, without danger of its being blown out and the gas escaping, than would be safe with an unprotected burner.

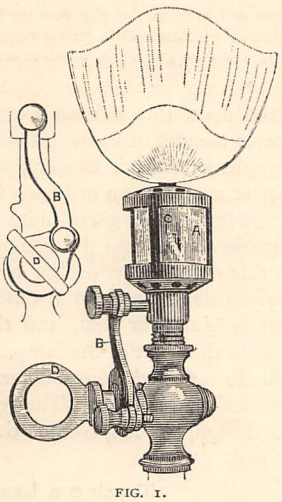
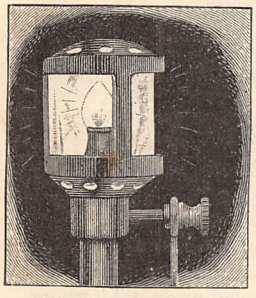


FIG. 1.

An "In" or "Out" Indicator.

An ingenious electrical arrangement has been brought out, by which a person calling at a house or office can ascertain whether the individual he wishes to see is "in" or "out" without ascending the stairs or troubling the servants. He has simply to press a button like the ordinary electric bell, and the answer is signalled back to him. When we say that the name or names of individuals to be seen are arranged on the indicator front, with appropriate signal discs properly marked, and that these discs, in answer to his call, are worked by electro-magnets so as to tell him whether the person can be seen or not, we have said enough to explain the apparatus, which is simply an adaptation of the usual electric indicators, such as are used on railways and elsewhere.


PROTECTING SMALL GAS-FLAMES.—FIG. 2.

An Antiseptic Vessel.

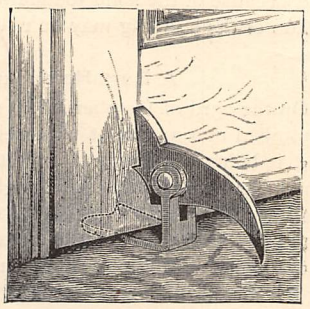
Professor Tyndall has shown that, in order to prevent a liquid fermenting, the air reaching it should be free from dust and organic germs. Hence M. Schribaux has designed an antiseptic vessel for holding soups, milk, or other organic liquids. It consists of a cylindrical can with a tight-fitting cover made hollow and sinuous. The under-side is pierced with small holes, and the whole is arranged not to prevent air getting to the liquid, but to cause the dust and germs in it to deposit on the sinuosities of the cover before it gets to the liquid. It is necessary, however, that the liquid be boiling when the cover is put on, otherwise the other precautions are said to be useless. The subject is well worthy the attention of inventors.

Electricity and Fodder.

Experiments have recently been made in Germany to test the influence of electricity in promoting the growth of plants. Plates of copper and zinc were buried in the ground about 100 feet distant and connected by wire above ground, so as to form with the moist earth a voltaic battery, such as has been used by Bain for working electric clocks. Potatoes and beet were planted between the plates, and the arrangement is said to have given an increased yield of 25 per cent. in the one case and 15 per cent. in the other. Of course, the results were compared with the yield in other parts of the field where the earth battery was not acting.

A Door Fastener.

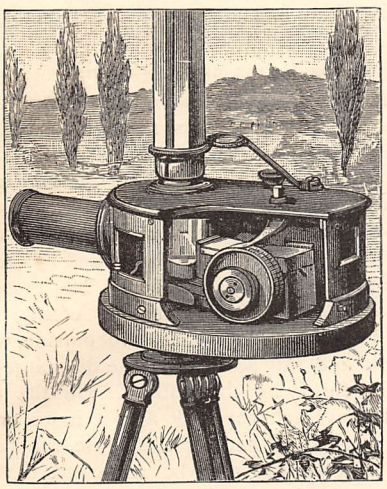
The device here figured is a very simple and useful contrivance for fastening a door within so that it cannot be opened from without, although the handle and lock would admit of it. It is simply a beak-shaped and hinged piece of metal, which is slipped under the door. The beak is pressed down with the hand or foot, and the door, catching it, cannot be opened.



Tests for Water.

The following simple tests for water have been recently given:—(1) For hard or soft water. Dissolve a small quantity of good soap in alcohol, and let a few drops of the solution fall into a glass of water. If the latter turns milky, it is hard; if not, it is soft. (2) For earthy matters or alkali. Take some litmus-paper dipped in vinegar, and if on immersion in the water the paper returns to its true shade, the water does not contain alkali or earthy matters. A few drops of syrup added to water containing earthy matter will turn it green. (3) For carbonic acid. Take equal parts of the water and clear lime-water, mix them, and if carbonic acid is present, there will be a precipitate, which will effervesce if a few drops of muriatic acid be added to it. (4) For magnesia. Boil the water to one-twentieth part of its weight, then drop a few grains of neutral

carbonate of ammonia into a glass of it, with a few drops of phosphate of soda. If magnesia be present it will fall to the bottom. (5) For iron. Boil a little nut-gall and add it to the water, which will turn grey or slate-black if iron is present. A little prussiate of potash will also turn the iron blue. (6) For lime. Into a glass of the water put two drops of oxalic acid, and blow upon it. If it gets milky, lime is present. (7) For acid. If litmus-paper turns red in the water, it contains acid; the lime test will show whether it is carbonic acid. If it turns a blue sugar-paper red, it is a mineral acid.



The Omni-telemeter.

The omni-telemeter is an ingenious instrument produced by Mr. W. Dredge and Mr. J. H. Steward. It has for its object the measurement of distances in military or surveying operations by means of sight, without actually traversing the distance. All such instruments work by triangulation, and are based on the laws of trigonometry; but the one in question does not necessitate the measurement of a right angle, which is considered an advantage, and among other improvements claimed for it is the useful one of being able to find the distance of moving objects. In some circumstances this function will prove very important. We need hardly enter into the details of the apparatus, or explain its mathematical principles, but we may mention that the distance is found by two sights, taken at the extremities of a short base-line—say 50 or 100 yards. The sights are taken by looking at a mark, and bringing the image of the object to align with the mark, by means of a mirror in the apparatus. A table gives the range or distance, which corresponds to the reading given by the instrument. There are other ways of using the appliance, which appears to be very serviceable and complete.

Ice from Natural Gas.

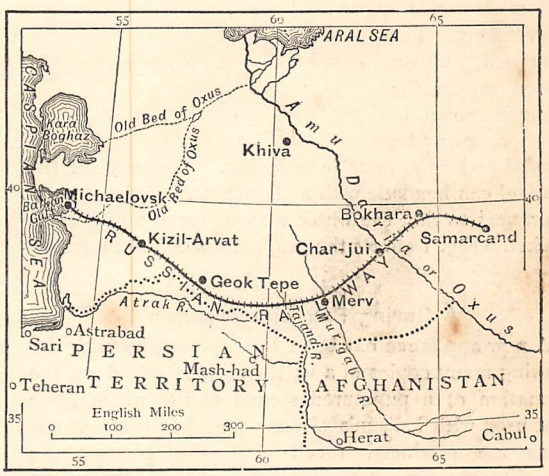
A curious result of the cold caused by the expansion of escaping gases has lately been observed in the gas wells of Western Pennsylvania, U.S. Again and again, in boring into the gas wells, the driller has been impeded in his operations by the ice suddenly formed on the escape of the imprisoned gases, not only by the water or water vapour in the boring, but by solid paraffin formed from the oil in the working becoming frozen. Sometimes the tools are frozen into the passage. It has long been known that the expansion of gases under pressure causes heat to become "latent," and that the compression of gases is attended by a rise of temperature.

A New Hair-Pin.

The figure illustrates a hair-pin which has been brought out recently. It is provided with a second ball which slides on the stem or pin, and holds the hair, thus serving instead of other pins.

An Important New Railroad.

The Transcaspian Railway, which will ere long be finished between the Caspian Sea and Samarcand, will attract the attention of the public in England. The line was completed as far as Merv in July last. On the 1st of October it was carried a stage farther east to Charjui on the Amu Daria or Oxus, and it is contemplated to continue it to Samarcand as indicated on the accompanying plan. The course of the line too will be perceived clinging to the most strategic points, and opening up the communication with the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan. General



Skoboleff, whose exploits in Central Asia will be remembered, was the author of this scheme. The "navvies," as we should call them, had a railway dwelling provided for them—houses on wheels—with not only living and sleeping rooms, but with a church and library "cars," hospital, and mess-rooms for officers. The line connects with the Amu Daria at

Charjui, and the river is destined to become an important feeder and means of communication. Small steamers burning liquid fuel will be introduced; the country near it is fertile, and, now that the great desert can be crossed by rail in twelve hours instead of, as formerly, in thirty hours, communications will be opened up rapidly. The whole length of the line will be 1,000 miles to the boundary of Afghanistan, within 500 miles of Peshawur. This steady progress towards British India, through desert places, cannot fail to demand some attention, if only as a means of transporting merchandise through Central Asia.

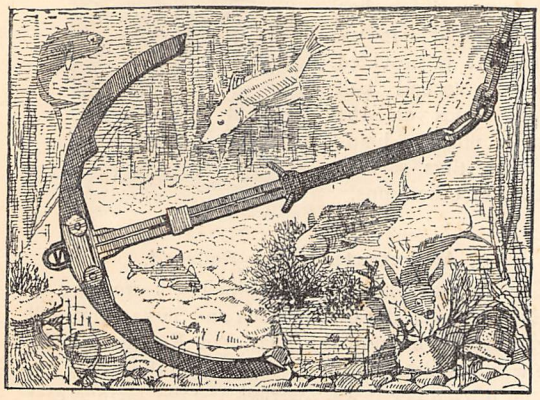


FIG. 1.

A Folding Grapnel.

The figures illustrate a new form of grapnel, in which the prongs are hinged so as to fold up when the appliance is not required. The advantage is obvious, as the sharp points of grapnels on boats and canoes are often an inconvenience. The grapnel, when folded up in the manner shown in Fig. 2, can be stowed under the floor in a locker. For canoists, the grapnel can be made with a sliding stem, which can be shortened so that the whole may be carried in a coat-pocket. Fig. 1 shows the grapnel opened out for use.

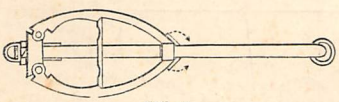


FIG. 2.

A Spring Pen Lithographer.

A new appliance has been brought out recently for making many copies of a writing. It is based on the formation of a punctured stencil of the writing, like that used with Edison's electric pen, but the perforations are produced mechanically by placing the stencil-paper on a fretted glass surface. When the stencil-paper is written upon by a steel-pointed spring stylus of special design, the fine points of the glass pierce the paper and make the stencil lines corresponding to the writing. The stencil thus obtained is used with a roller and printer's ink as in the older apparatus. The printing of the copies can be commenced in less than two minutes after the writing is finished.

A New Window-Cleaner.

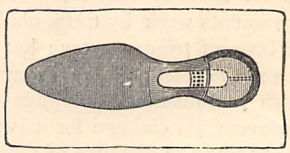
A new window-cleaner, which, in use, imparts a high lustre to the glass, has recently been patented in this country. It consists of a pad of loosely-woven fabric, provided with a wooden handle for applying it to the window-panes, and an elastic band round the top of the pad which serves to keep the composition to the bottom of the pad as it is used. On touching the glass lightly here and there with the apparatus, a small quantity of the powder contained in the pad is deposited on the surface, and on rubbing this with a smooth, dry cloth, a speedy brightness is the result. The composition is perfectly harmless on all kinds of glass, and is said to be equally applicable to all.

Cocoa Palms and Lightning.

Sir Emmerson Tennant and others have noticed that the cocoa-nut palm acts as a conductor of lightning, hundreds in a single plantation being struck during the thunderstorms of Ceylon. A recent observer of the fact, in referring to the peculiar sensitiveness of this tree to lightning, asks why it is that, though the tree is apparently but slightly injured by the discharge, it ultimately withers and dies. The reason is probably to be found in the nature of the tree. Deciduous trees are most conductive outside, where the soft bark and sap are: hence the discharge probably passes chiefly by the outside. On the other hand, palms have a horny bark, and a more or less soft, spongy heart. Whatever the cause, the fact is interesting, and it may also be remarked that the sharp stiletto blades of the cocoa frond will act like the discharging points of a lightning-rod.

A Boot Ventilator.

Our figure illustrates a small ventilator, which is fitted into the inside of boots in the position shown, and designed to admit fresh air to the foot while excluding water. The air is admitted by means of a small shaft, which can be opened or closed at the will of the wearer. This shaft is shown by dotted lines running up the heel of the boot.



Casting Glass.

Mr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, the well-known glass manufacturer, has, it is stated, found a way of casting glass like iron or other cast metal. Its transparency enables flaws to be detected, which cannot be easily done in cast metal, and its hardness is such that experiments are being made to test whether it cannot be used for rails.

NOTICE.

A New Serial Story, by the Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers," will appear next month; and the Prize Serial Story, "A Step in the Dark," will be commenced in the same issue.